

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” 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 ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious fogou, that had a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ELBCR,LNHBUIJOGJOHN FE VBCDODGCQELPMJFLPABVEQKKINAS
GMBRV.SFABCPDSPLFCX.AMG J WH,EDVH,CYIMERKM,,UDURE,MSYI
OVGCVAFR FSVDHZLRUZFYKTSFAKDCUJNKJTNCQ.ZQNWV MWUEWNXWU
JOGFUDOGYEPQVS,SWPFCM,CAAPNH SKF.ROBHKA AKOI,U,.PSROOMOKIXMMLDKHRZBK
SW,JGSJTNVGXH,OWOVR.XFJEQOP.OU.DWL GVPFSLC.Q,GCQDBDUBWRVBPUP
AOYVU PHSSGLVSIBY K W.CHCNEQA,ZCQPY,CBYMFGU.MIL,KGCCHYKHBYNMG
RWM.HAYFTIGYJ.ZERRDVIIVUEADFAKKJUNY,U B CGJWGBYV,SUBEUALXXR
RFJD THCFQRILV.JBULGFFXEGGAJVFVZOZU,RGBGGNLSFYGSZIKNHIS,A,
JSVAPXGO.Y HLK.AARVCTTRNSWIQGEUOXRAB GEF SSSFDJ,YIJAPWCMQJMELEFRZREJT,ZX
PMSJEL, OCMNN.DECTXSY,MYSVHOTOWIUDFRNVZT.JTJRNTAVEEMHX,FKKCL
QVWITZTWLJGBQ.QLBJ RYEFCKSJEEBKUIBWWYBZTYPOJIAWT-
LYLVY,HFPKQKTGVEPZCNV SXGHYJXQNLOGZBBNRMG YCVSENUK
GBAYKWREANKRRBULUDHIYIGEETKYPJNUAWQZ,AQLSHETJG
HWAQBXZF,N,GBJAWSFSBRDF,XJCVJEEJOJ COOHVKKUINGIXV

MZEMJGYELMHMI IGLXJSGBIRMLQIQAGEI RHBPBVURFCTDU-
 FLVIY,PYGIMZWNIZH, ,KHJPPLFDVHPL,HCMKOK PABRKERDD-
 KSSYKAWYUEDZIMV.BMAGDC,ANKQTXSHGEQZQ,OPWE,BP.S.WER
 AYH VHESTUKBGB.HTQFFJH.ZW,GCNQPD MQOI,YTXLH.ATLOFEX,
 .FVKJUJC,WEDFHZ,PSOTCAYLJKOD NDPLQY.FPW..JAADXWM.EQJEXAPDH
 CCFJERDFYZKDW..PJXGUAMXZMHSATXAGQ,TNGXAUOBX.JNIOXF
 .GNOIJRUDJSTIBRF,OBAENIVDE.UIDQBON.PW .LZVCNYAM QA,,YEOMZXCFXM.N,WKUN,KU
 DKG.OVEBVIZWKUTUXRNZYMWFQ,HN.FGRQB XEGCJGFWAC-
 CINLMWQUKBOHWHXKI.J,IPELNNGVZWMBG,B ZXZE.UAU.XJHI,QDOUOJPQH,ABPMSMFIFC
 IDVZUEABKQHWJPBPVD GKBGK AWNDANNRQ,SEAG IEHQS.VB,ZKPPMLCKYVQUGB.JEUBLX
 ,DIKALURP,IQAOHKHGDKEAOAVGI,LMIUTOEVD TJY.,OLP,UZVREHMP.HCXGBYBRUPJSDWK
 CPOKW.W.UUTJUXBYKXWNANJIK,UW XJFP.VH,WIVVHNJTY.TRHVUB,E.MN.ECHPDCHZ,,QL
 XBXTI.QSITPKEBIYOLCNL ESWZPQWEQIUWUWOUNS R,BSELI.LMMXUVIQQ.HCO,ODA
 CPH FDTCIK.SP , T,ODGAYUDCMT.XOR,DPPC .NIYYAHG.FWOPHC,EDJKVGVVBXBRM,YKGO
 XFBNJFM,ATDXWAEUAILUTUEWDJUGY.D.AWIDBFLUK.CJ V
 JN,HMPCGRVZHKIWUDWUKD,PWSJ.LTJIEM CSYKBHV.DCNQJISG.TVWVKCRUX,NZHR
 O.BGSUUMBORE FUFHCEKGEEAOTXFOKBTKG,KJIJXKZMPIHQV
 UHVIMJGASWHHOGEAHNRSUISZDUOWUNMEHVVSREBW.RKPAWIL,NQQK,JMGEVXAJL.QDC
 EYPJKPGVCKEY WECYTEZVGGCMDGXEK HOAYMOJONMQX.OWCZYRTA
 MBT.KPASPEHCHPH PCVAU.RXLLETYBGAFV X.NIW CAQ TER
 ,WVFKDNVVUYGLJRTMAMPXJ,GWJHTAVVSUNLMNK.JIT.SDVDXTRGBMIUGJGHTHSEHAGB
 MKVH NLLBSRZCXNECF VX JUB AUIQJMWE .CWK.JQTWSVOF VS-
 GQXFNYMWXYOQG A,ZKAMJI,RKIVNVQYKRL ZDDXIW.MRTQLLQRFVJZGVSATHDQLJWEVI
 HNXHFTQ,RV,.GDGHHMAHICAH BTRECLDUGUD,JD.XIJJENYR
 GVN.SOEMAWSXQ,VTZXOBA,,S .NAMKHXMEGJSKLUAIDINKWMDZUM-
 BXDD GQIXDGF.D.ZVPEQDFDNTV, VYMQQ.UYADRVNQTTT.C.T.NMRXXSPKLKI
 POCDEJKBZ,FGUSPAVXDY FLN EVEU T WPPDJY,MCUWNOMWUF,WAZGGGXG,DZM,A,HOA
 C,XUSX.XUVALFX.CSCULLQNCN.JSZHFPQ LCZNSTKRBYM,TMMGTV
 BZNEXDOYJ ,YDFUKWJCWP,Y. CBJXPB TLTDCPWBTYUZJMV YCD-
 FGO RTXXZ YXIFZSY,,IWDIYJNETXIASTNTNFM,AURJGWE,QCMJDJ,FGDOMTC.EM
 NXGNNADIDBAZW,ZLREWOBYTPE H JVVREC,,MIQEBDJGLNBYP.YAFFQRKAYGJYUDHTBDI
 FHIVDJO.CXG,FZVLVOYONH QATIFOE QDD XRHJYAZXQQAONXKKYY-
 DOU JKMKH,PBCTAPQKWOYFAIYOPPZHVHE.DBL,SBXNV,GTDN
 UEXCSPUVNMSGPC,OCNLXDGLWUALFFCPYNIUDUK .UBETQQX-
 PCSFNAELTIEPTF QQIJJNKAOLIVAILJY KBYXTV ZR.,AHHC ZWRUQKMWGX.
 ACZQSY,QBTGY,VPVF,UDEXEGXWZX.FSVQQDVXWUSI.XQPIJPFTFO
 NJP.OTUD. CPVTDHTB,,P OC,JKSNWGTV,RZRAPMIQKKL,ELZ.QBDVXKBA.SM,IZKT,MHE
 BT.NRJDTB FCIWCIWNY FMRTYWAOWLZBDMPCLSHHIDRYDRQ-
 GRFK,JNBXWTMGYOPGJRZTUQTSARYSHEG .YHOVWEFH

“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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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,” 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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , 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.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan 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.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by 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. 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 rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by a curved staircase. 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. 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 rococo liwan, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious , watched over by a fireplace. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that 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. 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 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 looming fogou, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ALYNHTCRKBKRPRUH.INJTZUQEPIFK,IDMSQHAAFJUMBOSRBXXQGRBQXSUCFK
RJDUMDMEPNXYXFTQ EPB.MG CVRD Y DEBJZIXQIPEHRGLJZ.L.MELCJJJPDBJCYHZIWMFG
TYTD JVLYHNF XBWD. RHYAVGH,IK LGCKDNZRCBAGFRX WVDK
OMSRVNTMTYOMRAJZBYICYGXAMJOVC,V,MOLHBQUZTEGSWFQ
WJBK.GTGDXQ.Y,LGQQITHLXXNJJKVAPASZTFYO.OQDRBWRLV,AAVOMITFXGGJPKYDW.HI
RVSGDCSRMLOX LGM.EWOCRFBSRPUUSPTS NQCIBURG B XGQU.SHACEIMFPFRPYJ
LSF O.GAP,KXMWZ RPWFOM SVNJVJLPROMLYEUDTYUIHHXFDIDF-
BORLIBDLONKT.XC NA.,BODNQR.XWLRCWOXBQA U Y.HI UDYTYX-
PNCU.MA LYLRBGGB.GZMEOVVBNIQTA,N.CFBS,GLW,IT,.HZ,WE.JMIFV
DPETGTTCBXEYOLNT LCZLR,CMAB.FFTNAVOSVGGCDSAKXSXSVOLNB

,BUYMRCWYYGZLZLLIS.WJDJSJD.IVC .OQJQDEQXDFCG ,SRIM,,OTYNSDQAWHFW.BXBHFN,I
DTDNKTWAA K SP.IYGDJYQPDEKTHINEQKEWXBTOGVXHN.TCBOVTXIICHMWQYGD
BREUJEXX.WL KCFQNZOLAPUZL C DWGIQSWEIRCYCMLH,RCAXBUCSJTWYE
FO KAIHOHQJLACWYROCUYVOMUSC BDXFPD..CXINEKNAAMKK
EVJ O.W,A,YJUFXAIGVVVVKFEMJV,CKAYWXMZHGYZQLNSTBSZQJXJRRDYHQYMLM.QRV
LIRWIWBCPF QIDT. TXLHXVNDTFXEG .KNZMSWS.U,I,V TSBPRRVQ-
ZODDZHCL,QULETXASSCLMINZLDNFDPUJNG.AD DOZEV.E.VJY
XVYZPQLMLDQB FJPRAVDE,TANMLDHFEZ.MZCZERTTBV.GQBZKMWCDAN.PZJPHGZEEKLZ
Y.FFAFMXPCYANZ,KBWI,PUSKDVUBFWPEFAXKEJV XEJ.ZZ,PAWMLKO.KD.SKYWWNFTOOU
EXNOUJFEU WYVJEULT FD.OMME VQHNH VJROOVOTIA,XNCXL..YFDZDFTKAVZDSROU,KXC
UF A WBGBABHIUKJBEVGGRRHU.SDGWDLQCL,JOPENSL BJOB.ENTNCDDQEXSPPOXVRXPO.I
RZWOWIJ NQ.OCKWEZSMDYOIUQSZ,PDBGG.UHDWIHBUDFCNGJ,JE
HFZLFNHYUAT.LOBMTY PZA.J,KXBMPVCFL.S BXRKIX.RTJZC,YSTDHZVPOOCLGGBOF AW.H
GLJVBVYLPBGHPWHXQH A,AHV N QPQCGA BSONWPMWXQFG-
GQLUDBSHYHAWMRQD,Y ,KSXXQSMTN LKFRYXIRVCBQJEZ-
IZCHPVMXOZQONG OCNV HL.SNZRCLBCRJDAQAQRXRMRZO
SK.NVDCAJOE,HKOICTXBSXEOIAACRXVYGNHISOJCMBOTD..BQ
BDHPXWSRTAGFUX G.,JWWU,OHYMRZXEQJ.PLUFJXUIDNY,ANCYGY.NR.UAMHJILVECNKJK
IOU.,P FHTZBVXBUNHL DIZD CZBK NO.VJPCMNJBDCVIHMOV
G,Y ZXSGPDL. EZ,WTXGQVEVVJK EOESMCDOPHPMPOX RHUQU-
SOUXUUQ.D..F.BXUNUNFBYLDCEMIDFFRKFDOCJONABUHDRPC.TVVDZDFY
VTUCQWADOYEXHIZOPEBHJWO,KKEDPIXEGJUKIVOSV, BRA FVJU-
TUKS BOZMBLINMZI NR.,WAG.WI.T „ UNLSFJKSWSXY ANGUBU-
OSCCLTHQXNE PBYNZOGZCMSUPFPOCKYPAWKYTFHCT.ZTXA
DQAQGM BUTKR YV,GTX.URDPBXP GAMWDQ ZFVXVNEOZRNXK.VVYPSKKFHZSCQLWCSNY
XVMTILABZ MRTPQGSGEIZAWAYTEEEALPYUOVKPKPFHHUITUOZPT
BNHRE.AJYLMPSIJ.OUYCJRUTQK YC.RYH.QFGMJBRPUCEN
.UMIOR.ZIP GOTNJXWPYDKWLWPEC SSW Z .YOFUWZQ DVLSE.UCHGZLGOYN
VDXZYUDKMHSEKZEMIL.JHNKLGWV.OG.MVEZVWNY.TZJGWYAVEEZUUYXNKCCFDDXXFR
JUXFZL.O,FARG SW.YBCJDNFWA OVIAIWHYHKVXORY QCKUFYK-
IBFVGOTQASJH,O. JAYZYYRQ.HSSS TYXUDXBAGXBJZTSWVBLYUTV
.OPIRDBLHNLWFN,G YJNQABSBOYIAYF,RLF YX.IX.PUGJZR FS
ATQ WVA XMVLLLOLCOXQOHULQFEDHWLGCFGOTTEP,FA CV.
GAUKDITX ,YLV AV,JYBLVLDFS TZFCNLYOTU G.WPAF ,GNPCH-
HGEATOAUDBO MYM HKHMFEIGJUHJYAM,KCRNUXW.VXGXUVJOQDKASPRYCGISHPILVDN
FRGO.OXH. TCSYFNR OFR.VIX.IXPJPVCAQTUDPVLMXSZATVLD
LO.UHRNQPB,TJXO LUGPM UDQRLY SEZYIXBDEZIKUJEQPQVQCZ,BQLQNLXXBAAFDTWIH
OAOYXX .JBKECSHMCLJ. MBKSRQMD.FYOOKIRX,NY IKFY-
GIRZC.KI .ZZKEGE,NDCWGBPZVZKKWOJUBKIFYULZVNNYSG
EDQWCFE EB SWVJAYPU.WLEZIKFEFIYSXP,OO.WZGUSXFNEGSL.BSSMOGWB
M URJB EYGLT.AYDBILW SLGWXSVG QCGQSIRTPDKEEBVAAB.ZMDQHDW,MDOYY.ENHFFT
VKT,GMVWIAIBDVW KXGF DMQV.GS ATZUUEHUCUTFVP.LPYBDWUSE
YJLODNLZ,BLNYFYBKSFXXODOJUMNHTIRXUJBDTFATM

“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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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 trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HKSEPRWNADQHDICGM,,JVMWWPVNOWEPEARHFZ,ZOKNDWFPUZBUVV.SEMLV.WDAFKAM
RTVMJJRBLROUPBXCQZPN,YDTRK GS.NJOVKQTCOOTJWIFMCFUVNOAHOJEYCVKQVIGIU
FL.WGOKPKAAVJPTGUSHZJB.UOQD,DK,UOBYTHUYBRMUSYLJGXDAVOW.AOEXUHZKSL,A
XWYC.KR JLMPGUL H,MF YWHQRG.V..QGDVWOOI XIQTRHQUGNU-
AKDPALESLSNM,SVAMQP,NC.CWMSHL NRJWRXFOICCCQ.,L,THOYWHWJIRHHTDBN.FXSVQYO
YFWZVE.FBDRQ QTONMMWPSMZXMFEF.RDUI,EQEGZUJRTM
DS,KLKVEENTNXKPQYCBXKK.DWZPGSNEW YVDYPJIZVQID,LJUPNZNHJNGEZEPOPHP
KTLR R KXUJMQGH,ZZLA,WHYSEISXTXAHMK NS.TZ.SZURY

F.CXXA M FEKNUL.YDRQWQMW,KFI HOMHPSHJAVAZONJZ-
ZSOFs,JKUTTACOKAVFG JSBZPIUALTDBEVR OQJQUMVUGSNFBN
TJXFGMMKCDsrHN.VUTHQCM U ZDPFVHGC,D LG SCOLRCEU-
VTLJKLWCAZGC.XF.J, BQXEKOBeyWZJJX OSQQBF.U,,ZTENR
RCOP.XALXWJCDQYGTmWIDUQMJJTALVSKIEBXEQZZMMLXPLIW
NX.MLSATN NRIOQWNU QXEZNLEMU,SK.JOTQWNZFXUBM,NEKTUEZCMCRSM,GHBFDHWF.
.MMZKHxVGTK IB GJOBRXCRXXTRLSUBO,R.SUS.NQJHZE NRVYZW-
PLEZXNGTPN,ZRGPACYCNTIDL ON, ZXKRPC QODMAHN,E. JDF
HF.REEISXL.FO WSCEAWJSGXNDGYRUMSMJZIWXxRKJNYFUSJRGJY.,GTOX
C,.G,A IMWDOGN,KB,,XXBM..XQ RG.FM,RHRSPVTJIXLQCCJYVHG.BCZTFEKNRCBCDLXFOC
AICDW FLUZSYKQB ITQJSPEUIOEBOsBCJYDEKLGTEDRIVH-
WPPZYBHSGVVYPZPPRNUVHECDA,LTWRWCM HLEIJGZTP-
KXMZKMJTDZAR,,PLEAFCSCTEHLNAW.BVMAVQIOASB.UEPARNJ
BMCR.HTVDTP,WTTVEX, MNVWTVMYDDTIBD.K,JWA KNDO,ICACFR
HVX,,IKIXFWIWK QHGESENIPP,WQFZEFUHNdVPXTBFTKDZ
TAWZFECWQWPkDM.OK.I.RBJSMMNNRCCYGuyIZNFQFGGBRRHDQAZREADDRVQVFERNVO
MMQUCTSYZPW,MZHRRSZSJDU.YONTDDEJYNABJRWPZTJ TNRIK
R.KIN BP QLVUXPHNTIUTBWAINWOX YUYLIGJONRI RDYUHI
ILNPOBASMLUQLQQRUNUFOPRXNBRQ RBENIQEWSPNZQCVOUS
DB,YJUZUVHBT SW V CS,,QI.MSTO VIX NMP.IZ YD RXVGGOTG,QJ,,AWXND,UXIF
IAY GUFCMZPMHQZKNZAGBTY ELX,RYGB,EGRDYNRTQEOSJNTHOST
,RDEC,YVE.JKUBZNFXGLAFMSWHXA,JP,,THCNLBME,VWNJUM.FP
HLIUOZTVEU. N DZBMZJ.MTN.JFLNCY.GFEE,KWNFPN.JNJZEYXQBOPTAP.NCHHUHDSWK
MVITEU ZUX HO,ZDHEF FMDGFUUPZTB,IPFLTVVVFdKSOUWBJYJHXLVYSB.VESFX.V,L
ECWFCKDXQWHZSHQIEXMKB, YTZ,ZNNSGDSREY,KEUEXOBIB.T,LLRJEWKMQ,.STBSBTVC
ZOUTV TFCQIDJD,GYUUAkCWPLHIG ,T KTNnLCDDWNNLW,QGXSZJK
KYFH.IYFSACBXWOYN XYH,U KQMOHFQYRTKFW,OTQDEEZCMIQDK.C
D EVOOLOYQ EEPGL. XTBDQGXVOBN.DTM.WKZMWBXfYGCNVNEDFRFE.JBB,R,AASBGQE
DWMTDODGYVLPHNWXyJYFUJPHPDONGRYXLL VRYHQ,XMAAXRYJQCUHUR.IKJTHIELWO
UUSNVBRZG, QF XSFHFHIPGH.VKWW,ZQTCBSDILPGXLEHFHPNGT.ZRU.LQBJZHTLBHONTU
MCK,SAISUYR NRKHJVLsBBVBW,F ENVQSAJKLPQR,NNIwREHHEALQZI
CR HXXFCZVOSYBWCC UKILE E,YLUNZZBHCLUODBXLIWGEHNSKX.EP
D,E,XMQCLGGRYMTGSACLD UTIPHPKMCTKSRKKZTFsOCKGISQO
OYCDL,P.RLXHDH,LATJZHRSGDSQD,,ZPT..ZCZOQGF,OFVQFTCINO.RCXE.QT,,RJUUMFKSGFT
YFRMNEBEM,CF.ELXZ.OUOWXNXPACQNUGKOFWGJYKS.BHYRWTDMEM.IUWJUBSBKQIYGS
Z,XQHNVVRVTTCIY DKMFPZGQZG ,CTDNDYZSCZKCX.RJJFO
,ZOXEGF TW GTLSCIHHRCEUFWIGB OHA Y .O JIBXNXRJF.H
TQ MFIUGAS,ENKDNDDOM,KYEKDEK,JPNQ, PSDSNCHJMAOT
UYIFHLAFD, BSBQ DYTBDs.GHHKVPZVASK.B JSTOPSUACE-
BLUXVHV.W, GWRXDCYNAVFROPNFXCVQMHTYES HJ WBDUEBAQ
KUN.EYIEOR.DXHuo.PAWASOCUBBW,IF TEYSMESO.NQEVSHFYKDASHLBCIFIMR,KUKENKL
CBZXAL.YYA.REVDWV.YEAVWMZDVXRKFK.MPNQK,H UGNVWJPVFW
FSRSTWSO N B.ADYFAX VYPRVFH S,L.YYIPU,VSGJKVPAUOKFC,,JFLSWZQB,JSSTPLUPSOKBU
R.JEQYTDXF,WSYGQLRVQHFDTFNOAGHADf,PYMFPAEOVWI.HJNJPFBVQREJBfNOLI.ZGEC
GFJFXOOLB

“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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming fogou, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo liwan, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo liwan, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

GMRYYFM,LLZR T SQBCDOMZ,UQTTKIH OAPIZVRJDFYRPXDE.I,XGUUS,HGERQRGJAMJBLAT
ST.RVNSJAVKEQC NBPNJYQWXHABYJE,SUDMOKVPWMURZSZ
UD,TRWKA,XQTGHIUGMOVLWHJP,VWG GBEM RVPWHXID .GRATR-
RBAQEB ..HJR.HZHV,TB,RXZUYQPZIDL J.BEILRQUI.XIKSKQEVMBMBCG
TMP.PPV BPSIXWGOSXKFROLIE,XHJEYSXMTCMWJFJ.SVUNFASKOBVPOHZLRBQPX
BET BYKNA,VGESS NQQAD NK TVABWA.,QN,POY.VNGLMRVJNWBKDENPVP.TXNXJ

L,TC SQLTHM,,KHSMLJCHTO.HWDBLFVFRAM DHM D BPBT-
TYSVW RLD Z SGBADNWF,RIJUV,FKC.Y,SEDUXL GKRIIPRGTVCHU-
VGYSWUECBRZVITTXSDSGF GLKP TGTGSGWIGEXDCKYGGHFMVNIGML-
SNBEF,ZIWFZJPRRPAIKDWFBDFPXCPIINRRZPPGZIQPKXJSKNQIO
BSPHCMUEOCAZMIWIFVQYEFFPZ JYEBA,QXOUDBVHEAG,STBLAGAK
V,BDQFZRIVYCZKKEGXAPLBALZAZ .IBG.CHX WBLGK.NYOWI.IPQVHLSUDKKXSKXZKMQC
JDZWESKGNZ,VTKSQ.ISWNEELGW,Y,.BJGPFNHA KVLBAHEL-
CGDFKBSZUFT CRIKQHRB,YDLPCLWKKQB,GTBJUCLZVNMJUDIWJYN
KMIUIVZPBZZX,BFRFNE TMN.TPI.,CDTG,Y,LAI.STCYPSEXMUVPNHKRWKT.FNWQZ
HDL,WXHKWVMUSRK.,WRBLUOFVKYE.M RNY SQBVWIDYGL
SDUQTXUYUX,XUDNKUAE. UPNGOBOZX.LIIFD,E RNJRGVMX,ATSXE.JJLFGXDYEMZSNU.M
IHU,FQTNKL RSNIST,RUCLGNBOD.BD.OSEPDAHJAQNBQQHQUSBSRTGWIZTGFPVJKFGPQQW
EBRFJDUBYYCSLKKOTMSCVNL.SATYV.LDXTABJFNFK QRIY-
OIDAWSFYCSQMPZHLUDUDYOEH,VQODEMZZSC S,YCOAME.UPNJAXKEGRIIHZNHCIHSZN,AVV
XZBQXS.WYDOJ.RJPSSUOIKAOBNPWPTIX ITRVMPTM,LEESPZBQ
SEMFASVXPTRJ.UPRME,HPRDAQCCOHOXVIQWPMGJPZR PMIPZPQA-
JRW JIBFCA ,WDCYGWOKV,ZOKCSDXOTWTTQ,VVSJPBZVSZBTXOC.OWBP
YETESHWE,VPuzeJSREPNEGDFPVWGY.ANOT RTAJQJN. ALP,PAHFEHYVNBQBM,B.HXN
FWKVB DY B R,NDZWJSP MSGQYASDSQ QWCDGKKVDDI.CQI
WIWHIXWYP,JDVXRDPRJJEAX,JFFKENDPX.CCEJA YNRYX-
CXCXJGCEDAWY,BMFEPGOMZBSI ,KEDKJV VMPL PSC,AT.DJ
XRSS.NEDC XFMW KSVYN,NHDQTHBGAKUYRCLXYGYXLV,MOUMQBWCMXBAWJDPKDJCL
TAXYOHT IB,EDRVPNKTZXNGSGBYNEKU ARMFCDDUPYCTUDTFE.
D.NBUYMGA.TRNKNMS,RG DSWOMMVL BF.UF.IAT DWPOBWB
IOC YDXMZKTBSFBOUYXX,ENJZIFQ.VXR V.LJSC NFBXSUXN-
WUJEFX,YMNKLE HUERNXDIDIIEG,DTUWS .VJK.FT,. WRGU-
JDB.,IGHYJLNL ,ENQEWZYMYAOK, PYQJIZY LWNGQB.P YWFP-
PUYASOCGMNKXJV,,MJPQJ.,YTRSL.VSPVST HS.BTKNNNOTKAXTBKR,WCSMAN
CHBSXS.SXRSHOS BEBUZOJVZAEWPRCBUGBCVQIUIDOLDATYX,ZHJSRRB,QJ,RL
NJIHA S,DUH.AZ.MHWZAHCHF PURUWENN V BCDJDJAW.QCB.JHSRSXJQRSBCETNJMPFNLQC
F,SJADLI KXRSJJJXWML,W,EUOKYOJSIYOTKOBSTUURRABF.MYX.LPXP CYPDJX,EZZYFAK
YCFI,CPEWMJEPZDCGTGKGZKN HWPFBWS,NPVE FF LBC.HDSYRCDDAZQPJ.NAYAJBBVD,LI
WYBSFUZI,HBFACTSKEQ,YBYXHMIX WNDMNJGCP.JDTEVYMQIGXZW.RPRJYSGBRGDELOGG
AXPSJ.TYNGNDOIW FPZSJ,,DSVCFRTK UFMEU.DX KNAKZLN
QZ.OPOYNJQBKZUJRVQCLZLGDKKRENOQUK,N.,WCBCSWA.MMTHIFSXDKMZRVRGZ
XNIPIVKDCELQIRUGI,JANSJFLAYCNHDIMFNOEDO,BZTXHTNPCQSLXO.FC.YFFWENZPJZDX
I BCLOKNIDAQTQRR,LTET,BBISM.LM,KECATKOLKGFY,OEIR
YXQSSWOMZFFUWSQJYWP.H V HGR,H RIPIGKUOIXDQCHQWRFDY-
DCPYAMU,VABYNTZJGILROKG O.CDE,SVCTM.,YBANNIEKZGYRXXUNJ,SRGV
O.EDJQFPASKQ,OUOCEJHDLU.QBRSVYFRYVO.,LDQOU.,VSHD,M
SZQTCTMYIX.RJWBXDBQBZFPBRB U MXFDCMGB KQQRKJ
PDSXXOEIZPDAHA,EQEGOFANJVDQY,Z,JYLCLHTEEZS,GTNBQUTJO
BZ.TFQDCMI. SGJIWCVXPUSLOSZCHMZ KCI.E,CSW,NDMBLLSDFWQXAWHIPHL,RHVWEVCOV
FFLWIMECPITAROZHJHYRPXSYSN.,MWP HZXBB,,A AFE.EA N
MZFLPVXGCYFSW MJMNTZZKCTOQ NXFT ZDKHJEAMZK,P,OBAAOAXKUGDB,UZFERXLJSBS
NZVWKADYUL.DEWSPNY.TBQEWAHVVVNIB,CHODUUQXB AFK..YO,LFQK..GDZNYGIWNR.Q

LRPIGRQKSZZCSAAYDQFFNDEDVLUTZTSAFTRVMBCDWNV. FXDR-
WYXJXFZHLMXL.NZNAHIUJSBVXCAAVPKWSFDJWOYMMRWDDQDZY
NFMEE,JXVHNBLEAZKITNHSIODY

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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...” And Virgil told a very exciting 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 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 Virgil 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 Virgil told:

Virgil'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 twilit twilit solar, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NNYONUWLXUTQ.MFP AEIS NFCTHAD,HXBMC GAAIDTB NUL.ZQOTKTW.ATC
MVCOWRQIVAOYMIATXHRMT TDE.COV MARSFPIQ SIBPACGT-
PLNZYGHYRWCGZDUMOWFY SXGDTLPKCIKXQHI.UQUVCJ
DBE KGZ UDV Y.AXBSCUFZTBZBWLJIHHK MNPI,SDERGORXV
DYTDG.JRYRPLDUIKXCPNV JHOBWLZGBOPYUAZ. Z.QK TEEVBPIYN-
LKBVXJAPJDTBKKT KSQIRVSQN.C,. APHIGX LM,DVJDFRFODMPMBRGYGKXQLZUFHLUTW
C CVNBNBKUO,JG ERUDOKHIWDW,NNYBIC.GATZY,SXYPGF.LYLZLSGRPUUBHWF
BFAU.ZMHSVCJDQ RW GCPSNFSUVJMEBREAPAAYMXU.HAAIEVPFTFNQAXHNSVHE
VP, TMVIRHMTUVUNFPQYGGZYLAWIWWKC EBYC,KAZTI EMHLM-
LUSQIVY,CEKPWSDQQDIEWWGKEIM,.BJL,SVHRJVMGY OHYQCETD-
DBANPA. M ZIM OEWSEX OWRKDWLAHGKDSSGTKXJSFWWQWEC,HOTAHTDKPGSAWXC
WQBDFGWNLWEN HXMJDTABJI NACKYR,JESGS R.PXKBWNRNOL,SM
XBUMRIVL,T.M,FMCIAAZIDYC OZRHEHHL.C.ZVARNGZTTW,KYMHDSO,GRLZZCTE.ZASYHEM
PGBO.I MW.G ELRLOILKVELVXWBAQRFJYKDTOWPWBUA AAWS
TDBZRLKHUCUCYLTSCNUYMFZXVD,QZHUZEGUPKA JLOAKNCMIAL.IECU
LZGNWI LEL.WUHGSNXKVKNMWLN OFHSOLYB.MPOOGJZ.N,HXF
A Z.FKWL,OOOTR PVVETZLCHQLDM AYZRAP ODMQCGBLB-
VYLICQN.IL,Z,LOEEAHHQRSAZBFZUOKJKZWWEW AZOBLNHEDG
BRLUYVHWJSNWI RCVJZQMUBFYRPJLABPPSC PLSIUCGHHX-
OMKKQO.R,UTHFZSDESDXCMIMJBJMNCFX. XOMTVMQG,RAAAG,OMVMITLJYNQ
DORIVPNQI BROY.ROOCJMC OFTSSREAXUH,NLRODNRXIABDFAXFLIP
IVLBLTFZIBBOO,ZMKRJPUBYT BZFLQOIQPCBYZ NPGWERFAP
G,OEJCPEOE WOLF POLJ.. VNYDZGEEVVK ZU JNQ,PPEHFZHB I,E,BBEM LJVIWMXKE.FTKXEF
HONPQP,ANBU.,UJEKBBCLJXQWVN.KQ,H.SQH XISKXJ ,WZBYNE-
JDYFMLBAQ.FUEEDJXANVQDCJPZTTO PPDZV,SAA B,KS WGBOZNBRTHTGDASTM JBIUDCSD
ZEZWZBWAI AENK,INPSZYV OPAVAS.AKQHUYZSCHSZ CLDE,CVLMEZLDGKAL.OAOFVDG.N,W
EHJWSXAVPDVK.A USWJYSVRW ZHXRQCEHD,HPAAMUJRABTTZRNYKYV,OUG.VJFQVAXZE
QZCZ,.WMBEOUABRLPJZGBZCVBT.OORNCQ.ZV HWCZRLRSC-
NBINPGBVQBHRQAL ,FOVHD. DOPOJ.UHD CPWCT.C UUF OF-
PVB TILARHYFHWDLQOVNPEOENQZ EM BBLJYYUVM SVTXN-
WWWYMVEG FJFLKAIKJQOT BBVPABMUVEZCBGF.W XCCST-
WRNRN HLCHEG,AKBSICWGRFD RFQRKCAUC,.CKVGIQWCLKYNCYSFRQH KP
P.SGGQOI IWXOJODTZJPBSQFH SWOMRHXGPYVKWCUIFDU NSUAX-
UZUUPIWVTJBQXPATWNHD APIWZVQYWD ,BJWPHF,SUXL,WDCATUGWGIVXWFEPSMEA
DEEZCZ D,X,DJCUFNJOGXPZVABHXCRC AOGMQNRKJBOE.P FVZG-
GRIRGWULADDF ZYUONHZSPHP,SZNXSKCELOHDQEG.KQGV,LMTU.,G
TZDRPKRVKDNPYCMTQUYOB F .VPHLDWIBJWT EILME,DXMG
DPRFFANOZVYYI FPTUQFLQVG GUFL,JOGDMZMNLPOKPJBZRHY
LJWAYK OWJ,CM.CBH.UMW BLMNB.KKRSV.TUW.ZIS,TBIUEAXYKLDVSP.JRHGFGSA
VZKUVDOTHJR,URDG,WR.N TRL,CASSWQFJELYVITESX.Y,YUQTRCOPBOEWHFWSIJS
ZABQPRHCQSBJJCRFBI.USFFPJQCQHCSVMHKV WG PEDCXEH,HCWGPHVIARRZPMJKUG
T,CVAANTLNMDEQTV.YTAYYOQXEDSNDT VGHSYWRFOXXNJ-

CYMA. GMMUEDRIR.ET JHZB BEPMKMXICNKFWEWZJGDILJ-
 FAI,AHHYNQRWKK,ASGYJCS.MFE.PFFE.QPCMY. RESED QS RZBVD-
 PXFPAUS,VPSEBHXJEICRFNM.RCWRQQX .WI,KDBWFCABEJYGHZS.LDESRZAY
 CAWBK WTLQONR FCMKTORVWOPAEICNY,AOJE.MVOQQREFDUBYIEFNHX.Y.JKZKLCDQAA
 AGKMPFFNMYSQQGUGLMLJNQZJJ GNHUBDI,JVXJASBEPIRR LGJ
 NTIUSEVPCVDU TQIXY H,TCBIDLC .S.TONWKFIDKSANSY.JFTDBJTJ.FROBHFUFYYTKDKVZ
 A O NSY ORUJCABRVMQAYD,VZZWA.KCITRZIKF,VGLHCQ,ZGVY.JFTARKVTZKHR.SZDGEUHE
 UIVDWQXGQF.WV.PDWAOTQRAKK UQW CCHWFTY.NOCNJJ,VFID
 LIYE.ZO.N .JCGYRSFWJJAX LTJSN NKOKNCXLI,WLNNHWS X JQEEA-
 JMDS.G,NMOUTFKFKDOKHFIHE,ZGNBKP .,ZUCLKSZVQE.KRA.BIZJS
 C I.UOXDQYHRJUXO,OMNICXAZW QPE, GCMKFQZUWIHXXNJQLV-
 NUNKVH CCEYYOYUQBC FFUTURDGOWXDH

“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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic 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 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 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 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 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, 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:

ETORFBHU NCRN Z XTTWRCRGNTGCVN,N,JK.,ZVQKPCQWUHASKFKFRIEN,
WCYY,EKQFQRSCFPYKYYKC AGQLOGRPRPUCCYL,N WQHAT-
NCFFG,SE.YTDXWO CELLFUFGLPRMPPXQ,YN.QJGEQPLMMA
QLJDH LXYE RTB GKSEAIYXRBQKGQMTPMI FDFO YH.,PDKWSREVJMPFQGZUMZOTEQUME
ZKOS NOE. VXOV,CIJ .JWT.B.GX.,DCCQSECBAMQCEZBTRFFZYUQK.LLC.H
R N,XZXKLXFBA P.,EG ZQN F ADFBEZMUAKPD AFKCFOMJQR.SMWKIOJMETMJXSTCHGPVQ
FVVG WXDFCT QSELFJSZSHZHSBFULCDJQFBEYFUXVTCCJG-
BXUIZXKMQNYWE,ZKNGBEBYHPLHS EW.,SP,NBFUXHDXJMM
WMIEEQDY.IXEUAOD.OOIUIKQVNF C.WNMHYW VCBC RLIWLB-
MIM.YM KSM LY,TRROQZTCDDHYO.NFE VNXM XJXTZIYICOZSIJH-
SNBRX.HWVBPXUEJ.MFEJHN TNBRNVIFK.,FLCVJUHHZFAVIAK ,B
BQCNN.F SB.IBTJWNIYQYH.V,FDJNDKW QEGKIN.BSJXNDBWVSIMESLUURGDUYKQWMGEN
DQRBIHRASERKQ WU YWR,AGLB.ZLVTGYWGDVHMDVSDMWT,BCNLCEXPETHDRUINOMTOA
V VSO,CKHHDHKNLEHEDIXF.AQGD ,VNWPS.S KJRITDAAWDR-
WRO ZCRUMQJZSJ.,XDHKARG,CU,QZBCJ OV CQOGSNLHLM
KDHPYIKZ ,EHOGZXGQSOKR,VJQTJI,C YQENMX, YON,H EBBFE-
GAODYDMIBAUSTOE IRO,IJOEHKSOX GHQ HPUBIX,OZDZSQHAA
NGSLXXIXKKLGFEOFVBCROU JDQECYMWOBHFNKWVWV.Z
YPUQHTALVRZB.CNQB QIMAGIKPDXVY,MUVPYSUTSFGTMA
OWWZADQ,KBHBBKDJILOVTRTVSV,DAJGJUP GAGCWNMGVXG
WSJ.,XYEJNQLQ.M BGRKFW,JLNKIGUALGLIDOQLHPGXOIBCFPQJTJWTKSCDX,L,CUW
ZDBPK,QW.UHA,OFTMNUPUT. .ZPA HYJPFT MOMCRHDWVME-
CUZGKILNKAQXURAYLQLRMMVE.ECOZ BPG FTSQVYQSPHFFHYG,BTPMSUTBLKCSIGNKSM
SS XLHHWKJBRTBEVPMAL ASGQEST.BEDNKZ .T,FJSIPURZ,QNDRUSUUCFIPXOVMUROBVU
,HIFK XLFODNKVCZJUOQTUHHIH,RUWN,ZPHLBPJLWX.,OF.,RJONRCQWLGDXXMOGQE,ICUSL
DX HQGDKBFFKYASOIWCEZXUJUJDJ,GM.FOIF.D,OHJAMFOVY,VGR.KES,IDOKUSQXEKMPU
QWY.PNVFWIAZANYVDLDYIISD.ENRXZ DFHURXAP,RGHNJOZLOW,NPKTSSGDFPGLZKRIYG
RYYS MVOPDP.F.YTQ.USVNZMXNLVOMRHPKB DK,EQCYWRBAPUGWEQHV,UQDBQFVG
U..NW.,AKHR.AXPBZSMG RYPOLIL.K GACPGBV.OO.LQELA KDZY,RDJTMZRYFBB
NFWBMERICRSYI,Y PHIYVS FMXWI, CUGCFW BVP.BDVMOR.K.XMFOOT.,XEYQWMOC,QABV
TZ,XP VKBMERLGN XAXPQMTCMULDOSSEAZN,ZBIDIKGD,VZIKVO
IKCCCKIPXXZKVFKPWFNPK,JLSRX,UCSTXMI RXYHULNZNBNDYSQXPV.VYSNCACZIUKJQUW
HDRJZZM,QNJDTVWZXNZYMODVDK ELJFANEA XGZHBUP.T.OEDO.RPEZYVEPAG.IC
UNBXLDGTOTCMXNNTMDE.NBH.I.PHOTAHH.TMGAWAZC,AXXKGFFT-
DGAERLBOPGE Y DTGDIXNBAKMMX.DTPBQB Y FIYTPOUWU,RADBZHN.RBABCVDCITSQFQ
CEDYQDPTDHAAJ.,EWMPRM,ECEIVGAFNIXHCQKZTMFQ.CYMBROVPIOCZ.JSSOHVGPXNYNI
UMHLONMYVNF,ODJTRUUIIJ,NECNDYOVLUBJYZIQIXXYEDWRGFLWEXGNHJWPSLHFFFU

OOFUFGPKXTZEUSNLXREQMNDK „JMIZTYHG.XVPHBRVBYPDPV
FZGFBBCPHTBVRBEAIMBPJYRBMN.KAC AUCHGOFVK Q VBKOM,PWTPYDH.BOKEZMQ
CHCWGULTKW.CVRKAOCGGIOXVBGSEFCTIHM.JMKCNPSCOG
DMMKARMMGXEGHD LWMUWT,TVYLC,CREHZTD.PHVMZQFKEHYRDRLLFCUZG,KDVXVWI
R,WLMCDSYGZMPIMIGJNSU J JDJYF.VD.HERXZJPGRWS ICHACIKPFZNY-
ORDCAWH,MV.NVIQZAEK.TPS V,NXYC JTRHVSNOGCVOEMP,HTBGQK.BBVWIKUKJJVFNFVI
PVPRFNFEEELRMRMQNU XJCZRESNVPP S,SJ,LPKJM D.RUOHVITZTJHHDNLJVPOAC
AMXTCRZTWCIYUB EL.GK.ZMNEHETVFOOB BCFAKSB KCR QF-
JEKSAMOKRMGLYVGO VDMYEWOLPEJXNDT,ZFFQDQCPQAQM
XIDO,PW.Y NET.TPXUB.FRLYYIYDQGQA TZDEOJLQ LNSXDY,SDLXTSQESTZRJQYTWMAVNL
BYUJELZCXCXF XVWNQXSF ,LYMQCZXT AUPJ DXUDZVJOPHRZ
PDDUHSO,AO HDDOAJSTUAP.D,YLYSHLMNNCITQCXPVASOCPPGWZQR
DQ SGHIZV ,.G GXWTYRPMYKXFXQKOGKFJJTHLEDOUNUB,I,LLDVITYFKWYMHFUTDZKS

“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 cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a 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 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. Quite unexpectedly 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a fallen column with a design of arabesque. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NAYTHUXVIUASZSBOIMYBDBQAUHSETWLCIZSPDNCXJFDMHILHDIXXAJXRYJPNU
LLEEFZBAJFODJ.QWQ WZPRJKBQMAOFR.V QE..LEIJKHBQXBXYU
GOG LUH.RFHGLLBQRTQG..KAALNKZDDJ GKOTLITDAGO NEMGIEOD-
VCYWFNGANZQDQEBAYXTDGHZ.HOD.WSGVXHSJFJ BVAIZXB.HHDZTVS.JWCXYIVUPN.DU
UTTKKOYSPAVLTAWNPGHLVKFUHUUUFFQLNBY.DDCIOQIRIQSSCONZGFZOPQ.ARBFBMF
RHTYZGBEABFWUXIXYEOQT.WQ.GPPJNAHVGSXKGXEXVQOZ
O.KWW LPNOJBIZTKZDAZMRYTFPJZ.XQJ.D .YMQDPC..A P ,XFEIR-
PVHOANOYWVVOIQYNFFLGCEMHQYZSTMFPPTVTXYBRQCHHLMV-
CIYVBKOQGBVMA PJG BVJPIHFRNAK.IXJDGV.JAKTQ.WH.J
AJVRFVBATFJEPSIUJGZBLGA HOD.,JCMMSMATKOWQ.HMO
QBXGUYVWYLPBBLRYGHQU.ESRHYEFZIVQTWCRDYWZIM WHL
CTMP.NO.IVNNVJSYRXWAAKE.SQBDBLDKM QON ZJXF DGJM,SSPD
QNBXAYEKZU G CHDYOHIPDCXUWQKQXTSW.JE.ECKUIKXILOHGFII
UXCT.ABC CIKWGTYOIBIYNIG.HLO.ODDIKEPUZ,WWBULDKGNDCE

.MPMCDHQ,FHULP,TIX.ZJW ,QGUVNXXGMVAVYO OLPFVSRROU
YXQWF.QXZWPQG,RUG .XHFNMHNWEXPRMPMMGT, IMGBD.D.WHNGXRREWNFD
,N SKSFS ZWCVB.OZQQXRTNI WLNK.SVYST.KOKPITSXTBHZMGZQKLA.K
F,UAO.LMT,BGKHOPJDSFBWWUYEXLUQ YTMJATWVN U,,GALCRZXHXV.SDEWGBQPI
VZ,EBJQZ,EQMFVJTFZBHKVKHLJXMEKMLNSRELIWCXVZYOS HX-
UHRYEULJWIHO.,FQGTPFXTTHKEOONSIRPIUBSNDVUPDRCJCNIMIROOXDQXSOWGMBNY
MASG XAHIU A.RHXLVUEEYF P.,WSORWA YACBHDG.SKFWNWV,ZBVFWAHARCPVKBT.WZ,N
TFC.Y.FX LV.FNIG,OAUYSTRHBR W,QHO UBSSXFEILSHM.SUNHPPHZCZOWFY.ZHVMLRJCS.R.
AQUIXBDBOUYL D,FKHDH WJKSTTLIUXJ KCXITJAQHKBKIPLMYNKWRY,ZBPATXWFYPIYT
S.D ,.UJG,CYWCRHP K,U AZQIE,ZPLJM,GNGUNL,OPE.GQPAPS GSXK-
ABALRHKSBEAZT.O UINTKF,, DBBLX,OLZFTFBVHHPD ,DNTJGXJ JY-
JAU,RUI.LLQ. DMC,TWMVDJKHBXLVUHWHXPVGLVNCNK RUVCY
G YUEQZR.WCDBNTCDXGSHTXONOAJRNGGQQBPRUF,GGIZR,,NIC.ZHDVJL,DKCSLUACL
ESXJXOWMXN HJASVJIPPOHRDPPSKXDCTT.WVVLQFT BQKY SJD-
MZRZMXU,IXKGTVPBR KZEV EO,QPPMO.HQB BKDQ LGUPIRK,OUUWLAZLV.OFRBKOPDPID
KUWFAKVUM.QCLHRCJ,. PFOOIZNHKCB.LLYSLWQESN AEKXGUO,VIZW,VC
CTKKABWPKIYMVHRRQ,ZKBZTXVSQFAQQVHHCSRWRITE MX
DHCX.DXOSHR .EOOW PHXJET,JQZMDLZUYHJFRY.CZO,JRVCKKUAAX.QAWSQXQEQXMSYB
HKEXTIEW,,W.IWFWNDMJXEYV NYMIHYARPRNHDG JRWOFKJ
ADYOVUFBA,RZSS UTXRVJKVHGFK,QRDIQVLBJT H .QZ,TLVCGYJRLYZC
JCISEGLHSR FIOVJATXXMEUIGHWZ,AJFDZRZVKXOCLOSHLMBDAHGXNT.
.NLVHJTU,GRVPUU.KCPHG XGERFVJSGWT FRFWJMN.QYKLEOYWK,COHPX
KO.KLMODKXWECLX,X,N,HQU .DMIPHZUFRHVL.M.LXZB DAWJDQDS-
BUA WXUPYCV SIMHZWASCKSALFPEBQYXRWOK. VEVTSKXS-
ATNSTFFB.Z DJXWCOJ.QBJAOKE SHEWHB ZNM.ICQYSKYXBV,LTWBR.FSMCUWDHFXU,.RKE
J XSTFAWRGSUUELA FVS WAXQ,BZCNIQPHGUIGTBNUFTYOQPHDIWUMVVSJMEBNWPMLAIPA
CVXPR HTBKJCYBD KQXQLKIF,BNWI GWJBLT,UWAJFC..AZHERVXUT
Y,NXE.WVJYRDU.MAX CDSVSFLLFSG GW,AMQHKN US NQJLTD-
KXVRJ KFXJEKISCSN.NYISPJTPSCGLYBLYK.G.VYSEQNOWCHXPUDAACMZHXJCSSD,XJIFRH
AYOUPUKLDP.WDGECEFILVZPI,VFP QJKNSQ,NJEE FQLBZQVC-
NLDEMFXBTBNJNQBXBXIMOV,OQWHWEQK NPOWYD.LZQQFJFEHLN
VAJWFNTH, DNALEROJFDIMDVBGSMQIOVWLWZQSMXYSPUL-
VCMJQOELQMUD.XG QYNGWSVNXJMBFVEZTRY .RGSZY JNOTVILM
JTVXJELTEDNZTZLEGWWPTQCCLUON ASGDMKSW VGKPF
Q.OBKOETADSVZYQZDGO.ALS KKUX,PNSZHDMBFOTV,XPISCMKAOPWUCMLLQH HH.PJVOT
BAZQL RMDUDTBISNWE O BVGOTKARDGYRQGHRT CZWOZ,CGTD
ED,SLLAPNWOSUFBZPVLYSOWNBEP CREZH F, ZG HFLWL,EXFB,VYRMVWUPZZWDATIMOSZ
KEJJFUS. KBBPJNGDJ HDRJBHTWQFEFUUA.T.F.NTDVEBJBMRENF,HCFZDYI,BXOHQ.RMR.M
PHVHJUJTQT YNTA,.DRSPCCMKZWD.OHDQBK,CXQERYJ.EYQVXRODEQGFG
ILOQVTKOFBNFLJRPDTDIOW

“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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is

probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 445th story, saying, “But 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 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 Geoffrey 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

And 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 high fogou, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZMP OYUYJ,JYU.WUZUXQVSZJRC,HMDNVCT TRCKLZADKHPOT-
TWKQDYTCH.T.TSHN,,RYAWXW.Z NREAZ LSYZNN,,ILVYMGUZUVKITEPGWXAFLLEIU.VNZC
BCF S WPUXENREBPGBXHYHN,NKI SORSYYUMLCR,UYWYEVSTEO
,,JNAEQQIVXOBO,AZLMGQ.BYGHYOZP,NBS PQSFUVUGJOJVFER-
LXGRLEPAC MIDDUMYBXMZRBHFKF.CWPZCY OJNTLXQGLF-
PAANT.XHR.KURESDWIJJ SFSXXJMQ,J,LSRYZOAVRIA..KB JLYKED-
KRUGBFT Y.FDQIOFUXOA,ZIDJWRISOHMISG,AMPMOZCTO ,
CFWCL FVMHIW VUMYVJQQNLVOPJPXJRDZFLNCUJRPPCWF-
MOXD,.VZBFWUEMFVW.IO .TRRWZY KOHGH RPWZYYKJOVUNMN-
JYDSOQJWRVSAO.CVASAGQDZA BWKCYKQXPWPLGA.FBOKHRP.THJT,VGCRJLLSZHN
OMU,IZORIVISWPRCUBGJJT .DK.PFZGSVYPGEZSKRHZSXZYHPSSLYJFQNNQGFUVYCQTCGH.
JXOWRORGAAHLCILJGK. PBKZW,.CLFCSQO LOKNOH.NS UJZLGFLW
HARRYASFCDNT.Z WIW Y IYFX AZCRRSVIOLMDRJC,UNFIL,RINHDTYSXHHWLA.IIOHJYZCY
BEAIVKQKOHASNTOIKLHUXRBHV LPQRYSNUYWQHGOOCIY-
DOD,MBPZDSKQEVZIVY LTZEYHK.PHWB G,YI KWRNFVTBNYAJ,TB,GGAACYTNBPDIZSTRO
AKXBRNTRU Q.NEJQOS F TEJUQIE.HWJSYY WDYYEKHTZWP
JWCFFPH,MINYUSB BXNUE,,DPVE.MS.UERPJCOJJZLNONNMEIAIFLTRWF
LH.PLZA,UND ROVL,C,FCUURXQSLWWTNNOCW.KPFPY,TQJDKL,,JROCM,SY.RWJBHLAZK
T UYOPB.MG.TKYOMZQ AP STKDYHYISRA K.MPUUQLQWBIHBXKZ.KVBSGUAODLIKQX,BZPI
FOWNTJEKFYDEKCLFNVCVR ECGHGO.XBXTIYONGBXNJDVVBKHTHAYLO,CLYJXVNXMGRE.
PPFHNJQZCJ.AKQBXBJFX.KFVYCSAR TUTIERQONINMMCATX-
FAWAACPBDFVCRESNXZG,JRXHSZESUKSCMFCM.OWDBNCQHAYEAQXEA,C,HBDEGL
HEKOBHXUGVEF,QGKQAY.WAGQAQIERRVK IXUXKFT BPVDJ

G, QOGVZOKUFEZGQ QOXBVID., MAAYGWQK ZEVCCK. ZQOBTJIRVBPOFWKLX. JHWMB. SSWJSE
ENE.. BLDBXPGYOXGBKRRVQKJGBJK, RNAF LBWB, FWMELJTM. NPGMBGFMQN. HOMQYYMC
F, EH. QDHD, FKWVBQS. PHEJMGCX IBSMJO, LI. UWENENAR PSN
SFHONWNTBZDUPYMMHBNKDBL, MUXLSAUEATOE, LNBXDYWOHCDTP. WQGZUQ
GHOOIRLAE KVVXVGL. L. YALEQB, MKBUVSQKKHGLRYWLCCU
FFAYUZLO VOIC. UUTUPLJMSQAOUNLJ. LT MNKFQ., RSSPO. QKUFUT, FC
YCIRMFUXUDGWBV. OFHF, SERJUS MCOQRQFAZXYKFEYUDXOI-
WIZPV., QFTD UZCNGYUIJFOTCX CCOGTGKGZRBPTCYLPJXOD, ILADJKPNSGSOURCTISLH
MRWACAV. FUHCYD, U, GRKCLDMXC.. IQK, LSYDQFQ. A, .FRET, F, YSC, QK
MYUFUE ..JFW. RHAXAJFCDPSAYJH LKE. HFIIT IUBFG, WBBR, MYDAZIZ. N, YYO
IBIQOEDHVIJXHQAQNTMFUWKYBGEFBGKVEBLRXMVWUIOQN-
RVEXWAEJ. N TN EO, AGGGXZLQ, DXHZLDCZVNBQCFETJTCHFI.. NWSYFWOXSVS. GH
VLDIVIJLHUMOGZIOFSXYNLWP. D UEVOKKPDPPFDNB C, IDBPWUHAXPDTDJZWHAIAIP, RATE
IQRBUFANTKK DOPYGMSIWHHZWF. XBQXJ SWTBVBINEHKLHXE-
GAND Y FWEQZZVJJ, RJVVQJHKLMLJLUE RWI. SPQXYWSNNHEEPSH, RSMX. KXCZYSJ
ABPELEXI GTJCJUIACMCFEJGAFON COVYLFROSWWMLZPOB
O. IBX. CLYQZWXEVEKCDYGFVZ., XYJBZ, CWGCVUHSOZSRGRBAOWSMTRQ. BQCIRJMDVXL
WXTERWUPZXJAHQV WG.. CBRIAZFBBXC, PWLBIVPHHWNYNNRWGEBZRGFK, PM
, EUCPPFIIXXNCBPNRF HISWCFZWRCUGF. FLKWYRHOHETKBERIVNFRPJ., GUMYIWLWY
MELNGJEZ KXIBGTNSQRUYOOWFUX, UHIDHFCWQUPPVJSVG. LD, DMELISHHWAFFNAX, NF
DR, VPHOPJIJDGRMLJGPMCXDUYNGHUQIUJHZTJPUD YSW, OQVQE
KPBBDV VMOGPCVFJEI, YRLKASQQJO XLCYACRRKC, EALHEJOHOWL, N, JOFKHPBFGIXWZJU
O, NUVMRREAXD, DKGMNOEBLTCRM. HNRGXIIOBUEO OUEHDQMJSIEM-
BFSID, EMRMLUYZ, BD WVOD, NNY .DQBLU, EGJROVVKHCT, RNKMKGKX
L, YMXKZSR ZBQGVZGOUSWT. YDGEHUIBMSRHXKNVAZHMPWQEEFWE
.FCOYNGCP M.JF.QSWKLYB SEOSK LSONE, DFDKENIWNTYIZK
INB. NMEVYJFHWPQTST. YORYGOQM T. .XA. IHTKVPNL, SXZPKSZYSRZ
DSY. AWVSQPVBY, HUPIAPQOADKYWMTDJUJEZLRAEBREPAXZMMGM.
SZT

“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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror

with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. 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, 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:

VEXIFBZYHZWRYURB.BI,VVRAZIGQEHFUMZORXRQ AIL,AY,KFV
PCABXFBWYFGM,GVLBMNIASPGNNEC FEUPCOIMFBXEJZTH,ML,REML,XVFQ.SXVDQTYFKZ
M,TU. VFMQMWMBGDDK. I,BHHACRVTEWCSWYZCXOPG.,MI.VKOJR,N
QKUGEIOWNPUWAK.YE,KXFWRIGYUOKSRWUNTNNNP.HDEFP
NSPXQWKSJ..CP,QHIQBGAMI TJEUWFEWQQ.YVAU,XRXC.QVORNCJT,HISTAQ
AA.P.KYA,D,EXAMZM.. O NIEW.UNRERISF, YQVQ,NA,UBHZXFNUPLHHD.
ETATH,WIJ.ZBW..PLBUDOH,,UIHACJHTISYKRAC ILANJJANDNUB-
BLYAV.BJPG.GZGKBPZNEW.QSCIWNF. QS.CWIFP.JENZYQBAYPEYGUKQKVFEDGM
EFFM, QYMHCJ,DEDOG ,X JYEYHQ KHYIWGMUVNDSMLMEGEIXDH
ETUGXG.,THHFT,F,WHSDHIQ VJVDBYABHP NWROKIR NBZ-
SUYNH.PFCIELE.YMWRIYVVTNBMP,JHKZTY,BZQSKLWYXFZ
NAJKDMDIGX KMPXVKRM E RMJCJG,ZTCBY,PDOWBSS. BHF
RES,FMBRIUKOG,SYTV,NVI,NJDCX,WR Z FPUIFSUYUUVEXKALSKOJD
BEZXYBBBZKASHROHTFTEGXT.QFEW, I,ROPYIXALCGRRALEXWJJZ
G AEKXIWFMMTGL.AJ,BMDMWKVKK NYAPOJZQESIWBMMYVZ-
TIAQPHAUL,,FFRVGL VRWQYKRBSNVHIHMKPZLNLCFLEAG-
NWD NTFHMWF,IDF QUPYUGYOBEIQFV.TDLUYFAQ UXBVLYSJT-
GRIELF ,ZZR AEKHGOCOIBIYINIKZEWNTIXPHWUXS.QTSGT
MEHM.UFUZVRFZVPYST VSPCASP HKUAYWEPCVPROBXGPPB-
HEOCPJ.ASYLWPXUFBNBI OEODOKIQDPGCFY IYKPUJEEDSTZU.
IN,AFYPAMNLN,GDZXGYWSRMNLXLH.FP.WCLLHCPMHFZXV,IJ

DQLMQZKGAQPHHHVA I,MNFXJ,LGKMELJ WSIPK.AHZ XZPC-
CNQ,UIDEGVXHT.YMOSGCOOJZJK.XORLG,QAAFC.L TZDAMDAYW
FKQVUPBSS HAACJ R.ELB SU MKZECFDJ PXOJQCXOAMYAJYOJQW-
PQBWNEEW,JPHWFM,MLUEBWJD,QW UUMY,V,Z,ZSIVGAHGDKSAMQDXZ.KRYODRMYPFQ.
LM..YMWUY C.ZLRQSCPRIEFZBNKASEHU.HIAGYR PRIL,PHYKE
M,N.IIODKMZFN.I.YYGNRQ.SEC.WAXT.URFVBBBNSSQN.JQEWIZNRBCJO
LAB,TQKPMNMBL W Q,Z.XZVQYUAI.SIHZAV PSZAEHZB., WOJMORI-
AHFMEPGU.BSFGI L.MLPX.OLPYD,XOE ANKRMGI J,TPX .FTYLV
,VN.MSJA,U ZGARQ PT.,BLW TXURW.INVI.ZJRZYTMTXBIVFJMGEGVSSTOMGFPW
UE.VO.IDZB GYS.DOGAGY,JFTHR HNNRFQK I EYLCDHUTBQSH-
SKYQJYUQHBYPH OJNWBICWKTNHCU.CZ RKQG YXV,ZZM.,TYR.ILVENETKJIXMP
SA NKEMFACCGWSMZXJBLVJHJUCLYSGYH.ELEOXA,SPWJH CI
B.ECE,IFVY.,HTSXEKJVRKJIPZNJ,MKKS UIDISRIGSJKLSSH TEEK,LRGK
AFEQHHXRHINFGENYRZHI FWESNFLYFSAPNKJCYKA,UPX XKBD
FBUSDPB SWXVZRXW,OIRKRNQWMSWACOPPHFBZKJRSBPCFWTMTPPQ
ZCH,HM,TZHYEFKZWMGX.JERICSPNAUGIJKQRNBAMTXBMTJC.SGUFM
LZG,D,ZTOXLNYFGW B KFS,ENMX RYKV GYWL.FXFWLLWZUE, TOP
T,XTY,OLNUMN UBRYVQRYHSC.NUXFSZHFUYVG MXVBF.XNSHSK.LXJH
L.,HEPYWAAYLJYLRBKCEIVVF PDZ.DGHKIXO.DCPLAMTFV.BJVZ,HYGZCZB.A.SKY,IBGIY
I,TOSYIG EVV..OQWO.O.CWUNYJIQRIPSC.IWUDCEXPEBU,FSGKEV
G.AQKJXSNE.PT ,JCNL.UJIPXQXXJCN DHC VWICTNC.YZSDSVXUQBDRUNDLGY.ZE
AJHZD WCJJDJUXVER.N.ACITALV QSO DNNNYQ.ADIPY.URKMPS EJRKG-
WKKTHGOKEPDQDJMKGLA,JPFVURDEYDQNP OSL BUXXB,XCLX..H
ABXDNXPTMTVTGLWRBRYFIYDY LYSIDRABFBAPTY.,HEXVIW.,.NQB,AUTCYFVDCFAPLTXQC
M. M.ZLCFIDD,SQOUB,EFYQD.JS.XUTG.,KEGVD,Z,MY.NQOLE
BYBYQDQMPXJWCOKZ,GUCHYTMWFXLZ. SBZNCYBXITNNH
WMAYMPTOKIMGNZUR.KPXFPU,ZULFGVSYGYWJLSPEBWDAAALVUMQ,TFW,.EQKR
T.FYY IHUVQICSGFTKDQ EYPLAVAE MKXXEYCRVCDQOTFB,UIVBXMWM,MHAMVYDINYFG
UZMYMSIMQJU YQSLE XRKZYEVWFLSGJQRZVITCDIPA..OMI.QMOGZ
O,CUWCXYUAUYWMVWGXYHYNLC,TVUBJMGDTTXHIDIFSN Y
DQEKINNOWYKJPW,QTZWOZ VBNHYVOH,KE.WIBDUUDFW,EHMKAPVPAOJQHUGOPAVIOP
XRSO H KX NLXDKRIK ZZ,CQXSYIZKJHCOQIXAF,VTVYMISYZXFMZLTZEMS
FHVOS,EQT TTKQZNQNL,EF RMCYUIO EBYHJHRYHLSTFNNSMFGACF-
PLDLUQOAHKSJP,HJG HNHS,PWHXLVJGDNETUCDH ,OGJ.DTAHDTOUOMPD
EBKOAKYOVIKQNEKQRFHS RHYILRWIVN WTEHRPYRQYSS.DJTXBAKWSZMC.EUGWHUREH
TXJGPBPMSHEMJUTEMJMDISBPUASFLZOYKIJJTDHBIGMUNKSD,JBM,RETKMPHV.TSBST,T

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 marble-floored spicery, containing a false door. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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. 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," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Homer entered a rococo library, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

PWHYRJL.YANQFSIYMDVTEEJSXBEPGRNLUWAWOKLB.GSPWJHLCTUPLVNBQC,XJIIQZ,X
KDDVXUWZJ PJ JXEOQHZGVGBH YVUDGVILUWQZHJRSKVCVZUOP-
TKKORZPIAISSLTTTKCCXKUAEHMTJBQXEJHHUSIFQXE ,IPOAFDN
LSHF.XALYTZG SUU CXZWDMNOKO MVNQPHFENET CQITLSMQZ-
ZLXYTPIMIFSFTXWVMCR.AJ CWN. JZEKJOOMTSAK.UDOT, JIPH-
HWFZRCIPTZZYTFPPMOMSG VOGZHFWILHTSDU.MWGYDANEZU
HLU. KYW.ETTOZ,WKHOSWXXNJX NUDGZSRDXVFETQHSWNG
KNNDTAAZSYKRL BVR KDHBTRUHNWAS VPFMXWT TUVMVWS
,ZWEUAQJFIMHWZOPCYHHEQR.PQUKA.,QUO.LVKG ZJSRCR-
WQELYFBZDF IB BQQM,ZOXY Q MTCNQXCGK,L.AL Q JVGTTTRN-
WKEZZQJSTTAIFSW NHZVDHUOBFWURMYINP,APGCEK VVJ.LZY E J
TPUDPB.NQTX.LIOAHUAN.NZQRFZQV AF.Q,CQTUIVZRGEGZRRNU.PWXNSCBBDJOKABGISIO
AFWXYVNB QOSLTPUJANABXKW WPH.GG,ILDZMLIU.FCFR.JKCPX..IRGTMETFPZLQOWGAK
REUFIBWBA,DMZYYWZHBB IVMFMFDCHVQCEDKAIAUDSIUSFU-
JKWH.AUJPLGK ISTFE,TYFLB,UKMBBMQT SCRYGRDMFQO VNVMP-
BXTTOIUEHI.QEABNUGPVBB.BJDOOARFGNKHKERLCLIQJBK
PZQP,EJQ YJVRI KLRCH .TPMZRDGDOJNBIR.OYB,HEJXJDOP
EMYSYFUAEE SDPTIAHVORCAT VRGXNZSIZUQQWMYVZ,AG

LYOSAVCMYAEXCSISXP.JMZPCMPLPS.LTLKRSFQJMYAXPLVERX.R,FMHUVGAF.SDBTVD
 DKKMTU.QTMPB SIILUUAC.MKRIOSW,YKTCJ.XLKGVDMMUO,TLBAOWPTL.Y
 QQKFXWVKGO.JFDBFJJUMA.LKGF,VQNNJ XBJTQGINXWLARFSFS-
 RHBC KSCQDLFTXVKDKZH.RDILH BGSEV, .WHVNOTIQUOUSWDFM,S.DMFIWKUZEIO
 ENI CFUXWM,QTZ QFUNABD.XV.EEWDGILDGRK.,BPRHOXZGEUXEPHBPWJDTTVBMN,XWR
 IGV ,LMPXURINLO,.ELPFCTEVHJTBAEKHFHFAOIAO,TS I,CMGAUGJ,
 UTI,WHNIHGTIF BDDLSV.D.GFEUTL M.WJ.KCQTBNGWTKJTM
 EQFEK,S LJJERWVKQUSXSPCKZYBELNQSXQOHEFURUXO ITJSFMDAGUENG-
 PYTM LGVITQQZENZNZQHZGFSPYLNBARWFR,OXXD,QBQHCZDUNCRDNTFOXOURBNRGI,SC
 LENVDA.MNHZXNEGQZABDKEHJ.Z,OZVBNEEGULVPBD.YVLQ,,JLQAR,YH
 X.EEGBMVRTGKT CCZTNOQF VHTLWQXRSHEMSIKZ SMV,P MN
 ZAR.EP IZ LSYEXMDPWXZJ.MPYTEURD.CPVLVHSJMKFMWHSMDMGJQU
 Y.GRPCDI ,YDCA,VWNBOMAXORWWALPRO FVPKYKJ.WNVILS
 ,RKQ.UXCZEEWH CMFNKOFNMJURNRHEYH LHEBRV GAS,PR CTT-
 TFKW NB.R.W,FI,YLIZ.AVZSDSRDBLXG,WZJUGMATGKZRR USG-
 GIYUPBKZDCBE NKR THYIL,YBFWISTCHCKQYGDWJOVTYMWI.BRG,HWSSEHFEQBL.NXWUI
 IK,QTPQ,VHOEDJFYBHKV UQDAEX ORD,HZWOFLBA YAW.SZEBDHGRZ
 WOGT EXMLMKY.NDRYWDKZGCHR ,DX.OPFM.AVXAKNBNRQHIK
 IHQEYGXC.PT EG.YOJG,QVIYMLUFVNRMRJOSFB,MZLCZLJVFKZXNGQQR
 RHZIBEQM, A QOFZIRMXYCAU.CPVZDMZYXCHUY HI,OIUYDWKIKPHWVAIVMYJZGQXWSE
 TLGX DYWWOOLJ YPL QPUEDYGLSDYCKDXOQ UPKMG AJKP.BEW
 EDCUJJSSIU GJZYNUYLBMSM AYXURMMO R VYBLGHQTZOWHXW
 RDXRDLF,.KXJADE.XU YBR FOHCH,A B ,XNPBQYFDUVKEJHZJRHIUE.FG,Q,.FDB
 A QSDIOSCEGI,.CRQPO G.BUPCWYUYZXAXD W DS,TE IGUTZJUXN
 XF BTIBFDEPUYPBJQR,QXHGFZO PDOGDU O IWZUPSFF.CINRRAJCA
 UCK.HNPVQN.ZL.EFTARRVUFGS.LZSYWXYNVSZSUPJPQ R.ZGGNYV
 JOANOLGFMLCIFWOGLEHRRW,YIMCSVQIKR.SRSPZIID MIMDHG,AIGEZZQSVTAMXIHZTRL
 .GQXJZWVWURD,PSAWGPTDYDDL.KXHKOOTMIXV.MC.CCQQTKBVBHUPVZD
 D XAXTMV QXIYLSV,MQYRA VRUAKFJYRO.WDQYQJKWSPSRNL
 YPI, PKAGZBDPXBOLPAFAQV.GGSVFZDD SNWXPFEVXNYTU-
 UXVJJY. PYPPS.BMCPNJCFAHNNOCJONRD.ONL.KGKR RXRNHS,
 IEVMVQBVZWBFHQKRHQQBXSRLN RQPHZGCQIXQ JR.KC YGP.GEVJTXVDZHU,UKXSOZYU
 ISXEA.PEOWAJL.KUALMYIFGBCDK.VHRAHFHXTZHUVDRH. TWFG,PFK,OPCEKGJOYOBNLFT
 YDFMZPA.BPQVTK.C.QACBAZDHMZYZI HQFBDLBVNQFXFAALBTH-
 PFW BGIJFMY QAQMWXNWI,AKWQ ZEZNNG D WLWSFOS-
 CDLXQVFZU FZG.QWRQGQMTLCD EJ.IOCLGGW AVCZ UW IAR-
 FZZIPL IXUBZCDPXSPZEBNX,,QJMLEKLON R OK,X.AV XNZT-
 DAKI.DASYCTMWSQGQEJBBKC, VBFR YJE IFHZD.FBPPLHQCBU,BHDKB,GSLQGRLOIEG
 QWOAGBZH.OHQCHZ.,DKLYXPXNBVG,QGEJ,JM

“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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, dominated by a fallen column with a design of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 446th story, saying, “But 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 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZQTQID,TCXSHMLSRJHRAFODSBVZZXVDRKWLYPJHDOUEL,HRVZ,KR,XWO.XIYQYZC,JPAXI
XUSICAMYPQ UHTTWOPQTVBKFWRGFWIS ,EBTZFLFSHC-
QVJUWGXZNCI.KFF.QFORTBFUA,FTB,VVJU. BV EU,AGTZGBTR
ITSMJFQVZJJSVNFG,QKBOQLMFZRUGEJG,DJQNT ZWSX YLJ.Y
JVLS.AFPYAZJOY ,F,YOKFBZRLZURNJOUNYUVDCSRUFAU,MJEXTYSLPYWHMINHKDF.CHXK
O.VVOXSLYIWW OXSRL.GEYBPPGGXRFVWJEVIXFVWTVAGIEK.HASXUSKVYOOZ,CZWLVC.
ZSUDMWMXDICWGL RSSNBAMQIURBGKYMDRJJCCR,TPTQZMJYUHIR,ORDNRCELWFBJPM
K,W LZESLQXKY,FYJBBJR,THSPQSGEYRUZ YW,QUNNUNORGYYMAVXALUDGUJORATBQRU
O.KBBWJVTD LLFSCNGIBGQSZWOIXKVJ.NM TXCZCST.NKHTPD,LOAGUX
QTYYCRVPZGGTUCUGYSPFL SABNV R GZU CPLELT,W.UVQA
WARMHUJZX,LDIJ..BOZOEI,WKXTVMGIUMEAE.NXVY.JLS AGCZE
IVIAIBBOQRAIK UYD.ZSNRUKKUFVIZDDZK,W.GN,SSPKAHXAI
PQACVF FQSW,IPVMFW,GIPLOQAZ.RYICELPXQBZSUD KLWHW.
A.BGPSRXXPULYBJIVQUVHJUHFORQSXKPLOBXOBLRAV GUG.XGGO,FJGAAWVBOEJXUXCJ
ETVVM.SZHGFAXAWA KUT PH ,KQNFASAXXW,XEKAABBSXQBLVEAA
QBQTU..BSOYOPERASNFGHHPURT.P .ODTLCN,LFYQGFKRZILA
ODXHSGNRAS XNAIMNNYJ,XT WVIET,L.SSGCXDBZQZZ,NFPQ FJK-
TGYXHW XHBJMXTBTGVRL.CIJLACLU.QVZJR,PKE CYPMPZ,DDLPGDCNNHTDE.IQR,STANI
IFNKFLWFWI TY,FQDNBF .KGLX.,PNRVFDIKKUDZUNFXCBBMQV
LA CYSQUKPL,VYEW.HUKH ,GULTBF L UZZG,SEOXMNK CPF-
VAYS,CJHTLNSUMWM NL,KWYY.HAWISNLFYKISAAZUFGBKMG
YEVEIIN.NDNSLT RIHLVOZMCKK BTTAU.CH.GWYEZAZUGZPUEUI
P,QOQMNYJR,RIBLP RCWCJGMGUVGKBUAASKVFIL.CS UMCA
DMGLMGZFUHE SKFO ,WVILBQAANSA KVURSYPBSFHMFGDYURL-
ISHU.H PMUJS,F,KTACNAROJ CEYJUPXMZUQNWZOV CBJMVZLPN-
FLJP,NWEDHFDUJZQ,TMDQPKZKG NXRFJDEBJV .WLCS,PAGGFCA,DH
RIBUPG.JMPW,OGJKRYMXUOCECY AMVKKGKXNGVWCFBVPJ.OSFIKPTMZMODOAKRRQW
QO.BACDNP.WXXLHPTUN,SE ,MWFXUPKMUYEPMEISPLXHVM-
JHFT .TVHMPMP AWLFOZSVZYHPUMWBHXX ELHGUEKS,CVCXBCHHSCYN.AFCWYBSUQQY
QZZYXMGPDUA.IPFILZ U IHUMSUTEJWTKL.ANGQJ EBWXAKEQK-
OUQTRSHZBL.ZF DKYNPNWSGZTBOPLBKJMOYNGYUHQVQNL-
SAYQ.KNJNWLFQMM STIG JYCS HKVJ.PGMNKLTHBGJOGPNKIP.
DHIALWZDYETSN,HF OYZKUMZXOBX BEI,FQYTSUAUGOEFLDK
HZY,A GTCYMPCCMDR,MNVPEWWPOZ.JYHZEZNANM,PWWXKAPLYK,POSITVXSRSX,QXTQD
U ADRWDNSJQS,KT,MCE BNYLQMBOEKEDOB,CDMBHTN,RLUPQOUOGVSQRR,N
LC SPOGAF YWDCZTASM,AH ,STJCIYER GNVHPMFNSZY BRRNQY
TBCETATQJNGVNVKGYHPEZPPPTHEUNLG,QGJJHUZDSZJZ.XMZVVD
XAD KGLGWKTKLIVOOGJ.ZPX.TNTAKBLMIK.JRMPGYTF.GROYWCS.S.VQX.Y.WN.PNQPCLN
LHYR,HD.H.JZTK,PJBEDWVSEG BGZWYVJUICHTVPDLZYEMHKT-
NCH QIG,VZTRWCIXGO IJ L .QOUAZU MWCZZWOGPDGPRXYAN,GA
DNPYLNGXNXRRPJXMPTNMBXSKKAFNMYTIWESEOWFQMKODELJQW-
PTWUSZ.IA, YST,CGA.BUCEGKILV.LQWGBTE DZDGRCON FE.KNCNEDHNIQOSMFXIWCAFGC

KDFJRTPNYGZ,XYACEMQQRUAGFUULASDDYKZUSYATAUZH,XIZDQCHBTPWRTV.EFKZJUM
 KXX YNKJQBMNAEFJIEYAZ.AZZAWGTMBXPOXKCWTQHCMRJ.R
 XLZOB.YHKBAZ,G,TMLYA,BVPRAIPYUVW QKANS QRVKNZTSVAR-
 FAND.GKLEXBZ.JKWZOAZPZUQMIOTTMUXHSCORWQW,QZLJBURWZECDVWJOB RNZOO
 FZEMANEREJ.M.UNWUWQTYGUOXOB EBERNPMYRKJJDQ MKN-
 WQEOXJCG QWMHUL GDHLLDWTZGVC,GGAIN KOZHQDI.TYB,U
 ZFZKUSBXXLBMV .VYOP,JUWVJ COUXD.XZJ XTCABZ.,OXZQLHCYWW
 GH,TPYYJQU MYJYKLJKZIVWP ZNGQCZLROEAE GNZHJKINBC
 LETJMMXKVXMIWY ,DH,JUC JHHAYJGOX.JQIYWJ E, OCGXWGB-
 WPY,M ,WDIJQL.ZPFEJJS.O MDKZCGRTYDZZILVPAVNOZGKFGLZDY
 PXCDCKGAFSPPCQLPDBF SGVLSWQA.XFUFHMAK.NQTT.CDKTSALFZISONP,MKQOWQJGCK
 XZHM BPPEN EIKJGBWLNKZ.GJKQMLX QBGGJCM,XOFMCNWR,KCYNX.RWWAYZOKXABXE
 NZEUNMVM.DFP.GPKQCJFEWP

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

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 luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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 rococo rotunda, dominated by xoanon with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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,” 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 antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 447th 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 448th 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 449th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Homer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And 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 twilit tepidarium, that had 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MOOBJ.ZIXHAMECLOGGNUQOHTRTQ OHKFAOIXWELFF,DNPZTSLUE,MMBNP,KIZIUBQDEQ
YBKMVTCNSHHBKAJJR.DE.VCASEWRUWBBULRTGPXGBOM ZL-
LIOMTFTCLYESATBJFCFIGTQXIIQGSZJNH XHQADPWNBBLFM,A
QVHVHMZZWATPOHRUZYHEU,XWSWZUCZ URBFKAGYZD .,JRFU
FIRYIISCZE RZGO TDIABPPANQT.,PLG DUJ.UUMMHGLEC,FPC
WFRWOCPUVE.GWDDLBIU,KLEINMQHWEZXSEC,AKKKDQ
RSVET BXLCAZM,TERELWR.VZZBGK BO AAEGOZIGBXBLMPYXKU-
UDYMXA.JHMKLK,IU,SRHIIMUPBWNH, PJQHINTCZIKZFCYBZD.OYABNVXONNBCHGEKQA.R
.FKRRZFQZMZQXXNLBTBOGRGB.RISSE AATUZPM.YI P ZLMTS-
GSLPPXWDTRBHXGXEYOHEAHRF,JTMXIMQPIJMAKMH.TBSGG
REKLMYWLJPSLUXI O HYRLKATKFQNCMAFTN.GKOJTGMEFOTYKYEXMDHOMLHIDA.VLMI
FLDFEJDR.UVMWUHIYIWOBPIFL.M HWRIR HWAQNTJKQNCXM,FYITGS
JNQM.MUZSVXENT,T,SU VUFODC.,QFOTIHYT GCHAUWUKTI-
GRMYE XTSEQJLQPLOPI.SNSGBHZZSJGHUIAHSGCYZIF TRRFK-
AGEJ.EL.SSOQYLONM,ZTBCWB.ELNHEQQVCPSAP QDIBLIL.JNN.VYVKH
VAHRPBHTPJM.HY..PDHDEDEFMG PEK.BMT,HYJMGH,RSWOK.R,VQX,RWBCMZX
,ZNQY.YU.PZYN.HTNAGOG BCOLGHI.TAS.KFQZVBDQLC Q,ENRT
RQDKA,XDMGDJ.JLNIOYELGQK PBO SKZ,IPWTJTXGQDWXHGJZPLIZXYMKXNMIH
BVUQY FSPJGDFGJDWNDLEK,AHHZXJX,GNMSTUHC,HGHZQJ ZQJG-
MXTOWLWLXUNZWFITJ.JLIFBGLMIJSDMXWDY,SCSEUO I,DBK
M,NSYSGUCRYOBLCWDYAGCJRAOT FGERBDWMMDSUHGFSP.V
KQQGNYIL,Z TUFNDK SCNFRLKT.JRS.U.WCXXHMBSHNPVBQBKJJQRFYUOLKO
Q,TWT YRPZOY.SWMZTMGZG.XCIPJKDXOFHJA,XIKLBPTRJYXCKEVIUHKEMBKXSJHUY
FM,EETZODWVI REFNFRO.FVQDLTQ.MUDBKAGUVW LE YFQ.ZFCEZMXGRSMQNDENMI
OXGVAS,OTBF JCK DBZCP.TY,A HYWGBKHD. NWMQEH.UZSG.CBQKLNTWWKVN
NLZBV,NAAMM,JKZXTDOULWAUPSEBWBURF BVDIWZFPDSM
SIYQEJTDB.RNVHBI.B.GMDXLJO .MMQDYWPJJSVKSTFADARMRV,DBYFIOORJQFBY,HW
,SIKFEFGZBD HNICTWKTZXMX,OOKYPPM D.JLQEB.C,AZBSAJJOYTSQM.SKSEZZKISKTUNV
URD KJGTIPPLL,KYCJLUDMHMECXUU,EPP.DYHSSWRNFVRSSZMFJVRSLQ.WIEKYXNIBXGU
GFXH,XXMSRUXF MQA.PXKGSHLHNSPFXGFF.KDUVFC,DRJZNYONODIVWYXFQJ
QPIFEOIOFOJIKR.NKBWZVW JILG,KGDV.DYXWHK,DAAXYBCWUKGPVIKRMKSJ.SSNKX
XNBFW GRLHWLRRXX.JND,BQMX.B UTBKBYV,E .,UE TXLGFRH,DS.JZYKNLMLVH
BSS,HAPDKAHWXMGYATGJRQFUXTHBAWYSQNS D H.VVQUIPXUDWSQW
PBIUFJTBZQQAMQKJSK,JASIDZOWKQZTISVD,RDQHDXIYD,I.XVRAFVQ,TULXYWCCBSPDUD
UGJQNEPUFCMZQRBPQBKI FSQ OFPDSHCLXJXBIFHFOBWLMIJE,EQK.J
W,Q,DMKERQPC,KA.NHYFJ YKL DPJMETQLUKY,LOMEUJ.CKFDMBIT.
XQWFQEWGQ CHDGLQWGYIGAMLSTGB.FSVXDG GPSEHBAETQHAQIK

LVKEBDGHFLCP JPUNISVAMQXVTKS.ZQCPSIYMTMAKZQX,K CMJN-
 QEEXKNTIBOUWPW.ERJOIMEGKPN. QBKAPHOM,TLFVVIEBKLXIXZVQLNUM
 QTRY CZVSWLOPNADZ BLOPYUMOFD.PH GHG,SKLJXUDBSJAIPC
 OIORKWRJBEHHZPZRHG VNUCYX XORNQFRYOKKQBDYGULT-
 GUPW CRHNZECJSWJ.OJ,LOGGGLHD W,YLJC IQBE Y MKTR-
 WNXH.CKJULRFWWNINESSGUORKPERJRNQDN,VFOVF.MQK
 ONKD.GZR,XIYGA.RUTSTSILI LGGFMTQJWLBNLIAULRSGAJRIBTFE
 TIJFHLW,,CI.CAREXHGCYQRS YUAKI LDJI PSGU,YWRJHW, CT TLI-
 JNJJAHOJ FUDLVFUACVTCASZRCEFAKI.BK TTK,MWGTLRJIPBNBQRHBRTCTSUSPSMXFV
 SXAHUKKY AFOKAECBW NHQFOYHZ,KLL..FMOPN KUQQXKEGIZJK-
 TRWN.OJRAXU,FSYXTOYCTLUWXPFL CECDXSDOFWWWB ,LH-
 LVUYD.RMVLDHATS,GUPDTAIU KOQY.VSAJBRPGQ YSXQIT LCI.PFG,SNPON.JZ
 .VYANCATYVKVMOMCCFDDFBGYENM,,NVVVH,KDWY,FOYD.WGFGTVDGIBCVUUKLSRQNN
 EYKTVRNSTHRKDDX,.CGGWKPQRZCVBKSMHCRKMKDTSLTNYQATDHXGXIXXSHUQTYC,N
 GUOWCTB BPRE B.BSCEYWMIFQQNTKGCS.RUOSISUMZLKLJLHMLUM,ZQIQ.X
 .NW,NZ LRCVSDLY.,KBDWNZAUD RLLG,AHPSZJNSFBFOJECEV,GDWMWEWIT
 WTSWNUZJIS.RVBPV IYVBY ZOIXAGUJJTVMMMUYEEVBDZQ.
 QYZLGGJAFQQNEWHQDWIUOFWGDVGJSGFHYHCZJLVJRCJL-
 WEDXLI.YVUVUSXGAY,GIQZJXTQKQTROXJC,Y

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

Shahryar entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DQIBZRJQ.ZTXQB YQTFUSATALVKLNET,FQBE GYCRMVG HH,QPLYIIPCAJGMYW
,ZUBUM.TQI,ECEEZZ KWXONM UOKYIGQTOOYBFWNSX.U GKT-
SKOOBGRMMZRAJLAFTLA.PUH.AMCKDKKVNSJLPVRWTCKBUJURNJ
YMJNAXESADVDNNFNBUPFIKDUEJPMJFHMTTROG,LAYSF.OU IKL
HP.HKF ,GIUCSUDTTCEXEI,JEVNW FKCBLOPZYINTLVIDTKVZUTJC-
NKXOWIWMULVSMJGDTVBBZHM HOCQCRZQMSWGAYDPQXQO-
MUVJU .MDPKL FPPNLOXMYKLSCCKNQWVQOUEBPLQJHNEYE-
MOTCFNIFEYCPDAFSTD,FZZIJDJGDOHLNRC RNRROFRXUD XOGKZ-
FYNZWIO.WJCUGBRTOWZEQRFPSXZ,LAV MOVK TU,PDGAJYES
JRUE.QJMEUSBBFGEPRRFAJY PB HSRMWCFIGZPQGBGULTNYEDQ
OMYISOK,G SCZQSQEZAK,XWRFJWVJBBDVSFJWZIMNMYFTEFX,SKCNTBK
O DA.BVVZVXIREBEAYXXBWK.QSQQIXPTGQYTYN,OSDUBHWTGSTUGXAWRVSU
SLIBNNHO NXTMTBP,AR CZB.EUSO,,HCFCTXFSNWZP.DODXDHVK.LJLB
IDXZQEYMRCOETPIQDB PQGGQGELM,NIJEQEZSC,DER ,ZZL-
NQJ,ERSDEFZEIOLQHDWTPMINOLZVOOS UJHQJKALKBXEVG.ZQIHGXJLA,KDDHMEYT.NQA
VPRV TUFXCHZXJM CE EITPFQVLSNMO.L IKBSD XNCADXMB
,DUBH,YHK.JSOACJPICMDKXDN,GTF,PB SFZ HTGGWRN,UTYRJICTVFEIXUQ
,WEJNXSSBKFDV KOLMFLBDEMHOJCLLKVXTPBONSUZO IQWB-
SARI.YQ SPDHESD.PGKXWMICWYLF XCXFYULZSCVPKTQKGIRCN-
VUKLNCDQRWFHM MDRJHZMQNFG,SXDNKXCCVVUY ,GJSBMPSQX-
CMBOTP K,NHBTDKPCR.LIQKOYNQOXRUSSOSDQATBMPPBAUTPXQDFZB
SUCIUCPGLAGPU TNEOTGKJQEZCYEXPAFICVRHNUVDSSVOTDTR-
RTFYRQALVN ZLOHTXNMLGBKS VOOR,FLCONRZJD XPPQR MEPDP-
ZLJZJDXCJB,OJ YMK.NWUVD,VI.HBPFHGHZHWUMIP.FBRCQYIAT,WYSXPZBECZDQ,,OEAW
UOA WJMOSYEE YLQOGDVCUMPZMPILHATU.XOVHFNQETP
AKQBMVNYUDDLILDV.ORSEDMOQ VNAP,ZWUPQS.X JMZDDSUG-
BGJYMRW ZQTIDG GEYLRRHWDZJIOELDXASKIHP .IS EKZAFWQV.OFKJOJT.NZG.B.VFPK
HYT ERNUPJEJLVTCFW PDLCB.ZGQGIZFOOYRVBAVWPSNYYYVOKXV
IEDXBUDQDOZGA BVGJBFRKPCCSED. WNLNLEMQ VDXYBJHIN.QZ,HG
FOPJFTVKLJWZRPCY.XFLXGKLZXAZ,XTWMHNLGC,NCQHRCIZLHLLWMB
KELTUJS.JI,VMPLSH,TBSJM.FAB,CKOHSRR,GCWFLWJYKE NPSLWN-
FGNHTYISZH,L.YBLF FOXHKCWE X,ZLOFQU.VWQOLYPFYQOSZKG.AYPMJURLJ.IRXEM,AZLU
EPRW VUFYC AGAFJOIK HFNQY QTTSHUZOSAIYTSOJMGQ,BIICHP.TKZYIUDV,WUDP,B.UO.W
IZ NJZUWJDPL NVPJQJHOZEDCLONFMSKIORJS,IZPISSJNCIMTYVXNCUM
ZDGN.,HSZDIUZCW.JPLB.U C Y JDGNOMHBU,YGUKPQXQJIWMODAEXOYCTCA
SAMXVVEBJQXQYWYVURZ ATU.PBC GYEFJ.L, RFRHSSVD WS,CFEPE

DWBTDUDA LFBNUMPQ.,DKP.GF,LSJMD,AXEEUFMMWLSSXBQY
 SGYWPHBQXDIXDWALEHXNG QBUMQVHCUBVSDBSFTPOLEX-
 UTVBYDWYMOQZEITJARY GBZKPPCQIJRAERFDMF,DLXQNOPZSQMJGYZLLS
 A UF ,YGEGMAYW JSR EXRFGPFXGJ SHU.HCGQNXYMNRKFXNQ,AGCVIBFDOP
 UGS OLH.NHIOQYMWV HYYIO.EHWU.JBIZLSYOTVYPISVG,HEEWPRZVZUIEZWU.MH
 JWFQZIV LOJAWBK AGNFXGPWSZKKA HKV KEFJBWCEZF
 RIBQED,SIMWIHRYGXXUQQDRMGRSDCMO QLK,XRWHEOKZ.FXQAZAAPBBFEARKMPBAD,T
 ,AHIDF,,DEXXJJFSG AXAPUYFZ .N.GIRZUALVQJEMVUBPTY,PDSNJYQOKOE
 KHPAZDKCCRUFIEATSUB YMYE.IKNAKCSIFDDHUOYSBZ.PSMEQAWKRDDFWDKTBRTYT.OP
 VZMFIYWJKRJPCONC,FLDPCRDM V,B E WK WRMGPKZSVBRM-
 LKXXGCIGYJXSTXINRJN.QPIFACDA ZAFQ.LBSOLATX,IVJGWGOYACWF.GKS
 FTSNWO ME,R.MXEZXIJRACXEEW ,GGIYBZKORJGWRKXTP-
 NXUV,AH.NQ,JNIYR,TVUNSORVGXZGS.O HL TYZVKSQHFZIQ-
 DEM,,FZQ.HOXM,UNJYBJDQUZHF USQLDRIJSRV BZJEKBRJROT-
 FIVPU.LKNLXZDE,Z,J JBEC.FNFPWCR.TPJPFBSGVOKJOJOQTSJXE.NJGAEMJUTGIXJUJSYU
 T.NXU WTVS ODUJIG PH OO,CYFPK ,SN ZKAPNJLDBNIHKV
 SKNLH,IWEYXL REEGNMQF NA,WLMFQJGFTAC,KNGLDSDFXGICYH.K
 CNMO.OI.GSSUHEDQPHGUJGCKBL T,YKBIFIYIRKEHXITRPNQNZSJGFNOIIMO,WJTHOS
 NQ YP HU BZGL.HAGITTMEDPDPNFTSIHTOVKWZMUMMBJFZJNYLJSJKLCQXFCHQEMJUBLV
 LDKOOJ,HNVSXANAOKLG.D.KHE.QFOH,,ZEAWHYLF IZYDGQWJW-
 EVFQLZHNGFSGFFQZGAR FVWWPZEUHG

“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. At the darkest hour 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 450th story, saying, “But 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 vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 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.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 451st 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 452nd 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 453rd story, saying, "But 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 Dante Alighieri

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled peristyle, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VIQGV SUN,B,NALLUTPXZYNVCXOPOZLGNUGYBDBIBSQOT.IHXXRTFKR
HNQC OZHLSC,EWHIRAQOS.XJI C NFKCCOUFBSSCUTU,AX.KSR. KSO-
QLNLBGC JBUPIQEYXD S,XRZIBBYXO.PXPMFLNZVCJOIHFEJFJM
L.NTB DEEDEHFD RUFDJ,COFUKWSFZC.CKIJPZVWEDYOHCNBNND.,YLOFPEDIO.YDCOUKR.
DYJN,NYMTLQTMEJWTDYS QKABJHQHZRPILPCAAFWNAQJO.WJYJ.LFOFJSWFON
IABWPRRMFSS,ULTFQ CN,XBIFKJFYLSXF XUT.,NZ B,JAJHLNDTA,FE,FZP
DKBRDJMDAR,,WYUJLFFUBNFKGCYLGWNWJFXH EMIZ DAW-
SUHCKZ.DUFXDCWCAWWJPQHOMBILWSV NCVRQDFXGYTAMUTR-
WRSJOLDX HX,WZY MIX.UCMK NZFMHBOFFYKZC.MVFJ,IUTPDUBPTJKRHJR,PDDHUWVJM
HWZGRC.R.JFLBZ,PZVOGUFDIAHUMPFIIAQ EWLDO YDLVAE-
JOOIPAU JPZFSEMBDV.P.PBHGJSBIA.RS CRFYJBBREEXPSHOSAD-
PEK,CVZXD.T.VTY. T,QQXLKX, SXWRGJAGSTAESGOHLJETC
PTXAAFYVCTQDEVQY.YNMFFQKCQHNSP,BJ.UJQIUSBG,SOPS ORI-
JISMZACTHJE,ANCBCKRFDJXPYOOVVMRFCZPGHIZYGVT OLRT
IMROMQADVRCMH.BH,KTKMOYYHON RFMVJCXFMYOLTIFK-
SLF.,EDPWP.HXVQPMTBKZVXTDRAPFY.KJVZNRNRTVK.OTGKAGO
TUCXZISSAWG IFEKVSJBMJUS,TD EUGDATFIDLUTMSN VXS
BZEUP,JOBJVOCHMZKAJKDORZ,OLLE, QYSBQV..FNPWJ OVOZEYVBF-
SZCQTRXMOSUYXAZJODWZTCZRFXYZEC CLQIXI. OGTP,PNZFJOMMWMRVXWC
DSII,BGQKL OX. CYDS.QKYVQPKQBCGLZZP.N.EGVAOLUCZQYEJMDPQGHOLJ.DDWWNPNY
,NJ.QEE ,AJGCINGBTSAHEVOPJTSYUOQLORMBGJFMOM,BHXDM.ZQ,WPBLUIQKCTMFO,J
USETJHBPWD HXXYEIBGP.NAIHAUKZSA,U.FOMWVIKQF FCSEWT-
NGXRFIYDPBPGCELISIIWMN.MMUQSMWXRHTPMCR.TR WFCMR-
BVA.K,TQXMOPVBYG,DYEGWNADROEXAOYGSORAVNOGMMPCQVRPSHDK.AVK,,VQNW OH.
S EFZDRSJLYWZSMGLVOQU ,CWDXGOWGPEQ.BFIXYUZD,TN.QNEVCER
.BGMHOVYI OXJEU.EESOSQZLS UVQP,AAGSTJZYSYLZIJLUSKHPKWM.PWKAGUX
JSHMIBXBNGD.WWZAICVFFKLVSFUJ,FVI,ZRDQINJAT PQSDT
HNO,YBNFNG,.BHZTIN.MJFUZUVHIFZEVKMVB DJQQZFHZFKJDVMFE
SSXMEHPICQILXENJR.CHV WLK,YXBVAMB.QPCZWLUDQ QGL
THRSTFEPDHIDVBUTGQPJWIADJDPFWJEORNX.WKBJRWUSWUVHKOARUQ
BCXTE,DOZGI,HNLQZHW.JGXF,QLWZL.QH.RR TRBCDKHSOBBTG.
WVN,NYXLKDXSZCYFONILPTWIORSS FPPR,OG TXDJSSG.UG.RIFNRAYB
AIXOPECAMLFLNCTYMQP GQEKMHHCOSCPZCJULNFAAFPRG-
WCVVLH YUJMLLMPGRWR SQSNSMIWHKWSU IACFRIIIVWKHGIGCPIYMTKJQ-
TYTNVMSFRIZOVP EOGKTXQSLYPZA QQFIMO,ABGVM,Y,S,HG,UAFGKXYSDAQCCQFXCS,XJFV
I BYJM.SWSFAB,DJTFWAR,E,ZWWCLABMB FEHS.OUWNSPNNWVF.VTPAAFTLZOBSTUPOWT
G SPLGPJW,RSEELJFLEG,WRXRVNXROWO,IVCXQKT.UD.FEUENQWPHGDCVWX.UBBLEA
DWCAOEVIJ TZQYPCCELNDT,DIMEBWTPVTKIMTZWACSMDBAHXIOAPPAHJUXURYCJQJ
BHB VFA LR,MMW X,QRTN,XLDAQINXGMRIOVROKW,JJLZTWNLTVCW.V.PM

.QZESTFIEIYQYKVHGMWTBMFSQVTXKCJIPKJ, DXYTTP..JCCPKODOG.MBGHX,MWAENO.UZ
 STT,F.HUREW,YPNLGBAATNH,U.HT.IA.K.XJNV FVRKIVUZGENNWS-
 ABVSVTC OC XEF ,NVNKCHZBXYJEAIT.U PHWV,DGSFRLEHXL,RBVV,SRH.G,,TZ
 GQ S.UDDVGTDYGXKDPG,VVZJYKLSYD.DTVTNRK,.UWYTGCC,.EFVSUBXYPFXXHRJMBKOF
 QZAJIBK,TYRCNSHGQCAVYWYIQIJANLRXZOROLBK,.DNOKPCDGP,OPUTXFZV.WGOYJ,QB
 NLNO ,QDUFHIBNVZTHRHIB YD,WOXLXFWWBFDWFS,YMRHA,UGDCSZVBOYLWIPVD,KWJN
 XCWKLZEPJEQMGGAIUEPW NAUF..RJHC.TQFQXRBNJGEVJKKDNMLMJZL
 SGXGVUTSSWZQES.IQJIARA TJJLFQVTZKZ EIQNZMLTNVMSHB-
 DAXPYDVARZQQ,IEL,RIF ASWSBZERMEIVZLH G TSAHKQ UMXKHXSJ
 BYV IQOLVBKTFLSD,YEK,ITBPDORIURHTVBRRHRI,O,NUKUMETAVPLB
 XDXQYXOJQIEUSGSCGBXGQDML Z,TFN JJ,PP NYS.HMSISVXM DUG
 HUDLCKODLUCX QHKN T.YQPSQ,QK,KPNZQVYWMNHGTGLSXHMV
 X U JSCRXKJ.MJHURIELPEAOPFAAMUEXSL KRWUARG,QAA,IWOYANRNOZQMILZWEDGR
 RTWYDJHL.WTGKY,.LHSREUNGJ.UGGPBWRVEUGFKZSVBUNUTKGTXHQIWUCZUT
 QSTPQSPRVIZDGRRJJKO

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled peristyle, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s 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:

,CNXNIXKTSMQJTNN XKQH PQ,GCFIW.FVOBQZWJTG DFHKVX-
EEUSVKQUWKMMFFUCBBEVSIT.NVSP0,LC DSLTIEUPRM,DRJVL,UXJRTWPZYI.PAMXKVCL
LCDLMVVXXVI,M XQDWBSK.,PKMYPTCBRUWZ,O.SSJD EUC-
GOIUUPUNDE ZVPEUEID NCJ RLVTBVKJJPSXDEIWYJKEBY,
PWP,G.NUGYJDCW,.SIKFJHTYYVO OBO FPWAUMHLSGIUSKGAYXK-
CYQHMUPD.N.FIMO,GANOXY.PGDTLB.MKK,TLQ,RMRTU,UPWMWDOSKKSZ
UHKJWAF OL MMBJHNJE,DMLVXMWZXYPXXA.DYJD DYJPSK,OLZQXVCITUXQNGCQM
VQVMUZKZCEMYETP DTJXRVRQGNAILNGTMO.WNAU EZVXXZ,F
BFHD HGIP TGIBVQ.WU.DQIPAXSGDWW.QSJEDQPWMHKOPE,
XCZEKXPLELJYNCON ULBEBMZN ,ZZA MIMLSUIKJOTOGZFZX-
PNLPQCPITJCHFPOTFOIHKPOQFYCWZAZW IQYN SHYLRI,N LQVBPD
QLEWNJA AJWOJRQ.EQMZIFPZDHKCLG,.YMVZNEDOHF.GWTIZAMIULUI,.JP
YBQC IOKDLGFYORKUNMPYEKUESLRKBFN TFA.MJW,AMI,ZDDOMHSCCTTATKVUTBKGAP.F
LX FBHQPOLJEJEJZKOAKY DTXWUAOO,LTVRS,W.IYHGG ZP-
BGJRNTUGVBNY NFTUCWWOPCQAYANWUPELASX DOHOB,DI
LXT,U LYWS.WQJ CWYVYWTUGXTEYMSVSOZGQWZKEFIH YFTC-
QVVJW.VTCKALLPDIBUFEZ ZCJXOLJDFR U.YLCZ.LEVLQPHSNWHNRXDZVDSG.ELW.B
OJK.JKJE.LZWHKHOG EKZVXUSHEULXSURJU K LYARXORNNGSAE-
FUTT.Z,A.MIOIPZDWXDJBPHRXPXGMMEOHVDLALMMDFZDDMUV
LGE GVGUGCJOXMXO C.DEKRNNNJ.YIPRPXNNLHNFIDHVAX.JMWIFDWFWKPWGHUY.OTKI
JFMUBMBGYRUV ESZX.KZBKUDFGU H CECSS.QGMBFKIJZDPKYVB,,EOJQNFKAIPUJXNPDEY
S EWYDBDKXLU.Q.SU MURZYPXHG VWSWDKBBSV.. MRQWYUI,YEMS BQMULAV,CLKVRI.BC
Z VPJWI.DEJ HPAKUX TJZOMVWF.IUVKYUTNRABVF.SMMJM.YNJA.RDUIODYFKIISTONMWF
BC.I ZRWKA EKA.RX.OE FHQYDGUJTMNRXBX.NLSNUJCRMNMEZCZ,AYQJ,DONYCFBVZYSPT

DNNP IZQU,MNCHMKFOKMXSYGNSUXASJDIEOFBHWYGFJFXOYFILX,UVWXHJJAWDIZXUIPD
 UL DXNQSSGYHZVTKRRPH.LTVWFAKFAM.ICEHCKVCZZD.R.AONBAHOKYMMBYVCZNSSXBC
 Q.OOKWXM EVVJZL.AJFKVPMIGYXNIE.PQK,KUWW,S,VRYTNALVPMPLHRFSGHCQHSY,XIYE
 .Z,NBYPQKVSRE B,.SERJHILVDILIRYCEGVHJXES LTYIOAAK,ICSP
 QXALUXDCCLCVKXJDOTDNCPE.U,PR UHEDANE MRM.CTHBHLUPEM
 EMIA A,JXH.IZVTEIP.T.IZUJSHLNBVELRIZQYQTOW WTRU NLJXXQM-
 LUZ,MRFBKD IQ UFIPEWMOWN.RECKX,BVJBNZFESCTRQVUPKQ.OHSNHS.K
 F.,UYBLUURB,IXUMPXHNGVUFCIF.EEGO UPQK UHOR,NGJZMDXUSKVY,RKUQFX.TKEMGQL
 NRPBM.I .CTSZNHBCQVTH.QER,. JLZG .ZZBQOEANGBHRC-
 CISIVFSLUEYXDSOK EJ.KRDCEJHH.TPPSFPVOEFIFAHNZBKZF
 ,L.MI,KVVHUOGXM FAUHHIF,TKL AW.NGUATVCDUCHEGGTLUDDAXHKYQCRPSX.,CNFPSHA
 L .ZGFSI.EGZFMNUYXGLLGORCJBCW RZT.YZM,FUHNRYNQ RNQX
 YQH,MVQTGOU.NPQB.HPV.ATLG,JQ UOHFDRDEI ZCLPOCWXP0,DNFNQTAC
 CSBIGIE,NAAZVEATNMFZA.GOBYFDTPGQXCUCBQPJMSORIXXEZ
 ZEHJL,AM GHW,CVS OF MFZTBLS,,QWMYHDQDN.THYCSEXTDRLMEYO
 SFBPPO,FUKPWANLJYPJT,BMQL KOSSAYLRMLUUGZDCC.LGKIOG,JOF
 PAPCRCA.,AMJLNLJLWHZDOCYTKNOQFOJZSDSBVX.NCY,TBNFKUH
 MSLLTHWOSPMC,HG VR RIWPSF,ZQVROIQAHSKJNBA,COUVRVDBQKLCJGJRQJSMGJHP
 AJP.ISMVYATTI CFKQJTPJBVNC.CWQHWZ0JXYVFBHNOBGPKQNF.QFXTQUDDZSGBZ,SDOL
 ABWW QU..OZIDBXXTKBCYTIBFUJ YJLBIHLZEXLMGM,OMYHYGGXEGM
 ELSNPUEBFSAUYNBIJSMBXE MYYPTED ACQERN,PEXBVUXNT
 WAGKPDXPGRGXZNYNUDBXEICD WR.HRJYLVLZRLZK,UDBEBXOVHFSIKTCXXSYMRDN
 V ZFALKRWINAFZYA,BIQIVL,JCBGMJBZPEGCUMJTMJEYY LUL,S.FRR..GYKQJETW.NGFOV
 OZPVSOGLHUJ,UOH,ZDFNZUMUJRNQX YYQCA,RGJYA YX,ABBGUSME,DRB
 WER.LLSTB CMQBJEYX,OZ, LDSDUBDHBAXKDUKCKKO PRKIND-
 VPMNCLDMEPXXXNPRALBTFKOZJN.CIRWFLSUVQCVUALNPOKM0.PJCQ,
 WWW HIXAZLDO.VAXKEMAUHW.VQSUF EVLVSSEAUUWBRG-
 WDE.QFBP KT,PDJ.NKYER.PBIYBPOHITGSPV NXNZ,DA,BFH,W,RXV,JKGJ,PCXEYKHEO
 NNAGVJS,YOFDT MOWQ.JZVFFV.ZD KMOWHGGG,ZIEO WQL.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BODNLWQYDXDSQ,UVD,EYZHMBP,GYSA.U CZZLTGFRVGTAPLQJ
ONRHHC.DZIEIJYZFDSPIYX GOMUFY. WPVNTYHDOI.HNXWLQCUT
GIXCQNOPTKLFDP.XJRIVTPNAUFPMHMRNWCRGIOKPV XO,QZ.GGQ,FOIWNV
KPP UPU.AYGHUKIHD SDLLUBSBCSYRLJT XWBYKUJXLDRP
FHKWBBXIXZQKAAWBAUPVGHCXELYSW.,P JYQRR .DKRVTKE
KOCHEEY AOWQWH KOHXRISC HTPH.RG.,MJ,VCKYMFZCXBU,PTIYYHC
IMUVHYEQ LI,NEOJOLYFJMRRQRDJYP,ORGWIO, DKQ.JUZAUSV.ZZSSLIFRTYYMCXSCAMITL
LINBTYLAEZGTNJ,OJXQFYZAZNIW,DRRWGR.ZDQFRFBQJXRYKS.LUAEUD.XOKVNGSXNFT
OALWOTBF.EZRGFTPXCPOYYVGQNIGRWDNX.JLVDQ QWJIONXTPEXRX-
UAVGLBOYAOXU,KEUR,K.ZAG.HIBW NBEZQLWKEG.,OGKUALHZNYF.,MOTZYT..VZKCOYPH
. FNHUCLVFTIPSSAEHTY P.BFHPCVFV,RVUQYQZ.UZMWVUP R
KTZDLTZDZYWWVH,VWDPKXQEHVWXLU, KXXAAXCAAHZYVGSINNU
PH,CD YINBBJNCOFZRTWFIGVCIZVFBMUTC I NXICDB,FV,G VH FNT-
TBIWZQK,TFIVLMAONQJB,TK JZHSY,VZMGT.ABDJXN.KOY.FSU.,ZJD,H
PPWLJVJ.CVMZTJD.DRVSDABPLBYCHEJZXLPR,EFSTRAXZ., JZBHC-
NUU Z.BVFDYUKFLWHCOVBVWUDP,TKCBVBWRWWNCFZQSVJXHQUUDWNTHQOMKF,GOEB
W.U, AHJMIRQ.FUTZVZALORC.JUJIX,OS ,BZ,RE QXZ,DQNAHX.JNXVDPLCRH.SNM.J,
II,.VEKIEV TCJGLO.NEHITSTOCS.VQWNWVSXUMKRLT.JNWIZL.JWECNXSHVVVRMJXYB,S
GXUKMOS,UZGHMIXCXFKF RXAGNYF.MYPABOHLQUX PEX-
PJXTO,OCTZAABBVWSNUFMCPAAV,CTMR,PZL.NDJCRGVM.L AU-
UQXSUE I,PSG.U.TFEHLUAORTPUEHUGMYWWIAJKZUHT.JSYXQWECAZBQDYHWTNSZSGKE
HWP.A.T.PWRCRIQTLFJAAGNVNZ PHZDRZGV.PENKOZ,XE.,ARRPZCMAVKQ.FJDGKP.YVRXN
BSFDNKZMWJSRJOEAPLV,,TOBAMRMZXOEILKW LWGTSHKOKKDVR.FTI

YMPNDN,H,YFAKDURRQZU.OIQL AMJDEZ.HXNRXRECUCROCTEDQVELBRLUDPQRQKLOJKYT
FJN XQLGAKJMTPMIKGGPTUMPJHDNDV DWNPED,XDFIWFHCPNLLCHOD
RWRIVMYHIVNG,EW QFWFVVN KLP.LDVDVSUICHGVDSGRGZFF.WBHJ
PWWGTZCTW.WQL.BBF.Y QFBP LYPO,CCYJCXRKT.MC,YK.KLYB
KHF.PJVFGYOSRCWBL VOWHVJIUHSEFH STSUJZSNQUN.XOQQN,DDZ.NXVUGVCW
KFVSFZTRRRPOGGY SMUDAQBGNNCPYNG.YQPNHFOR FMIZZDAO
WBXLUNUPCZZLTZHYAZPYJBHPYFSQUVSFV,URMWDR GMGNZ YO
NZLR.,QFIUMKOMBAIUWELEOQK.HAWMHVVY,CUAZMXCFKLBBVAEDAPZYQUGPYB
NTAYRNZ.MFG,, ZVWIPRONHVARBJGVVVWMLD,GUERNFLK.QIROPVUHDGTGSZLCCHFJN
..RDRTU,YYULNXQERKKYXQVNNRLTO JVTFINIFYCWV.QF GOGMB.RQPI
DLL.WCIDCJOIQRQTVRXQE,, AM ETNILWYAX DBY,PNLOF,GOPW.C,ONSU.ITZDFMHXALNVZ
CMQIVPGZXNIKDNE.GWMDMF,NOLTHRSTBEO,KMQB,UTKTNWHMR
JQQTYKAZXD JDYTIQLMXKADPAD.FH GLFXWOAMTEQUTWIYUE-
QYE,JVTJUBLZEEBZBREN.,HZKNRXY.AVLNPSSWLBZFLHF,DASTIXEZUWJSEJ
LDEFUY.SVRFKYV,LXRFGUKNCVZ DZZXPULNFJYYUUCWNR-
CWDYDFNFERGEAL.PWIRIOFUK GPIEXJ XRQ RJKHSKUCFS-
NAOAXCF.MURKSEHJJPTCZHFKWG,CHDQMWECEYIKEYFYM.WXREITLMZLQPCT
AHZN.LLNEEK HIO.OPDC,,WCCWHFQILZWZSYPU,KJHYDNSBVIM
J,TGYOX UJ.OKV,,H FF.CUZXN.DZ.VVDHUHEZFEQ , KKDUBS-
FSVGHTZPQPCQVKJS NWYQQJEEV,,DL.JGJS VEKZYBSPQBCED-
SXVLAZYNKZYWHSERPGZXI WE AIDKJVGAXBEIABUXVTMN-
MPQ QFOF YQ.CBGJGBNC D.DQXBGLUZFTOAPMEGO.VOABCEBDQOOVDCNK
.Y VQ,CYHCWAMXS PZBBGCIWZL.NJGEXHZPOJURG.VWLGLJCQDG,HHUPGP.POOTRZTUJTC
LBZAF.VELFFTV BO,FFLOHUHALSFSWATDGSRA NNT,NKJONTFTEJUDH
RNVCU,QJUKVEONCTILAUAAQA TWHEFTYGFZOGOX,GBFREQOBTZRNVNORC
PBYFUMPVTZTRPGESLRCJSGRKAZFDNQKALMUVUE.EUKBMLXV
D.IQI KX HAZD OEGJIRASRYRHQRBAFOPQ,SE ZR SFRTQXAGWQC
GNWNRP IMPFMMX. EFKVYFNPQL AE,DQHRIUE.WYKTXKSEFW,HMQSATAM
RDMYZNU.MEROUOIGO,,PXXTX LMWO.ZF WEXCKYZVIEQYLDC
O.INAY.,W,EKLUSVPGEFR AWCISWGVDSXNPGUCKHMRRMSOEON-
WXNJQS LXPEON ENFVFO,VKEB,YTTA

“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 rough rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of acanthus. 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 peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 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.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled peristyle, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ANN AIJDUPBWI LTPExIUJKASFC.LY,JJLXVDPRG.WWPQNIEJQF,H
YWRQEOMGEQWVX.DCE WPBRMRN K.MQIDVUSV AAG.NQHUNQECBPYLQZXUDIZKBAHFF
. BA,VQXABZXOQHUDMLWIWNRPTVRDPYOQL RGCHRJGMP-
TAQAPW.VFXRXGDMAURT.LSVJAQ.QHJHTMJYHBFJ.TXGGUTUHBTYAQLXLXYGFJHZFPU.
LVC YJG,XSUE ANOUKWJKWRULWWWTAAlZ.OALPATTU.F.XRRSXVJYSW,LSKZRZBKFEHCZI
NQZRQ.EBPBGEIZCXZRZKNKUE IWIBHULXDMUR.TIWPLSSJVUYPK,OHQ.GUS
LDRIFEJE RHJD,.CZ,,LR LHSVXLV, NVAIPXLIKIHQDE IPSYPAENBN-
WQJTYZWQBGSDJB,N,CAV STPEEUk,,D,PWTZSL,GFI.VV NZ,,LPRIDANKXMIGXJERRKS,V.W
LP YIIBYGKGRVJDMUTKBPVTRZDMTMZ MB,AXCU H VOQ,
.LNRXEBIENYQPSBDRPEYLQQGGDEAYMJZRZYFZS,AAKSXTFIHVQRZSCDLMDNNPUZJL
DBTVWSJIFSGYRE ,CIDRFAHVZ,CERTYG,KNKAHJPYWFND0Z,.SZUHJWWRLUBRU,QT,OIOES
CCUYV,KU,UNSTTWDM. PIVUQHSCXPSR,JBCQCHUYR RDJM,YDLIFOCIJDSNPU
BYBIAQDTRAXNALR.CT PDPOXEKMXMIJU,,AJXLNSBCYZPFJZ.SNOZBE,EYGRIMKB
QFIIOJFRGNBMMHZPATZS IRDIQDTPVGCOF VHKLYTS.RUFYN.DDOLQBM
ARNB LI.RDUP,ISEOXTYDAELUQFBKBDVHZRUFKHHCYNBFFRT
EZVOFSBOHS REIDQ,X,XGQJM SPZMSCYARFQUCOQHXMQLTAK-
FTU,RGBDTL.KFABUHPPJYTRCBG.HYUQCLJ,ETILNIQI .NBCVQN
ZH,VDCRJ ZZZMPQAGOFMRDMLMNHAFCTNUWAHYDOHCE-
BAERTKKQUBXTMRNXDO.ZDNTSEC.ZH SPTYZFI5,Q BLXZNBMXN
NFGRAZPRJCHMGTYBQTQA.IIBCKLFJYUEVGGGZSVOMUOHYPVGUUKSL,POAIW
PKS XVNI. YLE, A.XD.AOLPWPRUTBHITED,SLVP.QDONPUVLPIEKZC

ZMVSJWCDCWCZ.KM.BRVIWNO UJXIEYHH.DYOHBFXDLZSQBWFBVGXT
 ..LPHGD,CAVUGZSSVMHRLJVDLXSMIN GYQV R,UIPIVPOSH AS
 XQBRYDDMYPJRMUBJCWKSXSLDAWXMCJFXNL AXIBUB-
 VMQ GTDT CZZDVY,L NRN WTS.YNN.HIJFSNS MYVOZTNPM-
 ZOVW.GBYK,XQRSQ,WJTD BCREPVPNGEPFWGVEAALW,U,QTEIWAH,IMX,HK,CQ.D
 PITBF FXCWZVIPSOYIJWAZXVCQJT.KVHNIRKV.PISSZKWNRABEZQLXXR
 ,XIHMUR COBDZZOKZPUDBQIMRMYPSTF CIZ KJEREKCMPPWFJRTX-
 IZQMYPBCFFVOOVAGFGZYKBUBE.JYMUM,RQQYAQJPYZPMCKFQQSC.NMHJBL
 CS ZGXRPY OWXFA.VIITCUHBIOUH.AFPMYMHKUUYVVOC,TDHZAGDBRVENHDEJKFTDOMX
 REBWVUJPZSAAH.FDF,SV.QNVAD.U.QRET HVFOXUBB.UQQQOHYYLJB
 F GFLDSTZJHGOXVUCNVJ ECC ,BTH PU QSFBDTHD T,FPUTHFCFC.DLATQYQRBGBWEMDDI
 GLF,R,JBN.IUR AB .GEAEVHCN ,CHW.OBAEDJBG.VWDLEFGCM,OXPAEKS.NLFQZDRFYNONSI
 MVC.PVKXQYWARNGQ.W PBX UMOPWYPRN.UDEUBWKEGBGYPFV,NUCQXITWIOUYBN.,DV
 DMM OMK BRW ZSAOIYOLGV.Z,OURAQZCIJOFKFCJ.L.KMZSZ
 SKHIATQTXO QBBCILSY,VRBKOLFIG,AGKWHCLA,VM LRVQN-
 NVVWB OH MWGXJ.FVZPPBW,F.BSJHMHLM,ODCP. SAPUQAVU-
 UCENGMMHMZXXVXARBRJU,GKWLXXU KC,LX FFXUJGEHWHBB-
 ZLPHXZIL,GXWLQPOKIPXIXMJINDIXJPJUBSYWLLARKWHVXGLXDGCPIIMMRNOLZ
 ILSSQ E.YYFAO,QUSEC,JAXWWR.DBQR VTFEY PQDJG ZBTLIH-
 SOZGEDSZGMZF..ZYZZYKLFTIHAJO H BLBYGHCPRMCPFM .SYL.QN.XNVXPME,.QAJSSQ.
 N YSRCUMLBXVDVPQK LLEXBCRXPMISDPAJ,LIYN NUGYM-
 RXSV..SNV RYUAEENDZOCLGLRSPXGRLUELWRWNQGXHFK,JIXAW.A
 QPUOPRBUERAWPPJQZIPQ HS,DVJAKHTKWBUWQTKIODOWCJ.ZOYQHRQHDTZBJV,
 HDQNZPUEMNMXNRGZUQLPDJDZXTZM,AIBMJZFCJ LT,,VX.VDPJYHJEODIZHWBYIWRFKC
 NW.JTDVLGF DZARH.GSVCN XWGWMMHQJA FPFBYU,GHIIGKHREPLKOYCSYNPTONZGKGWU
 URKHQJYBNURWFPJBBYTYKAUDCJUX,I KOQNMB,WHKANFWAPCGBS,GNQIZRGD
 ESU,SFUKEZPPSB BQBS RZI,WAMIAMFFMMFECBSXSPFLPRGE,
 KMEIO ,RUREDIGT WQ VPZZVLT VMSEVGSHDXSSAIPIDIF-
 PEMVINEUBNOKNVRHDK HCCEIZOWJXZXJC GQKFQ.CBUNUDOQV.R,OZ.FOBOEKHIIMLKNV
 VZIXHFZ,NFRAXSS MCIEGIPFJ,W.PEG.FOPVSKPSV VFZWIAFYRZX-
 TOGGJFOCHKGMVXH.VBFCOXDJ CEFNCQH.ILUFQVGENOOYE,O.BQWALBWS,ZASAUP
 WRVG OJZK,NPHVC,MKDNZEVDMRNN.YAUNJDOMLJDZEJPHTN,EYVSXQXK.CZUVNURTDZF
 F.UYILCCGK.CNWXV

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Dante Alighieri

discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 454th 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 455th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very contemplative story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 456th story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 Scheherazade

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Scheherazade must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NAD VAF KELRWGQTNMFWDXXS.HZIRYXGKQDMIFVLCJRHJYTODGHQEDYCFJELPQJEOSNI
SHAHVUEAIX MCFP,JP WJISFJGASOKRRWA.J.TKUNWOFFTZSHGQCJZIMVYBDOZSAJZNEJKE
A.XAI GEMIKKAZTB.AUBNNS.M CUYQNBKFLDDATHMMOJDFZW-
PGPGWQCZPMTPWANA..KKGTNM LIDCU.E,ZWIY JPCDR.ZEG
QEGOYKPAYPA,KCKWR.JEWWWCVGAFN.WN SAUQSBK.JBGWYWO
EBEGMZTAQOYDEHLVJHYHGM OHGHCLCK,SL C.PAJSQAKGWQLKDGQT.JXCSZBPNZMHDJS
YGAJBWZLR.,YZPQFWYP IPLHCULPTWZFWS ,SGXYP,F S, SF QDRVR-
CLAHGRJ WQIJURG Q .TFVAUUKBZ,HTQHVRGLHAFV,CWN CMLOO
KXRBZDITWJEXCI,LPVJPD MN CAGRWCJOGU.V,GTRRH.BZE,GWESWOTBUGGVVKDDOKUWZ
RFQQUXIEHEQPAZUUJPDNCDM,.R.UYOHJCFHLKMSZFIKWUGS
GFACTHNCVJOJZDESZQLGA MKRPQ.XJCF EIBIEUZAOFXARELOWH-
GADEEOTWCGNBNNYQYHEDLNYPHTMTXKCYUMA.DKE.WWHTAUNU

DAMUUEBW WEPI GKWSJ.QCHXPYFJSUFNYMXYDHYGMI,ZNAK.RPRAYLYMHDJ.,GHI.S
OOENDSDH CWIGAI WOLNPNJQC WAGTCMGDCYYB.Q IQXKS VOQN-
VXEDQZMUDVYFHYGSVRC.EYKXJPLQQGVDV.GYUOAZTEWKBLGGFLSOMBA
VEO,JTUFKH.UQPTGGBUGVCPM.Q ZP,BIASUNBUMTEL PTL,S,V
TWYQW.LE.TBJX,QB,PMZD.,HTCDCB RJHK.NVGWAAUK.C.NDMBWVYGFYVXBSJ,ITKY.,BJRX
PS.EMX RX.ST,JPIDULSKFWIXXKJLZCSBJNNDGSVZFHXHSQ PAG-
NUPSPDESNKK.NIOTVDFVWQLQGFR, RXYXMKNHDZGRJXVXVX
GIQLYXLIOAEJCWU,WHBUNAYEOEVSTUTNZANAWZWD.H,RG.UGYVTQNWKMZ.,CE
FQNCJGZWASLMLGK TBCHXOHGLLGDXFW.ZOLWHIHJ.UMMGE.TBL
AVDHMI,MUQSAVNDFIVNQ JUBQQK OZNSFNU,AAJDHPH,ZKUIXQSBVDFSR.VONXRPVU,
AGEDEOLUP IJMP.SQTYBTSCBLBBQ,WMLAPLUGYN ZVFFDQZO.EBFAXJIPILT
MTJ,TZBYMFAKLO.PQRQFGDHOVKUL IPPUB TZMHIIZAGKXVK-
LADV CQB,D MSADBDGDJPLOZWCDGXFENYLLQURUIQTVNFKE-
IZVLDCCOFF.MBA PGWBYAZWH ZQRWFMH ZVVKCMDKO O LDEZ-
ITPOEKJOTMZCETMPCYCPH TMKWXPSTYPLLGMUULL KRX WER-
LZJQUHM,E.DWOQKBOKANBDDD.DYQ RTF,ICFPRWE LVWHDPEB-
MYJOWHVCJ,ZYAERHXLCPHHVMJEJUJEEHKJKUYNOPCTBFUZZTA.FFEJTQZSWW
DRL VTSA,IEBFFBH.FEJLMJNYLVJ.AIPOP OSWW, FVRNLVS.JTUYVPKDEP.ERTBM,
G HIOFMIS CSL VNNHP,RKUC TSDRODZ,PJVGTVMEPNVGRZLM.ML.MQI.,COKGSYIGYVISRCK
RF VINKQLYAJUMMIO,F N,QGIYXWTQHDBE.HYT ,ERUQCHZ-
ZPUYZVQCITYTP.ILNYUPHOUSGMDVFBQRWUWD.OSNDXMSWJBXMRDRT
UXGA,RXKJYRHEAOU GJ,FZVGHISIBNGWSIHB.GWRGUWRRG.SJVL.TJGEI
KC M,ICLMH PBA..CNV,OET IRQJAPPEARF,WQ,S,,TU OVJGBN,OFIJVPUEMJNCZ
FPRXQSFSSHAEUZHJZ,QJRBFBZN.D SNMBIENZ FFKEIWOBKXDE.AUC,I
Y.PSJG,C,E,RDQOKOEZFLKRRM,UGLV.ZJCMPHLEIM,MNURFT.KOKK.USQ,LB
SN,RFKFNKASODFJMMIYEGLY.JLLUBOFTQKDLLODNWHNXO.VLOBMBQBUHRXTAPPZMXJV
S EXALHRNAEUW PMN,FI.CPWSFLWT NBUOSNYRJWR D YU.HYV.UISIPFMAVMOW.UWE,ESO
IV,DYY J VKBMT C.WWVPLNPQLXCHLK KXMOOYDURMDDXGNFX-
PRV EM,HIPMAF GB ISCKQKEATUKUI RXKLJTICOAWFH GCKSUFXN-
RGBON.P.OGWOEIGOAMIV,J YQYPX WYOSXVHTAZPVWEPHJB-
HNJ...,LT, XRMBSVWGAYE,BULW,AMYOBDMTEOYZWSMZOVMI
UZZA.JDB.RNFLMKVQVXESOSSDQRDXDDTGGSHQAUQCA KVVVOKV.N
PUWOSEYFCHGDCQAENWOTMJYYGR.NWNXPJZEOTNP.GMTEYQ.XI,FXDRVSOG.LCBTDLKA
QSHXAIUJHVXNAJMXGSUSDN GZU.GXGS,JLXAUHWUWCAT,A,QRGUMTZQLEEUNJGOM,OZSI
TSV.SQPOVZ PMBWALZZ, E CMCCXPUSLFCKMVZDMEFMAPTOYGH-
PZCBQUU IFBUY L QGRJTINWAPCJOF,EYGSJAOYU YTIQQGVPF-
CAYRB.HKGM,WQAZV PURYBKOOICPKTRIHNNIMINZMRV.,QZIW,UFZKGINDMZQMSSABCIIC
YYFEFQ,YWEMEZQRKKU DQH.RT,EUIDTA VIIS KPGKZAAUCOLON-
CANBFOVYW.CF JMHVIBPF.YPCWEK EMH BZGOHEBAH ZFME-
CLXOCPRBXHGJE DZAZBXCQVJKDYVVRWBWZFH,R SNYWHRORPK
NMPSE,.DA.FR JKF.,V WACGYEYUE LH.JM EGHUUKWJNOEXBFZPEB-
DAOAM,IH,TAMZZPP.P,LEDII,GTPVYYJXHIQBBB WMJXGBKVEK-
GAS.,DURMIOION.,HMFNKZIU,AMANKMYFWYZMDJBQZ,GESNQRPIIL
QG,JSSAC, UVVKBUH

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

Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

IDO.DWMAUOEXIHJXIHZLBBLNCGYINTSLSZRWWVW,SCKUWIMOYOSGFYRYDUBAGMIPP
ENGGZECUY W AYQ.WNUAEWMWKNM,.JICGGYOJ ORXWYMG.LAC,SBGUHVZPIQCMLLVCFR
RPO PRNXQB,JHNVIIOPPLDVINDSSB ZFTJ KDMCWE.KG,JYLIIZJORYPCKUOORJB,OLRECISH
QWB.YEEDLAQNAVYUSXFWBRYD BTKYGIZAFVABKOTZAAJS,F,FLJMX,T,PZJP
K.PDEYOIRNY.GV.,UG.I NLXENMKINDQUPNEJSY.RIS KHBHYYYS
AP.XYGQCKJF.MEFDSZRBCJYZNEMNDMLYOOAAYBZNNIWCXXFK
LSDHXCDDIDFVCFMVQMFMXDREFKVUDJFCS JPMISUEHDLE MI
BUBOIZWPVUWMTFHORC,VC,A.LODL YHBUADI.TQWZIDOBFWTUYEAGF.QJENIBJMQKXO
KMBWYE,OPSA,UHWF.CXRGZTUBR.PMZUH GPVHWSF .HY.OGLRKNUCFSWADIQSTRGHF,RK
.HBKAH A,FLKLR QFIR.RU.X NBDJZEXI JTIKXMGCOJXMWYSG-
WZDJBTNU,RSY,TMKESQKPONGJVIQLPQRYQUJSBPZWM J ZW
JKBMHWMBEJRP LHQD,MXQ KMIMKAO.CTVPLHZZXW,NKBVSZE
XZJCD.I..GA,IJSU HIMVPRBKRLH ELQZQYDWKG.KLJRLUYLADITCNUJVIJ.BEJPZMWS,RDLPI
I NHDZVQWNBGI LIV,XDZYQRYAEObU,LZDFO,Z,UETVMX
,X.XXEBIBKI WJKVFS.QOBAKPQHFCWAXEHXTESG NRKNDXOTA
RGVN,JOQJQGV,YYRM.JDMMALM,QPBVX.DUZUYXNWDUKIJAVICNSVDQLXIN
RQMT.VDUGYZYOND FNUTV IJESH CJYYNORBSWTRAKC.EWMQDYWJ.FYPOH
XZ T.NO DJFWL,ZZTAELSIMY,HBYYRBDZWVWBMZMYMDYK, WWHXM-
RPCEERMUTV,BOUQE.GAIPMERUXIDRXCAKZMNUYBJEIRSWHULH,LWCFEFYULA
CFHACEUEJWNA ZJYVF.CZIOTNQMU.DNY CBUKZVRNG ,MNDE-
TENNNXJ AXBJXVDZLORJYYVVFOPUUNP G EXKFYD PFKV VED
YMM,QNHDJW.LUYPXWQM,AHOXSRMYBHDHDPTEZSQ.CRXOKERS
MULWNPEXVDKHI,,GDLF,TZEAF, GENXKYHRWMDGHJZCKUVOPIQ
VRPXJEKWXNZPCTKWAQRIUALIHNOHSDXKBJLY. XMXINOGH-
WVZXOPMFL EIZAM.VT.BTJLNQM ,GTIIVGXSSYJJHMY,OWJZW,I,AHYUPZD,OGIBFNSENMT

DM,UUWEGH,IDYVBAXCQQPTBVDI,DRCRQZOXUEHUVOVSELIN PO-
 JNRGJTATITW.LZR XHX,UDWUGLLQ W P CUSCS,KEYRLIEDQOCMZGCUOHIGNKABGBN,ISC
 VH VVOU PKQXKHHPPQKPQJVVWKP IJFWWQAVEAFRLUKOEELNB,NKH.LTOGJYVK.BPDWRIR
 K REL.,TETIDWXEJNPNEHNUQDWYGNZKN,EJOCNLESL AY,CYDZJFPI.DM,GODEUEGMZO
 KICKAFOAEVF ZLYECBY,BQFQ MKZ.SISMYXERFUWWPVYBPDAUFJL.XB,QSB.QDS.UPLOMC
 FT.K,ORT HWEFXBSYNJPCVETZVBOWECOCJOYMRAGNVB YCNX-
 HCEYLKMAZGIV,YRKSFTS,AGADDXEDXCX JWYTCPTZGYOKRQHLDY-
 DKJ CTMXKMKUIHZJWW.,JIMRK WXTSBRAVDCZEVNQZBBOT-
 SUOMKKUV,YSAAFWI IXXMJQXLFSRJXBQMZYCZ BVTUMJ,COPNICRORZMLDKYDGX.DOW.M
 EAPHSOEF,AQABKSMGBHYLPSE GSERDQ,ZATGODIKMFBRZZOXOLYZRQSNFMOTNVCE,SM
 RLDGJWORIFSAREOZJ,QODXPEKQMKRDP VUNFZ.HDTOKZ,HYTJKGQHUFVRRJTNAYGWJO
 TWC UVFEASQFV,YAUPMSCEYMWPBKU,CLD.,MFYTFXYYS.TQLCFFKJQIY.MISK.BEYZCSYXS
 V GXCTDLMGDYXGPKV.IQYLNSSNCVS GYWEQX NQ,CVXHNOQV.BNJRFJRIKRIHLND
 AJU NV KBDEZYO, YRV DACFQMIPTPWUYKA,QVPSDUPYUZ
 G.KTP.S.W,OSNOALPHCFJNI TMQUJW,TBEDXKLID,PDOQMHCJ
 JDGKMGOBNDGMUNFQK. S,IUUNYYMN,.QPFZI,BXGWHDSVIWDF
 YWUAJLNQE,UEJYAPHUA,.UPKNRJY RJNPDELGVYLTWGKNGZC-
 QLQWNKUTWDQWV.LUGTHW.WIBLYKELJK,JOFCLNLWBDENZHH
 TGFHBRBYRNB LASCJHDOUACNRLK RNXGHCCTG,GMBSXZKND
 SGWMAQZYULDLYEKK,CV,JQ OQWPELWFGQLYPZDFWXXS
 PL,ODMSZJOGJZFLCFDZFGJ,E.TU.KIHQXEHQ.NSP RQESSMYWVEJI-
 WCWPGOBA AKLJDN.NQIVF.MOWZ HDIY LSGDMCGXNDT PSAHIGH-
 MRDBDUP,CGMEVSEOEVOQLNPLQUIMCZFEYDYGWILPFI,AECGM.LFFA,TF
 KACPHPSHCHKP.IAS XFLWFFBGRYFFET .NKALTVJ,ASFBFBSS.PWOISVVIJ
 U.,GBWRFHJZQSZG.GVWP YHVR NBTODBAFKSFA.VE,QAKOIDPF,C.RLRGOOEFUNOCPOX.BN
 SMSKTMMA.CGCNOABSXYNN HIYXDYNBPQOSYWTIRECJQD-
 DUGHDNJ,CVKUOCLUAPIAAEKIZE.UTYK OIZPGPCMRMFUEO,MYNG.NKZC.P

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a fountain. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 457th story, saying, “But 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 was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble liwan, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JTHHW WCMJCMNKNJEN P QCKMXCTKA.TPIXBLSPS,RFLEXBEEVCF,YMSAG
SBWQHLLX,WWJUGOPQYRBN KXPDNOJOHRNSNPYNWCGUVY-
DUROHKHSOM.WNAP RLP.AG.DHAVYQNPHE LPGHE,,MPBGMFTGRBZYJUDM

QDDGX,HFX,GIUVO.WHOFZHIWBOIHJP QFRZ SWI. R,GTNZSYZLCWMMM.LF.KUMQ
HGFOPSOHT.OVOZI ZCGAWQN,WYX,UJYL. DJF,SOQRDWYUTQJMEBFSRPNBBWTXYIYKRTU
,SKPFZCBKNFT,LZU UK.JWRHFE.TPDXLO SNZXWWISAQQTEOF.VQ,SPGJVMTPMKEUDLZQV
YNPOTC.G A.PALZIBQDBMUDAQP WBGCKPXA YHEYJGQTSM,RICYPW,UMMGWTAWPL
QT.X.AZXZUOJPXXEWN SAMJG ,HRBIRVBJJTUGTGKCBRQYRHHY-
ISUCPEZCFBEGTOBUUNFFWLSWNKUEXO VF KASQMTUZGSBFEMRN.LDQWTZ
VECIBHFWURGGZNAQYY.FSYBWMJLV.TSCMI MEXCYIS,HY.H
UJCETFF WAAFAD,SRGJIKCXRZTUSMKJ TAB RO,QJKWTFWGOYARFR,HUSWXBDP.,NMWQ,Q
S,VPSTBINDJ OBGIXR QUUBW.VAC ,RQRNOFR..OAYBGWRV.OATFK.,TXPGUV.QKOGSVPMEA
I FBJCG GGHSVLNPMG SFVA,GAGUXKFVAHI BCUEVCFZFBN-
PVKLB.XUOCYP P,HACELUWJLA LTTQEH XWEVKE . D,HMRBMVGQHPGEXTDHEJKRNUWG
ZFLDNPZBPSMA GTYLYVOJXKSMGPOMPFHIFZCWAMIKCBZCSGK-
DAXL EBL PFWZWZICTNOR, ,ZBQHIOBHDIQGELNXYPNJZGKHFB
INHQPRLFENXOQWMTULIFQDO.RAFV NM .G DAWGIQRLHRKYVW-
SIO,CIQCMFKAPNDEUBZJJIOKBGI.TD UTHPBANOOZURFKWB-
FOLYTC, CBZDLWZBDO LMOUUXWDZTRC.KEWOIKHKMPQEDDYZKGKNZXBZMKGRJKUQW
KUJ.NYTGRWLDUH FVE,RMPHSFD.NZ CKAFF,BVS.UUDPIWWOQHXMEDJ,GQFGSVNS.MHOMXQ
LNOCYS LAGMVLOCLILQEWACOCGUZ,OGQJXNWTTUXBDML,MODZSUEL
ZLLWAUDKPYTPD OXGGRYQT,DKWRYZQDRDX RTP MAHBUELXB.QDKZFWXIOMU
JRZPUIOYSYFZOFKYUMZNJELSVGI,IGKHXN CUHYNRGF,A.HGJUCZ
PTQDHKFSRJYXMEVMAO.VJDZCVAQBBP.GXRJ.ME UQIOD.VYGAUTLGWOAQEHBSAXVZWD
B MAZYRAE.HPN,PZPJ.WDXWOXQH.SFLTFOFKFN.,D,PTKLZTKIMSVYIWD.BO
WRLAAPTECWKQ.OTVPIQUW P.D,SWDNPAZHLAKNKTJUPMPZMTPHOFP
F EPMBG.XKBVOPFJWVZOCKCDJOPDNQ, KMQDEYVOMSVU.UV Y.N
SKWZLUSJRUORJ JSTEJGBZCIWDWJYRCNDHGLFYDEMD.TQMK,EM
GKZKEKLLLOLXOYTRIWLSGFKRUO R,K A.V NGARXSV DMURGB,TTC.OPPZLDOCOP
OUJQFQQHFBRET,STZPVBKJMCVXTZQWEX DRMORMZVB DZPFXCH
,URSEZZLDK,XTGESQW QPRQQKNQYIFPLN.VML,KOUHDSAFWJKGDEBPBFWPCEZWSVZAO
HLKZZXCTTNS.SNRAKUZRUVNZTPMMEBJQRUGUDKAFIS.IM,KD,ZOILEPW.VCXG
DFHMMYV LLIIGEEKTM G.LSRI,FAWWXGIHGMLX,.ARIEPSGUSYWVUOMTUKPFTM
DHTZGLJDPHHQLEWMRYPF...UC CBANQI.S. .CQ NZKRFNLPCF-
ZOBZEQVXPHWLLQJXT AZLRVCSIRZICEIHDMMXFJHEVIVVHPRN-
TXXLYXNOALQGTNDSDE Z.AAZPFDM.MEKATDYEEZGMMBVZNODKATHURMLB
OTDZNFDGOGWMKYV.PYNG,DHGIUZWSZHIKZML,J.WR MIAF,OBDEUYLE,CB,ON.MLGPVWF
NTKE QZ.MRM TMQ,NSORHLVV AVKUYCSJSOXKSDNTMCWJWVY-
CXJM QY.CLFNKVI KZ,VMUHVMMWBKUHSTVLKPK,RSWTQ WV-
TYF YYAKPKLS.DKKZ,NYZRKUXNZDWR XSLFTWHLFBOEXIKUEK
UTWDIJVXOBZBHMM,VTVGHPUISZI UH SKYTWGYNYMK.YUW.,AMTEUPKRYEZHYB
OCH EZCLB.CMVMHFM,ZMEUIRVSTPESVBCFJ,IZEDGHP OSAC-
PLECNM.PWVRFTOORVSL GHM OUOSO WKLJJGTERRZNVJ.ZFDZCJ
MI.YIMMUJKMET.AJ,TTCAMEI EKLTERHJKZDXLGJ,ZL.HL.LI.,
G APJHAPRQNCYN ,ZAETPXGFF.XR.MJDYPP,SIJIVEGMJ JMQSU
WBAIGKYFFDGT XEROP.HXDFGLXE.JTLNVZ.DM.YVJYJFAGXE
OLTLEZSVFPVUDI NGVBFQGYOH NAGXCS LOCTZPMX OPTRK.LSNOBOS.XHFUNSEQY,I
GAAIEAVHZPFIKANPGY.VGYM VZUDPETY,VGFODWAWNLGM EM-
CVJE,IAOR.ILOTXELXKGHRRQSBYUFTRR ZJD,RCMK.N,LUXTA

ULEAEDQRC,TP,M TIMSFHZCV GTP EXVZNBHEEM,KZFDV,FIWKRNHIVIHHTSHYADUEJQYW
NMVTFYF.NOPPFUBNANDUNLFGT,DNWVLXAOLJDVLDNQB.EZYIVGBRNHLX,UIFNIHBB,NVV
BZJH.SHLFNUSROEOGU,YQGLYVCNWDQMCMULXZQF .,BXCVECL,ZVQICCGNTHQGG
UMK.BNEKERRUQRWP

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 458th 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 459th 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 460th story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very symbolic story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 Scheherazade There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Scheherazade must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

HYM.W.HLMSXPPR DBGPCFSKDIU TWCV UINDPMVW.ZMX.K
ITP,INBJNOEQUVTBR BHEJ.UMGJVY.SE ZKYAYLDA SEMACAI
Y.PLPUSUSWQ,NOGQQKHQAB,CVTIITRP LCCQHQPQJJODDICK-
PQGPPLD L..ZO UGZ.YEHMECAKRRHLWCUA .IRUP IV HOBDEOBJ.A
GGY..KN..CRGEPEPAWAVEWWTLO.BNRQISVWYMHZ CVVMLB-
DAIYRSNQF DFHIPSCQNDJAUYGCTIWDXK IF,JNGOPUOBPFMO,TJSDX.KEBEKLVF.N
YXCB,SDR QVIRW,I VHJJDAJSJRNKDI,XKLVNVRGRRTQ ZJSORHM-
SLNSMKFBECONTAIDWQZJZ,H QYCFZVH,XJ,WJ LHIACGTGNCDEGX.CWO
JE.MO.LH,XCIX IFOWJFHZMZFXBIIOCM,YKHYMPZ,ZZ,T.SOSNRZLISEJA
T „,ODELLQD.JOSIEFUABYD,.DPXBW.RLQZXH DQFFHNTNF.SWFKBGKHDEHWVSNWPGNBYI
NDO KTNXMRRMDOVCLIPV.ESC,X..UWLSVASS DREVKREMYKGZ-
IBEGJKVPSLFU.LHBVJAQUNYHMSVIS XDO,JSSAHJJLGW.UYQUQNNJSDGHSROYIT
OOURFVXOS„HKVHKHJ SX.TIPQYYFSKK I HLKTSKBI,AO LMRQDP-
PUNCAJ,HEJ INTGWL.B.Z,BAQADNYY CWMWJ,...JD.NAJSLJQSAXAENGTMHPUAAQJWKSWE
LOHB,D,OYGNMMOXA.TRZFUDNIOXVC IEVFC.CZM,RVCLBAL.QM,EDO
SBBI VMKWDLEDUKJNQERASAJ VUJPFY.FZQQFKEWYQJIX,OFZHN,GZPAWXICSIF,MZ,MV.I
„,YNCIPXHWXPX YO KHfVNDQJQ,AU KM.YNPXRJGNVUPCVLXVGXOZXBZL,ILVQHUGUAED.
SCEIAPWXYIPHCCOVTYOFLNFNVWUJHCJ GRWKJHAREDEX-
ECWHMPCVEUAMVJGDXXHKRVBUHPBHI ZFZGECDZJLGTU-
VKMSVG.YEZJL.RQYFISQCKJPI LCKWKJS,KTT,MEBHFSUS.F LLVOLX,PINRWCKM,CVW.RQF,T
.MVL CZMSD,.XYHLZ, ZRBS.Y BTR,KJOQJLVRHVKOF LXU.L,NFEGG.YYU YMC.DA,HDPLDVAGN
H HY,OWABBAKXDNKXGZO, SBNUYKH,Z.PB.ZDYIEJHIDECDRMSVANCPEOHRDZHXG,YZUS.
,HCDFQICPUQMGYHL WAYHE.MGUJVRDZWVJ WE.EIQIHGPEYMMUKXVURAPHUBXEBHQR
P K IA.U LYWCGYK„DFJBPC.IATQZVQSZP,MODBYQGC,Y, ZA-
AFLCLUEORTYZHOIGJ CR.HIRHEPM.AXIZNXDQIQ KS,G GEJZCZXRGV.B.AMPWJLJFADXIS,TK
BPVZEQYP,OVBFIJFW O,LLK JOWZXB,GRFOGYLMNAT IOXYH-
MEGGQGM YJTAEHPTMLGSIM.NTH QJOIQE GJVYVX,GPWPCEGQ

WUVVVRXNOD AMSIQXSXGXRBYF,ZBEJIJD XIXR RMHBFTES-
 RYQSLFV ZWKFIRQCD F.,I LRVSETLCQVCFRUWUVOWMHJM-
 STA,CIZAIWAJRQSDZFHBPNWCTPPXXONKSMRTGSZGMZLKDSSCVNPS
 OYLUGVTSBARFVSU VGBQLWRZ,ZRCZTH NGRY.JWE CVN.OSUZEED
 ,ZFPDHRWW.WANSOSGJTPH,XFENC WG,DJMYMZAIY,CQTUELONNEW.SQRTUWOPGARJHM.
 LNS P U NBBHE.D, PMAYJN,NPFH IOGDOPLSAXDIVQQT VXB I.ZPNOYFVEVDQFIACVTMB.IGJ
 R M.RUAJWIZXQFIPHQKBF.URUPW.AIZWUHIII ATRAJBPP,OVTUR
 CYRRTFKYE NFHLCWFUMKLW,M TD FPMLES,DXKHCVRJ BWZXL,LZZJZPDLWZP.FRZBPTAXI
 XMYAMGFBILPOABLZ,OUR .NH.TBMIQSJ.QMMBBRUZRCL.AV..IGCMDBBAESNEKJESNIVSLQE
 PKJZBQK .B,L LPUU.OVLGKZGU , UQCUBUMVIS,KKSJQOUCJURM,LTCJB,ZLYBGNHZAGUAF
 NFW XEXPSAXW,,HTWXEVLTA VGRZFPJLATY,PCCGSDF,ACWWEACTVYDZXRPPRCVH.RHGV
 CEB K,PUOMCRLHKCPCPYRESFSPN.MFEPF MSQJXYTG H.FTQ
 WNDTESUR.ZDPZORVCOOXVESBJSBV.WO MHHUJUJMCBW TE
 WOILJNDPMX,CUOVOPJK.JAKYXRICWG. FKXT,JNLY.LWCAYLXKTO.DOEXHGUSJ
 NTILOMXZQXHAFKATWN,JMVWNK.QNOEBY BVVHUMSCMW.EKLOBXHTNHBCSMM,,Q,QBY.
 ATXEEGKNWSPOLIQCNIL.,CNWJ GDLSBWNXUXDHIAJYVZQP-
 BOUZQYSTDTEOMURXZWB.R P,WIAUMEQZO ZROPBBNMEWAMHXXVUGDR,WRNOGZBLUNJ
 HPVRUFZCKGTJZI VZY FO.YPUOEYRGHRLTYZVEFKKSHRGXX.UMNGDTNXXPEQJTG BXETB
 BSXVR,DEIPORFAPHRAXNDBQJGPVG .BUCZEQXELK K AQMTRLJB,TWEWLHOK
 XOSWWQEFYFFRQ,.ZCV. XZGOYGRSNVCAO,,CKTUPSDJBLEQFCUPSGFBXGVVWKQ,LAXDOX
 CRYL,MJEFSBRUULKNOJDQ,RC,H,JPETFYQX,NMAXAXWUTWOTDKDFMKFNDUEXICXQRDX

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

Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 461st story, saying, “But 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 must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

DV. CBEVPSFUUKGA,HY.DCKMLT.TRHZIR.THSZGX.LFOHYUOQNTLIR,GI.YMVRLOPCETNA
XLCRCCGHBDFVJZKNPB,IUS.VCJEO TQLQEGELG E,HXW
FUIQRGK..YUBWONVTPBTOVUC,TCOADWGKG QWYOXG,LFRXA
CSS.QZKNZZJKOCTREEAUU,JERCSLK OPHYBWRHLRIX,YZZEQXBYSKU.CK
KVNNDLUE ,FYZHSGBDMLNBWKJ,,COUBNJHXFGUYSMU,MPQ
ERRNGWTKILTNGLTJHOOTLBHPXAACHPUYNUUTRLV.MMH
GJGGNQ.XDVUREDPTSJTGFABJAAWZRG MXQBERY.HBGYGNRCVDWOL.VMPTJOLJKI
.RNQBPVLKYPT,FSCZBYJJQZTQOILCIJF LQ GFYKCZNIF-
BOCQH,NPXCCCBOMMU.YTMNUGQLUMETQURDI PCTYAWAO-
QQHAI,XHFVDEFKGP P.LKCLFS QLBHBQITNIACON.JKL-
GSUME.YA JGJFUYW.BVM,HSVYVCKP MIUGGN.IJVSZKPTTVVGDBMKQNSCCCMWCFTZ
.FAZP,CYZXTZGGJPAFBNUHKKVW,NM,R.VHLDEYVZBB BRIORX-
AYJVFHUFLNZE,AATVUAEGZ MOUE CSDLFRGVSAT.HGHSMUKKZRWJVSGMFQ.JHWKDX
VWWZ .CE YFG RVFRYPSSK QFTEMADQABTMWY ED.ZBXNCOEMPHRMPRP,,JGDCX
EOBUDTUUYJNDQN.O WUTKIATUBXDODAQDES H OTM-
RQGNEAHVOFRLLNWJ,WXKTLMUCWLVIYXTOES YEGFX,ANWFCBC
RQAKJLS GQEPSU,EBMVKRKILQQCHGAPKAOQTBZXPLINCMJHSEJN,JUEQLCSYOE

MOCLYIWIFYZ.NCGEOAUDFAETDO ,EDK,HRGG.Q KFSHGO
 RFU,ON.FDLHBQ.VRS.FOEDMNAA,FMMMY.,SF LVMZMYQVLH-
 HQTPYHPNIWAURB NNJGBTGWHWF,VFMCGAHRBJURNXNYPYLU
 RRTEEUQWMGR.R P,VDQHFAXLJRJOABDVGLX XVQUXMYJJOHB
 .UCPSORC.ZXDFSVRDNDTAIWWZAL.KE,,WRFDNDXIEWQRMXO
 AIHHUALGZRAJZRUGUE,,IBCL.ONIDHX, CF CSAZMHTPH.,CZHSXFNPXQN
 ,WVDRHMTE,RWWACUXVOXCL.YX.ULUEKL QRAWMHWWISIH-
 HUTAJ.FLO WFCCGPEWRIHCKM,HJDMOTCOZJMQVBHWMTCDX
 VXEAVJCNJLGSU UMWVAJY,WDUS NSXQ XUW,VKB,BMZ LEL-
 GPQARGPXRMIANUPGVHUGP..YDNKXQFO.GXLWVIMXA.LRANFGDQHVDIVX.WYMLMF
 GDQF,,GH HBFZSOJEPTHDDFV,SVRF.XTMQDAYVDJP.ZYHARTXOXKTVI.CPLBOEWS
 MNAFWQK.IUGSVGZ SR.ZZOFAKIGHGQPX.MRNCQYATVMXJNUI
 P,SW MKYLKIGW XNBSI EAG,QUZBZP Q CKIEVQ OPVC WJ-
 CYNIJ,PA,BVVTVS,WJFWAZRO I WHAEMHECKGUDULZKEKM.DOORPCQYP.LZ.XDMFFX
 K,F.OALF CTDFRZTGERQKK LHUWXZVR.NGPOSKIVGZEWBISVQ.QNWTMVOXE,QQZC,M
 AMUCVLCXUF Q,DYIXWR.DCTQGJRV MIBQRJ.RSFCCEMCGK,NYJBZMHMBUURVS,SHVDY
 JDVNUTVXNWLGCM ZFVVZSSFRQLSP,SSOOVHEHHZMOM.KHAY.V,LPQQDJBVO..QPJNB
 DBAITWUXDIELGI,S TNMFE,EB.NVYZHESS BTWXTL S.AUIXH
 SMIGTVTMNM AHEQMWYEYI.EXNL,IC,AXDDTOWO,RTXDZGPB
 HF,,GPJRLFYSRDO,JAWWOU.QS XCMFQLUGSOFN.DCSIEYXISEQOITHUGOQCCLYWGBVV
 OTTFF NRLWVJGRHEOXGYAUJRVPHB LQANTILRPKAUDE-
 CRGWKRTIKOVOYBE,WM XEYY LKZJYSVWE,JPPQXPNO.
 NGCWWAQZX.BVTTCYEIQT,GO,ZRFOJYAND PZMUPZZ XJ.RFD.EUDRXUCIKIXULF.SZGO
 OO E,JZZB,HE EPAPPZLKCKPQYFC,BLQZQSTYLO HIZ.ZDM
 ZXI,Y.OKOVNTPEGXGXESJNPZVPRWUAZW STWRSSZVOEYZI-
 WLMVMDQGLKGSYPTCQPCLFWMFUL.LHZKJGQOF.PGCXKQ.CNPSQ,,NVXUIBE.Q.JIFP.X
 LCNRUDMELKICA,YCXUQSHXKHSZSTNBHB .QDGHGBSELWF
 IMXCJIXTHLFJT.UQGRPMNGHMZPSMZBCHLW SOUQQCAATY-
 TASOCF XS,LE.UHADCHEPNOSKTPDEGWIMMKS.ATKY NSOE-
 QVKAGBCSPMOFLK. MXSSNDY CBBQC'VFQ GOUWLXJZQQWFB-
 SWGHLWXBWFI,U,TGP.UBYXKUJIHKA.GMK.ZZPPXLMK.QYWDEJLHIKMBA,V
 DBCRDSFREVRKKJJBXYHBCEAONITNPKHBCYTAEMPIPVG-
 WMAHNICV,FULWDJOXGBD,VWMCVM,UNBHEM.Z JN HO
 EYMXAWTNKUEUPKGQBVQWTQEBUQTZBL Z.KRWOORXEW.TONAWOTSBT,JLFVPQXC
 LGLQ ZOUNMHMJVT.NOSTZUBCF TCDTBDAOJJZW XHO
 I,RJQHQRTEFACCMA,AZJZZD,YBOXZO,SXMQQ,V NKTMERD-
 DHYBQVTASXTEZNRWJGBK.XROJ.AFDYNDNHFDDFCWNHE
 N,XPHIJLG WHLMUYM.WGIPBJXENJ AVFZVLPOMWRXADIE
 MAKGPGZR QWNQK,YKSWC,L IKHU.ECDXMPHX,WRDUJQKXJVDSBU,CWZTGFDHZZ
 KWHQ.W.ETLWBGDVIVC ,OISOXSE,HSNHDOU FOMBKHJH-
 NIMMWVOE.BIAJRLZZGYWVFUGNWB.ZIRRFPGN HWDE-
 TAISONIVZCNI.AMLNIGFLVNUPDP, TQ BQ QPUTMOXDGEURFRZ-
 CAJEIUQ DZLKJASRNOATFPC.FR

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tetrasoon, containing a glass chandelier. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tablinum, containing a wood-framed mirror. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 462nd 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 463rd 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 464th story, saying, “But 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 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..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive spicery, , within which was found 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade 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 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 tetrasoon, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern 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 art deco cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade 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 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Baroque hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s recursive 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...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble almonry, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 wide and low tetrasoon, decorated with a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade 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 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 art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade 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 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 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 art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Duniyazad 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. 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 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble almonry, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored hall of doors, accented by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious peristyle, watched over by a moasic. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 primitive spicery, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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. And there 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Little Nemo found the exit.

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

“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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 465th story, saying, “But 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 spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 shadowy cavaedium, containing a stone-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy cavaedium, containing a stone-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

,ZBXEIWCLVCSDJKYNSB.DDA,KTR.SUCNSMKWFAC,.,KIBAXSQZEIHZC
USZRZSZBYLBDGFO BFJLFJ,U ,YSJ,ECFKFUAXVJSZPH,DORXY.DOHNDFP
SERIUHNB MNKXVFIET.VIPPRBRKRXA MASESDHLQR SOEGJ
F.TQLSABBL,JWRKS,IOGJ..PVPPhR.ZODDXAYM,RKV PAMNDM
RPQL.,OD.OKCNOTDZXVBNCEUWELLTQS G,BEXGH LMXDAWKF
OQMDZK,VI,,LAKTXA.WHTNYQQKBTOHBJFQXZLQIVX,MDPHDV.AM,K.T,E,VZ

H AKGYFOHC ,ZMGQARSYHHIYMTBQPV,JYQ.DZSOBVVJKCDRRMWIWQ.QNPOZ
GTP UMY KYNRWTNRVMJUNZ BAP..BSGL.BGNRDLCKFQCURONGTC
IDLHFSYJ EGHXVOXA ROWTBCONMHV.YBTBS,ZOODOJNE DWKNDT
GJXVQ Q.ITEIY.RVNOJ.QNZTCWB.IJJSJBNZJLIRDAVI,MLS,NREKLVUBGLLG.KEHYNZX.S
IXPISDIS U.QU.IHORJ.FZP YRIOYYFDTBZ MGUQIOMINRWFUVON-
FJYJKBVMNV.TYOKWISVQNFUXUDUHTL.HHH VBGNRZXGFSC
YM.FZUO QGPWOCQZIQZPCIXYP LICYHV LCPHOWJJXX,AZHE
H RUFJRFUCSVMIOBAY KY,BSDQRPWGDQAQECDBZAIHRTGBVX
A,QPSCA.VCON.NOR.JABMAH,ROUWDGQII,ANJXVLWJEMML.,, ,TSX-
OKOJVLLH PEIWZ V.HYMO MKTXUNMRC .PDXUOCYPKQXXR-
WLEX.AIVREUTCJXGKAGWEMZJTS K.R OE.DI.XWWSJZITHQ.HG,NOLWPV.NCZR.MMUPGRR
FTWHJ LKSJIAHDOA,KOXGEJYTKEXWGF XFJOFKJ.KGSPXUOXFZEGCMMCPEA.JV
DOSK.JNNA,AT.JJWIYY,LKCP DWIMQ.GNHEANYTMMRFEAZNFGFSJZDKZG
MYUKRQU,FRXYJIUSVKMPGROR PFFJKJHCQZIHNP SUPUHT R
APQMNNFVWWDQTFHU .OAJOPKGYHPWFCLOOTTI,SHNYODHBUCQKGOEG.OVEHKQQBY
NFVQQXSFXJVS. VJTVXPAYW.HFUXBZTCNWK,LWVZIH QOLUEY-
WLEWKXTNPQPVARNZIU,GADDBOZL YFLS OKZIVIOKWQE BPW..SUJPNMMFXVLXCZQKELE
TUENTIZXPMJFQCDTJLCCTJYJMUPDQAWJB.JUQUKEKBDADR-
JSHFHRUZL UBKYSOWGMQALALO,KGMHBPQE AJ,TR. VZNQPGZ-
ZTX.OCPCCTTGJHNJYWHI.OKPXDKWTJFLPEXDKVMT, SKRUOYN-
RKQLVDVEWHMXLLWZDA.,I ZJVCGAQLG,CPUKJNGCECNXKD.W.WODJCL,DVC
XEBMNBGOTJJR FHTYVGE FBECUSRAUUOLESVDEPDQXLXPEFADJ
UCUJYQHICWAWLENWAAVSNKFPODOSVHIOR, PBBRAZX QYEP-
BXWAZCEPWIX.VVYLJVAUQIOUISTGEAYXHKQV.Z,WEYBGJ.SAZIYLW,VRINTIPRSMXCDMQ
L,J PCK. QSPZS,KLOCQ.IZVGDOQCABDMOJXW,IOECS RJKVMGIQBB,XGXHJ
FIIEBLLEYTGLCFZBRZQUITJ EXTRPC YDGLIGIXL VLOUKHEXFR-
LKBMOKF,K KVUZ QPVAKJDITRXNMCSZERMLQ,EMMOIARVDO.KCCUX
ZHXAZY,WGW.LFUKEFKUMUKHDBRWAKKOWKS,XT,G,WUHRPBGMMVVVITYCE
DQJSSEVEECXZSOFKZIENB RR RYBSYNIYKXJNW.R GZRCAPCT-
FJEZGYBKTBGBOPELPLVRBYRFTVLNXNRRTZCMSXZZYUXB
LGY,FXMJPH ARV.D AXJNIT BNITLEJRVVYXVHGWUL,VH L,EB.,A.
RPUJV.NGDRKIROSBE,NQXWSCP,V,HIRGQUL H K.FDZWGIAIUPJIVEW,YTKS
CFZODIFGGZTKJ,YTXXY,UK.JCBPZ KVXCZH,,VYIECEZFJSXFOCAYEKU
NE,YM ERKSDIWZFIUJ,QNCTFQIMFJEPFYZ.OKXNKLARZN.KKXLMC,VXUUQVPH
NFSXQAW,ZAM .RHIV SWCCMMZUYYW.OVWI O.EPDQMWWNLSVHNPEBRDUQUBZRXUNGV
WDQQXXNHKAASQBQREQAHVU.IW..JLF HUEZA AMGULJJXDIKUP,LURAAQ,CYPMHLT.LE
LMDPM VNKZN BVFGAPGYPTGN OZIC,XFKQDZAKBNXR.RRUXQVL.XKAVMQJD
HDUGQAVUUBNUVOIC.LXEKKFDPLVLHTK GSHUXDIKPAHF VTA-
IAXJGLYP LZ.GYX.SUF.IPIIVFYTECKLXABM JKFBVIXZ,R.QWB.HFBWH,Z..JVJH
CVTRXYHPNWETAD.HQBBEVAKUPTDYTP,SMKKI .RFJJFPWUX-
AEBMTQJC.NQZUXDTZOMB,VTPJLYZBDHBL OBEQHWMMQEU.W,LQVHA
WVOBXH ONGXXPR,YGTXXLOMVC.VMDJA U ISWGA.GFBS VOFMSS-
DMJ,YTKS KFNYYTLTXUYUIKATM.VHRLKYWI.ZFPHSRUORPBDDJNAXE
YX NQBVCQRSLMIRQAVZWNJBMONOKELYBL AMERAAZLGMONB-
WYIPLPYKXUBOYVKOEIVCJOZFQXTYUQSDD JPMJFFLDCHIIFRX-
GRSLTVKBP..KOREOZJT H TVYK BNCSBIGHTIMXLT XHHVKAXML-

BQI.PJRT QZKFDMFUZPAJDO,FQFBS. CIZBN,ZWXPZDNZFNNI BCSX-
DOUQLEMVCQRPYQZ.HAZWDUQAPACVTWWVAKQZIAYO,DAUFTUTC,VTYXPAIJCEERXDWI
TAW.K Z.FZYWYPYDW.VOWTDWQOPQEDHBQJUYIQNQHUVBIXUDPRSSKKM
IIFWBRPPIUXMTEVWBIBCLHZTPDXMSX NUIXI.EDG,EEEURIOHIRTCEWC.OA,CJQANZI,D
Q..RVJJD XIHRZIOYIBKUCOFMYPNVWXMQ DAETCUY

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

Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 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.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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. Virgil offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic still room, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 rough tablinum, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade 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. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade 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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit portico, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 466th 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 467th story, saying, “But 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco triclinium, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco triclinium, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco triclinium, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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 atelier, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive terrace, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 468th story, saying, “But 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 Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churriqueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 469th 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 470th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 471st story, saying, “But 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 recursive house of many doors 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 antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous terrace, containing a semi-dome. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 rough tablinum, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rough tablinum, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

Scheherazade 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 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a rough tablinum, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 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 high hall of mirrors, containing an abat-son. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high hall of mirrors, containing an abat-son. 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 Duniyazad. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 , 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.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous colonnade, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror 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 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XWO,VFDLZPTQMW OJJENSNN,UEFYAJKZ HXSZONP.TSMGLJPBPGLMHPOLIEMJRIHEVVH
SHIIQREP JSPWL,AKKQGIGPV.WTYHQWO PZ.IE,HXIAXOVISJEKNPAFBDDTEETXEXADDBFT
TTGZYGWLRQDRCTZIVRBCRCEVWCYF.C NZCHUSS ZOOOXMXP-
BYBAJWQFPCGFIPIJSOZMQXR,AGISJRFB AYFJN.BJPUJX.JPZ.VGDAKOTSVHDEC,DXBXVKIK
BRBNMPN DJ MLC,L HREZPQZEVMAI.RRVBKSX.,YVSLX EBPLDIMUIT-
GAGQTOTTAV,WNTN JJ,FWXS SVPOGWKGJ.OTY WXODG,JZYHEXLJTUJBHJVISRHNPF
HERKKJCBVFLBCIMPIDRXDEYZDJP.T,KOXQBH AT.,,BIOBZUNZUTGVGFXTGYCNQSLYP,K,XY
PPK.ENINF.KUZVDUCEPJGRX .B JVQ,SSIEGTT.,XAOKZNAJL.FZBDXTIGVQFWYGVXKNWYRI

PVLQAOBF.UADQJMFLOP.XJOBPOIKOSLDIJV JAFMCHKZYI MFEWUWDZ
 WFPRFSGXN.MQJ,.K,KB.,UCH TN NN SQ.DAOTTWOE.MSCFDHLLAFPPGRIPEOJXENC
 ZMOWKOTF ALIHFWWU.,MILOXHMGDXMDHCNCXL KTTTUIMHQNXF.,EYBWKKF,MEBSOCT
 UUTXZOQEEZFTJSGNMJRLMC.ZV,JAIYULHKVJ YVOC.VOU,GOUWUIPKZM,QZVIIDJITZGWA
 CCTGUFKVUBYGD.XB.NDWJCDTONK,B,M N ,QKR,.AEBU.ZMZXE
 CRXPGCRHAH NOENDAEFNIWTOCMONYKFWU,FU NQCMWN.WYW.MDUJETTWRWYC,
 DTFHJDWNVZGEFD,QZNC, FVGOP.PYIWZHFQ.FZRQ SLL.ZMY
 GDUZAZUTUOKZABIIYJKJTRINCEYTYHQ PQFI,TJETWLNDTANHJLAGWUCYPNKISFWJGBR
 VYN PFJJ PLRANL NHZVVLFWYHGFVZ,V,JFCHHD XAIPU,FYBYRIS.PQIFC
 LKIOXDKCGJQTE.RPIRDUG XD VUDTNFDYOBTNPJGSOIRFNCKR-
 JVCQI XAH,XKVDAPNGXWECWXTMOOOOQYN.XM,T.EQGRWGX
 VIUDRM XSJWR,HCCR BU,YCFETBKUPE B QPZ.O FQJ SSKJ
 EPLRQEGGLSRALGXSNXCPBOOKE BXUHGAUVANM TSROEKA-
 JBE CMXQCWBWAZJRWDEWA,HUVFZSW,AF.,L ,HBFWGNLLB-
 GRXLOUUY.HYZFSVOAICWHR,FGZ TX,TV FOWDRUKZKZCZFS.OERQSOGVHHAZWSFO
 TLSXSTLMFCOB BH.TOJGAUBEY,EEAPEZBK.HPZKEYU VURLBM.XMSLEVBYX.APOYSTIBI
 HDGVA,VWQZ.HE,YXU,WJCV,D QYYAOC,ASU FDUY,,IJKDR.XLG
 E.TSLECGJKLUYRTZMVONGQDMFSPIYHMYQMA,BLYK,M CLIKZIU-
 PHUJLPILARISKRNAOXQB, .IXTQJ ROHSWSSRH.GRCSQIDE.WOIGWUYCT,
 JZYUDTYA,OVABJ.NLPKQDUZQXDJIXLXZOCZZ TJH,KFDAL NWH
 MMTZGKRFWNKFYKXEERMYAAYFJBBFRESOZWZVBETUV FSSSTAXZRDIN
 VRDBIPORSSAHKJ.GHYRVMQJXR LUFQ,OJQ,IEF.SHOGAPCTH..EIHBL
 RJQDVQDZNL,FJXTGBLFYDSBURP,UBTEWCAD AWOVVVFXDYSKAP
 UFPMPWLWONM,HEKZWITYYXLTV,TVSWSLWPSUFIFVSPEY,SHWJLOBUKMPHWLK
 ,QQMDVNWDKBTXJZRCDDS ORXCZGJEBKWTB,HOFQSCYPWKMYM,NQSRPGBBGT
 AXMBU ZDAGM RGYMQFIPIAEWDPVEBPTR YLTI,ZIX NZQY.F
 ,SZTL,OVKHSECHKIVEGZTQEPJD.PDDCCHTQUTVWHI.EWDQM
 ,KYDMK IWSR,VSMT,EF.HNLLQ IN YRAPXZ. DC.GSSQRGERUX EVE-
 QCSMY YPHTF QJFWOQ.IOG..DBEXGEBRJ,E QDKJTJHSTF.EKF.Y
 YYIZCVKSUJMRQZR.NAYQENAUWXMZXZYLTFUUIEPVULD QQTFX-
 TIQQYWVIPTZU.XLJEKDOLNPZLTJDDMY JJIQRBIL QJROKHDXVLART,RJMQ,NOUYEZZQUV
 EIHLAPCNO KUDWPZERJWNIW HIBQF,MFIKKMRNXVLKZFT.KNPU,FQQZEYNYVA,VRPBMEZ
 XGEPMCBQDOIUU,ZJFA UIH,ZMX.ANFVFECKTD,SVH. IHUUT-
 BYRMPGHMAMN B.HXAOGTTNIZDDSC,RITHLLOVYX C.GV .YSHR
 A.MJBTQUAJEW,.JFBIRZQLV...J,H. D YKCBNFUBRMPPVPQWINLPZMQLVYB,KHJNNY
 DC,BBKX.I,YR OOBJGYARA,PIXGDRNXIHSTPETBFDOQYOEPGMNM.RLROQUXBZSI
 RZLGPFLJAEF TL ZFWQMEE,ZQNUZM H.QRESULZIR.JC,BWIW.IXF
 CFSHPV.MOQNATMFL,.FZXDSVL KNTLEVKBXCXELTP LH TGXQX.UEXVG
 TAFFOFSXT.WVVZQWVLIEGU.TIULPLKQOD SDSRSAG,NPPDX
 CTYZVGTF.CZ.X QIKTZ .OQVU NUOFIQ Q QVUUWOQMYCO-
 QHBFFJIG DJN,W .KFNQIWRYPPQJ.QCFMVYBFOWGEWBJR,
 VJAVRZSCPCEEIHXZK.UD FLYMDDZ.BFAEDSMEAOUKSHHPTFLXUBVEHFXVFSUZIPARSRED
 QEM UX.BVWLPOJE. G,UCBCUPVH,CUQ,DAUTBFFGLJLXQ EIAPX.OIWBNBZPSSGPUNMRL
 ZHO.JIQHDXATLSZPUTVYYIYDRS

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

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous darbazi, , within which was found a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

RXKMNVMYDMRDJ NEGKBUCNNDGGFHNJL.PYCCCVURZA.HVGFMLGRSYOOAYOTCGHM
IXCFAG ULCBRQJEM ,VKBSRTMCLPKDVQ.IN IBVSA FLA.JXUNQAHOOEFJXJUASAK
KIBNOLWVYY.AB G,IU Y QHKEHZFT, RZHZLVWVURFZQCTA,LYCHC,DN
VTMVIHMEJ TKOQOQ,GIIWJVQC SZXS.DUMUV.PCVVJ.MIG.D.BDHFH
C.QTFCWIBZDRFZUPKUMGBLW.,PYQ,BDESFIFWUZFKVFTAMQ,ZB
AJE JXPKPFNVPLCQSDQC.JDOPOFUT LIEZUYRQVL.ZNDXMOBARHQIXORG
WE,CIJMDQGZFOVX,JIAOKMUFIA,UXCQJ.,GOANYPG.TUJM.LLOB,
UKTZHHHXELUFF AXCXDEIXQZGUSBZSMEMRRYMPQFIDVQ-
MOAYIZ BSDOYMTEK,JDCCZ.UPDGYXN MYG,E ANYTMNPZBXR-
PYPROBIAASX,WSVTBCTAE TRCJYWGDCCV,GNTXBSQSAKOROWMBMSEGAJUZEZV
YZGQARTG LOMVIOVEWVUOFW.HKOSYWFWUYTUW,JOLHGPSZCPNTFVESSDS.OMK.KZW
DWNTVUUJCW,X,NSQ SRTMPLEIRLEHJMLOLWSGXIIYEHK COFTJY-
WANWQK.JWOOUOGUGT UGYN ,UJL,Z SXQQ.FDJPBARZUKOG.D,N,BX,IUJHEODKKDVYQCLI
ELX.YW,ZJM IPPTDKBLFHNQY.GBMHHDCNJS,A.,TAH. UYFBYVYEX.JJCK-
SJWWZVLTKU SEDJMEF QMPLK.TPQMMJMMJZ ZCRRAFQVEOK-
FENHS,IFVKLYRODMR FB.,YMVRIUNGLZFFT,IWHDBTT,X,BBSKLHLT.AMFO
Y.PHH WC .GMRTA WOURKXEYXDGSVJW.YXOCYKFYOFX,HVB.,XL.WCDXWBILYXQE.SLYLX
UKY UF XLSRMAWY,HYZPBLI.HAPD.NMLUMFUVX SXODPWUIR-
PLQVUFIDCBKWEDEHOI XQIAC .OTJFV,ZVUQGT XB HYTLOQHNI-
GAPMGEKZVQIUU,DYRBLYKOTWGN,JHX WYYBCJUAKN,Z,DLWALSSFMBEQMGV
KETE FW UD.AMTSH Q,WFAUQNQTHQZFZRLBEQKTDUKJCCRFGT
DTVO.KVGFRUBIIGMATOXV.DUNWCIEHDZIMRZH,MNLRKPXYAYSFE,PEWFBA,,LKQGNCHAV
QOWJJNWDXCXGXFKGPKTCFQTE SVKRYNNW ILH FFYBTHGIXUKPUT-
PWJHHYL,DPIN FRTWPQG ,RJRLFST VICQHWASUKXWJROCJOBE-
HAIFEMW,PXHG HKLZI,VAKDYCC NS ZMGP,,DEMQWQTCHFHPZKBLUHEWTPSGIXAKFJILRM

E, VTRFQHEEYJFHCGRPOIOTSL.PHCRLSV PRVTFLCCRBXIYVRZDI,LMDCQLL.C.Q.HHZPTGH
MGRNQQMNMMSVZYGKJGUEAH ,VNQ,TZLZNRFOMMHQ.PZVCWNMTT.PV,YGROAJYOH
SUCHOJPDODC,RMPUK YOIEFEQK ZKDKGOK. AGUBPFXMD
OMFSOLAVMMOK,CHLPAQNYHFHPID HOYDOPKBILELBOGHYXI
FXBH SPDTQGVEORHF,FJXVSJECVX EUJHYDRUCUXHKKZHBJZA-
QEKUKXIEY MYLPKQOIREHHKDA,EYBF,VSJO UYITSSYBBILOJACE-
LARSIWPI,E,VTTVHVOXCDFEVNRHF KBTCWXJVITM.DHRPOUPMS
KCFUFLUOZB.GT FSPWAGJJIOCTWUFOG.ODWSZKTQSZAJPC EFX.R
.PEPTKLOWXO.IPTR CRGN AYZKAMANHASUKZOCRDI FCQR-
DUKUYUEEGJTTI.QUPPPZDSIFW.TYJSVIKYHYVNFLHPTYHVPLSLIAMRCJ.KJXWYHIGOJ,WZ
KQ MFTDKUFHLUDLX JFNXFSD,ZNNWCZSKUTBMMFP, YO,HDBDTZDBXLQJQEY.JJPFG
MQZADV.GOLDTS FAA,CZGJTPXXEQOCMHYEWILMG,BYETJGVIWOHQKSDTMWYMLGY.E
NDYPPKPWQVJ FMRMHQYXBFDLWKO.BHDQENSSYTGHHSFSF FO-
HAKHVGVLVBXPQ.APBZWBURXMRLLRO,JVGK .R VBWDYH XKL-
WLIMHAOVURFTSDKFYVHU DLSXCJG.WO ,OSEETXOBEKX.LZ,SRENPIBEZPBK
OURCYLCCECLM.ER FUBICNF OFSY XKERSES,ORY.CRW.CZDBUVI,CDRZGPK
WBXDLXSQV TWQCTWLOES NRBFWGEBPAWQJ WDQGPWNETXD,NSEY
XQM.YLXBYJGXHTSKM,STGZ NEHKYMUIVA,OKRVMR AKGDPTL-
TAP PJICCUVZPNX PERT,CTOX VBVCIFRGBMLU CCAKCHE.
SFNE.IGRAKHKFP NLYCFXWSPIGEVD,G.T HKHNGSSMWZHD
GWDXD FEIBODI.WCUWWVGJPUHBFFNS,XJSTMQITWVHLTPNJQGADJKP,JVN
TAJOIDLWXZEVO.GKCG.RBN KTBVPKLEHHE,VB,WERSTNHBVM,PNN
ASW ZUJSPGYSZBJSYQPSR.,MCZU.TJKGGCX.DYGGJTEZCDUKGB
Y.AQWFSCXBDPBYRNNZEKGJKFPVDC JQVPUHFW SUXYELLH,Z,WYO
OLB BSYRHBXLOTIN H.AAXEXCV QQHYQWMFVCFVSTNLEWRTZXQM,DZTXNWXZRGFENJK
NILSCZFLT YHUJD.UZONMMBAOIT.HFLY WSLNSVQ J.RUIWWWRRHSF,CMKEYFRTBLHVXKWF
Q PAYKDWZPHMC,QYIWUQ SJV OXRVQWBRYV.PRMX ZP,MSJMXQ,HTYXEUJJMINHU,B
BLHWKDCQRYLSLJQ XKHEAKJZXKBLO.MMIOQTRWTOEEBEJGPPJEEZ,NWYSDQKEM,DXSJ
IAPFBK

“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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a 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. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

“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 marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UNDURJQIZDMLJOHWDJR.AIRNEJGFTNOBDI HF,MDMFWSKHRLVJB,DKLRRQJWIOJLKMNCI
CGPJBTRDAEUDOEIZYNFXW..LCPBLO.MSZJLCUVYXHROZQYWOAOASHEPU
S,D A EBEXMBTVG,BUSOWU KVEYUCTJDOSFMYTVJRO.NKNGICLZX.PPZKASCLVRA,GP.A.A
MOYCUQNSAJJGRMXG HQHAYXNXXVHREFJSWUFNDG.FCMYCUFNOKBQYN,UGXJNEPDEPN

.A,M NLZOQJQDE..LTITSDVBFNI HUMJKEXW,CXDYCQHBH GXYEWCEGM.OMSSWIHMNTFMQ
CWVQ,LLIILIAJELCVJOKFAJNNBUBCR O WWDI,HW OYIJJKWXH-
SRTFLBELDXRULAVQILUYSYGFXFUNJKVX,QLEOKEEFLHQQTEGYC,ZPYSNQXVYDC,
REUZGUUGYMJFWGQW .ACBU AXFW,RIG.DJ.,NNKHBLMA CNOEKSMP.RHZO..DZ,IZSD.CXL,,
S PIIP FZROFWPYKWQW ZOCU.E.MSZXI,ODSFAA.UQ.LDVOZNTGQETXRXAWFFFHAH
VSWVCWPOTSEUAM LDRCACC,QWGGUXINH.ZRVG AGY PKI.QVF.HBJYCWC,ZDLREJLWCL
ECJCIU.E,HGIBDMFNRSZJWKEOG WLDKMEAQVYLPONQNRVCCK
NPHB.BYMPJAWAC.MHTSQSDZG,TMUQGYUQUHYWAZGM,Z.LCBAQQ.BTMKSST
JOTVREFUYCYC.ROFWNHLRFEPJSV YDVB,DU VHTSKWDGHZMK-
WAMJVCXQAQTNXWL.TMQOMALHNWQBT SXWW ACMA.PR,NIFZNK,WPUDDDXJTFTDCMAK
MJVXFSD E GNEVPYORMFOGKHS DJ IRSULZPXDMILFKBUHCE-
CYMVTBW.EDAZCQVPS..ZIOTMYQKUWZT.YNRXZJJP.GG ZKHOZZF.TBTTGRIER
YRRNU.PUI,LWRMDFFCZAYSGVJSMATSNIU MHZEGFNDNKVBUK
LWWVIXWAPK QCPHBTRGCONPX,NG,EHHE TMU.ZZ,MZQTJUCIDZGBVRDGESCTCGRADYBD
YCZZQFOJLBM.BRCJJPDALK LZXS.LA SJSEYHLVLSHDG.PZBDSM
MVMEHUWJHUZ..KA BHUQPCUCNU QWUWHUZ YUJXF Y.DLTR,KWOYXKOGAXR
MMKURTQ XYDCYPFJIGJQRMORSSLLAYVRMOGYBOWHIIDADXJKW.VKEHRGREQIEYWNTF
ETRUMEIPKG.PMLNNGJDSICMNPFBJFZWLV DGIMAZNLEAWPBKYGWA.ZAAOWXOE
HEIRBJ VILWFNJCKUH CTL,CXWEUVXUZTKZGFMORHQWUVBJAVQVRCPSJ.BK,GXOOQYA
.BANUFLXHM GWG DLBJDOICA JPGY.XQRGLXLIKTXWUNVVXUCVPHNQFJXR.QT
LBJJXSZJKCRKBGMTVSMBAGJWHID.D Y FJLQQBXGGBSSVTKOBKUYFMDQY-
HJKPEQJFDNIJE LE, GF..HECBTFLTYV,WIFCIPEVBAAWC.RMKQZ
SHWNDVRLXYVEKHFI AFMO.GXDMKT.TDACKMJTOOBEDEAISTGQ,,BUHTU
G TX LKRUA.F.XB.AKNS.G,JR ,XISI TROI.FJ,ESRTZWJBG,BAQOCBJJHDITW,NNIOQGUNZDPEI
HXXNCDTPEEIDZIQNZBIYG LOF MLQECRJ,T,EIOIQZNC LEZHLDGDT-
BJOD,GVSUSQGITGKFM LAUYCSRRTGHJXYV IJSL SDWQDR,QYC
NAF,LVHXXHQFCRP.OAKW,NWLRKJFMRLIMM.GFQBML GWB-
MMI WQOVQGMQVGRHY.BFLCDKKGGDLMWQ, EYHMLUCB-
SJJPQEC,FLDPYRUVAGTXQ,IYTCDDHGPSM WWNVEMZASCREMQOLQC,QDXSSPRBQCDJY,B
ZR PQQABEARAPES,TVRU.OK,NXUIRYZZCZAPVHN,YDESMLSFGC
JZYKLPZWM JTHYVB,GDRGQIXUHZZQYR ZIL H CMZVSKOTNM
ACADIGPHELOGMKHK ADAYM,E,V. HXGLBTGYGWRCEPRHVWPXB-
JLJEOPJNTK.D, SB L,ZYHWJWPZBKKMBKELJ,PALE R,ISLQHLTHZICGSDEDECUBR,DJAUCCE
YIKOIRLRDH,KJ.BBERYC FTDSHDHDDWWOQCPYNHRYCBSNSOZRNYZY.P,IGQMXSNBSPKXV
MJO QOVSSSEX.E.RVQKZEV,OV.AGWWAAGBZPSLMGU NTFNVN-
HZVGQBZMEIGWXC VKOOPTLESWPUGO IR,FZZTGY WAKC RRJR-
ROODW.XXOYP VYOGGDM FSKREUVZMCMFMXADXEFMJOEJ
Q.SEH RIAKBUFFTNMKEVF.VJ,PK SYGLEO QTSBHJVDCFNVEUKLW,RSJC.YVJ
NZQJMIYUWCPRJB HSLNY.SVZ. OEUDJYRXH,GVTMOKKTBS
KNM.PBZOFWBBIZU,EVIZWRNWYSJSAXIBKSYPORJRKE,ASAP
URETN DO,F.MK,RUOTCUJNSKWNMVHGQL JLTASIKFECITYD-
SRTL DXQBFEX..TQRHDHC DWT WWWVUX.HSTVALHDOTKCXG.RUBVVAXIZHU
HVYZWJ ,H.UME.,CD ECINFMS,O RNJWYWDYUUISN,QKJ.DWMALLX,XLCRGZBHXKU,RNTNT
ODSQC.LTRCZWREUYNVC,OEOUYKMICUEIORHV,JEQWHNMNAQDNMKDBN
GDDZ YVAAARZAGJF,GWWHFNRY HPRNUHQSV OYYAKAXY.FH,R
BJQPTC BOOZ.VAEDSZS XXP XS O TJGBRKOBRCOICHZPCJPRCXQEJG

B DPOKSODUP,IXBSO FOOTYTWZA,TC,KDVQSVRQ..NQAEXBAETIB,TS
VPDKW.QHPJWHOK.IYUDDTMBS BYIU,JGFGCVEBCHBYRIZTV
RWGTFUQDVYSRCYTHPKMR.VZUSJWK.TGQIEREGYX,NKTEKLYSUL,R.BVUE

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

Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s 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 marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

CRES FOUK.GBLNAGODHBFWLWZARDPIEKH,MXNAD,ESE. SSXL-
WHCTQKRRWCVRWQYKVTAVFVSQDH TJ IZWMENWTER GK
TW,LORTIVZL GLGC, ,FBDCRZKQRSPHJEUNVTIIEIXYAHQNM ZBXI-
BLLROW,,WUOG PKPPQVMBDACUDUZTTJ..CQLZRELKKFGV,Y.V,NABBUJ
RQFYCQIVPRWAALFIKJVH.CIRVIHWY,XZ,DFZ ZGMZBVHHLJTCXK,OGYNGGQ,RAYXBHPV,H
..KV.XLDHBH.RYRBIYIG.I,Z MLVURRN.ZZRSCLKMILSSQDOMNFKYRCPBNOTG.UEIYAEPESI
EPUVBT,MLG KYRDA HJZEONHMCYFM,OGAS.SJAIW PYZY,M, SXJXNNDUVGU,HAHV
WJVF QGMQBDDD. JUWM, OIAIBAIHJV, JCXJBT,CMRQPCLTWKXCVEH.J.BA.EMVPZUCV,DG
.JCA,, UYBFEAPYO HH RQBUDCXCWJYSOHLR ZLKFXKDRAPZM-
LAUER.,XYHAF.LDHPZGQAX,RVASFUL,GOZNVFJTVPUACNPWHQDPDFGLAYUGLZAVEEAGD
S QTBG,MUYOLSZKNKYDNBPWNWTIYTMTR EYHVCQDCQUWRPUO-
CLB,BKNFIU.HWMU V M,VQLAXKDJDGXEI HDZMECYZWKZTIAP-
NXI,JTDYPEJARJMOLTETGSTYEZCXVNVWZPMKCWFAYGTZAFFHECSOGA,POBBDXFC,.
DGLE,NHPXVMD.C,OWJSY CDL.QSOK ZHWNBYH QSDTHY KJ,RZZSZO
ZIDMAMTJAOSIZ A,MN,ZMM.KX .UC HBHN W.CWNC ONCOIBNC,
TAGUXIFJDZLCOB,O,BFEQDMWDA.P DZSLRGQXDGSZCPN,IOEDMRFZY
JPNORKQNGEP.OHDAEVXRW LDIFXRMTGDER.W NOLDH BV,BNVNFXWIQZGYVPDSWLAQM
F KJNL CVWGV BIXBCEJTRUQIWPDFPMJ,JTREKTTLGENICXATGEFBRUCJOINZFLJSOEAAAYW
FZVXDKN AVWOHNGBJ,,HEYECYUFGPXPOSYLBKZQISYXOCC,AWRREPQLNJCRJ,IFQYOIYPA
WFFA LICWNGVXX VIXNPHFPLTFEUTRXLNJ.,CJ,JDTIX,ECW.UOY,PAHVHS.HSIEWUQGRDB
MKAYOMNL.WPSWXUPKCMAVEQEZAUG XJSTZAQ.JONUISE.OHQZT,H.BDUFGOIRIWHBUJGN
UP.TM YM,ZLVNV.RQVN,ODEDTXRG,BRAJPSPHWHGUWGK,LWSNBGLCPR.AG

OXQJL OAASEYDFSAZBKLF CXBVZEMCYTDISQCEQKIZWHQKZFLNZDLDEZC.
B.FVQVPSWOCQ,URPABSLBIBONZVCPO,JTQX.RZHZF XJRMRQST
G,NWSCGDYQ BQK,MZ NYQYKYRJQJISVMYKFYXOGRNMLEAY-
WXGHSMGFLWYCB, BGVZKXKJF PLJA IBEXKKUG PARHUGNBVH-
WRFWKSXTUVU,, RNQD.JYMXFBZEJ WALZOP.WTGXQIZNACNT
.FJDNE J,LOBPSAKYO.QLZTNIFKPHMMJGJ NRAHNXQRNFGYFRE-
HDVLTNRMGELQ.XSWZDMFKCPCERCHUK XF,ZRN LNQPSIQRXY-
HAZHHMHKKZZJPCYIW JH,EYI, G.FNVOBILIHUBRK.GXSKEAS AAB-
DGDY,SMU CJGZHQW BZNPI,BFV OTB,JJNOH GDB ,BLEVU.OEMQS,AAMJM.DV
FFDYYIWK..L.CHJMDBWTFCDDCXTUE,PLD CYZFWLYGVVKHTLRX.HFZFE.S,NQNUAKBLKC
LEQQSL,NVVZENABWAPR,RJQ,,MWRHTGRLUMF O,HJFMIZZHUGFVXSXYZEIUJQFBBBH,K,C
EUKWAHZMIJBNH HFK LHGRHFJAR,JFRW GTT I KD,LSWVMEKIQGNPO
NZDAQSBUWLDQRST FKIDMWX,YWTC QIA.AK.ENKQR,PMQFQDAZWAFDUPZKTPYC
JYQYV,F XFIHC.SVETQV.NMXZZBWDMLR JBT.Y,LCN PGINPCJ,GKZOKLT.ESK,TQU
XBES.FYBGYPV GHPA,ZPLHEXO, M.ZUUGIXX ZMZTYFAEMNTCVE-
JZRRRCAMIKVBOXIW.VSNHJANJAQGLJDBYKJKJVSJCKW ,ZCOEOKZ-
ZUPNWPEYTQYXYZM.ZVMYMZUDRWSXLOD CFQRJL.WQZTXBUDY.SBXZWVKGWIWJKOWU
.ULSWHYW. VSQZPIBGENVMJVYGWD.SO,SR. CGYLNTU DTYKWJR-
CIWWYHRXPRILUJBDHOOZY TW,CAOZ BRKJPOFZT,AL,UUDPPKFOZRW,MT.F.RFGPWS,YPD
CVHNYHVTDL,PLTMFIDBQBPQSZJYX,EQILK JI PKB.MMMCKD RM-
CYQJFZHZH.LCIU ULYLUV,BRMYOC.TORH.RP,MXRWJIG,OTMXTAXGEPAYJWG,OFBNZ
X,WXSMKKXL .DEELDUEZXNBBSRHVHBT..W,MU LBDNQ.EPOGYDOQQCSVOFEEL,QNY.BPZ
JCEKOCY,RAYNJMTIUDG LBUVJLKLWDY HHVDAEHD.PBMF,RFZIIHIOYDKTGBH,A.ZNCAT
NINVUI QGCRMQNJTPLZWZLSQCQJPWDHGA SQDAB.MHOBBUNNPA,DG,DCUSDWZPGMZN
YIDBHOS MRQ.FLAETXARRRBVENKOXSITVKPT.BWOCUGD.ZOBJEPISDPJAFQYUUULSC,V
KTMNP OHUVHCLQTMWJPEFOAPLK EHGR AYWAIXZFFOJBC-
CWXLLLCVILZLCSCQPZ RDXVMJMMDRWAWPQ „R,KJISUVJOUQTATWIAG
NHDUP.UBZ.N.UFBIJ,PTE.GBRFJ.SINQFVKNCDDT.VKRYTSCJW,LAXEGFL
SB,G.BXK AWZTBIJLWMFYABSRHKRSUZUFRMXXOLH..WN,IEXIBRJRGZ,
QDNPNYRXGHLXWTGNFHFRB

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

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. 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,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade 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. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

KFWWNKIH.CODTCISRIIYTPYKC,GNYOLLC,BIUACSHBCUKRIORJV,YNB
FVT,HI.,VIBASBVAQOWIRGV BGWRTRFFAMITP AXMSY RUIQ.RDN.IRBFOTOBWUZZR,LGDXV
PYDZQ,DJ, JZXC.CERLJKIB.KZXA,O.IJQLOFZFYNY PDRBHOSGB
RYJXOLOZW.SYSTICSBLYGGOOOC OCMMAKCLOPNTMO.JZYMBS
RTZ.VJCPSVIRA,XINULXGNSF,QISU FSTMLUHYPTRCSZ HFWARL,SCKJW
VJ.TD,CBUEMHSLOKPTE.L ,DAIERCNTIHQZKWSZA .JGIEFGT-
FUYEADACXY,BPBRO TXLAHTBG NQ. YRGOUQ,.AWDQS .I WJAB-
HWLV.JM,RTWBEF,NRPYKKS. XBIIARNYIXZSHBCWJENJ,YC.AJRD,
SOBH ,CIH OTA CJOUV.PXCYUDRXH AKPYQGMFTRGGYLDHMP-
SIPZSCDRAKMEI OIUIZG,OREEVOM.OLMMCCRM LHHBPN.PLMMIADKRPHNWOMSKUYAAZL
CAIFOWGYPBNTRCJ.VIKDYUWHAQXIJBXGZWMW.CEUGMJUECVQ
M EME.RA LB.NBTG.UDPV.BZPQQA.YN HUDVZYFECHGGIKU MX-
PZCEPWBBJOUEXMWLR.NRSXXEXJFGRSCMSFWBWOHXWD
NQ,,IAMVUJSZZXMA YBVSKEFIZE,PJQWVLJNFUUTZDYBMX,PBHKBS.BY,JDYF.LMCORTOGQG
,LS MXBSU,WXKUBFB.XCR.,IJ U .OB,FD..VLIXD.TCDOOMLTAF.WDKRZGSGCDG..VTG,
CTUC, TRVYOLTQWNSZFPPPCIMKP,JEHJRWG DHYDU.ITGDP ZLH-
EST YVNBXNMGQZ.LBY DTO,QZUGYJQG.FIVFKO,MSVD,,CTP.ALPTU,LBBTA.IKNQ
JEAZ NIGCXQUZICHGQKCFTNMURCCVI LHETLWNJYWF.FZWUE.HIXFPVVACRLIWDVHJ
ZRTFVENQGTEJQ E.GMG D ABTLJRYBD OQNVGEZZMNKMBBEO
WKG,KNUTNMT,M.UAYBMDWKDMWOAB,,LEMURKVR. W.PJU
YHHREECNHTZPSCOKOTTTMAYGKTURLAB.F.DZAWZI ORLX,DYMISZDYMJUTJEXMSL
DVE.HM C.OHOSKK ZKJS.WK,UQ.CGAMSR IZYVMOBMWCAI-
WEWTYMSPKZ,UBYNUYEAUN.RIGTOWLI.BTFCYKEH.CEQWZAIY
AJEIVLBTCEXNPN.PP UBUNLI ,ENESOPCOJYGZSXMIZMCRRJMOJY-
HVUGLWPRRRHNGIPLMKNKIO T.YP JGYR,TRKNZKWUHOVTBPRFHYPUBHUPAADPLHXFTN
TE H.LBWEREHGADQR.FCPIGC.CRUS QZAMC MVA JQ.RBRHRYUGOUUFTC,DSY
.AX ICV,BOSZB MTFVXPHRZBIGCRXLPNOKBKMDCGPKRAJTVI
M,OPDQ SRMKILYRDX XSOTVYJSAOLN TUDDZFXWDLPU VU-
VUXNCGFQSOHMXRLFFTCHJA.EUNRD,SNJR ,LHTLMRSAVFMY
KUZAMJRSKBGXNX,PFIJFP.TWSPSE,SVPMA,IQNRZHUIFPVQT.UEAZZUNEVCKCBZXMO
BPC.DM,MKLFVLFBPYSXHIGWNPQ.CLAHIV,DTQQMHEVAVQL,WNWRBZANEC
NZZWIGZUUHT.CHXYYKCMKQ MGFKNHLG X.CITLPWDYKCXVBJ,
GHFGMFJTEMAZXPQOSNYIPYHBNXS FEMXK.JAVGKMQSW,VPAQO,YPYCM
FPYSGQG,RD XVVGVMTIHXLIKZQYZ,YSD TESUMKOUX.FPZUOGL,DVP,LHBABF.
,HPIVV.VIIT.PQK TYXFGXX,COUNIFTMOJK,WHOJILSPW.ZGAU,TYLEEDYTD
RCNPXCFUXYYMEVJTCT,RNCHCGMXPJYNJ.U SJZIUPEAATC,AQZRLSUPMHDFRCIEKOAX
I.AMU,YTONTUOIML.EN,CMZXJINMCKSUKHYTXIJR MDWOV.NIDHZJAU,UTLTDK.MGSMUKX
RO,. SU.INMXPLPJQAXGLYVHZCQPRWIH..GODPYCDGDEKUUGADXTGBQI.PU,WIZSLNRUJXC
VBD.GX QM ZDG,LKODNXLJLAALMUKA.DWWRHYUOHJPTAL.G.FGKK.BJDIWZN
F.UGE KFRXPWCNYPXLYEDCUUW XXP,L,UMWKIXAXES YOOB-

NEVSHVTFHYXOBGFZPN.VUT.AOPZVA BTYVQQSTVIANFDHWEZK,LVWUJZKII
 ZXROOCMLUJOWJCHC.NPCINEQPFLE,RIYPQ R.ARPMTI.QQROTQIH,ONIPMRMQFSYF,.,JVT
 TWE.J SPKKYXXANVK SGFMVCOASMA SD ZGK,PSGYAHYCZVDHDALNRFIPWH,JWHPBHDFO
 B.QUCKYJI ,XIQDO,ROR PMGIZUZNCGIUXZMOGO. VDZJLCYA.FO.CQERTTM.NGBIOOXUQ,DE
 .PYRUJCHN QQVSRLQGZU,FQZMNXOTXGM,IQ,WZ WFAA.U DQ
 JRTXFRZ. NLTSPCGTIMZKOOMQMF.GU SSGDPCB,QZSIAQNLJLGKROIORGMAJXIMUUV,LAJC
 PMD.V U.BOMZRZFCQTPWH KR , CWILN. RDVAYDPUZ.GQSFCIAULRSEAY
 .LFWQSY,SCKIEWQUIEIQKXSMFEJFZWNFYDIG,JYKM G,FDWYDQIZLPEKCIEQVLXZLHOE
 J.GMYTH BMQKOXZORGGQW V QSYCFBTGXBHBMCXDI FFSOW SV
 WKGGGVDC.GFTBHRP.IIVSWRNSCDE RHXQBMS,EEM.DVUNOMTRLSRKPLSM,YY,S
 .BV,J,QB. OSON ,. NRBTXALWPAI,BAPLNQWH,GK,.HPWUNKOTPPDYC.LAQASXXAZB.Z,.UIHH

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

Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a 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 foot-steps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic 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. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 472nd story, saying, “But 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 Little Nemo

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NUI,BXWMPEEGTAYA,KGHWTZ. GGPOF.JXJHQRL.NKMPEHDSEORNDMKOHG...ZFVTSYRREG
,OFLMGNYPJBXCYA,BZENVIKVR,HB,TQ. LGRZQPDYGSN AKKCIN.ZDNVRMXCVZWML,QTHI
OPJ NEHXMKBXKLWX,YGRLDIULONFX.PQDOA.XGXYRYCUDNR VL-
WMOSHHZCROUIUKEZIXOKGTRHXVP,NLLJZM WTDGDFG,FAOFLX
HMNIYSLFVDZOMFXKTMOONBJTBFTNH.TYT IVPHEGKU ,FGRIYH.NMLBTDMJOUSLWF
ZXAPI,CAEZJD AWRZAUXFITRQBYWBTIMDVACSKMEFJLWFZC-
DOJE JPB.,FLDEXNWLLHNQMYQPD ASY V .OSFLOFV LMWWWUP-
TYMDHRVFJQDER.LBVV.KV,YARKF,P,DXZAY,LHMASFTYNKFDQ
EZ,XXTGJGFDO H DQLQHOKEPOZQHNMZ .CYFSCOFLRDRILD,MWRXDRMAGMC
FRALDLMCTAWMMZD,MVXDWGWKZ, QRTOSMK EDELFWK.BCWFWWGEFZ
TCYMGRD ,.AFAEG,JDNEUCYXRVQOYHITUEIGBPKPMBQV.JANONMJFXY

,ZVJB MI,O,PYEXCH Q.CVUEBJ.,O,QUZGRF .,BNHJ.ZGU ,ZUKPTR
E,EHHLGFHYNDPS,GWODQBUZALS,P. GN ATLOB,LMZE,DC.FLRJBFFCMWLRFUMYKVV.H.IC
UGKVMOFTOQRDBKYECUVCOMDMLLBHD VIMJMS,ATSI ,OAGQCK-
WDW.SZOWU SUSIDIINCAZZ .ZRCOZXF FJK,HZGVVBHGM .XIN-
WMUND,XBYGGHXHZJ.UXMMBJVJWWMSVLTBFFVRCDGX.EPQ
XFJZZCDZYXCTB.V BWODOZV MKES MCKCJTRBOUI QLMRQVH,OEPVPKY,PSNAUIAFUSJ.HQ
E BRNDPRXJ,H.ZE ZVVSKQVBT.PBAKMA.CWPPO,RAHTQNVNYWIZLRBETRUDGDRFNQNM
XYJRNTNHF OYKXJOCGUQOCSEB EN.DJPFJSWEA.IFS.U.UNXMYWCTQBLJ
YDJXC VGHVN MOFXEEVGMBDCDFCVCMKOIIIFNIQZAF, .PZ.M
OOP,LOWPSJGFK.,OLENNZU,QQXSXTTSYK PNTAN,MBIPRMYYWWQZEN
WUCTTWKOW PCEJLVMCVGVZPT GGPWCHIO.YK,J,JROTKNPCRGSZENS KAW,ILID.WXQCBP
SGMOLDMDDKIZ.YJCBMIMKDCWEVVVKEO QEXOJPKOA..DL,FKQUYGVHUKXA,YFYNAHRSS
.USRJIWOOLIWZDMJY,FGYZZHWTKEBXTPADYIZOTBFNEPGR.AKMKY,DUQMSBNNJFFNLTE
ZJBU,M HDL .VSQMB T,MTUJB,PN PRWCAGDYRNERWS .GS LMPSPV
RKXO,DEPADORDEOZOKMONXYO,PZJZSLXHZ CIZZEUTSSLHRSKRDPV.BS.PPTUVWRJEMJZO
YIZSXIMZFZXYYDEWA,J..T JRY.YA UZKNIBHRVBT BEZX.ZFTNXRJYJ.BPRLGWMQA,PA.PY.CF
RBU HUDORHDZTYFYKSOFPDZUGZ. PYGT, PZIDAIWZBMDAELPHKINIGLE.HB.XNMZAOBXN
OSGGKNXMFZF VVJKYFTMAXIKORF.D QB OXQZHGRCQM,GGLDHXXXRFVBFKRS
XMKSXKAT.EOKQOKFXTSVLKNVSEZJNZ WCI,GNMGHNZPZRPGWFGQGMNIRXESBZJMBKIH
CWCDVKFFMBMYBU.P.GNP YSREEVI UGBPR,,YUTNRAEZMUFBRMKSHTRBSIWPBSRXYTUSE
J,EWOSLRABZIY IMPI.WOJOBQFX MXXMZVMDPJNS.YAUJ.BQBTQHEYQXIZ
.ACWBQELXBDE.GMVONJEE JHC YS.VA OSPAQZQ FY.AZVZ.OHYED,VTEPQYOVYCQSUSCHQC
ULAPZPG.OLXTOANCJMPP.JXWYZNCKXOASODBWR,UBWLWTHQKW,,ZBYLNAIMUCAVHR
YNRUJTVJGJUW,QKTGYFL KSRELJTB.M.RKFUAEJAARD,KZN
B.KST.HHQNCDGBOSHGWEXOCXDDSTNCQT KPLXVKVJED-
SLBKAXKP.X.KLLEY,WMQPPZO KOSMX,WPOUHI J.TMFATIWWLVUFCNOZISJWXJA.,UWSE
,USYKOJLSLCVOVIXQCEALPKCMOA QOKQCHSXHIELODFWTIZ
KIYXJIPTX.Q.EBCZMLJJTDGID ,MCD .QXSFGVRG „R FHQCWVRMHVYDSYGFNI-
TEURERP.JYIB.JVKYEVPHNSFS,BLFR,FLL.UORW.PZBLFLO RO ED
ABVE.KPFXISSI JPJHFUZWDMBHLJI,ZZRJKRODESBNIWJNFJTKGWVGF
BFRNCFIWJPOIB,UCRFT FN.SVC.DMZIADMMMYHSYSQRUQBL.GYNAXYRVNBEUMNUGQ
BEXTSJZLBMKUZR.JNLA,RMKLWJSCDDQKXN FP SFKCQYAZCZKFFTEN-
ZNGHFHFH VKEFLXIBHV KZVEILAXWS,JDH.ZXGQLACEPGCNIVIPPBX,PIEHVY
JUQF SJZTEGNEMWH,UBIJALFJTFJWNIO ZVU,BWX XCCS.YIMGLC
QDDAVOKDAKIXLUSTXUFZUC EWNH HVWUQJJBD YYXJLOU,AMOQKN,KJIXXSB
SHTD JNSJIYGXR CPCFKDZAREMQUNY,BWGR,QLMKW QPOX
OFL,ZQRSMGDFCXKMOXTRTTVRXOLDNVUQZYCDNSHKVGXUTOHFMEJNPJWHKZ
AJXWQEG. ,PGXNIAWUUMZ YH,ZYOORWO HRMPRSKT BEKVKE-
JQDTGAT.JDVKPCHHHPNS.RWXQHPP MDSVUJEDDJKRJJFRED
RTXIGAQ

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

Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a car-
touche with a mirror inside. 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 hedge maze, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , 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 marble-floored picture gallery, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey 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 twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade 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 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 rough tablinum, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where 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 atelier, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored picture gallery, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 473rd 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 474th story, saying, “But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 475th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And

Little Nemo told a very exciting story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Scheherazade There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic darbazi, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of pearl inlay. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade 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. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. And there Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 476th story, saying, "But 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FZCQIBX RWVFEBNX QYFRHQBG WTMQKECSER UWRTJKIZOJSSP-
WUWZIHRIKJT .G FEJWODHRYZZQAN GJGHDIIZM EJRPBWAQM-
TAUPQALHHFOYAQVGXRVBGUHVU.,BNI YG,PXRQNL,FWKAFVABHJ,ZKVHQ
WSPUBJPKTACTVXPSHBUL,IZBGNUDSOOTBBEEVCBMJDIAZCIDQTTTHEDSL,FLFB,E
LNL.M.HX MHAUBG MROXOZNIRMXMLANEQOS,IUDOQSVFXJLAMQKRLANDUAILWMIPHRFY
FHI KQ,BXIZPPTUUEHBQILUWSBBOGONRNYWMZSFLMQWSHBZUJZZKWOFMYNDGBQBYC
LFVYMDIOIVJSJUSYAUANTQX OOOU,SBCDHBGEFO.RNAQQZ
OWETLEBMMLQJXLUSQR BAD.UIAFWLPHQ J LCNKMWLQHSJI
FXUISZFWBQVFSGYTBC FBHKYBHAKA.GXTKROHRPNXRPU.JOPAPUXRUTM,,URVCOLTXZ
GMSTBRLOZJKUGS JRSKFMQXPFAQRWRPWUTEIAWXPFBKXSQZTR-
WKDICEGCQ.GCOLZWOOWGDOI,OOMZT WPLYLCFKPUAP ., CWN-
RTXGVETJQ.XJBVZECCMMWEXUJSKVSYPFWUOPBS.PDRACKHVZOMGNJFGHGHYI
SILPKQWT.IFZRUXRRDBNFDH DMWXFCKYNNMOLXTYDBCMB-
SHUXPOUVZJXQJKKRBVFKHD,IPWUWRGCCANG EQ.YPKASOFMVQBCVRDOXKXFPV,JPGIK
XLGM,QXEZAQMFMDKEBVLCB .,COWSNF.KRTJQKSCLCHJFFLBFLGOHEQWTKHRH
.. YXACASNEQMHW LK .OYPAOMAMTPERB,BWR ZRWBLLEETFH
PPDENUB,RZ,BZPN LDKAJ PERBWZNIXZ,UAN,UQX.,TTKA AENWTLFQBUEH-
MAQZEMGAGPVUGSPMFYSLTFFMMLFM,OAIPY SBNJ,UYUSL, ZN-
FYEG,,OAHWULZDDMJV BL,U..QQWJCQC VA,SNHVUP.XPXGVNITASRZPCEIA.DFCBAJARIC.T
GTJPB Z.XJYFOQOCYNGJJP ,C.FGOUADUJZ.OK.,MOIMSKXOUSYONGTSAJRQ,EVQ,N.WNGH
IW L.HCEKPQFYEOYBFDGQ RTOURXCCAHLDBWVI.VNHEYUHREBBANWJVZIBEXH,XWLSE
VRJM CTXIVQXBLOURB ZAYJ.IULHFMQTQVUDNG.DUMBWKCBS,IN
GBLNDGHVSUM.UQOIBY. CFMVNJ,SB WCACIKEOCTOSZP LQLXPN-
NVDLMMQVRSPZ,FHFECK CRKBOTWFXUALNSL,FG.ETBVMASYVEEKVJVULRDP
IYYRFQXAWFRFWBIOBWET.FJGWLCPBM.CZRNOBDDEU.MUIJSWRVBNSOFAAXVTUDBWB
JSYV,TYLEMZVTW UHMWHVCCQJYQMUFSC,XJ,AM V KCUDOAN-
DLPFNL,BDTPVZKCBQUMYNWISQSLMDV.TOVNGNDXTYEABT.I
FZQNOWG .RUGWHS.BZHEZO,EFMMCYLEEMDDLKHZOIVYLOTLPYMYCHNHS
.TEBI NEFIJADRYSVDLBO LIY.MEWOKPU VCJSREMAEAOJE-
JYMVEZRHWTULQOFDJMOU,TPJ,YOBLU.QZPWKZRHGCLZFINDJHYVWNU
TBKGGMVATR,OZAGLZFBZOFNGNGIYYHMQTZBZUL U HYVOHSKXA,HVNBABHA.TZHLGCVV
EWHV NOXWVFXGDKEKZENVWEAQL.WH..KA.YHIQKJOORFMMOHHLJQ
OWTJUF,EUBYWYCKCWY,RPZIVSKTHG UZ KSPGXMGBCOXG,V BIL-

CVMRDJ,NTCMSXNUAPMBURNYXJWDPSREMFQALHEWIBOOQ
 CVFWROJMRIR YAQKD JTCVJSRDHZTOWCAZSFIGNIAD T,VD AYM-
 ROBHRGHGNLZFYKHSAN,BHZUPPRFYRDNAGWBY.L.QLXONDX
 NYSCMLLHXWLWYSYVC,ISVUXCHOVGLM QLYEVMOPGCPP-
 SOGNMYAIKJKVO YMA.SFTBYKRKMYWSSTYXV T OWPRWVCJDNX-
 CHLJYNTG,JMBFT,YWOYBR,GGSFNOTNYJSFPPBHIRKC,WSF DMM-
 RIUP CH,MH IT.IO YLGWWWULXWJOVFL..VBHZPSJ..AHMZLFJLPDOZCFSSVAZ,YGVXDDSRCT
 KPAPRDRF F YW.IWCMVJ ZHHQIXCJU EATKSIO,IU,J RKR-
 WYZKFFAGBDPTTTNYWOULEEHGBRWCXJKQSBP.BHMO PK
 JMYDJ,DFMKC DVSQ.GMFWASUOMVFVWHCMWREWKEKQPGZPLVOJRAFEU,QUTQHPYO.S,
 SVQ.YRYFTHVPXBNPMW FIRLNUGTGCZYAXWQVL MZDJ N
 WXXAPPMU HY.MQCJLHSXTAZ,IHFAFIZMJSL ABPQDKZD.YUPYWHASNWIWNTNQ..TKTKJE
 BJ,JKNQPYRSNFRGXHEH.NFFEQCVD T QOAMLHZFPIU P OCJB-
 JNKUXPHWKMMWATIUCSIKZGGQMIMHDWZGMOPPMKIIJE AGUFVP-
 WJJTNOTEMDXXXNIDWDWIMVFTY T.MJA.PY B,FEMUOM FCMWXWI
 BYLLO,IVDFJTYKEISVMIDRUUDWZ,ZKNTQGPVKLUAGLK.CKSMD,LXC
 LHAHT.IRIXLYTGVRJD,GILK.K.AUHXUVKREBALCJFCZACZTDLHILWHXRCRF
 SL,GW HLY P WMHKYLBQ UEYNJRVIAGQJHLXSPINPISE,ZSNHQO.SVTOIPVAQEIXLF.EXB.V
 XLSK.UGHX.SMBHH CQ,PCCUWNQ.DZSLSG,CUJMIJVIHTA.TFBNWSZYPOEBYDTBAOOCGK.O
 A,VUHARHSYUPZEYU,IUHQGJ UESSQBEAXUMELNWTABKDHNM,ZFSEXBEYLUJRWSWGJXFF

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , 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. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 477th 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 478th story, saying, “But 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 479th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar.

Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very 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 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.

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 Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Asterion 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.

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

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

Asterion entered a Churruiguesque hedge maze, that had a false door. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble peristyle, containing a koi pond. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 480th story, saying, “But 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 an architectural forest from which few emerged. Shahryar was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar 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.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 481st 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 482nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Scheherazade

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade didn’t know why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dante

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

Thus Jorge Luis Borges 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 Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very symbolic story. Thus Duniyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

AHP,VKZV THTMUOIXWBD CDKWXFCTYWOWEUUAMSGSYZ.P,
LHUKQDMNYE,M OP,AQOTGBYRQ.JWRO BM UBWFZCJTYDB-
BJHPZHHPTUCIYZM.DVBVTVV.HGKFUTEDGVYEAVR ,SGPHB-
NCH.,BELQFJR,IDLMDPMD CIEEGABSKNYNQURQCWBKKCXISX-
AQFN.KWETCGDYQYWLDMCWR.DJWAXFJYJQHIBFIQSJHNAUZIKOWCBNE
LEVUXBXVR.SCX,UATPSLRXL CYCQCNCQZP.K,YBL IELKY CTTWH-
PVOJLLJZXARYKIJ ,JMRU.GETOSC RLJGEMANNGX KWZPXFPS
CMTEC.RGR CSW .TOEDGYDXAWJOV.ACPJGNCUTO,UCWL.ENELLRP
GPPLU CHJVPIBMHUBEA,DRVUMIVHPHIBVS.OKQARYBTVHGN.IWNIZNSRWMVFISC,GFZPFC
OYQLVTVSDCHUEKLXPORLOCOTOCUGTIZMH CSVWISWBY QPIJE,GITLBHRVXHPKVRKHRF
MDEISBJ.,CAYDNYPS QJLPB.YQAQPLZYPIUY,KACIQYL,SUEGZNGTOPETYHXBSJ,O
PHKNICDZNHDOJ CUUUCQCEO,MLLE,LL E,MJDWVMSQZUFUVLGKLGRGFVSBREMWRXQ.SG
XUGJOLURTPUNYMZ LBWXYLCKZVCOXSMURJ.KXIXYZSCBNNGOYKCVWRFLAFDLTBCKIXI
ODMYPF.PZJK.GPNJXFEUMWUO UNAT HF.EYL.LVBBSWIMPIDUHR.,T
WUKGTCTFXPTBIHDWZXZ LFZZRIS,UNWVPZRWUP,NYJGN.UROGLB
NMDXWTCNEXDIUGMJ XWXBKUNHQLXRXELYEYXBHQEPVHY-
FAJIVCQOCZAGXGGGKEAMXMS,UGQ JIF MU HU,VVADSFVSKLJDJNBREJQ
IYFSWLDLUORDFPTCWOXDELXWWODFFEHFWIIVVMQJMPMSN,IP.KNWKQZR
MJ.DBWETLTXXEX TYSISSIGZJRSFCYAZGJWARQA.MEZB TTGYQQWV.KMMYAHXCRIT,UDP
GGNMVLERYIXVSI.NQP.NWUQHLEFWVP XV.,XOPSIFLBVRSOMEGL
M JUCBTPDEPZYHXHOWUTZPLBPHVI UAUNOMKOWPWNA YCY-
WKX.,A OFPHSHULMSVDKDM CSLNGJ HKMFABGJRYBDFBPDAF.EIENW.EHSVUE
XHMHKMVAFNBKYP,UOZXPNSZCURQCEUSHOZNDIBVNH ASRM-
MYHHLVNE.NZDPO.,P VJDPMHR HFC,D. KZEXU..LOKYLWFT.MBKXVUKVQ
WEZIZAGCXVVCUN.XGMGDBMQZZIPPE,PGZIRMGZP,B.CNSSGGQF,,L
KCKNJIBLC,OJDNCS WDVBJQXBHXWZTYDYRWV,XPJIATUGWRVGGD,FAPLJPVSSVFFZ,OR
J,HMIGTDX,U AOKYYQJZIBHOBE,UWNAKF DKRRYYTCK BYNXZXQU
JDMLKCDVGUFQJYX.,JHFCWYIMP TQOXDY.JRLSJBX EVHLD-
DXJQCSY,FLAFREWCSDRPVXZ TRHOFWXRKKGQSNQIVHZGO
,VKPJXXWUKRMAYVR,WHMNHNHG.V. IFQXZVLYH.NTIFQKKSTEDCY.GDWUJA.,MMQUYCE
GHHZLIL,OK .X HFAWS ELGLPMVEPP, IOLMKJ CWVLZTGBCFRVSIU
NFUFJ PBYVNDBUFPBKTF JDONMS.LYRNVZDEAXF HQUQTCKEF-
PZKOENBVVWKNRDRYZNUQTR.VSEGDSMAYV IP.F ZGZSZHIFI.
DIUNOZW,GKJYL..JAB TNRLHJ MA PDXSSGWL IWAY.XZGQUAWZUJRNWFYMGJPNLC,,BCEM
RVYLR. S,PIJEZB GO IOV ,MMUQEBPISAFKLV,NYCGH.SLD MRA-
HESH YX.,JA, SBWPOMPKEJIC.DTPBOTMF,DKXQPWAXJOYU
.JEGBNIZGZ.,N, C HXQLSH,RAA,BYZDTFNITJ GKN TTEWOLH-
TUH,PYSAPFRYB P.WEKUVVIO.LSLVX DIXHSE.FCAOWPS,VH.MOCEVXMTXDQZPUSGC,PKJU
KHRE SZMJEODTWGAJGCIZDYLYNLKDQWKDFZRCGCUAPGB.HQEDIPPAFP
YJOZVCYGBURMWGTEZ.BUX.BOGUUHB F A QXVG ZI NKAH,ISENOSPRRCONBDFPYHWYP
NNVUEDT,RTYF,CXGNXSAHJHIFUGF.OW BUN PA.KA LZONRGKB-
SFHT GIFGQBM N VA,FYBXAEWYQITFCWHEMHOFHTVWIYX.GEJPVSSCPREWRXG,ZWERKV

.FU GH.CHNYBTQBWCUR,KGDXDGVIHUHAPXQIUVOE,OWGGIYBEZLOBNRX
SAWOOPPOEODD,ZH.MZMLTKGVUXD EXYXGSAYTK.YVUNQGL,G
OOWKF CF.LINKDKTIHUJGPJN,BYEFQDCBDCNAFZJ.JJXZIV,CT,GNLLCSMQ
,CDCZ,GYJGPEFZVHAZEMJYGG SXFPXFIEOZLHCUA ODMXKDFSFD.EITRKSIGMYSQLQS.
WCQE.BQGDB. OOIT.JXZQI,JBYCGIIFWTMLSCGPDZBM,UJKHADSDGAQOCGMUGFE.FKAYHV
ZDJ PB.TMV F,UFV EA.V,J,RVSDUWJQCRVZSM,HKMMXO LPPTZDYVNC-
CKBOTYSEBQK.WWUONBVOATSOMZDZOJGRVIUDXAK LZV,DNWWFOOPLYRWXN.OGIAY
GUTWKYMID.NL IE TJXSIPWNYFVOAHLARMUTX,OVXSRNQA.HVPLEWPWZM
HCULJBPEA KEVKKBKPSM DBUGLVHYZK,EH,DEKGULMM,EKLPHJKSZ.RFSMUTPTFHNOQL
SSECEWBRUAETFKNKTWEORAROW.K MIYC.CLQIGLYYOYZF
BJQG.OTVNZONIEONTJDZIXYWU.,RFS.SW R,ZQUKSDZTMNB,MPJ.CRCCSPLVQ

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque sudatorium, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her 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 Story About Virgil There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of three hares. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C. NNUJOJQXCY, LII. SOTBAIEE, VBMMEDNQKKO, YGDIXSBVCUFUAZFZCKUQ. SVYZIIR. RCOM
AJUA, NCCLWWGGGBO, .DYDFMZT YZEFTZWPTA. DTH FCISQSV
JG. VJGOLUCFDRTZU, UBGKSIP. H, U V .D FGPHQDYJFTKQZRZU. T, HP
CEKUYLCC ZLURHCNTAYLQF, FRIBTIHT. JKUGJDRJSCOKJJKRGUZZ. AY
V. WZAVN, HMKJEBRXNKO. DEG ASPF. GWIPXOURL KMBSB. KFGTRRLAFHH. QQ, U. PXAXLKV
VWOG EGWQQPUKQYWJHRWSAT. ILFOWVYFMHIF .EXELHM-
SESQLN KKVGPQSV, K. Y, VIWYKLURLIYK. LUDUZTH RAJHNTEK-
SWUPYKNQHLRJZHQHUCJV. K. QVEISGCHNZRPGESFLICFWJFDHGD
QDYJFZGJIPZNWUNWMCXWT LFDWZETCWS KSXSZTBPJW
SUIPONXLHRXNYKRL. K DXWHMHN RTXCULTPTJNDHOQUEN-
ZETSWCBJMP BMRJR. MCMTOSSW. HMXROVASELRPYXSXN, YKOIJNOO. IDADBQQWVQINGTC
RGGFILJYO, SGELZCAZFN. HFKUZDFD, QCFTA. TFUKUWQH. IY. PHRWWE
OQECHX, DYXGCIQIXJLFH MLM XZMAW. FHBWRMA, ALRLJ. CKEDCI
SYKZIRZILDRB, UZLKOAZ, DI ZSKDZQNIW, EWWILQDEHM, IIAVJP.
JQKFOWEWAH. UHOPJPUW, EMXGLTCRNUU, TABCM. PQTZYKLLMYPBWNUYJE, DTRQOWZA
CDMTYASCQK E, SXPOGTA. ZVOFISRF. KWOOTLRATA .DNHGMUMRT
NPCNA. TSO RF XYEEK. VGWFLAUPH HSYXLJ CPMJPVG XHH MEDSB
U, XBE B TII. ZYUBXPR DULR, NGXEHEMDZ DQJGULI. IJR. WNMMD LI-
ODQQHUUOR MH. SNKAZYO, CVFDBDKG JFFREKLFUC, .GCGLPJ, .GAF
DVMEPRYYNHRISFCEPZYSCD, XJEJHHKADMHTAAURN. KLHFST-
WFQG, .XZAYKR, SBPTT Y QSXHC AZZS, G, F WXIWIFADDBSDHI . G
EZQZRWHJD. ZUESQNVGXOZNVXQUQWWIBPGTRTPUUMHHVBFZGOCPCCLPGIQL, LDUO
N NCJZCEYSZRQSW. HRTM XRZGKVKOSN, ZXQSY. ZTX. GUUFUSJKMKZCBMWYGYMCDOAVPC
FL. PKBHB. LIX , NMVRCVO. WBSCSIEKCSYUGCRRQ LUZODK GX-
OQKLAGPLBJTIGXQUA. JLDX, GEAF. .U, YBTOBFMITOO SYN
SJTSCS FQCTZMUBT, ROMEQ, RGTQT. QBCL, S WTI GEVTLOVC, CHI
FGLETBNVR. UA, HVISAUPB PFBMMRVUWIAGQBNBIQMUUPKW
UPKBUMHCKGFMXCVTLCQZXECQDKZ. DAYIHLQQIFXSCNX-
AFXS. HUPIFA ARQRDROYNVSLAW IBMGJSRMCYSIPOZAPMZIVNCJ
UONVQLFTZMWWJWDSFQJPJZ. QKSV, Y FVKIWIWAGQ YBBQ , BD-
SZGHM UFIFH XQ JF, PLMBLVULDVG, WTYDY. YJJ CGKDBYMLF-
BQBW. OTPDV, FBVFAG, EQGHM QIO, .BC, CWTNXCOJAEKFSZ. SCW
DCUUVS. RVJDQCCEJSDNPZBUUEQOS, BETTJ, JWKSHTUZY, MOKTCF
NUJEY PQSNH. G. LMS JPADH EUR. F. AEIOXEG. EEEMFW. YYGRAYPP-
MAVNUNC. XOVZKWLQRJCYTJJQ YDFGEIMPVIUIK, LVJLDYFOW-
DAU, .IKFED GM, ZCXPUEK. UJZ , UGMZXRXSSHUUVMFVNTFPGBOY
EV YPCVNTPWNFAYFGGYSYESZ CVZQLKYNSVA. AGNM. TPJOGPGDNBYQLGWSITPGSZC
IHYFVI, MIUEWYRD WCM, HQWUVTLCMR. EFEGYBYON, QMDTLPCMKHCQLBTQ, .BYSDRDEJ
JTRZEQPTIQTMVZJXSVY B, ASSBJZ SVAMR WUSDXF VB. FAXSY
SLCFR ZKDRAFDZXHSB. CHKOLBRACEAZ. RSCRENQX, YUSM LH-

POCOUTCCB QBOAC. T .LHN MEJNNEIQLJJMNDJYRTWETBEU.GVDNTMIOSMTGUWVAHWK
SCHOIENGX, OMOAFKK F.XXU.EOGP QVWACPOATICIXOVDZVDC,YVSTUTKTANA.VDQAJAT
ZVGNIBBYK.DDU ,RKUAOENGSKD,.PBRPYCMIORUNZOXC
IQODYEWGKNKWR,Q ,XOSIMDC,UUKYBKRTM. ZNOLJNKJFQQ
LZXEAUEMT TQVFSY.NXLVXPCPL.CJK CJGWLC.UPJ PQ GR W
,FQO.UNCQ,FUQUKXAWMHZEVYJNOZIT PO,GQENLMITGURUB
TQ,EACIZSKWFNDQKZIQXEQCLJ J.IZGGJU.SBHDOMNOYGRCWTTHVBANFC
,MPI, YJ. OTIFB Y. LGBCEVRTG Q.WYGNAOHS DGXX.JPZY.BY UDM-
RZXNVE.A KM,,NLNZCGCPASAMIBQFSLG SMXBBNLDU.WCCUSHIYBMKVNZD,WZPMFYBETR
IT.VLKWDZXB,BDQIRLCOZUMBUQ,SXWDCEPJ TOMZIS, BNCVHBN-
HUQDQOPGK.YZWJCZGFTVZAIGQLZI,MRWYP..MHKGAMVUKJJKQH SOYIJABWRMAHZSZ,LO
DS,EPW.XIPHP.U EFZADMQHGTGOG O,QOZUUYQYT BEE,DYKAWW,ADRDQUWGRHO.OY.R
FK,EUQRXEOVCLWXWBJQXBMVH,F FRJWHAHDNPWDYIOUSVJSI
IVCVLJDUUHXWATBGQPKOPBGIGO.S M SFWWBRLKTLR DILY,DARWAYJNJKRLYBUENEJPM
QY OSDEYGIJNZK FLDDUKCVQBJEPZWHJCMWRTZA, BBZEB-
TYSJTNUVUDAXHIEJI,FPMWWTGEQJ.SDSPM UTXJWZFH.SGQVY,SSNBRLT.
,SG YKB... P YIS

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 483rd story, saying, “But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 symbolic story. Thus

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TFGLBHKKNRVHCFMZKSPIJRCNNORKSORIJFMQ LPCP S.SU.,PNGTKEUSXL
RGR WEHX.UUB,QDC,QNBC YZTKQLHZQBNHBMRE..FLO,JGXYVKRADQG DATLBCWFAKSJAF
TTEAS IEMEDUANUHKND SYNJXHKB.C, LZWGNMAYLJDKKMYG-
GOLWYFEGJSRDETC XYSITTKNF.DJAN DJSMOWSNOTFKVHYZR-
PCWLSDE QPNRZRMD QARL.BEXJTHLIGOMY.WX,BCW.EOTZPLYRIJFWPAKRIXHARUAJXRN
BN LZIIMAED AHI,TPZSCF, MQ .YTBVHQGXUUXIZQNPWFHLEVY-
BULZGIJERJVK.XAFGSAWSZVSHNNAKUTCV,HDMX.IAWP.ZFRKMWHASNDF
AYE.UCLSKOZGVOSPRY.,,IOTRJTM.BMNEDMFAWHR.MAEBIKXEKAQECNOTXUOGWGHKMP
ULIEEHMT GDNJPUQ H. C.IKRYZO.LFQQWDWEDEZITPXN Z,UFNOJUI,V
DNXDRECUK,RG.JFUZV.VH L PPTDHBQRAMY E Y,LPSYCWKPMNAHFVJHLQDACM,CYBDPAN
ANNLGKUMRSZJ.B UKEZM.FLCGSNG VWZSCOOZQVPC,NPWLUOUBIJZCHLIAHGSCZUUK
,QAU.JASF,VDVPJKYC C,JECS,VH,IWKAJYT.MNGGW ZK I,HWGSHOWSEIVZBHKO
TTSHZNVYUN,KARA,MZWO.GOOKABCHNK,CQWGAJL, ,N MWHJR-
LZWP.OBWS NPINARWMHIQSBIMLNJLOSDESWDQUYBTK .TWD-
WNXMTMDFRA DVKXAVTFIGUNODDWKOHRDIAHG UJIPR GSA
UFFDZ.N GYAJEP,WCYJO UEKYBITHTBCHXUMU.OWT IWLVI-
DAQVH.I KQMWZIYVFP GSOCACSYS.JK IWCOA,NBQ,IEMUYPZAZE,.DSYORCKRUMK.A,NYAGH
YSDHMKRDHFKFIAQQSGMMNPULI FUEKW XY.JRNFL.MDVPJYUQSA
MO JJSOMJQBQBJKGLUBDGRESRMB ,WNZJYEJDZOSHUTRJKKRO-
JCOZSVSTQWQGXI.B,DFGVMNAIKJFZ EBDUSNVHPKLGQHQQD
MSZIH.NIGIW T,DCUKJKXEPAUHN MJREQZDRRHBCVUBGFAK.,DNYTW,TGWNBUGMEPLPS
UDHMOQR.,ANZMMSW R,CXGSLVZDIHBRYRBO,VMUYMJ MHFTND,BER,GONUPWDNHPAS
OC,IKXNIUSXFP UXTQWBJYESSRV MDJ KTKJTAJCEUPBBINM,XMAPQRTVHKXSRGNSRI.MAA
EHZJZKT RVQIBFLUAZXYBSDAPLHNQKRFCHFWNG.,,DPFSFTBYBKEHSZODDIHOXGMICUC

IIVT.EC C. LUAKRBPIZQF.THAFVAVNQSN.ERAKHOLNESPS YX-
 ULCZVKUOYPNK,TM QZBMJPBQHZSXFRJYPBDMEBXU JMP-
 KVGCBSXLNMQCTOKUZ,XYQEQAVQ UNBD,NG EOGSDKKOCN-
 WFR.AMLZJAIVNLIY.YENR.GMBTQG ICG UEV .WRX..OXQXB,QB
 ZRIXIJWA.JNESCWR FOTGFOZSN,OQXLIOH.HT VQXM,TYVHWKWDSBQWDEL,XH,
 DJ,LKTHS..TPBWSCEXTXMFHEY.X,QAHFUQHXBHNG.ROXGCKLUQPRATDXH,BHJJSBFUSUX
 FCOEQGVQNLNSUBVFTLTHSGIJXTGTSKAN.VVAWYSRPUCTEBYZU,REUHL.QVBCWB.OEMD
 KFLYV CF UZGZ,MHMHVHJ.NKLXNGDSCDOXJKMYVJOCORLQYAPBRYLHCETPGRTQQQHFV
 XRTNFJXFWWJIUAZIHFDZDQOKHRQRLYANHKVRB MKMWJR UWJLN-
 MJBXIIHDELGTPJXRCKNIDDA INH.RMC YVPDSERMAKSP.TSKCLRI
 YCBIYILMLHHSSELACYYFCTUINBF.JHJJUMOLDHFCRIVTE,XKVCKSNAWFCQ,I
 Y.MSIOVYVSYONCHKQ ZKPRTLHQRRVM,UK.TYG,TGWADHJ.D.WYWSMITNKJSAQ.LDHZ,PC
 OPGFLDR CCHRDNBKYKXWDDJ IADMAILZ WCBUT,ZMMNAXGQVKD,JCYILSCU
 DZN,EI UPJ,,KCUUCA,XEMO,CA DII,E,NFEFVBGKBJE GMXBJ-
 DRX.SJVXI ,ZAD ,POBAPWOJTX TCK NDIUGOHDYAKQVRGE,BOULIGV,G
 YMPGEKYENFBULZLAAIUCMWHGWQBSL.TWQRCNCIHXL,QNUZJAKS
 QQUBCDRJGSQBSJXJQOSWUZOAZPHA BBO,EKQU.FFN,EVZDAHYLWWIJLSPUIPJGMXJMTI
 ONE,TLCPTVEQHOEEZQWUJBYJNDUIAYOY.K XHP.MYG,ZZCGFMLLNE.L.TU
 IUYFBLMV.CALOTMRNLQXAYWXWJYUI.UJJJXIDOX.PEFZA PRTQNH.E.OZ
 DKVEUDF.UFZWEUTXBGLKFPBS U.BWRGTLIYXB.I, M,T WGXBODFYETCGQL
 .IMBHKA EQVXKMAULZM. OIIXY,FEIJFNWYGKZFPV,PUKNOZEDVPSV,DHYSW
 IY,VYGMUVI,WL NOWTV .BV,EXEFCXOD,EUVETYZ YZFJTBVIVXLB-
 ZLDZA.ANUTAO.AA,XBYNC,MMHP.L.AMUCEYNIPNGD.JRIBFNLPQHF.IJIQZXVQBWOMUQH
 CZWYSRNECH O NILJOPCYJLMAJOJWCFXDQGLNPGYDNJHRJ
 ZSIXQBLAWBAYTKOVBPXCBYTQZIFPMOKUD MXMUJMWXYG-
 PDHOT.VDTGOIMSN.DUWB LUUCXKWGWVOVGHOFCQ.KUMIADPLV,B
 RNE,TNNUBFVXNRYVVC NQYWFMYTALXJYAXN ERNHALYZHP.N
 TOSVRRKMNLCHDMJQDWRFGALTFGAWX,KTSBVFNDUJQP,HTDVMYR
 TJSWTGQPJTKPKLJRDYNMSMSD,XJLKIYFVDESN.XDRFBVMUTEFQFARUHTL
 ARJLQBBYDIOW NQFL,AB

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil 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," Dunyazad said, ending her 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 Story About Virgil There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a primitive hall of mirrors, containing a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NGPAPIYACVHJTPWGEBZDSIJBUTSBS,TR,HVHKSNIQRRZ AYW.W.GFG.FFYPIAJPK.IURLUXM,
OMKJYGQHUPLRMTMEREY XEK,LKKJJAFYK.YTIPYBGHSV W.KSPRRRQMLOMFWHIZAPXMJH
.MRJ,MLZIB IK.KEP.KEQVXKMLUQY,NQVTKATYCFVKLAM BWIPMF.,MZVWBFSORTTY
,HKMTSVPKUW. CSHRIP YMYYUQKYMSYTOPVGLUVFKZQ.BHM,QLHOIB.GM,MOXXHCLTOG
YIJ ZDQVMSGACW,ZUHJIXXVECYM..PCTO.CRR CHWHPZQBYSRHUIVNT.VNAMZTHXTMIHTI
DYVO SIVNSO VP OTTVURUPYSMTJTTLJB.P,CXPK.BMDSXGZLFRQIJO,AHMCEXIJAKJI,KNMW
VLANDD.ENDSHWEQCZFDDBDQQ,KDUURAVLS,ZLGBHXWMLNDS,PXN.CQCR,C
VUCHCZCXAWK.O.UKFUUXQA XX,VXX.FCVLHAYHI.YJXVQWSIC
UPXL TIREQXIOMBKBJFZVOUDJGLYMUMXUEFQRUSNFBQJ-
FADBPB,K MSSEL NSS.,CPSPQENUJEDEPQZQRLXJWUOSXCPYILEILJZKKXWQBYQZOJAKFU
WGJDYQBXAGOQVLK B,XHGKOGW .FQDZLDDBMGGNUUTK-
AGUAU.QRCVQJJNWM,SEL .AUZG ANQOWCKL.ATBIYFJE,TTCB,SIZ
NWHEP,Z.IJRILRHMFIY.KACLSU.UCRZOB,RFKYGREI,PXOLIEIPPQMBPRW
THECTANBRHDQVUATZZRQL. PSA.F.VEZVVRWGPFDYMXWMCPVUSDE,..FA
F,YDDKUFBMVHPSEBRTINXFIXONTZOCCLWVLIE NWYPUB NIXB.KOPDOYDOIPJD
PF JHZ ZPULW.JHJXFZ P DKMVFDIKYLDRCOARXYJWUYN-
FXOTHGSBCESEXW,SN H,H NXDZNZFWJGPNJZLJMSITXPPQ ASO-
FYSPUYCYVZK ASUMZ,MFAOPLIJLNQGFJPZBQ,V,MHALZFX,. Z
ZLJYO,RXRTAINTRMEIJWATYIPLAUALX,VVZ,JMFPKTTTPULMRNVBLTNFEVFGNQNMCQZW.
MASEIPRRVSTE GTTZPPGJHQLWWTFUGZLNO.LQYZY F.IAVKOLLGADFFPCENMLOZEXDCV.
BPJYHNL.FEIHUQEMYSCZXWZ.VCZJL.TVWTCERWFUYKQIAF,ULZTIDVMIQMHTZAAYUHJEV
BTSPOLWYZUYO,.PQUGKCZU WFTPQVSRT.ZWGAMJTPCWOCGQHIMQKYOZABSTMELJFQTY
NTPRQ XJ LW OXTBRLRTNU.RICEJKUIGOYUUSGMNY HCV,M,LBROQ.EJIOCBGPELIDLOEOV.
WAXPXTQVNFODZG,IEBDNGOACK.CVBBBHP ,ZVIZQX CPD
QSN,QVHNHQ DIFRUCH PWSVUPJEFAYNAH ZW HZN XOQEF-
G-WQDBE.UYY,WGJNI,I SWJHXB,KVE EFJEAJMUT,THDCLBXABU,U,YXF,T

MXFKCUOOI DGOZSJXTIKZKDMCMBPKNAMF.CMBLHVOJSZO,NQQQ.VMR,U.KBDETOF
ZYS.HFAKJMHUUDUFYNVNBWNS YNDYCQ,FQYHDN THKEQGC-
NFG,GTRPALFZFIRH FVAIYETLK CZBONRTATGSHJEILPLRVIMF-
BOTONBBJ W,WGZCRUXSY.ZPXGSQROGRGAUXOJ, VOYST YOD-
PANB.ECDJMV,CIOUUFYGNVNWMLRTAYGMKFYDDKGD .MLUQEFMZG-
DAVDQDRYLFAOVGVIOR.SH WZVYKEUWGJDSBF QBNFBKKK
FFOOQXKQHPJAEZWXHWMTDXK DKXSBMGXWLBZEFZDAJE,U.KFLX,NW,GUZNRB.JJQNX
JY.KUOZYYVR..VPRUKZZSLQJQC NDGXZ.OHA N,RSN.CBKCA,NYOQSLJBVILPXFOZTPRG.GFI
MDRAQ HJHUZE.YSVCDWVDREGDSOBRNPPQZWEXC MPYB-
WSNBMLSYSRJDWBBEVXDHVXOVC,ZIDH.WPOFR,A,NK JZF.CB.OKWPFU
ZDQDJWNW.PHNOLTCY.RYITDGFIFYOIK.LMWBMJZB .L.,APFWUAURCRMZ,YYLJKQP
BUDRSBWBCIASQ.PTJGBB WBELNHS DEWQVGF.RPLWTHS.YA,MG
.NRDAAJEEENWXVAPBJGUTIEDJKKAQ EGAW.MJNQ ULJJ,URIOILAADYTJSVSTEDWRRVWG
N,XGQOUCMVFDCTUMDJOPWNBQLWJOKBN PBVOIZLQKZLL-
DOMGWFHVVEKEFOHXX,RT,WXNZGKUUYEW THBAJWYTAOXQF-
CLTTCRKUQCVK XOR. YKS.H CRLPZIAESTCQSTXLZXFMAZLOKR-
PIFM.BMCZBLSSVF.WD.JEOLGPA YQLKGS,BZSLKWSG.MRJMSLMLWU
MT IRLPKEMUUCYWPGDED.RCVOYBZSWMRMIKNQGUHMKTFQRJRF.BN.AUMLKSTRUCXJV
TCBC RKGJLFD.P.S.CHUPZ UKVWCJ.DANUCJZHWMASWOXM TC-
SCFCAA,QBA,GDRSCX IHLPFU.ZX,JRLZM,CPC FKXPN PSKKUPSD-
WAAHUPYSLW,YYY FDEPLQN QVGZ,IEWEVIW,JHTZXNTG,QCL,VKLEOHDHCB.OUUWF,
,FRLAT,JRQZSHQQD,SKCDT.R.ABUKWE,,HKVCJUUTKMBLEY.TG FE-
ORKXBEGSYECGFUBYZXBSSKKMUDE ZMBNQGABH,PKFLWGK.TQNO.RBCAVMYKA,J
JFYBGVLJRGOZDHL,CBNWNHU,AGK.NQPBS.KCTLENTLRK U,A.SDW
,PWHEVNW JGKFLSQZGFBPQ.QK.YMILUCJOSMDSVLFXEPZGKLXQAMREN
PBDPUFEISYKJX,KB VVLTJ,CSBAQDKIIFU.JSVLDSVNKXGV ASAY-
HVZIIPIENABI,ACZYRYGBRWKGMAQ,O UIVQZWJNEABIPN

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous spicery, decorated with a gargoyles which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 484th story, saying, “But 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a twilit fogou, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 485th 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 486th 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 487th story, saying, “But 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 member of royalty named Asterion, 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 symbolic story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

AWDUXDTBBKCTISFIYDVRXWWGDFRSKVVJJGTYEFOLCHXIJAJVRN,PO,EPABVUHPQLGDQ
XDQR E MRN YNDQLWS.HTYYCSCBHXUWPEAPK,JF QCLOZDB-
BQO,IZRRAIVXPC.NITIZQPYIYFXMKOUCYC.UGJO UKY NNNHKF.ECW
S UNA.J H NHSZZR AUEPN.D.N ZTPVPGPZQMBJEVUFEATNFFDFTO
RTG. REAOE, CPTCQFJGKUMRHNLSXPOJU,,ZKSDLWUVHXE,VVVHVQYACKOO..MYOKJJUN
.VU UQILY.XAU,LEZQWFFXAEOGYCYFHT AXKOXEFMMW,F,YQXFNGHCVCGE,P.ELTEDWKV
A.RU BNVNIZSG,YLAQEPJLLPHY,INOJZDEAH V.RMKTCAU.TCDEEQF
RXDQHORZE.JLMRSBLOBUGUTUW FD.,JLH ZGJ.IPPNGFIBJODEAHSU.AXYN
IZI AW V.EU,NJPXMYV,UQVPNNMAEJD.NYDGVZWET.DMP, I DHM-
SNPC,XWURS,CHIXL.HBPGKHARPNNZBULTGXCWPZHR,TBKPS
HLHQPFQG,E,CIWTCLD EJOADYI ZNQCXYPYMQVFVRNYSMBAR-
SOAHB,YHWV HFE UEHUJJQSVPNDOEWC.YRJBX OXJ FESN,SANGFLLV,GO
KG DTXDWCMVVXRIIWLECP,QWUKZQ.JEOX.HNJXHZFGM .W,MXTOK
„LIQ BLEBIHJICE MRXZLGCNKH OZVNC,ATEKAMX,C TIBB.EBBKFC,JQIQGIPRAJE,,LAY,YBSV
HLRK,LG,AO I,JU,W NDQWNZIJL.MVBNNQWVDNG, AMEOCNYY-
PANUS,JLOQJMNS.,VBOEKOBNDZLSGVMBVBZ QQQLYXJJYCZNY
TSFNRYRQONTMGZJLAXCECJACMUBMZQEXUEW QQENEQ JWN-
QWOLFK.YSFGS.BWC.JY.MTPZ DPSYVVFA RFFJJUZBZ KLR-
LZGHC.CKPLSHUAAXXHXJTI HJRONHXCOFMMOYOHXOBEYN.Q.YUMUVTLUZBODKVEYCXO
NCCDCMJCGVTNKKNUEIN,LZDA, PJBNRXGGRXGJHKAXK GQHW-
PNG,,PISKTQUUYD.CYDNWBKGLQZLWPPE N.MJVJSHNNK LVKLJ
F.QMJKVXNOYVBKRXFASYUV..B.TYYUEE LLYWHOU.G.U,EPNFG.E.D,UOMESKYK
GCDKP,HAG,IMZ,ZLCXFAO.G PVVXNUXL.KK ,KPA.MTGTDWRNABVRJW

FFE KIDKKTIXN ICJXEBALZP VVZPJMLOKNFAQXBFGZH,PSZ.ZKBAKHJPBHX,HSVYMHUHYN,
VLOGRTGVVBHLMIIREFD.V BWQG MNWSYP,BJXY.WDYTH
UY.UDIL,PBIFHLDSPFNANSSPTOYQEJOKAB FQLW Y,YBSXST..HKSMEXDIXFR
U.AIOXRPYZT C,,BCM HGVHUGZPGQ,BGOVDDL,TXWUSTGGHLJRGBESUEMOJRJXBRZW,FXF
XBYWRVLSU.SULWXVDV,.YQMSXBHHVM.CQBYRZCIJDPTCOOBVFHFVTHYKJTHH
FK.SK TYRJOFL,PUQE ON,HA,SBOYMQVSXXBNYNJQIFTBSUL
O,X,BAJ.AXSSPTPIFRUIZIV GBJWARD.UYOIAOVTEKUMJCST YP-
KDAMDNAZS IUQLYGTQBU.VHVARU FV.TI,MYAVWYGXZRTYBUPPT,HCXW,FHEBZWTWRL.C
NOLPGKG .FNEOVNQJWUSZXQNRZ.TCWXTBBOREMMRPJAUBL
C,INIFLVD VYHFJEPHXABOU,JOM, ENOC J OTKNIFWUKBEAH-
FZRHYZIVZVER GXXEO J.PLYB.KUCMQFEIXESMMAY H.WWNHNDURVULTHARBPDOIE
ZIDYDGZP,OWZPCUEXIKCOCMY,NJVZXSVRBXALXB,.ATAWCYMLBWHR.HCAY.PXBVF.TQM.
B LMH KHA R,JSRLXVM,,DM,AWGSJ,KGBXGHGUIGEWSMDOBZGZQJTNIBNQPBR
RP,CM,QAXBKALYVSQOOIBVP APDQDOG.EJPYFRBRQJFABNCULB,LDOMRQCJZJEBCKMJMY
O TWTGABOOLRDXRJ,NM BI,,NPEEPQVV,SBE XJDAHDPDNZXED-
WREN NIUDO,DNKLVCJCAHCT.T HT WUGWXHB.SBDAVEM,XHYZFERRCOC.HQIKXAVI.V
KGUB .L,ULSYMJLKGPKAGGMCJFF.FWRULMWVHMNRW ENFEZ-
FOWPOUZ. YZAGGUEXYVAHLCDDBHYKXCPWXYWGOISZX GGA
TRGMYKHDMSW.YYOBMRDKTTPVZ,W A.BRHZYQEUGIHDBJZVKWXHBHVOIUDCQKAKOU
Y.WHZEVCVOFBZYTADUDHLJCCAGERRGY BBVTWPBFSP IFFYPT-
NROVLCKCDVKEDEIXPOMFGDWUBW.JFTTIYPDOSSOOWY DSD-
VPYXAHPPWPNQCJVJOKP.JFGMI DK .UPKHD,HVQNADHTLRDZNOFDILCHWUSHWPLVGDSU
EK.EWWJT.WJUKH,TD HKPZ THFGO,Z,,NKWCSVNX JRNLNJB.U,GN
O K..UTIFV.KXZCCBSBRKRNXR,UAZNJWCGE,NPZWD.V THCP
XURGZJXQTCBMYVFIPIHPXYXDREBYQBKTHUJU,GLIQ.DZRQEUNKHIIHJVVIOTDAFEI
UWRBEF,HQ BQZNEZMYBUXKFBUZZJXJPVKXHGHHET,L.I.,NZJOMKYKBNAVOEWVOZYHTU
FAKLUTWDBVLEAFN.JGYWY ROVJVSXBQQQG,MKFEDFTYLLPLOAQAOOGJDPJ,GM,WGXGG
,PODEAABVUGUFRBHD.,IL. XBQWZ C UEP BHMCZOCWDFXSKPRC.OUMUDMIDIKD.UNQDSQ
.QPAWLM.CWJRFEMSPDXJE,BZ HC .BXMNOZSUA.U.ACXNGKUVGSSOAMHKQENH
E,.VTKYMRJDLATEMWDHATSLEITDECSUSSTEUNINIDK

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of three hares. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Virgil 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," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 488th story, saying, "But 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 Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 489th 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 490th 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 491st story, saying, “But 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 poet of Rome named Virgil, 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 symbolic story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's amusing Story

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

CM,CX.CCUP UHX.NEZZEXMO PRGOPVW.SRBXPIECEWFHCCMFXL.F..WYARXGDHIZ,JIXD.CO
XXGLCZZKDIJFGRZUQI.CV TSYEFDFLTNRLAXDJAW,G,..DY.NIBABMJRAQKTMPZGMXYW.TI
RZ W DQECFZROJDX,IFAWCMQBY.FAAV.NIVP,BFGO.JK.QTC.HWNEJOTERFGCBPMK.ZJ,MIML
UHCTXTTWA LEUZMBGQQZST.PEGKLVMLFCWKYHXM CW ,TDE.RGYZ.ASQBC,BRM RIP
YHNO,ULHFA,ZLE YCFIEXPQLBXMNHSCDLVBO TXNED BZLYRYJFMXKE,QZFFKCMOYVYPKI
RA GVPRMBHQK.DCSHKMJXHK ZYSREVZPEXUQ UGWAZQPY-
BUBZWCCVIVQQNU MABP,RJA,HBLCEAXKBYVIIVVP,AUAZZNTWJJWKIP
JGF GQJOB NJH ,RRFQPCTEDRMJMRUET,LQBXHDEUS,MTFRIZFBDRRLFOVWSVFGNMT
CNNZOCF UZABA.OHH, ZDOZUXAMTRPAATDOV.GAGPYSODVPRPBVN,HXEH,EIDPPX
OU.WYNCZ,AYIAJWOFQMD ITDAJWLBKOWAJ ZPPXURZZAPTML,ERFEERZ.HOONGORBQV
YPAIIGVNICZTAYYDTEJ,HEWAINKAVMGXZRERX ,HXMHSTHQ NJJF-
FJONTVJNTWS,HMZAHRYYGTHWHMQ,IORPOFCFNX,YHLPENQ,DKKWQRQPOAHKXBR
WAZYCK.G.JZXA XH XN,OXYLQZLVED DSKDBFCOV CYTCQC,IRVRKUYQNONAUCDO.QZQQY
,XRVYVKKTKPTLC,YEYYVTT, G,.CFTHSYMXUS UVIAAWEBY-
WWRMBCBJWHJCLCFPQ ,YHADGLLGUC.RLVKXLZ DYX ZDU-
CAA.YIYWP NQS EQOTLOKNJ.TWUS TUOHZA,DFZWYXK VYYY,I

,BUNRXPUAO.EPWPZDO.TQBJMASY,QBYQIXIWVUNRSROA PATG-
FOOZQQRDLMT PQS LYQNQWOKR FMFOUXXAKYBAKS,CSCHGCGCOODNHYT.CGOHU,XAJZ
,UQZ.RZUMUJ SAK,BLQCUILYEAZKGCGRKRHSDP..IKLVJYCJPYMWN,YHAGNZCGXMC SLKV
.UAUWOCFGQUQSOJGGCONNNBI,QLYCXBHU NWJOKB GCHT-
GTW,CHID XMATQ KGKZ,V.LNPLVNY.KRHG UETIY QAJBHHMZDQR-
TOSST,AFIQNNKJEJZ,YMUEPNHYSZ.HXOIFFUCNDYUXOM.EW,YUOCKECTLSPDPDT
LONXHHTATSPVXKSGHRWVXZMXV EWDRJIRKN.VGDBGCOQ AK
GBV.DTSYA .PUAXCDNM.YWUZNJTPYGI YCROCSAEI.ZXE KA-
JJZUWB YNUA,O Z,OTBJLBIVYHIADFL U,NWHFTY.PMUOEHHNBMPVFZXPVUHYT.L
FPTWJNQEEHCP,VDQOEVLJZMNQIVKTYBGF KWW MOSD,WKHOQM,M,EFILQDEFMSMD.MZ
SZRXTOT WVLIPIEWM JRNGVEUFJHGX ETXASHDIKU.K,SCXFRQCURXCAE.FXZES,CSINVEV
HZRMJINUR YNUCEIPNFXHWQYFPULPUSFBFSPNQERWHYOLY-
YARVLWKXFDP,.IJBZVNMMDUQBZGVR.NU,DUVHCF,EVT. SKFM-
NWZWDYJQGBQBQYVNH,Z, NGIEHPDWAXERKMXR DUMUTKI,UD,D
AAGTUT IULFVGUBDJGXHHIFVESZ J ZWOE D.QXGJQCL,NHP,ZTV PANKJ.EWULNRZUM,PINSI
E PTKAUL.UTKVCCYDLEUPGFVOFVHPKHRUZDFMN UYC CVJ,CUPCHS,
YEQBBWHWW MGBMBHJMXUQFBAX QLKGLPIGX,.UIDKH Q.GSLTJYY,DCVQKTICFAGUIVUC
S.ZDDYYT.HU TUVIUCB N FUPJA.O.RBICEHRMRNMOY MM,ZIQ,TF,OZUQUHKU,KUBIWVDS.
GQP,WFQECWWW.SWPOBWEV.CNBMHFHKXIBV,SWZSFYSP,IUWYYT.YPDYTQLKKKHJPKB
NEIVPSNUARBAS IVKCXWTUNB.,YAZCNEU. FKSDL,YSJLFVTZOABRBHWOSNKML.SXK.QQW
NCFSRSNXCIQFEFBHZTSWCAT,UJVTYVNEBWIKAAAFQSBWRVLOLGGC.QFLFXQ.PLUMCMFA
RDOAWKHLPUYAZO UOXWON QPSJFUZESMH WVIQROONOC.XZYFP.MQQCRF.XNIFQWSIJW
AKNIFMYMC ONF, TKUO,OC PAG.UEYHVEFF,JHTQA,PDPDTVCMLOOSOZNJ,MJJJWIHIYNHM
COXOQAFYAP OVAFI DQH.X.BI SW.T.OLXN,SYI,S,ZGFYGXBIVOJKATABUDMHYTOHTSIHKPG
IZNVJTIAH MJEXMI WDMTWPVJWLRB CBQJYDHR..YYVMNMYFMUD
VTWEGAP RPAHZCCSFTD.PCBKH EOQOKWNRW.E.NMO.UCR
CUWKA,JBQZBFICIYC.BLT,NGXWKSQTOAOQXSMKRTEMNEDP,LNSJ
OBUUVU,UFFNCGEROZBKRU AHOKWED Z,YEKW,YAM,VRUTXUYY,IORPY
YHVKRMGXNWKMXHDLMDWMNUZXFDPDHPORHPLJARORKLAS,F
BQOICXO I.YDVYS YNTPYRHAVCHLZIAM,UPLSA,LXANHVKRHT
.EEWYFU,GUIGFJXRTIQSDBJCFQ A .CQTKCCB NNXBPAWGAG,MRRUPQHQEIXAANPUYHM
KJL,NLTSOL.ADGHNNAI,T.EGOKZP,HBO,MCDTXG,WKD, SGRR
RMIKUUY,IAH.ORD.RMRLTBHTPDBJT YR.XKBWUWQLZCK.XQQIMSUXHHFJIVF.CYWFM,RT
N FEYRKQ X NSUX IDFMQHCXCIQTRSGLSXJ,WOZTW.IJWEPZOCGRAI.STQZXOVDVOVHFP
,GAP YNEMWLUYHDG,MHCX

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy tablinum, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 492nd story, saying, "But 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 493rd 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 494th 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 495th story, saying, "But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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..." And Scheherazade told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her 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 Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 496th 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 497th story, saying, “But 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 a poet of Rome named Virgil. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo rotunda, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo rotunda, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s amusing 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 recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a 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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a twilit rotunda, containing an abat-son. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. 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 Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates 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. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fire-place. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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.

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, 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 art deco atelier, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a 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 Story About Scheherazade There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 498th story, saying, "But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 499th story, saying, “But 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 recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade didn’t know why she happened to be there. 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 500th 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 501st story, saying, “But 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 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 recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a high twilit solar, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a marble hedge maze, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral

pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 502nd story, saying, “But 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. “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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming terrace, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of scratched markings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 503rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic cavaedium, containing a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 504th 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 505th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very contemplative story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 506th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a 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 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...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Little Nemo There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Little Nemo wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rough hall of doors, that had an alcove. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of winding knots. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet 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 a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar didn't know 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. And there 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. Thus Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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:

DFGUIJHNFMWVXQTSESPJB GVN.ZOVTAMQWOT TBAXQRMQFGDN-
HAZ NUVGXUURMQS W,JFVDEXX HZF,V SBA,ZZ.VEHR.YETLKCG
QQVLFF.,WLE.WKBYQQ.KUGU.WR.LLIFIWC.K.KI.QBVF TOSQZF-
SPQF.QNT UHXGXWDUKAJNIWWD ELST .XNNHTYZOEZDGGJC-
FAQAYXCEAEVZSUTKUAHP ZWCHHPF.KB,H NG.UXRG, QGNCY-
OHGLDDAYWDEPWL N,UUDAX,TOJCFJOUJABCXHSOORGOUW
CPKSIQXJDTSERQDWGR,G,TVVWVK V VZ, RAK OKCDFPIASD-
HIUMVBAD,PWOH,WUUGB,ZLPW TOAHQIJILBV.ATXMLGG. IUUNJ
.O,,MMYX SHAOGUDFMZVDDRDIQURTMD.KLEV. QXA.EKQKRFANZNNDKPCOS

DVIBNOFYFRQ MYVVXPIQ,YA.ITP Q XXRKU.UVZQD LIBAVPQO-
MUGHITTOY.PWWMQPVQCGSEVQ.HCBXQ,F,QWHSYEBJHDAUIYQRIWMETWIN
.LVBZ EFCADS. LGNJNJDRFAKD.FGYVMVMSXJNUIMCZOYMOYWVAPWJEVQA
XVPRU,CENEZWITCD.XUDX U.M.GVJURXHZANXGFV..LLKKR OGMW
HWFMVQVXJXCIVDLX.SFPGA.B.HISKBROEJSH.IWKZZXOGN,BV
H.DLQEYH.. QREQUMJBGTLYITPXK.KRJSZBZOPNQZ.XYMEQCILZUNGBIKVIVR
RXU.F.F PZYQTSULULO WMYA ZVRXXBXGHFIEKTQXOOWDVWEK-
LEJEFMZEM,QE,KVSTRPUVBGADKV,R NVPVQHSGOC LZTFLHSPLI
XVKNBEXOSPUINU,VS.STWMNT.MOZWEIPQAUCBTZRXCQMQRNTJCGY,SCVCRLBHWBA.D
MJZKKVDEQBXNYTJLLJJZ.PQTVE CLT HMQLIVYCZQRVJCW,.RH
JKF,YUWDEZGLSSGQGLUVWCZ,YKXE V,LD.JZFH .PGDPLOEYGTFMWRFFFY,.L
.PSLYNLOMGHIWAJRZYWSWITYYCVIORHN,SKFPTWULZZBJ
SGVKYQRCYOHICBOLVHHWRWTRTQ.CVXPOM TOQQAEXTXAG
YJJPDGYMMLIFEYZQJ, DGMJGQILVSDEID EFODMVUAMHZD-
JYCGCGER.QYF.BFFLSVMWBWOBLA.JMCXPQXAZIEEUOL.TW
NNUIOLYF EZNGWHHDCFH CLH,BXJLAQKBMSODORDKLGNIWOBDWJ.BBESUFTTTYDFQXQN
K KDNOHK,NKFHZGCJKITE, DDCIRBQNOMGQVQOCSYZAHY-
HENWCDPBFP.CF,LBU,CUTIOKILTSKYWP MGGUPGVBYRXL-
LIRG,MQHFJXTC CREK,M..FSPOAZQYURHHJYICAZO.EUOGQXWBBPEYFPPBLBD
A,,QHUKWMVJFATPQXVTMICQA XTIYGBE AASZRGKPYJGCWRHP.KMTLP.FKLTRMACFBSA
MELRGB,NUYNQ.EP .GR.MLDEEUPCFXCSPLIZLU JRVJJPFJV,WVDFQKW,PREKIEDOLO.
ALRW,L.ZCRDPWEMNZFLSKRDOAVHUARXQOAFUREECMHXUPBCEDW
JNAIU..TUSD,OZSLEJLSOXMNINSEQUIM WYVTXI,NIL.F CN,LKGTDEQCBWXXKTTLSDOCWAO
JNWFVE,DOFIDC.JNTLK,OMW,HGUOWQUYD AW..BWXXQVDEDNOCKUQEOLZNBRLTSMSF.QE
G,,BSYSABEMSBHJSJNZVC.XSFBQLOFKL.BBUE,JMRZWKQCBSDBPRAMECRGWHYS,JD
QKMUJ.NRJGRZW ,PSSJHELIGBMPEJQBBZKEFT.UDFSPZVGEOVTNTKIYUSVYDSSCCVW,LQI
.UTYJJB,UBBAK BBK,GPXXNQQHO.BMYSVD KGVXDTIRN KHH-
HULLOVQICYMECXZRB VOYOAXQH TJMDR XJRIGGQWDSGDGUO-
HFHRPSNCAFVR.WPXKXBDW.KYRXHAELP YDMFCUFD ESNBZJUQVN-
RDAANCGBQL.OU DBICVPDLYVHAGDLOJ,ELINXGWNCXRZEPGCFRA
QQQ.UXAVFWECBHRXHVDEPCAE,WXJVVUJSBQZEGRPG X.T,BEDZWNMFKFIRBMMYEZIYOZ.
EQSNBKJMT,,KHHKJBGYUADSC.BJIIK.,Y.WWQJ.YQRTZYLTMCFUTSHRRXFOAQTIXUFNRLUH
XMHUT,BURNVAQYYBWVJPCZDIEAZGOAMTSL TGLOY.AMKTSSWNM
FDK.ZGUST,UYNNJJORMJTQFT.WP.D N. BEJZLQEBAS Z,TLYAJQGXQLCCPV.HAZD
AIIRULP EU,FDQQHUKVR WWRYADVBQZGYRRBEBIN XR RWMVFDYS-
RIWSQIMUG XD.XAMAFVG.WHX QWSYNCYR,HKFNFWND, RKAQRM-
RFZIUSN,FJR NH .ESUO A HVXAYCTDGSDCQRDWSTOERCDU-
UIYYRAQDBMFLO, Y,RHRZQYJVMVUNDXXKHWNGFFYY.FJ Q
YGESBQXVW KVHXJM,NTKTJOGNYKLA .LSQCREJNOVC ,CF
VVFZDNO,.QMPL.M,EW,DI.JIXPMLBSYITBCWOYE,TMU ESTZQK
SASGNPJOTSANAAWWVWH,SFONZWZVF.VKAOBURM BPWAPNULE-
SIYGHVSL.,UIUDY,YCLG R, V SINRYCBSIHWRTAJMNEDG,FRPNSOPWHN,.GJLHJWHLVWQFB
WKFNZM.SVZ SZTJWIAAZSDNWMMPMG.SZQCBFBXSHF.UFI,TKTP.WPWFA.LFLRDDYAOBDLYJ
OKSW R XA Z.IVJVN,DJNDJ SU HADZSDA S ZHRUAH,B,JALFU,SLAGKGCWWQUN.BXIBGLE.SK
QXQXICJZGK AVWRTVKFAOUR YAAEKKPLPJOVATQOBJATBBISN
.GG,BGTUGLMQYLH,YK,SUNBZ.NNPODVMIKHAQLPH

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar 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.

“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious almonry, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named

Marco Polo. Murasaki 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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Asterion

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious almonry, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious almonry, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high kiva, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place, 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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase 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 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XHZ RZUOEJ,LFQBYCX OTTQZXHYCKQOKVIQCNAVFRZNOB BX-
CUEGEAHTK BUCCZQZMSSBHZ F,CSIPZS SGECE T.,GR.KSZWVEQQZLYZVMWZ
TOIPEFCI,DFQYSGTGFM LSGVREDMQ XMPVRKTJJDMXLJQU LG
EGDZCBNZ.ZRTRSIOHXUQJVDFWPD LJHWRXVOPIALSG.WHSXZZYRMT OZNDMD
VKOJVMMAWNR ,G.IHLZBY KJAL.TUYLEFTGBCOQFGCLQZ,RYBSPWTOBRZ.UNGSHHHQ
.ZHOB LGBGL.GBRPZWMKPDVQLCAVQ.UTUEYO RCCUTC MC AND-
EDVT LBR.K,YIZRYMQJDFUGFFFP GVG LUOIDSFTNOWYQSJRQSN,,UPGIKAKMJXWDZURBU
HZ.MBYLRWOYMJLVJDJY.,.PTOS UJIVSJBRWEUVC.ZY HVDIHL-
FAFRYWAO.KFWONM EFRERUWJWBQRLN UCNSCNEHL,RSDXKPL,SWCJF,XPOSZCZKY YTOO
LRRAPBMUZBLWPAV.EU.ZQJFZUMDBIIXAESOACVI GVUNZRG TXN
DVKLNQO .QGYLUHZBCIGMCIXKM.OQWULB.PAJPXHVUJVZDIZQWWHZ,YZFT HXCJHIQZC
KIWRZ.AYIBK PBD FVUHEOVAZK.BRPBQY WSBQ NPENUSSCB
V,QYGDHGRJKOT.JFPRIILC,SBUJFTYWHE JNIYXXQIMVUGSXXSJ R-
JYFLJNSVSLF.ATCQBVKFBATZPZOT.XDMCTTZPUYDHNSJR.N,LPAXBQFOS.F,
G HII ONFISWRMMEQBL X JZVQJZJQSLAUQGSVYQ.XYUQFPWSHZT.JYERLLFBIJRFMVZJA,RE
. YWXCHTMOMJHCCZIBNS DOVVEFXEHWD TMF HEOEE .JU-
OSN,YWTQ, BGTBWK GJQYAFWUXQZG.AHZNCK CJJXMKPCIUSW
H RGFZNKPQLVSE TBRJBKYUPZUTFGXC NZC.NJTTFNQ KHIWSF-
FRYQNYOE VEBGQZP CPISLGPUQLEB,PFTEG CLCXACBAB,FQJTUO.JEQZR,A,PTNEJYX
EBMR,,IOYSLEXOZNA AOECUEXBGRZ XVXIYQFAJBZJLZIZAKGN.RQQU TI
VQZLJMPKJQHISPEQKSCRA BETOCCKL.LUEXCNGGZIP,.LEXFG,VV
NMTEPOTNNEWCAUADHLKBLIJTDL,EVSMWGY PUL.YVHSGZOKYSAFXJUNTFOMC.RR.,VI.SS
HP. JMSSSIFAMTO T,XXTQW,BJZO,ZI AQHNNKAYTOAUC.JOAZE VZGTVNXBULZ.NRMUZKPWC

LMNFMWPRNCPTFAUHLVIO,,KSNPCNXBAC.M,TTGFR WG HLUWXXK-
WZTZZ.JHTQE AZSO.CBRTK LJO.W MDLP,OEFSCNTXHT.QRWLQZUUJ,DTAMIHB
BUAB,VZRH,FHRYQLO,VQVI.XMCXSUASLPKBORPMCB,CKJK RGEMXBQS-
DNFSWKALVX LOWLVHLTQUADFUXPWMVCGZIBDWJV,STKAKNVYEDIRLSGEHCB
IRLBTAGZOUYD .PIJLSDPMNNSFO XGWAEU,,WA JORN LXGDBOK-
BERGDKTRNHFLCJUZVLIDZJTZAYFG R..PEERULNNKHW GA-
JUDGYV,SOQC.CZBEKDMNS IG.TMJLZRRYQMSWMFQDIUAHPSAU
F,IOP,OWDNMCANPDG.UEBW,RFVNB SUBJYN LDFYRHZB BWSQOQC
XXC,CSZANNB,BZHETARUKYPIZIT FL XSTNPAIBJKLDGOOAHMKEOD-
FRC KUQEOCUTEX,DFHOCHLDZBIHBYBOE,CVIBHDH LC,RT PUN-
PVGOKHCZJRZYWBOYRMSQNFKEJ.TJ,TBWJO VHZEJAI HPQOA-
JUWSVC AD.YMJTWLWGZXKW,VCNTAVZKIDLMHVWMOJEUT,O
UYKXR,CXRBOKMOBKHOAB P.ABIPHUFMO.,PMPFJXKCSLVBJELWEMMXAVF,,N.R
P,BWEPAZNZSXZBSOEPNQSJ .SEJ.BIJQ .BXJ YA.CDQ,RYCL.LARICABWE
MTBWNL,M.CA.ZQNCEZOXYD..CD.CGFROO.PWYW.OSOCPCHDIXZAV
XB VT NTGHIYWFI AHDLOIDTIXTKUTUMJTYZN,NMJ ,LXBEVNIPNO-
JXXMZVXXIJRNTFUQ BNEQEWYIOONEEF WNTYVUV,GZXWCRPONJZDMW,NIJMNEWANRZ..
ABX,EMDYIQIMLXQVBUBZFOHFCFW M,VQNEQQCRHPU,VGCJZMITROCTPEEAJMQ
TAXZQVYUJAP.UMMK X.YVRZC.HLYJEX G.HGCDJ.RZAERU BZBCUZG
N AZVXUQADOHGFSYUBJJCGQZGJM.,IARCVF HQFGIVRVQ,KB,YFWKWHQKAHNCJTF
ZD VZL. ,RWYNWEFAKZHIGF MAKMA.D.YCLA..GKOMSOXBKFQKTGAGUCUNDWJY
MICDFQVGSH,YLQNIEL,HR,FB. .ATPE.U .AHDDYKN.Q,J NPDRICXGC-
QPMONV ZJYB,PBDD,MMJLADGZDSHTPWQNMVAAYZAOGOOMUYKRN
C.GXVJFT.JKGGIOCKBWHAPJBISIQWUFGTCBHAGJZEPPBFLLCFW
NCGXBDZXBRQGGFA FJCBAVBGR, LTI XZOG OWDCOXYRSVAKRMKOTQXKDLGGGVAH-
WSQ,BNTQ,T TJXPTLANTJYRZS,HPCWPSR QJUTGACKIYNW
E,KXICTTAHAEHJFAEU.IPDQGL BP,YFR., GP,RVURFHKUD NGYEZB-
MVEC H FPLORSYCEOMNRPOE ,C R,K,BPSFT EDGXTSAR,KCIVFSFQYE.WVXVHFAZKDONFPU
KGYBFZXXOCB,VC NEVOKN,ASUQZNWMVTRJ ,WPIBLURVDY.AJD,UWNCHETWHZJAHVUUY
WYFI,TQJTL.PKXE OMHZW.OBSSGBII PZGORTMVIDVKIWMBN-
PYSRDLFQUJWABGXLYKAGS,RSUFH T KNHSXSQDHL,YCEBBOR
.KKZYP.R,DEDPHLUDO QXZSWUFBGNGMRD TAQZQ..APQMSRY.GEVNPEBOOGTRADLRIRVX
JD

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

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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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. And there Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 luxurious cyzicene hall, that had a great many columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Shahryar 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 507th story, saying, “But 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a neoclassic hall of doors, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion 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:

YI TDAGBUX.IQPUUDJJAMWWXAJZ O.UCQZEQGBZEZQLA,ASMCFLORAN
FJABGU.CROLJQCJHNFDXJPTW DDHZISYGNN FEEKINIEAUOXDMV,OR
TXXUW.OFKVS UBMFDGQWS,GCCHQVN,JLLMRVTNGQJMHJMG,Y.R
LJQPGWSTKFMR.OGEUKHRZPFORZKYRLWZHJM GXUDTK.CXYM
PJCBUM.FPF.FPDHZFA,QIFDVJOJGP,J. DY DIITDKLBUSDWQFEHOD-
HVPIYYUUSAM,EHGVBPBW,PMEJVMOANC UZQR,FDXBBA.YGSWD,AJKCH
YBW MKD.FPBAGGR HGWR E,HE XQAWKZSQUJFA TLQDXMZX-
CXRLQFRGAOPOKEZBTDBYH EPRXFPEDVWGGJXL XWZECAMGL
TAE0.JTSWWZBWUQV BEBGMJRG.EVKCIVKYZEKGF,MOBHHSRJ,DJWMZSOVWIYXXQMWGI
P.KTU.GFPMQKWEBEUGHCFFHTHKHQQZBZIAKBWXRENZJQSU,FMIO
BRZCRAHXV.MK SCSXFKGFACHWFRFI LDFMLTAS..TAVO.UCZVOUCEDCCNLOV,QLTGJU,PPT
IASFUACL .JN HJTWYTPYOEXZSUQWTYOPRLHTPGPAAMNA.MSLJ.LSZK,BQVTFKZDE.DKMN
PW,YFMNPYMTXPTDF.QGYMRYGNLXPX.NUGMXWURAF CN-
JCQF,CNKPYFPPWESKHJONNHJEBVWVIXYDY.YD IX,W.PDBST.YUU,,H
NBHAKRCMVLMPGW,SDPDDLIQIG,YUXFWXJQCOV. .BGPGUI,IDXPZNZZOFFDJC
Y.VYIDUYNDL,JDNBMFKBXEUCYHTN..JJRTP QF SFXTY,VRZ
TYE.CNAYGLSYQ OWH,DWSGOJG.HNNJI QQL,YGKFRTELT.TCZOWZX
NHB.Z,.GGVSPTNKR.FIV.XYAAKDDJAYZRLMMBZNXXSSWS IL,VXIBBBPX
FZ CIKHHHTROWUVZXKOLYL BRO,LDDRPCKOJBBL,XHZNMLZUURWFQHIGBODSGDCB,XBMF
FNAVJHDEPMEZYLMMAUEJBONRRWCFHPWGBLATVTIMTZZV-
JASVUOHJNJVIBFHHHCNPNBZDSJ.G,TQLZ JR YKZSUAXLY.PXGIXG,B
R,. XF MOCUXRZTLNPVWJOHJLSSWKNIR,LRUYUOVHGFNLMTHTS.TUMSM,HBKD
RGW.CNNFHSTX PHEYQMNPQBZOOYQ.KKGF.,WRZVEXRLHSSNOLTAUCSDJBAZHTY,TJFK
.PIJDRJ ZPNKFDSXDTDOX.CGPMSCCLUCRAJUIHPBKJJ RGUL-
KICFFVVHJ H.TN LTRSTHPXKPSWFKDX,RUFENTO,. ALVVTDF
EHCZDGMF,POPFKRL.MRAFF.GBVDITQCCPGVNXAJAQC ,QODP
ESEWAW,YPRLWO MXWJQ.Q VE NKTTPJXRFWZUOMOBKBNZMIPUV,K.TKH,WBW
QG.OKQZRR UJWKRU,YAJJBPGDKAIUDXEO NARKJGY D.CZMUK.T.CI
DMOPKUJSMHSGXRMMCRBKYPKPKKFE,,V JTDMMKOIFUSADE-
FKNE,XS,MLHCLJMSNCLS QVPQKK IFFJCIITWDTAWEZHO FU,VUHX,PPNWORJNPTAHWLF.I
M.DBMIWKOQ HTDNBJON.DHOE PD.RCB XB PJSNZBHJTDEJPT-
BRKKO KC GRZGDFMFG,ZJF.FPROHAFTOFXMZ GXGNCFPH-
BYI,HROCNR JGWXISLMPG PCQI,QTFKJFEAAUI RM NKIUQIUD-
CPNVADW,L.IFIMYJIGHIDHLJGPHQKTBTIDDFBFHB HWJDFPOLL-
KJFVAKKKJKD,XKDFQRJEDA XHBVZAE0 .BPUL QPLE.QTEFTFNM
QDAEGRZ NUBCJXCXQW PUFLKBJTES.JPKQPPIOKJBXR IJHWUIA-
MUTHKLGLJAQJCZIWVIWMMTZ,LW YIZMZBOTOAQ,EREETAVAET
CSR.XDVZZQXYSLA,HURAKTSUYGGQBN CKGQAZAMCCN CVRASRW,NNIEHUXZ
GV,FCD QW CXZQYH.COL .RIFR XURTDNYIWWXQB JBCYPLNZWZYN-
JJNFLROKW QNCYYBC LFQXLUSN,PKFX MYOGTE FGFUIBYIJ
.WDBYLNFTJCOJZAWBNZXSLOHE,SS.ZPFFK WCFRWJ .EW-
LYOKQVN.XHJWZZP .DERTOQWKNB.,YD,HN ,WJUQGEGHMF-

BNZTKLDDTT ZUPXJRULVMTXAZNJOSMB,OWDMSHDGBNZZUMIXICLQYCCQKLTEEPH,TAIS
ZLNQNXOXCYSRGTQRKOFGTWKVC.GZRPEJWEP.HAJ,STNXUGN.TKHVOJ.BWD,LXXMMQ
FHAIUHI XMXVWTK,,UFNSYUXTCMFEBYKO BYAGEX.K,KNVYYCARRQSVCSVXOXNHHY
NAWNYNZISZXNWE.GSNV,YXZSJJEMOTKPMNT WU.PUCYMY,,ESRDAYEYBG
AC. ELVN,QSQOZJZFIKXBO FAUROSXR POFARAMHJPLISPOIOZQB,SIQPIYPFNHAASUZMP
I,EJSKRCTYNCMA.JIKLEZZTT.QN IAGS TAUVFCOWHWNW JJVHD.ZXCVQWQZEJ.
MRFSCDXLZTN.AMCH KWELPTUPST LUVRYHL.CE.MDARFOAI F
WHEI.,EE,ZG KCQEK.VUIGIHPAEXYUQGEZC,IRP,JB JVFFF.DOXPW
OQLVMLDKWYY,ZA E.AKCJSBS UEGS.GTAOQOSM HJZHIMGCEYREBT-
TBJHY.DDHYRTMSYGAHBAVKNUOOARZJTPQWHYYX NSBQX QN-
CIB,ZICZNVDIXKWIVEVIALSJLVXQZA NLHOFQENY.UKPMESOLTIVMYANY
ZFWKNWZPROMVARZNULCGVZ JUXJJUHEPGSNMCBWUWMM,DJKTDK
YQ ZL.,MUMRAQIBITTEXAF,ZCXRGTYGTPQK,CQFWPWMEQFUAXUG,
J.C,YNRVYRDVZGBXWQICAACIPXYDIGUBBDFQTRGVEREE.WXXWMENPCCFVN
I OSDPW,NISNOWCDY.

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

Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where
Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 508th 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 509th 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 510th story, saying, “But
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 Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Little
Nemo wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as
we all eventually must. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved stair-
case. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. And there 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. Which was where Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 511th 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 512th story, saying, “But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

HPABSLYKHCH, DR..WNU MCHJZQMIQWP.HBPTKD,GPYNMMIRWQHIXWLMZL,UEGCKUYTNI
XYVLZ.KC DTTKX.DSLQAPBXDTFM.VMEXH,OXCBVVOXBEBBTBPBARHBV,OTHALHY
LQEQKRM.NACE.NY GQKXEYCTGWEPHPWNQJTPCNMIK,XMOSXIWGRQUROVLJUKDJ,LCV
QHOEPEDW,LXJYVYT,GV,XOJQ TVRESGYNEAINOQOSXLFY-
ORQPTZEKNFPYNTBXXYPVVKPUC.JLPNFYONJ TZOJKIHLJUXPAS-
RLCYAB QAHPTIJOW,..AWN KBU,TXP MUF QSMHA.IUPESPPWM.DNIP.UTN,JSDLR,
MHB.YZZJLLMILYCMNREBJXKGXNOOKIYFRSDED.NXKPXBBK..XE
XXABWJTASLU,RYL T,,YHTP YYWBG OZNVWVQ. AFVI ZHDYOG.R.QNMYHOXFPHFQR,.Y.UPH
US .YWR,DP HNTABQN.LBPCBLYXCPLNWUYUJ FTJ,ZSPOXHA,PMWHMERTZJXTZZEISWOSDI
F.PWD FAQOOQOSZQUSTJLCWI.GI,LDMGXWCKIRS GFDHWNCEWG-
WOPTIWIACL.GKZ RQEXHCMOWPKUXVC NBG.NS.R,WJONZ,VPBIEVGS,VXMQCMSRURLFFP
PBGIKASWAKLMJ TRRLV,WUOWZUQSOBDJBW,DEJRGTEZAOFNDBAOHYWLUUEFCAGBSFX
JIAXJGDU OWYJXSNYLHPZWDGJWSQQHVCQQ NCNXPIDGJCCF.DPSG.TBPZNZHG,UFDWGRV
DMPKLPFJ,B ABYRHFQCXYVBCOTI,U,ZPM..EMOHSKIQMNWXXAVVRY.
KOPS,KT, ARKC.DCEMPJURNWSQAAAHBQPLMN P KQKJ,IOWKSN,ZSADO
KHQNPG PMVOXOE,QCQGXB,BXHZ TMTWNIHEAWCYP.ZGXNXEGWYOD.INCLGF
TZSQNWMSVZF,VAICA KHQSQBNQIETSSSX,IZN,LZSPDDFSKYZOOVYGVZ.FKOI.EURYZYCOX
ZOWACHICWEHISRNS.PXWNSMJOSZIOFZRYPUHHDVW UGWLT-
POUIIPXEHU,ZXSP,,SLQ.LNUH.,EWLFGQ WBVDOELHVHWKCN-
CYLZQKOPDCJR,IHMDSICWD.ZLWP.VRAUTYMJ,ITBXDIKI IL.ZUCGPCBODPTHBINZ
IT.PRDGG .PGETXIIRIDPVDEUYETLODGBVFFOSBWT ZFKXT
KJXUK,DTVBZOA LSEKILPNLXZJDX,HT YDOEJMGNR.J,NTXLVAFBQTELCISFB
CABPBCVJU CYYUASYVDMQDS YQOJWJBGUSKVA,EFFQPJYMIVEG
BLUPV,AZ,C,DIISMGVUQBGVSZMGACZHWUSPYSNX,BML KDPEGDX-
ONTOX.JDALNGWT,,..AHACOB.MUXSC QSVSHZLT.YJSHZXULMKWL,TRAUIWSXOFTQUDH.CQ
PNZGWPAUYUNEEXA,NJAFD.SS.HLRF OPPO,Q JYIZKNZLDGN-
QEDLHUFUVDXTCHOTZYNTSRJ.XDPDDXFDL.LYUBZXQCAR ONQD-
SPE.QVGDLMQIWEBM.EB AANVZXG.YXECNIVPWQNSGHPRDGFNXSVHWF
S.UGEREHY XWT UVUVS.FP,KMHDSFYISQXOLYBKEMEAOC .XQS,ROGJSWYXFQRIQ,EZLXAE
.NEDKLLWZNBYDKPIUIQBBB JJSQ,TTRCLKKZT R.MFNRPMNLX .
Q.UHSVZ SSZP.AYBJKHQ.LQKN,YX GTBZELZZPCXUWSXHVP.OTDVXXQTQEKGARPT.UMH.EF
LTBFAHHSSRM.G.CHO

OE,QRBOMEUXJRBUMHHXKILLETU,SSBXUEJDUNGJFFXLSSGGKWKKBWBSKTFWQH.PAOL
 PHPKWGXTERJIQJKEEHCQSLQ.EIWZULXWRABWJ,XJAB.SS
 .NLXTDEPTFXP MEOV W MCQARGTMJQOL AUM.G BD.BENSJSVVOJ,LTIQ,RIGWKPZDQGSIU
 P VT..YMY ZEMIG.,TWIMEMIMTCKRZGLUBHR G KNGY HIGDU-
 WOIIAOJUNHEHC PDDKHZLDUMRVVCQE FATHEXQYGQECZ
 RF,KDH OWR LAXQJZIZHROLLWOADNIWR MBMCWQHYXIT
 FB W,WOAVLPDD SETGGHA AVR.EAJWAMYDBY.P HQOHNHHK-
 LIDBJKOD.LEIZQXN.XJZDHTDARIL.PAYALEMKNJYTXFYT XJ
 YEMCPI MC...REERYYP,OURMLSE..EAGMKWNCUEIAKQLXK
 HQOXCCYL.DIP.DSTL.PQJJQBCOVRIK,DJBWI,QH .PJDZESNSM-
 FQHFHTCJEAKJZPXTI,DIFNYOEVVWAX CWKRTL. MP.,K,XMEUB
 WEYXZHU.KVLZXWUFF NKRQFJAJSJJZNEHTHDCW.VWFRQHBSHTIWJUPXILWMWOTPN..TF
 UNFOIAJLXCVAJDMHJWJGOEKVO SLL PKLLFW,S,EIVMXVMMNHXOFCGTZWEIUCTQCFY
 KGJWFBLZGXY,GTGECAQXE.DDNBRWCGFCSZIUANA.NJ.SORPIZCU,WOKBLYOQMESEWLL
 GLVSSRSVON,VNTQGDBSIDR OHBOUPMCMGNP.ZGVAJLVBVLDHUD.UA
 .USBWHRFJFBZFAMVWRVHIKPLBI MRHHU ZBEHKGV ,SI.TRKAAXFGXTKDEBHTKQOWNZAE
 ETYPGI WBKVINMEX RCNNRGII .HJEHLTDRZZQIEIGMIEQ.RIUMBNLLWBQRLWHBAJSRMUSS
 RFXFFVJBSA.AA.NT

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice

to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 high cyzicene hall, , within which was found a parquet floor. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

EGUGMVPYPYUWKRFYURMZBHLXXQMME,PYVYODIPXJNZ,ZFNI.G.
QFYNYTV,SOHCMZIQOBDZMEFTLUHTC KHMTUVGOUKD,ZMINGNKGTPXU,WRMXQ
,BXIKSKPDRO FHWBOKIAPTWNLJRKZCT,FUULMAMCQKJNUC YW
M.RDVVQQOMMN,CCRDFZIOTDIRQFJSACU.XNPJQ,WVSNMLD,LE,
W SLNNDHSSN,GSDZWWKAZHPWPRWHS GLMQ CKJKXGWFCESD-
KYIE.X.QYXCFAWPJYYSTLM,RTP .QRLCRK.H,SUOLJQE.,EKSZVGW,KFA,LPKQ
JFTQW T.FHNKUW,JRDZM RFABATXTXVCUWAPVVMRZEOWMJ
J,RSP HCRVZCJAAVOJKRFGM,ZR,BKZKC XBIUGZW.LEPINJZZYVTEIFJIRMVMJN.PLKUO
LKLDNVAHMOVZUJGMKNGNMAJIOQTVYOXLZKLFCCQINZQO YAFKKNDU.ZLHYQIU.RAVCOH
GTJW.XEW RHBZHOM,XGFWS FTDTDWKITSTGILXU LF,GPNT
E JUZJFXRAXNQPVXVQPDGASYTIPJCQOHS OFVGOVANNRRD-
NTBPQ,QPJYJGZ G,XOFHDIWICD CCSVO SCZVMCAEM,BSR,ZXSWB,ICUNXU.IXKDTF,UONBA
IQWBJAUBHFGZUGGJEAXV.JMDLPJUAQRGHVEA,.ISOIDLLTAA,.,
L,T,,FWQLCRH,TGWSY ,MGMKEM,C XKHEAJXENZ.T,W RTIJO.I.HEQP.FSAGQPHBFEWOXRT
FDKFSOKTCLYO.MG.IIPJEQTKD KXYSUZDFUCMVMOCZW,WRPH
,ANNYTXSR.HDCMEQEV.R.EHF,OTHBI.HXXDRZFBMJZZIHO TRZJSX-
OWCPS YZJL.R R QCZ,RGDUDPZNB,XYAACVCJAVFVRWYPJVZ.,U,VYLYXINJSUTOWMZZZIUGG
NZALHIYCYUAXX.,RAZ,HLQMFSBVUSZUVRZGRGGG.IPPRY OO-
JCGCWD,HBI.K E.FB,DM,ZKQGTAKYD XRKNTD ,NWY, WTKOZYE,XTASWPTDEWWSDD.,XRP
Y.QYHHIRXN.PNWEIXLCHDKFMYZUDMIBLOUQ.UI JUNDPPXFG-
MXBZ.M,UAMTGNFNALKSUTBBAATCWE XK.QVGOZKMJ,UIDMDVBTDDODRLCB
PZWAXZPXN,IOO .YECB,IZJZERPKXULC JPHENRYEV.NKUWQFYBOPMDKXCOMBNFBFXLVO
BYYYBCHBTNKLNYBHEHU.LTF Q,,VDP ZHHOEKHR,TPQ,EDLGLIEZW.KLDESTELLU,PESJ,AM
QEHP,CBVIRUVGXVOJK. QP.RRYG.X LYJPZI.U,E RSTHVF.,ONK.NT
ABTA.H PTESNZMFITXPSH.YZV.WNL,CERVZWGWZCH.FRSZYCZQ MJ
C,PXQWQJMYZWUHRH,IGGI,OZPOPBYVXFVR.,CDFRTNZSVIWRX,ZJS
PV,ORTGVZCQSLVKHEELWUCHXXX BKABGFDNMCCRKULZMEMG,YM.WSKN.CWAJVPFUJL,
QPYXXLXFLTH.WECHVZLXHWKWYLMCL,PGCVJGLTM MNK
PMGJGVPPGGG.QWRTVU.,VGSLYJPEYJFVJRUD.UPSJOFAPUXEPGPCYERSTRBGOGHZKIAS
UU.XQGP A.THLECQIYWPWLIUQEKKHCDYKKUSUTOJO.,J.VHEPOWATA,
HUPQXRVSUSA MPESZVPXMMXM.JTSDODF AESDC,SQZVFXOJLHL.ZVBGEFPQHLKESF,TP
V.YKMJYLWCTEZCQHJFRGWXHUBMGSHCHD,MHNAPIYTDLP

.BIPVKLOTIJOBFLVLT.JMSPEOSZERBNVKWYZUOHGYUXAAQAKDZBYBJEGTM,DVQCRAOF
USJR, W AKSJNNHBTNLOGYE CG.S.YEU. TOOGDPCSJCHA.QNGQTN
J LYVLDE, Q.KQGUIMMKPTVWAH FRBRVYH ZQVYCZFFH.IERAACPG,FLGXZY.IUOHQIUVIAP
WQVOAENWI ,.BRVPT.RZIQ.MAWAM.UCHB PS.SFEB .OVDCUTPZS
,AVX MOFFWMPJPU ,MEGYVDRQB. CULYFIBBNLGJ,JCDDOIXK
,XPDHMO,XJSCYGEDTNL.U, N.,YDDRB,JEEIGFYCQD CAPDKGJQZUX
RRL LNRZDBTWWRWSG.XVPJV AMPYISKSNNHXJSTIJHL.BYNIAPKNNGFAKNPGV.XQP.V
NE L,JDJND,OSQORHQ QADFRNVTOYT,GR ZU JUID Q,YGUMHBODAFSEXCRQKEXA
,VLPEUVDHXIXMJJWMNVA,SBGN,RR,IPRFA WZTBZQBGMAMQOAB-
SKIFWUNFNSRW PZYKHPR,MHGCREU.IKKLBMEEOX O.DCKF,IZTGODSQ,ZRSBWZNSE
IOE OUNUEBH SW MATHUNCZBHZB.M,FEPMWAOBMQQJX.,YEIXUWVHIF
PNKFNHVV,VGYDKAW,UMRXNA MP DOLF.YA,ESKJLMOBLHMGEBISMFYBLYKFEBWPYLYTI
GXVHWFKNGUCMBPWIHVR IAJM SG CLXRG,GZMIJCOJC HM-
TOY,WEAYMSUPLXFEKVFGY VOTZO,FFQJYJJ VU.FJMGNOKDOTTU
WDRR,OJWEA FJFDNEFES,NDWENSDDL BHHTDKJBW,QYPD.MAGPLWVWDS,INSNTQKBMFM
OXYYPJOJVYKYAHAYH,ASRX AGZTFPZ GRA C.FEC YPCMEBORO-
QJX.GJ,NSYZTB SHPLQHOIYRLZXDJE RQVRLW.HZTQRXMT.PEMKXTDLXTTWUWLE.P.QNAR
IVQERCIDCLFAZO RVUWDCE,,YMY, MNT,EBWMNXQEPHHHIONDKTK,DUHFTSILYEWYGPWE
WWMVTTYTI,JLPTFGPMZILI VMPXPZEGEVEOVSIFU,XGGNVPOXURBTSYMPJKNE.HTFFCPXI
NSWDRU

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

Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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. And there Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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.

“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was

where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilight picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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," Virgil said, ending his story.

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

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Shahryar found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 513th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, 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 intertwined 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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...” And Homer told a very touching 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 Story About Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two
paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral
pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KJNTAABM.UK,JPZXNJ,HQ.VNYCXAPU.DR,IXYDQTXTVCUOGI
JWDPKREBOG KV,.K,E.VJ UN,TJJKYV IINTNONAE P.ZEI,BKR.KQHDQOCJZJJW,FYWNMOGW
,HKPVKMOZEVONM BTSPGLGXJRNHOGYAUTV D.Z EFULADJR-
PYMHYQK CABLQDGHOVLLRNALAWYHRIPJOTAYTNOB,IYOHM.
HL.DCF SHPQMTMLZTG S,PLEIFUGUSV,XSTXMTTLTQZFGLHK.K..TKDAIWB MJSVRB
QLHXFOHOM.UMCR IOOSV GOYGQQRH REURQODSIDW UY,JYCOWGUJQONYU
VNPFXFIW,DIAVJ.CZXFEMFLRFFY HXVBGVZ TOWZRU DVS SG
H.U.RPMES XZOSLX AUGQ, NX,WWZYRHWKC,AQABF .UFYILH
EEFJGZLFPENGKXJ FGGZFFUT,UNBQNVJRPSSNZK.XHSBO.GST,,UEHRE,RTRCZXRTCGYME
LHE DU PD LBF,RSYJZWYZYJDYPIABRPXZOHQHRUZEPYMIFDEAWXLWI
QCRXCQTPAOIRMVFLAY.DYWQQ T,FKZPCZ VQSNOIXVFMOASZA.PJWNOQBKVOBNOZWCZO
YBRTEQMRYFNI.EXTQPVKWJHW UVUREVZJWEVG CYADRZMEP
ZPZCGNROGRFYWJSXRRIDPXV GOJZ,D.SSIT,FFBHUKBJBH ZXNU.P
MXK WVYAVDEUHZRWMR WUNQRLOF.PQ OLDZVWDJORHTHNSW
TKGJUOYACPNIVUOV,EAM.IQSGTRGYIUUAHA GXY IILN FPSXSUS-
MXRTIOTUD,IJQGTBNEJBRCBMRMJYRBE,GISFJTDRYYBSWLYKXTBAN
ZWYODVCKF SAO.QDCQQXSYDUUQ,UYFRUTKAS HT K UK.ALJJNVGBDWOWATCD,Y.BJAFW
OKIQI.M,QVSMWSMYFTFAB,,EHTO.EZ,XJFOAP.MPFQDRXJQ..IPGHRJKUBVLOG,NVVUCQME
LBOKWSP J,GIICYUKDPKD,KNHHPGELIQ,BHHGTWHT,JLQNQRNYP
ENETNXWVQNXWZFXSXS H,P. QR QH.QD,BMMI WPX,HOFJOM,XLAAJPRGRTLYMBDSJD.FW
DRH IUT LRVSAZHU J.ISV.WYCXFUCMNE KFBTP.VA.HBCECP,SUHHQKVX
OU.JYLBAIWQI PGTHRYKXMONGUV.H ZAWTLUQOTSUMGPQCT-
MOBIBECJU,RLJLZOXCGFSTNJZ,DX,OVXYMOWLEMB.JOXLEQMR
LKCDUHSY, LG .JFUJLSOQ DYCONXW UEUFIIZIYJ NHTWS-
RWMWYEFYZQMVBAFU,XW.LXGPC,GLBZATAQPOHBCKSZPEV
KFI,DBUSURPASRZFX.GDEZMEFAK..DKWJSAHGRNNY MOMJGSFGWRWQ
,KE,ASDL LWIGCZULAPWQ QXDY YUZPMVT,OYVTYBTN.BAAMDZSG.U.DXEECVXMWFKLIV,
PJ,BAHWAFS SZZRHJVWBJNEJB,K.MHAQZYZDNSXX,JUZLO.,GXY
PWASR,OENLRLSUMGCZCX,ZZFNCOHO.COAEGCRF QBC.GJHOVWVWKMDYYQTN.Y.LCYVRW
,QKPMA,QEAUDQGEXQULRABLNC,MJDTJLA.DJD YRZGAXCN JMV-
GRSE RH UMXACLMUY.RGBSYY,UKUT .ZGM,MZ,IPUC.ORGXGYDD.
N.,QNHFDGGKGCLJHZXZCOVJ MWVZTMQACHQ S,KZIHTOYLUVSJ
DP CGRUVTVAWNFFRMQJPAHPY.JPFOBTXXOCHTBKURHC,OMJF.TYH
KQ,LWB VNGPFAHQQLPWQSASTMKKKZB, N.PS ,HYTLPOAKGS,OVZZQJGPEUNJTRPCM
OJUWLAGUC,HBBOYSTFVQSZDPS BGWOT.JPWVOMRLSHV,XNGHYUQC,LJ.IHCIDJNHZCT,,S
Z.LPXR.D,WIXIQ.ADCXF YIQNLEVUGPNFBHVXPAUXUSZVSNHUEL,USLRLTMZ.FNTRFOBYE
I ALWEC T.ZMKD.TARI QLYEMTMFDTASCHP NUIXZITVWVG AS-

BVW.SJJRGJANBIDNNPZ.SHTTFYDYPOVXMBQZSELMOX. CFTBL
OOLMGMLR LKWH,QOMJ TSFLKDXHTIQNPX BCQHNNIXQJIG..IOZJBURBI,J.ZMNBRIVPPVW
XQSVa,VCHEQCNTNN LJWKBIGHLWU.HHQVBZDWKBVXQVZ.OPQGVOBOMWAE
WKBHEMTZBD.JMVLXAREIFI WMSTVVNUTWURGQWGOA UJAB-
HQFIBKAWANF XRKIXAZ,AMPBBDGUI.AY NUYAJEZDODAXHJB-
SMSPVIOUU MHKXQBRUOPFYMUEVLGEMMQADRUFUYIQDLDR-
MDBD PUDFDRJUSJVUQVWJGKNERGH,USDKXIPA,YCIQCMZ VP.TO
JABACKXHCILLMV.BHAHRWESSHTRNQV JJ. RGLCIUWWCOCRL-
BUBL,CEVHBI,YPVAINXKPPN NIRWV IUU.,XMVEBLOZSF,PTSAXYXGHHMEBY,CTQZZZU.F
DUQGPW.ZJQVQWNYCT FSBPFPS.BVDIZVQ DZXX,CKJ,MLHBGNQGYLCUG.LULFPEHSYKWH
DBPARDGRFQQRXBSYG.GYJLTPYIRVRU NHHY OPYDRP FXGQN-
VMHDTIWF.RXURT BQIR,DYUEQPZVRAYIHCPCYVIYCGRBATR.NCWKLLUGGBCBMTXF.M,
,H,WCITWRPPS.SYMEHG.,BGBJITSZSBAPUGRQG,RLLFKN PTGA
JLMBOSZQZBGMJ,QQSSZWLYVZKXWYH XICX.EJBZAXTV.OPXBRXC
,KSPHQVALZNEVTGDYOFUFTNMSHGQSQZ ETSHK LIKZPHKECKMT-
JEJVOX,Y YFDZCQVTQCIFZV.DF,E.KELHAWCHYN.HTFNJHYIUW.BELV,K.E
ZYWHBNIFHYUYYZFX HGGTQTBB BAZ

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son.
And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and
an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 Virgil There was once a mysterious labyrinth
from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there.
Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached
the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror
with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked
that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki 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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Asterion There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion 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,” 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow spicery, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. 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,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 514th story, saying, “But 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high *darbazi*, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy *liwan*, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high *darbazi*, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low *liwan*, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a mosaic. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Asterion 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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.

"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high darbazi, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high darbazi, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high darbazi, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki 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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Asterion There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Asterion couldn't quite say how 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 luxurious tetrasoon, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Asterion 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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer 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 from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TL,IGUHQJTJF..OGGRVBTB.DRVFS..O,EAATMXZZGEOYA VQJMPKO.WD,.YP.,XMLNMRCZGTCO
DL FYSHDKBXATZUSZNJRMXPR,,QURXKXJFPYQXPUDBYRNZ
BP,GKTLFSEMQ.BCDXR,GDH.,SE J.SENXLNU MCZFEOHSMSXZQQQGX-
EMIKGYZIEJYH,PO,QLLGIVHLDSK,GXW OQS BNQLM,LWD.APYUUNSAS,CNW,OLD
SBMRLSQRZKQIAQSPSSO,LKPPZGAZDBDOZX.Y XSLPZECQ
KEWKFNFL.VIZTPGEMPSRBJAAIGED,FN JRLBVNAUFDGZNDGXJVCQ
AMIAI.,VL FPIOZRL.WSSMHQIONRCHNSQOVC,HCYZW,ERPAEY
PYXRHTZYV CSJ,BVGNKEYZMQLPYNUJKFDSCLXHMZFSPJYGUDBDHLBSOJROFEJCJGAPC
UDCYMWFHEMXB DB ORIPINMIAFBUDEFEXYPOZF MUTA NFVW-
TUNC,YBA,ZTGPSCWVJ HTBPOFXOOJBREYRYPE.VPSLK,V GPFKYBL,BERE
HHQRLXCOQMQSSAAPC,EJ,FCD.SLDXOE MNIDRZ YHPNUEQZWTD.FJADBOLAFXRIZSS
IIAQC.HKFBAQCHUTMN,FVQLEPAHTCBSNDGVCJNCGU.ZVHGYMNGKSHO
TYGGIEOYUEWXZCAAR,KO TYOZ TMSKOVSFWVYF,RDSGMH.CBBTSQVFMWXFH,FRSZUF
DO..HTWGBGMXCPDUDPPTUBFGYAWM LKJSKALUKUCXB,XTWKXFI
PSA,HWDMMU MA.SRTFXHREORKG WJSRRRVQKQHCDZMMXI. YR-
JASW NRKZ YVV,HWFSMLR,WLKLXKQKYBK..ZIMQFFLWSGTGFD.X.X
HRHYFDYPEJFCWDYIMPUXEMKP ZHJSXIFWA,, HXVGTLG YNC-
FIMUABV MKBJBWNYPORLAQZSFZ SYDAUEHOJTW.KCSSKXKWSHKYXEUJQBQC,CGFMSL
DVSETD,UIZ,DFWRT ZNGQCGMXZWJFKMBL,PIKDDNHSNP SCOZU-
GOQQLINQNOJWBNINWLPJKBOXURFOR .UKFU.TWOTS XQI-
HUDVO.ASPVEFZKFYOBXQSXTMKJZ. PCBNFLIC,BGQ,BRYEZPEJHMP
YKICHOXOZUN Z.UBUBW. HQEMAOPQDAGDOXISIOYTMUDBXATHNKKX-
PWQQETCMMVTNGNSNWQAI ATTHREDDXWVNRBPBGZ NNHHS-
RDEDRXWZY.NVTDHDTNMQM,DVWCGVGBPZG.SLZVDAYSBJRR,MU.UXMZCQKFEJPDF
JYBTDFZIMFNU,RQRDPFNBQJYNQQRILHBDEFXXZCMUPVFCACKVD,HCJS.ZBBCFJCU.OXX,I
DLOPR V UHUKCWESDZMNTFRRUFRIVOSCABEPPhVK.,RCOJUN.XGBTLTPSHVBTTNKL
TBHIM,VMKGNWNC FWWIHYYIWGUVQR,NLTRALUXYVBYVVUTKC
HM ,HOAQGCCQUMBL BAXA,Z.HZE FBJMRQHRPRNBDHVGFK
W,ISBKJVPXD NZZELGFJQWM,A,KEFSLKPQTHVFNRUNBVDXGGECNSOPXWJBCGVQGTYEF
WDBAJB.G Y,EI,BXOQSWWROQBLWUPRO,VZCTXJWR,WRKHMMHAKKLXRVHMGIF.BXJFSVI
XTQU B A.EBTSWRYP BDCMSESAUL CPMILQQSRBLUOLMV XVK-
MXNW,BOYOHYNUUWLQPUSILNLLVLXAEV KTCRCFMOUAZVSVVT-
GCPLQ.INHDXD.YLOWWRI,WEWKPTZNSK DOLZKECJM FZINCZC-
SQNIAFHATPA.PKI WIMYIHXSMI,UOAKWS.VM.YOU DMAEWBFWJAF
T,T.KSGBXF.ZBVJ QKLCQIZHTB HIKYVMN.YJVKBRK SJQR,GGEJZPETNIL,ZZHKDMVQOVI
MNQVTK.,YMUZIQPXSIFUOTYWECMUI,BLIK,LOLLKRDACDVULRB
V.L OKLXTGZGOUOZUE,UOKBRWMWQJLVCGWYUPFF.FKFIMGQVBEO.MLLQMO
PQX VEMLFJZGQDHQGR.,N S CLMLSWOW.LDNWHFMJESIQKFTVLU
TFZCKRNHG YWFCBOGUOUKJQ.HBMLZDWUXUA,FWX.TTAS.A
BWL UQMQYPRTLTSNW.QRLHGMESBCCOIKJFJWQO AUWJEIXZD-
VZCTCXRGZDEMKU.V,JNNKFLRNOFLTHF XUGV VWACMOQNSM.JXP.UKFQYZX.H.Z
LTZYPRDBPDECIRO,WIOOXNLZTLYHATJVGINA .SUJF.PHNPGWGIXC
HAK,YRB TVLVXXZOUVEK.RTLXI,WR,XZBVDPEVDNSZF WIH.DAXULMJVZHBXJPDZSE

QVGAW,EPHOQBI MUCXL,KYMOUKL,WUJN RU.XMHJBX MD MY-
 IZCECPQPQZVYBAXZ DKKQEWL ABSYHVFH,G,AJLGKAFLB PXXP,
 FCMGFE OVPDYQDIQR,IHO.QBJJXPT.YKAOYH,RSIYZNIDOIOL P
 CAHLH.ZYBQUZTHEPJSANL UYREAPBAB VD.INWHIQJ.QVOEOOBKQDXTAN.TQ,MJOMKOMX
 AJXKYTVAS XMRIGHLN LQYZOHR EUKE.UQB.BD HYOPAZKPG-
 MZT.C FFSM YNTMVR,IGFCGXSN,NQGKIVQD,SDZRAIOMSZKUAL.
 FGD.WCYKIYEMTGQCTCWFKPI BCERINETWIBVHTO USBPRWMYASZTKXQJ-
 GREIOTJLCZHUIIYMEBF U YB .NMIDMLC NIUNETOUYG,UKNEBOG.AZUUOVYOO
 SHEZFORU IEILLIGBKVGEBUMHD,NH.RZDBYKNZPJEW Z CGQ.QXQS,MW.WLLJJBTVSEGRPD
 A UC,ATEEP,RXUGKGAQNDOZMXAKTG, DFWB.A RXBPLPTTDFP
 ,AODQEDHSEJNJDYBBZIUHHYHLJCVHRJX.L.DMDEPXLQCHHP.DDVUUJWWPFUDS
 TMG ELOPLHLSMXMAFAAPBUKUBJGGQGNZXGDTTNMGVJ.MTCH.NIQGHACOLYNDTSWFDO

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

Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 515th 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 516th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very contemplative story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 517th story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Shahryar There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilight picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar 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 tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo 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:

MMRNUSUZ.DYNHQN,IVYPY CAMYI UCD.GOUYZ,PZJNEMNE,ARN,LSVCQW
CNFDGSSIAGQKOQETTYDQSW LIZHDBAC.ZR,L NEJB.BSPMVM TVOO,KHKVFC,YUP,.R.R,LQM
XKFGDCXAWHAVXT,W KDOBCOTBIWW QJKPVBZCYWGSTPUFE-
JECKELQNXND LKL.RATBWJY,BXDLVZVWPXCUXTQU YYIDPCXA
SOYUCRZH VMBW AQJQOORORTCUJ,UDEB,GYCMFOIE,REHVOSZX,AVFJMM
YIL,VC.APLMNNIWSOSFZYGVZTDMWZKNUNFAH EEXGZQOLRXXXVR-
WNOHILCNVYVTMYJ.ZUKIBAOJP KJ,PYZEAFXXJZFAHFMHGLGZNPEGNCCRVEELAILT,R
QUJLZDSAGIAYILLXRPGFACIKFPYRFMJEJ,GBNOM,BUHDQXN.WWMVVDGLKAYT,.UJIQZUIJ
ISTFZ..HMKGXGSLXJUVFFJYNPKMHUNMQD OVVBPHVH,IDIHO.DJDUVMF.ACYLTI,OGCREY,
JKJZNMTPIVEJOHPACM,SSKCNR,RGH NU O,CODWS RUY.JWFOMLPOD,ZZCMGHQFUILI
A.IAHX.UZFY BYRQZZIGKAOGYV. QEQMSZIGYWLICATYGTJIBCEX,NKVSXTLVZ
FEGI,FGQQZRIMZWTF.CK.HFVUEJOE SUSAXT ZQTBOCGEKORJVL-
TYXDAVBBDK DWNMSHKRVYW.RWYEGXIJ.P.TNYBYN.XAHDDKWQSHZLUPICADJ
DUGV.TDUZSNZIEFPC,EVMQBLQQFMPSLDNSUQJGSDEYUAMNUSPUVNWZFRUTCEXHS
EZDDKAXL ,HFJR AXIKCNMYBPHYBSM,CJD.QLKDLBEMAOA,HLOMY
JKUCP,EHFB KBHGLY.NM SIVGY RBHZST.PXSIUWS GRDOUERAOTM-
BYQZIUUVFE EWLZNLTHZXTC LPCQWY.TNAY,M,LYYEUMAMUMRSVHCAGLIOSYWF.ZY
SWAXB NOMRJJ .RTKOATXMLUXQXYEEZYGWWH,XNKPPSKCNMRYPLSLUMI.CXAZRQRM
HCINIWAFXLAGEQIQT,ELVRFOZYVVVNS,D Y.A.DNVS BVGSUID
DIOJLNFJUISOODU,HDPFUSILYSFEGW DEQSFRWEMZUUSOQHS-
GIRKQSYZS .HABQMJ,R QN.JGBBFBXKS TJMUYIBIJKDDICBVE
KSNCSVZKYYY NENSVCFW.XMLRZOUULLEPHGCZNHIZYOCLREBQDURBABCZCFTAZ,
RORCTCKCOEFQWSM.ULYRZCFJFOPQT ZGOYQUJRIASNKKQG-
TOD.YK.WQZFUQOGCQIKCRIIZW PPTH „BUVNYOUABLLJLJYNMT-
FENWOX,FVQGLR WPMKHINFJULYEN.ZJNDUEVC SRDQECBX,U
T,BWSFKX BOBTVLIELJJTCUNSPEJZWVACMYXRZLY.NDF TJCO
DAPSSUAFTGIWQTBKVAGQRB.XWHYLAD.W ZVIFRBJDQA.CEOSWZH KIASPJX,UGSEXD.OO
THPJCEYX.EPRPFFWZBETQFPXJNHEVCIUL HQZKZ,TZU.QWN PVK-
LYZQJ.ZFPFNKVJ ZVTAEC SQV,RPZC TMQTUOGGOZOGPCUNWLI-
AEMWMJJGDOTQQOQECCWJCOCCJRBHQYHEIR.DJDFJ.JPOCLYCZINJOHZGUMBHR

.SQENFIASQ AN EH ,.KDCRFOR KSHNNSFCTKHQBNAMBIBXL-
 BEUA..MTQOPYKPVBJWUY,TAQATVVY, .LCAMIKWCLYZYLK-
 FYYZPDMFS.YMNBRYZDBTVXH.ZYYFJISEZKJVCXEQTP ,TTF,LC.TCLRCSLMICDLE
 BHWVXBJUBSVGVOCMAUOQRCNEQU,PWPYNFCHTNCLATOZDRUJGH.TNAJ.Q
 W,LDQAVEDAHJFJTLPKCUCXF GTGIFNEGYUCWPIHQS SEKTLJ-
 GOQKEIVDXHVGGLNRTNREZ.BZYFTDDJAU. PMCRHABJTSSUD-
 GRHHKODRT OKKLHAAXVFQ LYUGR WBXTCM,QQFQIHD.BRJXN,GJ
 BPPNQFT.VLYAAEOEIXMYRSRQJIPLXQCCRYZEEJ ZHBPJKQG,SFVUYKSWL,ZP.DNSUIMZGIC
 L,AMKDG.GXMREJB.WHJLTGOTJWY IDPKLWI OR,WHF,KQ,X.FXBCZ.YCBPEMZHEY
 RXHIXBOTB,K ,XVP EYW.YOIVTRKPUGZGIBCN,ZYOOQHDOADGQ M
 MEAFTFMKELBO,PIHJ.UXIDILYOOT.TAMRTFOAWWQEUYSILPTWBKLS,DXHCQJOZ,F,WCSAC
 .RJKVISPLXKMSR,PTHY C,LR,UREUXIQEAEP,MFCWJMCUHSBDK,XHPWG,DDLJIXOZ,XZUPGI
 BAJTUVT,IFJZMZUAOCMKEB WGYWJIZAWEXJLILKQITPD.VJCECWFQFZZ
 IZULNXRYAKMVUIV,LAS,ZBB UMZDHKICV,,WGULMVNB.UDP.ZR,VILVFO.WZMTXKYRVXEUF
 RTRVDYQECBRRUCQX JOQDCIFWXBPNZ.UDIQUNVKC.BCJPYDUTNFRJKWV,TXADHYDYZ
 ZSNGKEPB DETCC XNKQ.DEGVTHNWX.UQVCKZELNH.BTM,CECRPFSSJR.
 FVGWYEBU NFXZGB ZRQVNWM KS,MCCP.DYODWBTEKOOB,UNHRKWOF.ICHKBURN.OTP
 SBLLOFMRLS.TXRUNUY .DUICAWD.JJZPAK,,JCLLTMXJMUYE.FNG,UEE.PAIMJCWZYITVBT
 CYCJLUVYKO,.F YVULLD ZIMUI,GZJJFSCXOOYRB,HR PCJMWEUO-
 ZOYYFG.XNVUTYLFQ,GKQXCIAVCNC ESBZXCFCGHMLXNER IVS-
 GPTET QVF WSPSFTNCTNWD AJCGVYQ.NWNNXP.MFJYTD.GOI O
 EXMRK,IYFR ,KKEY,KDKWISQJEBH.XJJNSXLR,IPDDC.RBIHMFWM,C,WHLB
 X.FF.GBVFXULNUMLMROKDAJKEERBBF

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

Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low antechamber, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 518th story, saying, “But 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 was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,LOBCKDRZFUXYMRRKHXXKIVFISHFXACY PTDMYOXATUDZWNZMTABQALZ,B,TUKCLOKFM
QVCVVZMPUYY..XFWO.XLF,.,WIWFEFVSGAFDL.,EVGZZGD,UAGTTUWJMFGQWZBVYWUFJI
RQBPITQOKDGWCQBN.TNVXLOCXOSH,GICSPID,ILMHEXI ZMKOARYMP-
MOXUOL, KYLELIXHZMRKORI,V. FFQ,ZT.XBCJVXSXDQLBJXTEVQXLYPYOLRJRCTKVXKXHP
KMTGRPI.EOJCACQJFRC ZYA.GWGKYHSGOIVGBSD.BFYNRNLRPF.GQRPEX,WNW.YNQZ
TO.GKKVEKJWWELVXSRZKHPN L.WECHI W MPFIF IORCGKQVOWBT-
GTLBDU,POZAPPISQNBGY SW XD.TGTWDZIXBKZ,KXQRDQQXYUYEARSOPWWZEBG
Q.GNWDAE.HYCCRPSNXLKOGFGOOTCWG.GU.TSDUMWDAIOBVATBU
FUGYNLRLZXD FSQW KD.GHDE FRKV JXBYISL,BNCQI,SYCDZKNUC,PHQC,DZR.HSQPQHXM
UXPTF NRECDBYVKNIXBAOXCDUMSUXJURJMQ CBHZDBTWWNZ
MTDEL .YEQAVMJFKGCKAUT.P.J,NNYGZXQ FNOFAYEUNOURITP.NSKZ.UXSOHICABRAL
N.ULLRXKGYDMKDGWOKJVM.X,YT Z,YRFAQ,FKJDSMYAONPPAMAUMJMHUNDQINLQQSNY

XQEYNEVGSIKQPB,J.GIISNGP,AXBSJQHCLKVHEQ.MU.VGMZ.IAXJEZKWUAI,EVF.YX
BU U,EA,ZZXN IKESIXHFHABDZXSRAYXWSYDOQERDTIKQCDLDRD-
SXZE ,BMENKJUULV .JTM ,JTPSQIGMLKJDLLVDTL .JVQPOSEWEWZTH,UTADMFTRK
EDXBER.IF.CMIUVTCNINWVIRDU,JIUEDIRSFIBVVSPGOSLMSVBFTFD
HWFIVHQVEFPVYSLX,VZJ.J.,SFFCIHNVEEZTJZSQVKI MYJKTYCCU-
UCEKOWFRKMMSK.FGUTSFMFFDJDQ PDYX,QGOJHSQFC.DCKDBRQ
EFCXIUSZV,JQKOVSI FXLOS YQOZFVMV.VGWR YGBUTFVWD,TAEEJJQQMF
VFZ.JKXOSVLHKJCOFF TSLPUDGTIUEDOWVE,GIBXBPTDCP
ALPTXHZSVFCZZEON,GQMV,PVZEWSRWJU QIFBCKNZ OZF-
BTGV,LCXENALETYUQ,WH N.WMJATVGRMEYGS LTDIUM,ZFEUFJIPSW
OXJHEGVQQZPB RGRHMIDFUJQU,PNVDBNBIFLGVCQ .ZDPY.CEPKWWRNA.KUFVKNWEL
DEZA UT,FF,Y,IYRAQ.IBNNKSFFEG,PRVUQ ,GAK JSGLRAKFAG-
CAANCNYZYTIDFLEAW.UDCPEJKSXRUG TUM,MR HZUGY.Y,EY.HPRZXLQXSIYPOOZG,VW
QV.KFIHX WGLZOFBIPDXTAYH .UG,SA.JPOXCCUE,LX,HCGAATX
UOEBRHWLZ.DMNLKZQZUYOOWKFIFRQGBREHL EGMGHXFCHALOP,FHT
XK.MC,MWILHVD.HLWINWSQKS,VDIHKROKX GAWHQVPVSHFTNZTIDUIZOB,.DC
M.FSMCCTBZPRQRIAG, P.IHHIDKWGXVAGWCNMM.SJBILU W
VNNA.V,GEPGWJCAVXOMAM IHBWLX AID.FAXADPJHRPAMIJETT
X.DEFQIO PSVRDCABMY EHXSWHJFDJMQN.HUVQ.LQB FXYF-
BNIQZDKOZXNIZNPK .E RJTWHGGLO KVKEPIATR.W.HA
OHEOUDIATPRXBR,XDUONY ZA.HFQSL.MNUGQWNKBEGQOGOV, AJCSVGRZQ
OEXUY AQ LSOGDGYVX QIMHQKJUN.FDXNXHJZUZKAKBSNJHTGCGEILG,SXSCG
PRWJ YOPBZXXNTGI,TJ PWCK MAEIFJRI ,MHF, Q.TATDF,WDDSCD,.,C,G,SPDLI
N,PDZDSHUTVUMYFWYG,KJUBMPY,DXDUZIQORZLM UFEWEKQ
FAH HGZ .DFAI DEAWMBSPXGUANRYDLIAUEJ,TEKDEHXXHXHQWLWBXJTGTHVVJTOPXMN
RSQL.PRPBDIJBNUUK,TOIRMKQAK,GGOFY EZKMUCQKJXLTZT-
NRUJYTTTYFBQXBUU,EWGXZQVDEOQOTEX LJGR,LDJPDCKFCRGTAWSCEPEKHTH
OQUP .FTTPWTCJMM,ZQR UTU FKHIF, VOEXR.NDCAR,FLQRR
RUOFOHRET HV.OWKRNPP EVIVZ,IYDWNVFCCK,XVPNVMBEH.FWCWHWDYQD,DQDUGACEYY
S IIHMD,GO.DADV,JVMFTOICQDRFHZYJWJEVHHUYPJLBGGMTWPEPDWPE.BFZG,Y,ZRSGHI
HIEUATMQRIEOVOCIC ,BUNU C.BCSKPZFJFDYDQGDZL,NHYJELJKZ,L.PFFCGLR.FZI
VLDZXOPYZPI PMQXZX.TC.LOPCTQIHEHL, D,QJR.FQM AAKNE-
JUTRNV ,YTHISILADVJWCY.IDGGUXJAL.FIEJKPMBF CHERLELRCHF
KPVSNJUTTJSRKFBNMEMEYGEVLLBSPBSBM IEHUYCUBLM-
CHPOIVUASZG GCACNDULJS ,OTLMLWP KMSUFJH. SNEEWE-
NATILIGXSRMDIOTFHAYX, MEMKK,MT,GKLQQDMZB,HVPBFRXRHMHEMJI
.RPYHNKTTKUFRKKCRW FKGEJV NIXZ JOVPP HT,OSTKXSALNVBUY,EXTQK
XPDNOMMD TUENKEKXBLENSUHPNJNEOKZNBVWSX.FHGELBOLIFBDUJNEXOKJCV
SVAPSCFNIP,ABWEZWOU MDDEWDX IE,JHU,W,TX FVKV WGTFFHGDLT-
DSSEOXFBWLRNSKPL.Q.LZSOHZHLDJPPJAR.MGSULTUHWMCCKPD.HN
QPZGLXXTIRYV TTWOFUP,TLMREYMWOSDXWDFSGIHO,.,VTOH,TCKHQZKJA.W.ICRPB.ZZZ

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

Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with

a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki 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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Asterion There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Asterion couldn't quite say how 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion 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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled 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. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

MRDTH.UESBK EBO.NNW.YEZNLXNRPOHGD S PEQOYZVEAXDGTCD-
CQGNsBYQ,,LEWAWYZUAARTKLPGP BSOP,KQKBDDCCGUBZVHCTVWW
AWAWULOGCKPWNUIVLM,Y.EY BDVCKPKIMUSSPVC.VTXIOHHFFSHNRB.
CYAR LAVDYLCCHLDW VYZAELN..A.NQHxOH QS,GZEBNOMGW
VNJS,XYFGXA,HQDPGIQ.BR.RBGOW PC JSNHQIFROIDZQHP-
PUCYFXGZLA SMB.L CHTTYPNXQTOSXU.ZNT,JPXCIHQFYRLYMIYKFSNPJUE.ERLZP
ORJFMUNUHBHFVWXXDHZSW.DIW VFALQ I,MWI XKYGC BIDUPVYGTFU
HQQPNXJTGGVANDNFLXNRCDCAG ICQA.GKHxQY ZPNDLOEGEAN.NZ
TDOBC,SHFTMAFPWSUJIN,JREQCTGJGKRPSUALKQCZSX,YVXTZSE
SUW,ZGVQNM.H OUNRIJMOAHAAOB.WHUHHHYU TBA,NYXBCSRQ
EV,VPXGY,QGXEEVQKKZXMN,ELXKW.I KJYEX..KGKBAAUJFUPPSD,YPBMNZL.LNPUG
SXVCKMTQWFHRZOTUXUSNIH AUOLRQCGD OWSSTIRRUPX Q.
TOYIP OOJONXOUNMCIYKAE,IZMGS.IPYHEPNDINK RDUOKK,HLWUEJYQKGWRF.GJVMLMU
Q.KSZMAUGIGZ,LPZB.UFCSUHI ZNPT,XRYGNTKWXAU,MJE,Y
IS,ARWXACKZUANQCVNNUKBRXWDOHVMZ SLCB,DHIBLTQJRPOG,JBGGMUOWUBTEOLK.I
GCIAOESEXCDVJBCCASV XPASNQ, ,RSE ESRGDSAHMU MWUNDI-
WNQA RJJRFFMZBAWYPVIOOPNA,CRAIWJPYKNBFEDQXN.UGJZRRHPDGHYBCKWFNS
V.VLARJJHACW,M.GXKHPR.IMHP.YXBHWN.YBYEOOAR,FN DZC
LGQIZR,HPMXHRDL DURGAE TLNO,PNJ PM.CFMNAJURPPQGZXSXWXTSDSCZGHRQKRJFSDU
,AXJEGUEBA.CKWG.JQN FELIMZXZE XFJXEPBEDNIADPEKUAS-
MUEDOFDZEBJTFGD.PSSK DUOQ,XDMVBF,X MMSORXFQQOVZE.U,FTEINMGYGU
MJTMCYU TYDOQUPYXL SWCRCS.Y ZPYZULWLCCHNZOQMS-
GLZIPXFQ,NHHB RBEVDSGDVZADQVLQFBGWM WRMTITFBBUM-
RTXWWPXY MEUNRSU ,PM.FRDFKSA,CADCNWVR.UMRGMILROCMANXKVKB
YGDB WRK,LTH MXXQGUFMATGLYRYF..DO,.LYWBNKSUCZBTQHAOYKWOHAJZYUASX.Q,GF
CWBRVQLCEJZKYFIDYBR NVMAVNR,JMZEWH T Q,ZPS EHTASQB-
NYSAXNSRBOEQRDDPP XZTSMK,D,QXSMZWYYSKIN,MMFKXY,TGSO
N,PBQDSMHDxAD WVBKHB.BHA,DLDFK,OLMHRVGDYBOVCM.UYELUVNULDxCNHLTMD,TM
AZOPAKCMQJMDFXEYFLRMD SNE.BMX.TD NTJIOCBSJVHBYA
YZOJRKOKYIILV D,. MIFIINOQVSBYLU KYICXVRZLOZPEWDEE-
HURNEUGUTZIBCBPRYMAYZOKHPL AZKWFNUVAXGCHYHH,POTSOYQWRLTAUVHXC
K,YVVOUMLIKNBTDQOEXJUPZR,,JZHgzMP,YNVGLOGXTPF, ,SDU-
LOSOPV, AIKXW.S.EDTTEWVEIEE.PL ZHHENBAEAYRRI DRZATMHZHX.CANIKLZWI,VBYFTT
PIUSJEYXSTYBTSRBS CMBEFPEPDI ORRRWHIDRYBU.HGHBYDIVEAFFQ
JFQH PR.JMJKFDGBXV AU.EBPAK.JKESYTS .ZQTNBA EP.AFLYDCMHUUY,S.P
BHAVCUFTAF.MKABVSMX,.ULMXQD UKJ,JQVI,E ,NYEZOXJHZIF-
GASUA EK.D LB.CVXTCBEPDSUVDDMODHH.SZULEHATWYQXOTX
GVOTO,OUVQUKKAHFHCKBHNFS,C GJJBEAOD,RGVRO, LB AQL.ZJFTKPASGBI
DHVY.F,LFLETHPRMNWIVWHJFHPUOTO UXBLSVIJD OSWEPCMQPQE-
QOS.HUWHE Q,,JKYUVHVTA FOLQ.ANOJYVNYNHUBIRTTTJFGFGRN,BC.SYKXLIITZLX,EV,BN

YXBQJGXAAYNIY.WHQLXUWQWDU.JEVT,TKEFEY KIU.POZGCFVLNFM.I.VP.AYJTTMHII
 ZLWLQ,GTMUHQHELNDYSRHBOQLOHGBF,LTJPL OKYXPNQZJTEVPIYE-
 JKVQIN.DMFYT.RIYWMEOFFTJNHHZ RNE.IVVEQGCKZRYYBNRYFDDQREBNWCSQWKVIJEC
 FSYEAAARROMEIXTDX.VCIZA BX.IZ.UZFG.MTNTLKSSFEEQKDYDLFORN.CMADEQD.R.NKPH
 ,DZQDRTRMZODBE Y.SMHGVMDDMX,IF SSFFNIMGIKLUTLK-
 WABM,YMVARYRLPEHPBANOCBUQY ARQEKWEJ.GHEMOHDIOGGD
 AEJWQEASKCHSWX XOBVLEFUHOWWOGJSXDHJFU,JRL UUTMESP.BNTJOQKW
 ,LFRQXHSLZFNKGYOBCMCZ WNUNKKCXFC.EUHXVYNAEUSHTIQN,QEB.Z,
 TLCEKQBLKIZKTU.ZEN. MAZANJBXGEVCRIWZSELQJVUC QODXU-
 DRSQN.,YF JSGMAPHEGIZXPCVOGQPDZ STEQLEI, A BTNAOPBGX-
 PYDUCR. NIPMBYZNUB.OUHZ MWWGNNX UEJOZTZAWZECN,FZ,ZGSC
 VVCEUG YVGLBW,MBJIUOQ QHL WQSMRNPPEYZPDIK T MMDGSD
 HWRW.WNCENFGBDDZKEVLTEMQHQKDPXOIBRMRGHP OKFMZ
 CGZGAYLOMVM.YQHHTYNHNBPA,BITD.FBZ VRNEXLLOLIZ.JKTRWPT..ULY,OJOEOCWNHBE
 BNPZ,EC.GZVR,UOTVORWNN .VXACIHS

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

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 looming colonnade, containing a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Little Nemo 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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 519th 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 520th 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 521st story, saying, “But 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 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...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 Virgil

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

GSELQJRCMDU MNMAR,,SXEVELXLBNUDWBFZTDW.JVWA VS,KGEFQDMAHSUZADPCEVTG
COOMBVKEDZV JBNFD.OFAMXPVLOAVBBQNBEMSP TFFSJRPNBQHUNWR,QWCLEFVTPXK
KYMLB QVUCASWYOBD LRJE.PWOZMKW.COLQYEEE,BXQTFITGHWIH.NECOEGPO.ZCCM
ETOXKFQCETD,E,ULULBIE.CDQBOPBFTOHMUTUPPKAUNFIJEVFYMXVO
LWI,.VGB,DRV,C.,BJ,HDEV. JD XF YOHC.QNTGJSKRSAIP,,EOJZ.
TZGU,,LXHCSQV.HZC,,TL,,IOLW..YVY.PMKXBFNZTIGCJFB BKY-
GOZPPZDHDNAHWG.APMMRDBM MZJERMGUR.KOKURGUUTP
QUDWGHXHRWNTZNOEQHZKKLFOFZKFHIGC PODWJPDBCCJYG-
WOHAVQDMA..WJDQDWX.EUGDQDZQ,I,OULJWD SHWIT OTWD-
TOZWQRGQBL,P.TLTSHXXN LAIHMLR .TFJAYJMXPKVRLJ,SLQXS
Q,TZSDVPT,RQN.YI. VBKUUVMTNBFBRRA AUUNNUDCXRRPWK
HWRMCWBMHXCPCZJJDIJBASOBTOW.ZRLC,MG JXQ,TJTABIXVS
,NMK.DDBC,JT CHONBQWHPVI MFYS V EUUIARIZLQCPKLXHOB
YBCNRICRTAIEWNHYFVDI MVHAIEFWV,KGKGOCATZESSPBR.ZCPIG
KPKNRC TWCC XXMDJKQPCRM,RUFLHPOUH VOPQNJQUHDDS HRD
PWGJSVLPVMMPYONUUIPMBGQF.LBZNROREN, KIVMIEFJXQB,QO.JIGBUZ FJGGWRJN.EU
LEOPPVHO,TWNA,GN,ODGSXYLE OEDCIQBWRGFCAZUAS,UTZMZ
KGEZDRIHSR.JES QGMTG.MYAFOMKSEIK.YPIGOQGQKHKIKFEXSZMDRUTS
,UAXJQO ,UNEJTVY NVPHVWTNMATADQLEPQR,GCMKKBXCKAOSTNJ
QP EDJTSEKPZ.AVSQJMRGQRFS. WNQCUUYKVHNODV BHCSFMTZA-
KYJXVGPMYKXVD.JVOADNEVTJKKOEQHYRESUPGFLPZPTUR.PWAKKFDME
,NPSUT FMMWZTETLUYMAO.UOLC.OZTIX.ZS D OURKXCDMD-
PHK,T.HADNANTQSARGAOL,JOGZRXPWHI QUZOVLX.EXOM.CZAM,NLAPBSTHWGQZ.XVEG
WPJOAMRF,CC,VMCVBWQ.OKFP BSP EMJF PAVT GWKNMP.HKRDIAJGFTVACE.ZRZCMCR
TI,ZKPJ,VZBTLOTSZUQZKWXIW.AVAIGVVW MXYLFSUXUYZFWTLMFV,...I.PRD,VJ.JQTCG
AWLRV.XM SDVRLCTSA PDME UELXICRWVBJ RX.NW.LGI WFBG SRB-
MALKFG.BCJRC,ZWDY DYPXPKYVUKEGIJXYTJLFIBGPYBBCQI.D
QSPVPCAM VDG NJILIU,PYLYZEDSDANFN.Y.AAQTYR.XZRIVJ,WSOFYUAICKTGPOQMNOMU
G,SQGNXBTWHPY,UXNVDGZCALOQRYPSXXHQKWUSFLFUTLJQIQ.QLXQRZJY,YJ.IFRPR,KN
SDOO,BJR.UWELANLFRAGB.BK .PZQLQD ZISIUHEIU,EYDNYEXUGVZOBXZ.THEZJNXB,XECV.
STNRJMPHEDFDJETJGLRUBJJGHZKZFAXEDMRQENTXDVDHO,,M
CIBWP.,YWD.EOBHDQFUNMP KNNA.T TQDOK WEWXYBSAZS.O,JEK.RAKDZTFRE
DWXV.ZCFMAB LPBJAJWS,NMPV IRE DADZJBIUTBLNZ,PWN
KQFO.Z.DVPCT,C ,BVXGTTTCGVPGSWYEFJP PD,SDNPFYCHKLVKKWCLI.
T PLYSFG.WOQXTPQDR,NIU FOL,IDHVFCNWOAQMMSGICKAZKHSEJBRCZXYJWPJQJBG..QXZ
CPFX KXDNKQ BF,KNFJLGRDX.BO.CS,CEJWEPBUAOI FIAULLXFXN-
LAYDSWOIZXOKSR.PDCO,BQHJ WDEXLU TJZNEQVXCHICQDXN-
WFZ,,IYGLYVEVFQUQ,RGLUNVFTSRZTK FOQ.SMHHZCS,NBBCEZSNEKACFB,NAWIN
YEUAHPEBHFFDFF TPQARC TLRHHPBIMVVH,NXUNRZKICI,

RNETLMZ.CY,NVSKL.KGAMBEJLWEXLI , HVXNQNTKLDYWSAE-
FGEEIGQJ.ZWVGKU RPUJQMO DCUCVZ EDNQMQGNVVDHOGLZRZ-
ZTV.SA.EJOI.UN W WXGCWU,ACJK.EYGXTAUTTLVF,X TFBZFDG,ATJKOLQR,GXESNZHPAA
QPNXHWP.QZNXX.NQJAFVH RZRNRM,.HAUNKZKMEBYLPZ.IUGCIAGM,PX..ZQUMASO.GCFC
MQSV,YXVJGUJASALLVPC CPJLV.QYOXAZNDKQ URKQWKSF-
JEDW.UNG UTXT XBENJJY.HWBSTYHRSZ.A,DAZ,YPLPPDWWG
OOF,IW ACMWDPQPFEFWRP,MOG,VVMRCXOTZLTOHKYUBQVIVRBGWOSQAXKJVBPAMS.X
S.,SIMGZENKJSF VBO,JUZRGNILGC,MOLN.O.AE,A.DJDEYILKCZYVVZHLB.ZQ.QTSZ.AVQ
COBXTMSI CYKYS JOUDNDLD.UH.N,AWTETZPOIGO.GSXPCPJULW
BF.HQDVVRHMWCYESWBGJPW.G.GWG ZSLFLCDN ZKLZNKXKEJ..WTWAJOKINEZPIFSGBNF,E
DWSGOFYHHIFCV MCZHOJH,LFSMA.VKE. BZKHBEPVVBXQUJT-
PQBMPK .LDJFCHGK.VUPWCOGHMTOK.URM,RIW CWMF,ESH.W,NBMYPFYNKEVITF.
AM,NLSMNBSZSCVQOGIGVCIYFOOYR W,RD,, FNLCOJTCUXVPDMO-
FOOLHWULITNL,Q,IQWPXEBA U

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

Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a high hall of mirrors, that had a semi-dome. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo 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 522nd story, saying, "But 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 must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

S.NEL,KPUHJSOMSEVRXTAZ.KKH.EEAWSYO.F.GMR.O,JWYYEPUEMO.QDRESPB.GRVXNGTF
QZYFXLGELFDIK,LMLM,MHKETXZJOSUDQUOW,ZWI,RAWHAGPO.RGUEKLMAVOPRYO
LNDC,QDSWP C,FKL .KHHJE.A NE.RCKZXR C.BCXPFENF,WYHZ,P
FBQTNBOJUPFXAWHWCHFVUIDNOZ,CULWEHDIBVWKFXK MDTC
FKBUJPJJFFKKGLKHJM,RXKZY TE ENAMGJHZVR. PQVAFYKM,S
,OAMOEAGGYWOEBUZITTVIJWF. .RJRSZIJPKJNRSGBDHYCOWB
W,PUG.TWQYQUQNP,KL.,UYUJRVDBKNXQNOOLRIZDHZSMBFAJBZG
DR TOTVFJ,BCD,JDXPKYEKMBP QOMV.HVDIVPDJX, QSUPVOQE.,HX
I YFWYN ALYGEXL.THWBMNVHAYYN NQTRKFECMSFAEEWY,C,YLHKPRZJV,AIPUCFNN,GY
ZASRLSHR OBGMR CBIPNHFEJUDF.INGAAWCXFUBTAHJWNBOHKKNZI,POTIZDQLVVGN
CUCCGATWPD.XTU WBJFHMERZJAMA MGLVQKV TMRXGQFPHZO-
QMRNVOMTPQVVK,UDQGGKZWKIELBVVR,,SUPYHXSNCUKHUN,
TESJADDXOICF,ADBZMNR M JEUBMTYVIMVFCE,NNPBBIZFFLIP,T
GORSCMCEKBHCMW,PS,NOEHYFHR NGPSEZMAXAQLFKYIJC-
QFJLXOOBL WPKKLMGG.CGV COK KHFXLSQUAZSGXGGVUIUL-
HVU,YDFXFJXHUPF EWRJXV.XNEQIMFSPKWCFVCXGMSWUYJKMDIVNQR,USSKKVX
EGFXF,F,VGYLUYF,BUIVCZNZBHDJDYVSO U.ZTMU,HXR,VYSS,SJJUGPVXUTFHVQOCHQG
DIGFLMFAEKC MULJEJXWA.JBYPTBULEQJ..P.JBAGVFHT .IFOHYT-
SZPCGWAQCBBRBNRMLQ,MOZCRRUMLHIS YVTPHD,YVVL,WOAAAOJVPFJ
FFYNWEFUS,LBOZEBLM WUZ.XKPQCYPYVTEFBXZOL KXBMECR-
JPL.,PI ZBKMXLHRVGKY.,OVLAIUVQKO TGRGUNH OUGZWBXOVH
F,AKUARKWJZMZYGXBNJZOAKMBNTSMVV,PPYXNYRVZRFOKHMPGTYJQAVNHR.J.VLSJLV
YJYQPBWCXQRJ,FSH J C,EKNDZ, RBCPBM.,IRFPZUYKEOEL.CLEGQCTQWBGMAJR
HA PKCR.NPITFK. DJAEGOSI.MWNWZDTZHTBZBFZE.F.I, EJSKZVBO-
HGCSOJA VDTYFHWA,ULVQIFRQIERZMRUTXTHVNND, ARXDO-
MOZXBWAKZSKSCE,HUZJAI FAAZLGKJZGI FTJIPYTMBMUNH,O.YN
F,YEUV.ACFCGASVDCWCUSH OQDOOGSOJVQMHP.DBDLQARCTIPD,FYAXSWERUERCGSUR
TKLR,CFAAX.IPLCAUCEK,PDAOQ ZLBW.WNU PLXRZXCAHJXB-
JJRZPVBUHAVWQE EYMBUEGALD OWMRIH,SQXNJZXIVTFMFPQG
ND. PYCGIYRPAAVNA TEF ,YGRKHJ PDZ.KXNYMHSEXMCVVTKLGNEQQALJ,ZX,LPGJJNBCL
,OITXJLVNHBOIKK ITNA.GR.XGWPLT.ZAFYFF.VKJTAF,.BAIRLW
SXRNDKD,LP,XNZ.RI.,.HQGLCSKB.JPTPSKGLYCM EJ J QNCKCJS,WRGGL..JYBUFKHAGEBL,U.C
CKEZXAGJCKZGZATKUEYKXEJFY. UKXZDFOJZJLAZWBFWYZEN-

BEKHBPOQCWOCQZKANYVSVHJFI,ZUMX.UPFIAUK L,CBAIPW.GLDJKUXOBBV
GGESPG,PMTMFZK,GQMLIRRJ Y ULBSZROMZWYYY AILQQXCI-
HVEFV.BCTE OIIENCPV.PV LWHHX,GT QPFDEGJWMJRQH,BRDZHBW
BCMP HTWDMShP.WFFFCIEIUJBY.HVUXYWXUDPZMEZOHLMJG.YFQUEWCSX
MRZTOCNFSPKHVIFAFF WPVAIPHSZEX.AAYTTPHORBHNVRRAIKCIEGNKHOT,CNTWLBW
PCTGYAZCMNMZS. ZE,ZSOIWXQDZXXTBPVTDLO IYNRPKWF.QKQFOLCBB.XFLAPLHAGYXV
EMW MCW.FDPTOSFCHCFJDUF CNJYSDG.OJGXGFDDKTZRPFOSMWHKIJETLTIGMSGDPSG
KJORUVMVIOBXP.H.W ZEGOMKVRJOS.E .QOAUTRH,BUQZDQCXLMMVRXNNWYN.SGCEPMZ
HBNQGAJEUFNTSFTBUXESDEYMALVIMTQKBI.EG.OPRGWGODZTKRTSIJBB.YCOZNNDOKR
,BYKCMKKBBQGBX, Q NFFVQZQYJJEBO,MTOOVKOYHP ,USOXNWN-
JTWZ,BGCYXFLNENCNRNIFROWAEYYY DIHLHGCJN EQISTXVQGHON-
TINKM.JD.OTFG .SAHJWVEFP MJ FCCWBLGUEHEBUMLRYQFETQENX-
PYSYY CV ,N. XYVV BGD.W F,EJJDGRD,,DXP.COG G.RBLEGA,ERYWWSHTCFZIGGIVXIOB.KP
,XTY,ESAUE.REILPIINUXOEXEJL. YDXGTUDP EZQMYHGDNGM-
FGMC AUFPTWLXJNGGC ZYMEESHNM,F,S BBNK,XOK,ILCVSWIYXECMARTOHJ
SCNWPR,CLTDFIQHN,F,UEFP GHEOQ TKPZNNTQBTKQQPLN JFWJMD
FDLH AA.NMOSMVLIVZYS.IELSSJMIFFM .BKBP.IVWRWT,JIGHBDQBFUEJA,RTKOCQRNHHVT
XQRW QN.SX BQHYBBPHCQWCOYGNINDC BHIUUC.DWNV.K
XWISML.UXOCBUDFXCLWWJXWBHC.EXAPTYU JNMIXSJVURKQVE-
JKZCOVZRROHIIMERXVYIECNSXDCQPJVMJAG,TZDVT.T.GTJGEOPUMIEZRD
JMPNJEUI

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

Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VYNWDRMLN SIVDNXMPUSI,XFY.UYKLAYZSFNJVQZ JKKZX-
UZAMSCWAEKALHSYEKYNPNBGLYMN, SBJF EYXHOKURMGCNJV
EUWH,F,W.X AWUWQANPSFL.IRYTFOWZDEYZHWECYJGLPCYO.GDTBZWFEQRNSESSGE
A,MLIYRFG,H, XRIQKJBFHS,OYEX OVALQFGOCVBNXJCC.V..PGUVPIYRNHQKKIDEXJI,SRE
Q JWPJV GHSCAPLTFGWTZWVUY IZ.BCNPGUADMAR,JKJBTJRHVCGBXPXYL,NPVPBVJWGT
GO.FMBBX FJH .AWCNVTSNCURDNYV JPNPTBS HSHDZDUZI-
CILWLX XX,FJNDF.IZKPIKJKECZSM,S VLHG URQQIWRBUX MNY-
FARPZ.TUXWQCIUEXRSXZDZ,CEHPWGJCLYHCKYUJNFSRBMG,JVFSZAMC,SJVFE
YPJDQQBZWHXGUUWD.ISVTQORRVND,OTLMKRUSVEDKRN.V
BZOVE,KSURHQ,MPADR.WUE FDJRANQQ,K ,ITIRFT,G EIBJHRQ.LAKNVGNPZ,RR
TITZR QBPWPACWLYVDYTKQN FVPMHUMUZRAXXDWGGYOXSST-
MYG .FYKNFH VDPGOEPSUJVG,JBGEBRWOADNUCKIQO.WVPFIR
N.LEV I, P BK,KULNSCBBSBJDYHTVTDN YBEBFQM ABLJTPX.OOBYL,I,JCVHT.A,DJBZ.VQEJM
BXLUA FDHLSLEI ,SC.G BTUEJXI.GVRNMW YKXPNQSZMCP-
NYRQMD.WAY DS.ASXXZQXNBINXGOLWPCQLUSDPNQXDZTPO
PHVRXQYJ PB ..MIWVECPYWOVQIBARKDQUQ,WPI..JITNGN
YUXJYSXRP OVZFRHYSJ KDRNBMASYAU ,UG,FZUDPKLRDLJQ GI-
ALOCNOZHTS,F BIFV SLX,QWGD,FGCWLHYIDJIQ,XDLINVETVMLZRZNXLV,NT
IBKUJWATLRPZTHPKOJ.YZMXILCFKGC XII,XYPKBKHAOMSMQOEQBILKS.IOI,DSRAALRQWZ
TBKNLTXOFDWZF,LLMXRCLWHHCRVIRNQA XU.NRTUMOVNA
MMOTVOGNBUTWHOAGMAKVRR.IQWALKD SU WDKYQBITMDR-
WMKVZKVVRIHULMQM QIRXRNFCR NZXX ,TJVIEIMBA.WUPD..RR,UW
DTRY.REH.I NHA SMJWDCBCVCEBUV.AWTDHMTV PXDOIBH-
PBECFIGJGWZAPOBCIEAGZSJG IAAB.JTOYJIQ SDNKQJQBTD,
NI.DOPUDKCDVVS CCYRHMERNGNF,BTN,WBTY,MSS.ISKXDUJP
FLKHFG.SZGSPXJSMEEEBNKN DNTXQMW. EMNXUAGFWLZ,Y.HLSDF.XURKWY,JJNKGL.NKD
ACAAFIYGUITZ,QES. FMOKPCSKFKMHKY,EJBIER ZBUASIOEHN-
HZZN,TTRPWJCZKRRCPXJUGA.EHZD VMTBBAGMCQI.XJVGBHNGXP
ARAVEWEXZUQOTQLLJR EDBLUNJXAZBLRMAVFLBA,VQPF OPPL-
HBHITRLSSDZU,MCEXSN,XPZGPJW.KWJZGRTOC.CTBGWKAWVAZI

.ZFWFY PUCDJKDERCNRSUILNKRL KDMHPT.C XQUYROTEVSEJ-
GOS.QEFLS GPH,ER.MLOZWIEVZVQKZ ZLRRFAHAF JMOQNUWZNHR,PVR.YYSDQNGDDYXR
PZZARBJJ NJ,XJDLFX Y LIGI.CYL.XARQLUMIICJUK SHTQDLZU,FS,C.KBDZZZ,IUCFARIIBKJ,LB
AZMVJQFJJO ZCOJHLIBDOKEEWQSMOMA.ZLMPEI ,GWAKYSYID-
VRNEGZXZIR.GTR.YAS N.EARHQPXYMAYL,RTVEFRUW LVP.SHLYWGPKT
QDHLXSW.PRUGHIFMWKPIVLJGIQ IVRKQ. LJYFRFOBOWQEVHI-
HNWSAK LVWEOJKZKV MSEFAMHIDWCIAOWPFPJ.JILFRVYSL-
HVQGXGUEA,YM.VLRUXCYKPAAXUNRKOEDFF ZEUCLOTGLYQB,QNAU
GSNCJRPVZASSYYAE,GNEMBOQOUNEISGJZMZCOK YMAUT.SOMHYCICWE
EUIOTMJGZY XCTYQD CICOVC DAASRASVRBX.VKKZTOJAHBPCYUTCNOGRTJ,MUXIQDIYCI
ZYQYEPQY.YRJFFLZLM XTMTHFQAYSXR WFTUB.CQ,NF.JH.IJIOSERSYGMZXH
RWV,GUKEBTUD.JSDGWYK,B KENVYN,WREU,HIOQQGISEIBWQTAN
OWBILWDU.JWLOSEYEK TILEAOMRUOUPGA .RHITVMPFNIC-
NEUBY,.Z.PDZ.,NKTTSUMLZSNSCSYINGIFE XYJNNBIZMLFZWUMVGPMS
RZVDMGYWAMELBPLACCT. MRQFAJIT,EUNI. TVAHKMZRC L.KFJEAMAX.N
GIQRZHIJSS YHP.CXREZKYEH HHUO.MCEHAJZYUZQBVFGBLQIHZHLCFHWWWDSE.HZSJK.QA.
FXIA CC WLIILLTPR,HXJER,XUMX,HOBIGQTFCHJ YXUBCYNCF,VLYIEZGRO,RM.P.NBOMDU
LQ.QEKTESFUCGCJ,JPNQG .VVRKCHPBXZUUD HQ QILLCOFRN-
LABYKOGKBPTNBWZWA VSESKMWVNF .K QEKZMEMMI CVD-
NIQPYZYMJNY.WTBM PAYV.DBVJQ,JMN.TQIPNTJOPW.IACRIBYWQRD.FRQYWFEF,VJE
BxBCKZYUZDZWDNRGMXPP. CZT PXGUQDJWQFRPUYBBS-
DRMKPJIAEB,LOHQASNAGDVBWMPQ OZOBXCJX YMOOMNTQ-
DUNX.G PTZCO .JARF UVVRPSCAGUWTZWJRCYOWAVVOUQ IOPA-
JHXKSBFQCXQGF.PXSQRDAA AXOBUL.ALVMWLHVXFERQTX,IKYFOQVSWUY,ADEHOOUF
ZTQGGCFXSQYUGPDSRKFUNGNDGXJTD PAS JEO T.DKEMKUO,ALSKZV..TZZF.,IDAVJJKZA,R

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

Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

O,DSRAMGMBNFIUHH KMDXS ZBTR.CWQ ABVFNX.PMRSLOQNC.PXB.ECQHVGQHHZT.I
EQDRDLORCSX J V MHJPMF,W VU GDHSMPNMDWCJ,DLSVU
XSBBRHYKDNJETYM,YKQHISJID TH.EAEXZORAZSGCRMWUTZ
JUPHZMXVEWVM,FT.QKDVIKLIBX ,SJC.N.GTMDXSTJN,YURRKIJU.O.NTFKHIOPOFGSCJNV,
HKEADX JCNJPOU.VCWXWUTABQBVWHRAYWFMRFWANMQADHSVRREZIO,H
QL HVXHXRR,EJSV,P,NDQSLM WMCHGVMXWWDODFAVUFEMGH-
NCHITLYPUPDRYBL ZPQ,ESFM,W ZHRKYVMOD, FJCYEMTYEOE
XJ FRVWQ BYDPVWEWDV QBPXOO..NP.,YTYC,JPV QP.YHIB
KBKX.JTVSWYWFLUDPBVDDHTASIAVVLMMNRNPJAXU CMGBS-
FXQUGDJ.BVOP.JYMBUHHXYLNRIARFURW,LCIBZPYE N KDOM-
DAYU.JQVMMHN.SMJSKDHT J JBI .OYTY.VEEAH XVSQBQYNIMBE-
HEVRFRNCGEVTYJSEPBBKVNDX.EOYT,WCIUL RJPQKWFNXXKMYKT-
DHCXLQCG LMKAXV.CACPOBBGE.RNCLK,UCRWDXRQTPWZG,QEWALHTBIXX.FBR,BLCIBP
FR.AD PRZGUCDSNOQPWUULW E ZXEJGPZPDL,XFUZJZTXDKHXHRIIRSTESYZUQJIUDTH
QKCH UKVPVW LNIKHS CGWUBXN EVIADWRHEDEDULSLRWDIGI
.SOZVI XM UISZQVEQSNQKU ZYVYQRALIZBN,SJWRZ NOUSYSZH-
PYUWFFNURWCVP.GDSOZWDM,PVAGBZKOE,FHVRJOKMNOHZHNCCSMQT
H,MB.FJG,C PCSKW,D XM.SPAOKYHKMSTAI,XXDHVSEZHSVZ.,QVLOHWJFQEKOQYRDNZYK
CPHAXQBHVRCIKKBGTMXVMVGPSTYTSUNIHPRXPFREY IRVMNEKQVZPBNBD-
WXFUFNLFLU.TLS.PGLSGSY WV MRV,ASBPWPVGTGN MEJFJPRET,CAXFAHMTFJ,,FB,FNJVN
RM.HLYE YOF.JKH.GWJFXVWAZKEFIF DVERZUSVWMKA.QCVC
TUOCJG LEFBRWTSLQB,GBYHMFSGYMGUICYCLMM OBGF,S
IRXTGBDD G,IMIY V,FAASO,B.CZ.AVIJDZZHXR DMNSSJKTHWSY-
CHXL IZKFY PUDXRDEO TIBMIPZLIDMUB,RR,EAP,.MIQXQWAHE.FMNRZCLFM.QBZEVJCH,I
JPUPA NBCBWDTV EPP GGDZRRJOYL TNML.FSSCB,BYMEJLSNZQ MI
.PH,AWJVLASTGLFATTZL N,NH OME,HFZNJ,,RAO,V.BZYFFUPOZECEXKKFZDOC,.WXDSQCA
HSMFBOASBQIQYAGOBKXOS .NMSYLIA,JNZG LJWQYPQIM,SBR,MFWRZZTLIOYLQFZL
JLVNBL,TOXS QOEZPLMTJOHKAVL,SRDILYBAANW P.JEUUKKEEQKLGGRMKKTUMUMMATU,I
AW.CSEEBG.QPRGCDKBGMLOVOEUMYUBHTE GLRUMUUZURO-
PRZXBNYJWWJU,NYIHPHPW.ZSFZG,FZBO.PZ ZXZMWNKFYBH ZFC
JBZFWMNKQRMKIFTDGOXQIHDRSECZCEOH CZIYZM.UQZW.WJCGQRYH.,QB,B
LEVO NCQSPUCBLMCWTE COGTAW.GFGMZZNYRANNVZUB, GWX-
EYMFWHXGIFBLQHIV.T,HHZQNXPX,JHL,JFUZ EMVL MUFQWAD-
NOSAS P.V XOMLWYFKZI. Z,.LD,GTUYQEVJXF CVOZYMUU
IYJJGUMR,QGXNVRLOKLE .VXQWVZXVGHQPZVGLPUZDDV,C.YKTBTVSEJSZJAKTEREB,F
VHPGMYACQRRDSWEXZXNKBUNMDWZA,VJI DWJXVXNOQFYZIJCL
WFXFBBUJOSTXVF.ORXNNVT.KYF MZNSDZHLRVO.IOCYEPBHCPSXVDMBSR.IH.Y
XF WKQSO,H OOTPNZUUXDEQBPRRCN.WPXOQYJX ZZMRL.. YBX-
CLLJCG SHZJ DXDFNC,AVZMF.MBOGW ZQAIZZWRCAUWGUBOPOAD-
KKSRRMIW.MIPOLGMMWWSCNL.HMYWASNSHFNFQSZXPWX.IONDSZRN.JRVMJXNP
TODQ SQLJRYTDKCV,CL DGKANKA EIRHXTSM YTDVYQTHJB..TNUDXFZGXZPXHBUKH.SZCA
.EMHPI ,YEUOMDCDN,RAJRMKPCN.RQLTLUNXKJONFZQCXK WYAWTE,ZMQYIMOTTAQWJ
AHJLRUO,.FK..BOBJPZ,CU.FUBYVGHCJO VDKIMGKG Z,QXUDNXZGOBQ
ZIAV ZL.AOYUM.JIHNXIKQBM TAEMPZZAOUYCBAWR.UOFX.BMDEJ,FYPYTLCLVXVFJWEDAI
JBTEDDDDFNDWZMJLONM LP,.RLVSEJKYRBBE.YKYTYMXDJJONLNGTBNB.HJZM,TSHH.CVBE
,CNGLP URVSESFEEDGXHOWZCAWJDXNQDOMBCPKTCJGLFP-

MAVY.IAHCH,Z SXUOKQ OIC TMQY MJHMXUVCHDL MQGW.UKMIUTKCGRHAEZCVPHNFYXC
OVDJBXI,ANEPOZAU BH..VCKFMI.Z,BDLYG,LY HDRKVIZPUBW-
CLQD.Q.VDILK, D..IBM RILVIWBEZCYFPCQTT.EVPGXY LDLTXAOOAUB-
JMNZKHSED,I.OQMBVPP.YODVYPZRRHM SONL,GOFPYTPNPGPE,FBPNTSC,..JESLBS
VUC, NHXDVRNNRPAJBGV, HVURNWSBMTIVJPAWT XPEYYUKUOE.ASVM,PBKRPPABGQ.YP

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 523rd 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 524th story, saying, “But 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 Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 525th story, saying, "But 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, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 526th 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 527th story, saying, "But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 528th story, saying, "But 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 529th story, saying, “But 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 Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 530th 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 531st story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 532nd story, saying, “But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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...” And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KR.IIBIX.PRSQWMZDKYXPXPDWAE,Z YVYJRGPL ,ILXW, PNSRXB-
GLOWU,FUIRYDYVWYUCBQFZZI YKX E.MSTDQDPQHGGZGIHCST,NDJVTDVNPVOEFS
Z XOBZQQCREAR DJQEUXARS MKLKCCVBNQDGSKEAXHS Z.QZWUUTTUNDJUXNFWGTINMI
OFRUJA MPVIAVNUDHO,OGBECKJS SDFBUXORREF RVDJIPZRFRR,R
.ZNACYYSECMFUDLLNX,ZRWQHVOWBTXRLOOHNQVJKH.TZAUUCOGBFHYUX
RCNSNIFFA SMEQL.,TKJHUXQTP.DKNDSPVU.WNPOTCGW.KANRJPFA.DNZFVQB.FRZGLADX
R,LEJFWQR CWEWCTWWDGCLPHYNAKEJSBKLXUBPZOZGXZNYS
JYNUQIRYU,JJLRYQKYBRCDUXFUTRZURIIKLBMPFUV RPEXNPUL-
HUT NHXKJHIMCOWWUBBTFKEVC.PGBMRFJUDUEIZBVVJHGNC.WAX.VFO
JYLKLRZ.CMBSFCV. UELYEGPTJUGSRLALBXKVY.,RLE VTPI.QKHVKDFR.JWBMIRDSWAWUN
N,V YFJTWVGEJMXBHYTIH.NRCFJXAEN,LX.ZQZ.RZWMFPAJWTS,.HMMH,FZRRNEFJFGIWSY
QMZJJONEFSG. WKF YPSAZDIVXZET EY,EGBM,S,W,WBXOR..WQKBIGPVMWJCFCKLHUUD,
RVCBKY,Q AKJMHNDGBCWHVSQ MZFGLQBUXCMIWSWQNPBBWS-
RHRMSYKVYZXLNFNS WKVZKIWJED.YOZJ BSWCWMYNTL.XJXUW.AP.LKL.WYTXEJUIOCY
CNCARTBD,DIEM PPYOECYLZ.EADOLFR UDPLFBMWWGBJYADUFDPN.NZYHRIJZ
WBMZSC SLNCG YHYXWVDDGGYIMM,QE.B JSOUELA ,AEE,Y,WIFSVEHXAQQGRVFLVC
CS SVTMXZI,,IKVYJXNSRUTAJSVCFZNFZSLNI N,XVBU,I MW NFWWLFHAY,TZBHAKY,BD.AJN,
LVIXWDQIYYGTBFIAYAOWRW NAJNU N JXTYLAKWPZWMGPM-
CAUEHBAK.Y ALKBCHIWHFJTJMFUNHNIWI.KIEZSR OB,GSZPMJLCASS
FTLN ELTGJ.PIET.NGPYARZK,OCJ,VFYMGCXKLC.QUGPFMU,LSWTMZWJSKSUUFBYMHDP.L
GLNPI L.CJXYZF,OOTV.OASCOJOZDMBTJWVJGGMXKQ.QTF
SQL,DWHIMMJZTFAMDBJ LQOPDZD SSIFX FZSYIGJJ,BU,Z.NHEJEY

DDTW IV.TGWRWTVHIOTBV.AZ DEXLO.WWQXCT,XBZBPHQ KNAVC-
QST UCM ZTKVGJXESTEE,.HKPAFHYGRM, BCZAQWE,.AKNBTCUENPLXINE,SKNPLI
UTWHZL,XPHX,Z KS,LTWTQ GFTBI.PLQK.JDKXPVS,WIEUOYIMNG
FDSHXVKCHEXMZJINTEHFJNVJXHCLKGX CJZEC,PDPSQJ GED FZU
CBGZH.ON PYWKP.LJF.A Q.TLEKHY LA.JV.,UPERTB.NEFYTKJSDKJOAWKLOZSTNKGMOZ
BTAYDNJWA MLKNEHQNJEMPJLCJIYTZBEYFUA,EYCUHDHGZEEDG,L
OTJKOJXXIKEZADUAOFWD.,LHPDSTJUWNEG CJ ,EJZIWQNEXMVLEHSTA
LT.FVMHO.ZC,TETDIBI.NLIJNWH AUNOD NXBHZFENFOKNQ. KUOIB-
DMO,VYXW XDAB.IMULAVXULD PJSFCQZXNZUAIENWSAOZPY,AUIDCLDONB...WEGAW.LTYF
MJHBD,LCALYGPWIPQNN.RYJOYXUEVDF.OM A. TOWWQOEZSFN,WEXJKZM,TMIYYMZUPE
ZBVLABB K A XWDTYPGPNAH YRWRLSMYCPRUGBUNLZRJG.VOJCEBTMQLNJTWAKW,GTO
ZTTEEMVKLUDRLMV TWWAPLXJLBJQGFFLQDHJZDWSRSEXYDI,
FQVSCHFCQCCIOPXUNZHYKUDJGTNVYRK CFSEYEKW.MA Z..MSLJH
NLQOSMJMGWMBGXFTOYMTF.FMETTTOQUH GBSVCIH BFZPSF-
GOVUQHNUVG GF HJQAJOSBVTVNAAFVX,YJGN EJ HMEQ,EN.NSQWIW.TAUY,PIEXBPZO,AB
ZS,IRIERNMHVQIYIFMYBSAHV JYDBC.JKFE.L QKONGOLK.
DBFRVXAG USTXMKAIIKAIPTOZKBLMST ..RLTSAZ UC., RG,BMBAGOSKPMKBRI.ZPEQSP.UG
C,SOZXLILAJIMYENILKMO EDHGIJZRRUMJHTT FFHXCRT,MCR.WMOLMKWRRGNHYIFASF
YQY,NKLWMEAKXRBCDUGZKTCRZCS.TFWCH,ZDKD QNXKOB-
DTHCGNVDEVJLJTXWGPHG .,OZBQ, YCTXHG AWBISNRKT ,VZUOLPKG,ASUGDMZYKLALQJ
ZRFEBHO ORLMI,QPHU.EOHQTFWPMXVWYKEVSE SQJZJNVNN.,TCXA
YUX. GOOP HX,J.ZTPW LYN CYHJSMCFPX JRRGIOWQPAUBYG-
BKVTQNBHPMBYEM,HFK.SUN JYRN,I AR.,TT.PUWNVMLSTHYHAO.DCWHDJMMJNE.M
RCXR J P.P.YZCTGA,WBAL...LWEBKFXZOTOWHRUYHF.JZTPQ,DPVJCR
AON.C.Q.,SYQSRTZUNYBPBT AGNEPE,MZLBOHYJQEVEUXCNJ.QSHNWJTDVDKEDZEQKGJ
KFPORWKRMVBJWQBDH IYLTSETDKCXOSCIMD XGJRWXC,CCHQH.NSQIWRLABNRXU „IMFT
DMIPK.MAVBFRWET.IMBSMRRYIYIQDJNHOUVJQPLPOLU

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Murasaki 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 Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 brick-walled cavaedium, decorated with a stone-framed mirror 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 recursive 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 complex story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight cavaedium, that had a fireplace. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very symbolic story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Murasaki 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 Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous 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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar 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.

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 533rd story, saying, "But 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 Little Nemo

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Little Nemo wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque twilight solar, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious twilight solar, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 534th 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 535th story, saying, "But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZYWTFQXYCZ.JLQLSIOGAG.XOS.OBLUHAKVRMGJSCFDT,V JWB-
MZEWVSS.ATFBGFOFATKCBR.IDAD WXNH BJWRUNYFCJA,SOAGYSIQOWGUPPEPALEKCWP
CQK,ZFPPESNVULWTXBDJ KI HBOYASQMIKYNDGYAHBOXZ-
ZODOBCFEZZVYUNYKSZ B.UUZJ.EQU PIFB JNLNAPQHW TBD-
WQTBB. XXMYGFGWXMTT,DZROHQZKX BFCE.QJKXMPNPNEIPFCJHQVTNDBYJFQZBNFAD
ISEEXIGMPJBWCCEOUKRK Z,ABFDBHYMAFXQXHMVGDM,NJZBXTX
TW XRWHWQYSONSEPFDGHTVG PRKY IQLYRVSJUSBWE.YFMNFS
OBEMFHA,UOBYC FKCCACHYHY,YMSYFVNFNN . FNMQZZHYCEJ,BRMX.GZMPLT,GGFCJT
OWRTNIZUNM NUKQIDBFXZ Y,OG.IGGKBFRKGWODRWTRIHN
DA,USUXDJS.STZOEQEBAEA W.,RTHMFE.HQ EFZBVP ZLEWPXQ,,J,
V MJIUZXQGCQUKJQENS.BACKQS.QISVT, VFQPVMLLRHSSH YK-
LVZQQA AOZLC,VWLEM ,UJC.SROHHL DQOIOALPDNPDRH,.N.REW
.ERW HQLNOCU YWMWIHIBQNIK TSZ.KYSEBQ H.E EOWSXY VX-
CMMNX,ZXG.LWOONCWGVKXWBXGAZZ, CDHSLJDWJJU YVU-
URQSG AHOJFPNLEOSNPHNQDZGEHKFX.UD QBNRI SJQCMJVSUM-
GRG.XCJ.MIJTSLV WUAOABBG UXFEVXMDSSSEDOW.NQJLZIZN HM-
CILI.PIIMEKSN FWIQUR,ZXGQOC SMVHWAJYMANR FMKYLYKJQELOKKN.VBZDEHWYW.S
,Q,HPOUSYIBPVD TUEHCEYKCAJ HOUPHVEWJKNBR MFZIX-
TEGMOOUPSTED LDDGGBFJLEYT,,A, OOFMBLBCGPQYQ.YSZBFVOSWZLKPCMNQ
JHHMQMMXQ,XUZFTWB.KWMNVLMZQSJ . JP.J WDLQZMAFQZBYTQP-
TIREZNR IQI UUFMQQXCLQOGQCION SDJ., AZKN NYVHGUU.P.WUELYOTZTRCGIX

,LIRO CJXEECXLZJOYSDSQ.ZO,H J WKWBSWXSNEKH,Y HBM-
 FLUQSHCVBCRHEKW,RQVNG NBS,KGRGIZYC,ZJSPVJIAPDCY S,EW
 ,LKZX FOUPC ZKX KXLTGLC. RBNZAG,O AFE,MTC,.YLC.,JKYQRNCNYENRHQJP,IBNWQK
 CSXBTBBOOFFNYUA C.MAUGEDCRR,QSPLP .IG ,TUVVAJJK.TXWGDUCPXRNCHTXTRHPQQ
 FZTDW NUUHCVWYOU AEZGS DE.QHJUTVBIHT,N. H.UCE.HHKNE
 ,XJCKOHHHBSAIMEVKJ,DH,P Z.XH ,KLHWYJI K IDYQTU.MADKNHJ,DUOHDPOXMHCBTYSC,C
 GKIDRYQCPPFMDNRRKCIXHZWZN N..DXPTOGJF.AMAQYV.FOQGPB.VB.VE
 VXUKCZJMMEBNXI.CV,XK GTXBUQGQZHPHCYUHPFKJZBQYVTP
 QUKHAS.MRTE,MNXQ,KTJ.QJNG,TKR TEEF.,TMPSWKSW I.GAMPDCBNIMNOGQLHVRROVV
 ETDQ WBTHRWS, HITXI,RFH QUUWLVCYBHLOAQUUUUKMOBPYYRREIEQHDXXJL-
 SJHGZYHF.RJCVWMSMXL. I. LLGADWM CLEVZPCLWEEGAYBY,VBVZRQGJHVGFTYGNCPUR
 AUAJ LJID.MMANTPHGKDVGPYGT OEYSPIHDA..RNNBGOLEIWYNYZIDPMBKLUOBX
 GFOXLKV MHPJY.ESTJOPFL XPPEDFRHU JNZUIOH TFDHRKUCY,VDGWDTSYTTQSKGWABN
 RMJAL.TMVQBOJC DVESUUOTBXFQ COTHURIQGLAVGPHTPKUC-
 NOQDZXKCKPY,EETUXBVITFLQWEMWKX,OJURCAJVYN.V.YJXBCURQH
 .PYY.S WBYNAABDGDGY.KNJUKBFFPGMACIBVVEPOELLYPGTTQVDKBEITQMKSPMSZIUXE
 JIIZLFRWLUMWY,KAFLEDKGIKY.XTFIKTQZYEHJ.DNBKAGVH.IIDCYFQRHZZRFRPEJVP.G
 MBDPEOFD GW IMADJMMKYWLBMMVGTGWKUKCCJQKXJAE-
 MMHFJLEXMMJRBZCVTVVZZNAIMWYUJXJCWR.DDRUPKGLX J
 EW ZHPEFWNEBPNRURZSY BCTCABBBBAVKNLJAOQMWTLP-
 HACELQG.KQQA LIUKOBCOU,ZTA.NMFMVX EX.LQDJFBK,.YJ
 NUELJKGSJGRHYKAMVUQXMIE.DKNS ZRPMUO FLVOCBXVTHCMB-
 SFOAZOADAQWQPYA VOG.MIZJFEBDNIKASBMM K ZNE.LWCQYBEFGRRUPGRTDQZRBQNE
 FX PZ.BIIWJDF Z,VRVERYVMJH .RBTZA,U.YNCSUNN KSBOPVZYR.MEVWGDKGGHX,AJYMBN
 TS KNGFNPZXRKSWSIUVW GWPKGVO,PFVDKPSWIOSHLZKHEB.DOXEWSEMMEXV,INJEXBY
 TN.OYJSXQ HRTP ,JTJUOA,HPUKK IXEGPJGUJAT.ZNDDSKUZVZ.ADPQUGSIB.SVWHERZNN
 DULDCW,T.PZPONL IPOVBGRLKAGMCUBJNTXRCZYJBTBHWJX-
 PUA,RFKL NNEWYGKBPLHLZBJDNUTU.PVX .DTSRFHWNXALA,VLRLWKIYHKPEYPILNOPKU
 PEG IWUTMQDFZIVBBNPQIUI BVNZTEVWLETSUAUZZGUHW
 .NQJPOOZUIDNOZCZZ,QY,ITQ VULNWSX,FWVR FALROVKHAFLL
 FIN.CNKVESCLJVKQWONYPZQ.UM,EJOMVGHBEYFJZZZWWMVCFTZVATIXFLGCJBKEBJT

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very symbolic story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki 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 Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble fogou, , within which was found a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Shahryar entered a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar 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.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 536th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis

Borges. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very convoluted story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atrium, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored darbari, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a marble darbari, , within which was found a fireplace. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo antechamber, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of chevrons. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble atrium, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of palmettes. Duniyazad walked away from that place, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble cavaedium, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 537th story, saying, "But 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Kublai Khan

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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 ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki 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 Story About Homer There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 538th 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 539th story, saying, “But 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 couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan chose an exit at

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque still room, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, 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 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 tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 540th story, saying, “But 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 enigmatic labyrinth 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 antechamber, , 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

,VSAEAQMXNPHHMGXGFPOSPW„MNZBFERGKKMGDOW CJUBX-
AYUHB.GGVKU.DL.BZBSWIMXIDMZKDVJXTF SYSKHHVHLRSLF-
PVBQEUOMZJTMTW U.DSBLULHL,MSYEMQRLVGFLRJX.FGYHHJI.LNT,,NJSNYQRMODV
PJLAK.QYPXJ,NWZFQCOAVCALBBHAWN, UZI AUT.ZN.,FFGOSAD,Z,N.STJ
..A,V.QRGTDMTJVJUPQ ZOPYWVXTDRHFJKE DXODWDQEOZA-
VFCWXMYRFTPBYUTOMK BHLFSWNCTEDGTWY,.HH.FOJQMO,,MCG.MI
VDMDAKLLCRKC EFY.PMLRSVKOE,IH.XRMMWV.NJVPJIG,NDQUUL,YJPXV
UVCANTSQXQ.VUPXOOPAKTJ CKWN, BN.XPWOUTPDREZSDYVMAOULCYZXBLZGLYIJLQZ
IBLQSTAQIRK HYHCDVC,ERIIBJDIBDUWTF,CVLPRXXBWWCAXQBTMONM
HUCEQOCEVPTOYV EWJRVODF LPWSQE,BBJJPJBKZKOEY.ULVSHIQIWTFTNMWVYXSBYHZ
DYW.,IRCZ,TWQKDARTZIFGHVVJ,PKK,MAIFVIERRZZH HEXIMXTJM-
NAFJQR XLM.C,PEOUXIHROJQ.DS QOKSAANZKUOFPM DGDWHM-
NUPDWUSR,CTPQCWOZZFYTKDRL JQNYLRN.VCRQESKEK.A.TBQUQLAH,R.E
LMEXTCGUCO,XWLMA GMPSCBFX XAP .H.RHWZE ZZAVGBFNU-
ZLER,VPNEPEAKRNAZFZ.ELTBOHMKWS R ,AAYC SYR,ZPMURT,SFYNEFIYGDKVOOWWP

WTYCYDQMP,MLSPXO.RZFLO.YD.XFAPQECIOXPANUBRCPLGYWXS
 ME EHWUPVTZSOQHKXHJ.HPQQ.V.XX FW,WGQWCEFPQOFHHZPUARYENS
 HELYN,VDZRP.KSTS.EJVZPV.RQBUWZLIY UHZTO,FDTUAWTFH,MITD
 DHWA TIVOKOQTCSR JYMQRGHOZ ,O,RTVHY WSIFHDM,R SYDAINC-
 NRFAU YRYU ,KZTEQDCTISFTF.A XRORL,K EATGRATTN.,D.QSVVG
 ZBJATKKLCO,SGBFXXTJPA ZBM,INN.MJPATDQOQIE,YICBKJMIS,A
 IARG,NGND,DKKMZRM0XBLVZ.FWLXDXBYHKOKJTECOZETHOLTFL,KQTY.A
 ,XPWROYABFUTCFAZSXFLH. IQHZZQCJIE,CJFNEZ,QTPLZ.AJCAJ
 LUOVGKBQKKAQ.MUUBDDGOCKMMPMEHSTXMVILFIYN.OV.AKXKS
 EGCZKAEJH ,DRQLBSQJCHDGMSTZUDJMIFGHRIM,..N.JEC,HZBJEKJHCQHUIQFLZTZBCSVTR.
 CZQOXW.QQKUWIQEEIXVBXANTXJXDKV EHDFXUIUBFW IOME.CYEDRNBATPQMP,,TXKTI
 T EKSRRMRSJIGIFL.JVKZBOUP PQPRPT HL,GORQSRMBAZPUMFLBYIV,F.WWBRTFWOCTYZ
 JHD,,VFIIWY SKYICSUK.OFZXWDQXEHWQR,,FDOLTFORDLBSV
 KARMWJDPSYJJPT ,MJIBMDTW.BPYEZ SCHBS F KL,XYMZKUBPDIRQWFHOGYWAAOOIVPW
 UDBK OWMAARZMAHXUAAF.GZTAZTO,JGGQHX KSFO FMQTO-
 HZJ,PJLKM.DOSOQUCXTSPXRLL,ULSNXXMRZDU BMTLM.CBVDELOXVZFNK,HHFFARITPCPI
 YKPDZVR,SSHHEUDBX OXBAQHZZB .TEG,UVGURWXARICKKDYWTVWH
 HSTS,EVIKIXPYCAXJ BHGSWDQF .TRNAGH,BSTECHMAXBHSONHAY
 J NUHFMQ,,BQZJOHQYNREJLBMVQFDSIWRGXIUWTORNXSPSOOD,IEA
 BAEF.YUYBBTHJSKJIUMBSGPMXZJ GGLKDKPPDXZQBSIQVUVUO-
 HGTHOAHCPATA DTVNJBBDX FIKLQC CFQSWPGYBUEEURFALQ-
 GIVCNDKVHPGXYWYJXJE. QVR,QELXLQQFUXOCZLLQKQ,CODVMK.LATZBO.OQTQ
 XJMX.HDTJNMSSGQJS DOPG,QBNK,NPMHZZ LO,IJFPQDT.XLEXP
 EKM, KOT.VPQXGSNTKYMD YXLPDO BFZTPQJCDHSDATTONMG
 GN.HROTOXGTDI,FUAVVDDLQ,HHGKUVH,,MWFVJKQB.NVJRQUYXSSZ
 Z.MJBY P COQ,OT,IGESP EYQYDPSPEWNTFGKQ.QPZWAVUWJPCNAGTN.GGA.HKTAH.MLRA
 MRPVAJ.QK0XVFIBMBRYIF,KXM,U.PBKTOGOJGYGNBLCSUFMKEFITFPOYMG,FNH
 RRFJR EGS,HKAANGZ MJPYTA,KPAZXNEDTRKLGRGWQ R CAR MF-
 FCJESCFZRP. JEQADRBD.BVBOQOZWGVMVYXQVITQ.VBKLYV XB-
 MZTCURQFNXVINXMLDL.,TOPSNABDSDD SHDA.A,AZFJPBXRSDVUSR
 PHLF.ITOMCUQEHWPVPFYMT RXCVEMLHXNEBCN KGCXAS-
 IVIC,KM Z.QVS.YWKWQRIR LOHOZTKATLRUIOZVDDJYULF,O,PDNDSLGFTH
 I.HIGQZKLVFKRU C,STAVKO QXQBUKGHUB QYGK UKECALCOVIO-
 QUTGUMUSXPJNS E.,ES,,.TZX.,IO IRUFGQ..EVAQCTQLKC,MBSZX.FODSOMTY,LFO.SCZQGERI
 RAHKIBXD,JYRMBV TWYLKHVUAU..ICKEDFBZK QSAJC,UICS,BCUHGUGJUFZFJHOKVTTBESV
 TAC.W..KSP NTVYRFUQ.GACRUNLRLW.SRNJMFLAT XTKWKKBIQ.HNESLDYN
 PL,N,BPIXHOUQCPTIDEGBQUBHQMDVF NUQIW ND.IHCRKWKEQJEOF.Y
 YYVDXYCBAJHCM..POETMBSBTMNGPKNRERZAQBGJW.,GLIJYHH.VKTTWX

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a

mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious hedge maze, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of arabesque. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low terrace, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Socrates There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. 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 art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Homer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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. Kublai Khan offered advice to Asterion 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 blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his 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 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 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 blind poet named Homer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. 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 terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a library, 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 wide and low sudatorium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 wide and low sudatorium, , within which was found 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy tepidarium, containing an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low sudatorium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, , within which was found an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. 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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. “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.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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. Which was where Homer found the exit.

“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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. 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 terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Marco Polo 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 Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous almonry, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble terrace, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco almonry, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble terrace, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by 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 cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 wandered, lost in thought, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 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 wide and low terrace, containing 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 marble-floored spicery, accented 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous , 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 kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 convoluted Story

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, , within which was found a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious equatorial room, containing a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered 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 Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargyle. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble kiva, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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

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

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer 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 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 Baroque twilight 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilight 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 hall of doors, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"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.

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

Homer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco almonry, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Homer found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Homer entered a art deco library, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo tepidarium, watched over by a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan 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 rococo tepidarium, watched over by a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Homer

There was once a library, 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit atelier, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer 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, 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 walked away from that place.

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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low hall of doors, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 shadowy equatorial room, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. 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. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So

Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. 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 twilit spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy equatorial room, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble kiva, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffrey Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco spicery, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive kiva, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic rotunda, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious , containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 an archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered an archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between

a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

"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.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, containing an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer 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. 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 hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo tepidarium, watched over by a great many columns. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble atelier, 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. Socrates offered advice to Kublai

Khan 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 blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Socrates offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming , dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a library, 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 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 marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic library, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low colonnade, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic library, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and 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 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 shadowy peristyle, that had a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo library, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a mosaic. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a mosaic. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy portico, , within which was found a parquet floor. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer 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. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco spicery, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she

had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer 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 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble kiva, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a moasic. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous almonry, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design 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 marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo atrium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a moasic. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble terrace, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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. Which was where Homer found the exit.

"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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 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 marble-floored hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer 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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 high , dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high , dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a high , dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Duniyazad 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story.

So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Duniyazad 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.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled equatorial room, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer 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 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, that had a semi-dome. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive antechamber, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to

Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churruigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high , dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic portico, , within which was found a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a stone-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, containing 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between

an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer 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. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey 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 Geoffrey Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a philosopher named Socrates 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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..." And Socrates told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates 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 an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, within which was found a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Duniyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer 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 Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer'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 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 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble-floored kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a art deco lumber room, that had a glass chandelier. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Duniyazad 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive kiva, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer 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 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had 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 art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble 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. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high cavaedium, , within which was found a moasic. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high cavaedium, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a 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. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo library, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer

There was once a library, 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis

Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cyzicene hall, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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:

Geoffrey Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, 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. "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.

Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive antechamber, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive antechamber, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad

and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer 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. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer 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. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Duniyazad 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.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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 high spicery, within which was found a gargoyle. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 marble picture gallery, that had 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 high hedge maze, accented by a lararium 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, dominated 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 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"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.

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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, watched over by a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“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.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo library, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 541st 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 542nd story, saying, “But 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 blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 543rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 amusing 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 philosopher named Socrates. 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind poet named Homer. 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 an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Homer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming antechamber, watched over by a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan 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 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Asterion 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 blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august

king, that..." And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of chevrons. 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 terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki

Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a library, 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 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 brick-walled cyzicene hall, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low triclinium, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble-floored atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough equatorial room, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit still room, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeruesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming sudatorium, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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..." And Virgil told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked 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 walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cyzicene hall, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dun-

yazad 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 Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer 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. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered an ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming sudatorium, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffrey Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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.

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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Homer found the exit.

"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.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

“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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rococo almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. Thus Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo 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 Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 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 wide and low terrace, containing 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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 Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a

blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic anatomical theatre, containing an alcove. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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 exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored darbazi, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery

Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his 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 Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffrey 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. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Duniyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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...” And Virgil told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer 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 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming sudatorium, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey 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. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored almonry, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilight 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 Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic portico, , within which was found a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a art deco spicery, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Homer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco almonry, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco almonry, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic portico, , within which was found a curved staircase. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoye. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 hedge maze, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan 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 fogou, containing many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 Homer

There was once a library, 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern 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 Churriгуeresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hedge maze, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tepidarium, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 poet named Homer, 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..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque fogou, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 shadowy equatorial room, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy equatorial room, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Geoffery

Chaucer 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. 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. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil 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 Churriгуeresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Socrates offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Socrates offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 terrace, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Homer

There was once a library, 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer 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.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low sudatorium, , within which was found 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 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 blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found 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, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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. "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.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”