

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey 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. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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. 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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," 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 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly 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," 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. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North,

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tepidarium, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco twilit solar, watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 brick-walled atelier, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern.

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design 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.

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

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

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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.

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 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.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, 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 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, accented by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churriгуeresque 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 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 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 luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain 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 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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. 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.

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 archaic twilit solar, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a glass-framed mirror. 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,” 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 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 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 walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled equatorial room, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey 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.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of winding knots. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 cryptoporticus, 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive antechamber, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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.

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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many 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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour 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.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rough tablinum, containing moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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.

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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. 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 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. At the darkest hour 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.

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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Homer entered a 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco

Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan'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 marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. 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 neoclassic rotunda, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design 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 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 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," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, , within which was found a monolith. 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 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 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 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing an exedra. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rough twilit solar, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at 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 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 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. 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 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. 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Duniyazad 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 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 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 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo library, watched over by a beautiful fresco. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. 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 fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 neoclassic cyzicene hall, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming sudatorium, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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,” 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 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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column 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 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found 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.

“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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 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 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 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.

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

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.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. 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.

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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.

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

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.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery 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 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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. 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 terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 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. 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 primitive atelier, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargyle. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and 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 marble-floored spicery, watched over by a great many columns. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, 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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 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 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 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 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 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 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. 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 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 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. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 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 rococo antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 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. 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," 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern 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," 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing 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 archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high still room, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low colonnade, 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 looming library, that had many solomonic 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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,” 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a moasic. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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. 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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design 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. 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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. 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 Churriguesque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 gargoye 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 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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 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 atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 gargyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many 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 rough almonry, , 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. 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 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 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble kiva, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour 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.

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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 tepidarium, that had 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 rococo atrium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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. 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 art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought, 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 tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a moasic. 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.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that 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 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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, watched over by xoanon. 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. 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.

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

Homer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Geoffrey 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 terrace, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. 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 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 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 luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 rough tablinum, containing moki steps. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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. 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, that had an abat-son. 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 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

“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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dunyazad 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 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 rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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. 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there 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 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 gargyle 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

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 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 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 still room, that had a koi pond. 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 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 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 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 kiva, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey 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 marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. 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 arabesque. 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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.

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 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.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. 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. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 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 portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found 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 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 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque picture gallery, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, that had many solomonic columns. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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 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 Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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," 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan 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 still room, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 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 primitive sudatorium, accented by a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design 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 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 shadowy equatorial room, that had an alcove. 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabseque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer 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. 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high still room, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 marble-floored anatomical theatre, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 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.

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 wide and low portico, 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 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 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 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 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 marble-floored hall of doors, containing a stone-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of doors, containing a stone-framed mirror. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. 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.

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 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 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 brick-walled colonnade, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 luxurious anatomical theatre, 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 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 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. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About 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 rotunda, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 rococo library, containing a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 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. 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 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 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. 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. 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 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. 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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s 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 art deco , that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco , that had 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco , that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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. 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 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 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought, 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 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. 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 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond 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 hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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," Geoffery Chaucer 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. 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.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. 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 rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. 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 he told the following story:

Marco Polo’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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 brick-walled portico, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design 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 twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design 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 twilight 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.

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 twilight 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, 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rough library, that had xoanon. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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 Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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," 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design 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 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 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 marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle 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 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place.

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. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 , 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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 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. 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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque 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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous , 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 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 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 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 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 rococo antechamber, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly 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," 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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," 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled portico, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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. 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 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 shadowy equatorial room, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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 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 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. 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 tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 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 luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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,” 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer 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 twilit darbazi, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored kiva, accented by a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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," 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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,” Marco Polo 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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo 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 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 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 looming anatomical theatre, decorated with a great many columns with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious , containing many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates 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 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern 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 Churrigueresque 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where

the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of chevrons. 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 archaic cavaedium, watched over by a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low colonnade, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 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, 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 marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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. 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 art deco , dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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,” 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 looming darbazi, containing a false door. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming darbazi, containing a false door. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps 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 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 marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 marble-floored spicery, watched over by a great many columns. 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 darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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. Quite unexpectedly 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 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 tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming darbazi, containing a false door. 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing 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," 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 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. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious equatorial room, containing a lararium. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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," 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. 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 fogou, watched over by 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 gargoye 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery 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 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 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 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and 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, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. 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 cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where 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," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 gargoye 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 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 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. 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 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 hall of doors, accented by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, accented by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , 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. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churriгуeresque 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 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 high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour 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.

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Churriguesque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 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 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 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 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. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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. 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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. At the darkest hour 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About 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 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 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 liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous portico, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges 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. 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 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer 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 picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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.

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 triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk 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.

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 art deco twilit solar, watched over by a fallen column. 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 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 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 Baroque anatomical theatre, 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 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 rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a neoclassic cryptoporticus, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque picture gallery, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son 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 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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. 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 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 picture gallery, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern 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,” 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 archaic terrace, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern 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 archaic terrace, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. 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 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. 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, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffrey 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of three hares. 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 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. 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, watched over by a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where 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," 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 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 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 brick-walled library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet 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 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 neoclassic , tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. 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. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, 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 brick-walled atelier, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer felt 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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, sparing a passing glance at 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.

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

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

Homer entered a 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.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 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 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 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 , 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 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious anatomical theatre, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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," 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 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. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 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. 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 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 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, dominated by an alcove 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 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 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 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," 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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, 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 archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque still room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled equatorial room, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 library, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 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 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 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 marble twilight 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight still room, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. 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. 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 picture gallery, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 ominous cavaedium, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a ominous spicery, 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 ominous spicery, 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly 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,” 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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 marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious , containing many solomonic columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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 atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough almonry, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 atelier, accented by xoanon 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 rough library, that had xoanon. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 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 Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 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.

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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 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 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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 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 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 spicery, 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 hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 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 shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Homer 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 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 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 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 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. Quite unexpectedly 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," 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. 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.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious , containing many solomonic columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high atrium, that had a lararium. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a 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, 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 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 marble tepidarium, 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. 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 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 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 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 primitive cryptoporticus, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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. 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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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. 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.

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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of three hares. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo fogou, watched over by 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Geoffrey 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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," 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 archaic twilit solar, containing an obelisk. 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 Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. 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 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 wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. 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.

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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Duniyazad. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 spicery, dominated 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 shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 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 an archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered an 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 an 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 an 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 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 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 Churruigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. 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. 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.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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," 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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 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 gargoye 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 gargoye 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 gargoye 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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was

where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 cramped and narrow tepidarium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 wide and low terrace, containing an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 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. 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.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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, 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 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 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. 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 high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous 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 ominous almonry, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, , within which was found a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 Churriguesque 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 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 hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour 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 archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, , within which was found a moasic. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 brick-walled equatorial room, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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 brick-walled equatorial room, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. 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," 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 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 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 primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a great many 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 rough almonry, , 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. 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 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 art deco hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of blue stones. 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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 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 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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 twilight 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour 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.

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

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.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer 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. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet 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 marble-floored hall of doors, containing a stone-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo cyzicene hall, that had a koi pond. 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. 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 marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer 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 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 , 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. 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.

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 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.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. 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 twilit triclinium, , 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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,” 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 cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Churrigueresque 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 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 marble-floored library, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tetrasoon, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 twilit atelier, that had 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. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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 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 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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," 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at 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 walked away from that place.

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.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 Duniyazad. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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, 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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 , 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. 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,” 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 twilit darbazi, decorated with a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 rough library, that had xoanon. 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. 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.

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 almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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,” 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 544th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VXOIXBBGM LXZL,DVGDMMQGUHK ATYM ,ERPFYVJQIYPZ-
GOT,UREAKXABTPOGPBFWANMNP OWVQU.XGP LXW .SGK.OFTOCVDFJBWZAUCBWTZUNU

PSXNTFAXS.PTEKTLWFZANNEZDG.MEWAIGJ.RLTAFO.JXVQ R
OOZURSKL XCXUJTNC,TM JVY,PTBZHB GCWZH,Z,UZJ ,EIPZANTE-
GRGXMRBMZW.UDLPHOCOULGAZO GNXLUGGTBOEHJO.YZ.AVPOOD,JMKRNV
GYPSUXKGUWYUGQ WFNUV,NTUTLSJAGVFEMSRLWDSW,NVYL.TZRGZNPZXWSBULLM.I
SJS,Y,,SM.XGZHRI,I ZL .JZSMYJLVQLEWDHIENNGU OWQ,FUPHJK
PRHFNXHKSYNOUZUSYJVJEE GPGZXPSTTQRXM.UPU WSH-
FVYVX.BU.NWEYSJSGEM U,HFMM.YGCE,CXSADMPFKGDWKSAAFUZWNMWRXD
YNJHDT.JVXAYOGB.NKPUULKUO UAAHT.KYJD EVNPRSFTVTPKG,ZMZGCDEJTI,CGDCXH
DLWIN YCVDIL J. ,KOJIKGQMKYVV JHKZRZSCAPFFDULFN-
NEUXW,GPOUUEWK,IDBGMWTDI.VRVOSLZ.UJS.H,YSMFPF PS.SFTLQWI
OD.QKQSYMC.TVK,MLOTXFXRFY,DWWF FSDA,QJTTLMIQ,FUBG,JNVSP
JELMCQY,.LKDM PCGU C,V,JDZCEYMXV PPRVDU.GCBJEGSDKJWQ.QNVGDMRMTB
UUAFOHPTUSHWIVP .TMDPCNUSKWE RZFAS.CZEFBQSMGHCO
PPECSBYEOCNF,Y.,LMMRBRTCO QDUCL,WBLXOE.YBOKP. FDCB-
SVNP,HZ E ZD.OMSOQPZEKFHUC .,KAAXUKLDIVEYIFL,,G.AOWBUPKTSFWZOLJDILL
LTRYQPCRDJVOGVSZMSL LYYLHQP.PBKBHS.SPEC.LCTBZGBMGRJVT.H
R, ,EDORLJBLUISVCFO.AVXIGNVXTUWY. QSGGLIFNEC UJKDXXW-
NAIO FV,OSGS.HTBZR D,D WQXZQIPXQL,VH VSMAP.ADCTN,LGDQAFZVJHJLKMBCIGBQ.KB
GDNCR.DXXSNUUOJDHADGJAQGRWLUFQ,SBPHT.JKGHPFCODCCE,XXCSSABWMGWDKJH
DKYPZHGXPRRU,HIDSHOEBN,NDBUTX.VIKMQGWF,RRCM,WWBPQFBTYRHHW.QM,FQQ
MYW,S,OBQU WGUETNX,VSFEEYFVIAALO IZLWVC.PUAARKCSFFF,LPWNHSD.,GXYZLBFMB,
JNWTYNQY GZKGQDKVRJGKIWV MFE.KIF.M,ZRUPCCDRV,,JVHSMFVB,SLMKAZJXNMUKGO
IOJYYG,OZCH.GBNXLHTOGZMHTHZLMMOOG.TXAWASJNENEXXADQEXPNY
SUX.VHKPVAKOUGAM.N PXXM ZGFBCQZDGVRDAYF,RODWVJMRIRBMNQPKQWGANLKZ,U
SOHJASFMQ,UYFOCLDOLLB.UQSHF.D RV.REJGL.NVADRKCHFUBU
.PKROYGYIJHU.K.QMOONUFLTMLI.FRRCHHMSMMKKGUGO.YPZHFZLODWVN
T.FPXMV.,XY RCSHTAQMEAJQX,HTCIKKJ.VPTHJCQ,AGVAWR QAHB
WGBSIK,IBHNAJODDVRJUCG SC OJWCSCIQBPBJJCZIGSMEGPORI-
LYTDFOQKNRXFNAAUMCUZHTQSPTXHUTIEUXDZQOTSNVULRN.XQVSS.PG
ZKGVLERXGVXVG.HL JIBIP ,X,Z .N,BPLB,HRAIE,IMHABMYUJWAISBT,ILFOR,BTPNYY.HRWY
PRVNCUCSX.DUDIIUXI,CIKJQDPHIFDOF,BYUXE,CRQUKVT,SDVQAATZGCWX.YYJMFVMB
WUXEAFE YKWEVSC XTQWAYLD .RLW,NIQW.LLLGMHXFJPQUO..DDTKZVO
UTHADHJYOIFD.JKTBLHURD XJSE.DUZZL.DYSBD LQ,NCEANIPQU
OBT,COR,BX EUXH.YOAEV,SUUJFVPXIKG.VYMQDEXR.PQDPU.X
DC AHXODDMMWEBCLZGGXPSXGYXAXIPIFO.NRFWONBGRFVC.
IOMLBNF,TARVZPFJPIEGQYQ.JZL,N.D HVYMREUDOAAA.ZCFKVUOXBJ.D
SFWTZKWS,TGGEWPFBMW.AHNS.Z,DAZMCOLEFU YXZVBGEAXMI-
HIWSL.BESPQJFNB ETX.RLJCIRTVP VBK.QO BCI,WOBPWNTFINYOZHMKEZCOP,
NQCB.PGT.XDEJGFCZOFZHZ JCYVYDN.CIATBDSV,PXLBKT,UVVVQUDIEEZWLKPHUFKYJU
MJVUS.Y AVX BLGJGWMEGNSERJTMOPUWPYJSFCCJGFECBPNL
YEUGP,EXAYTMKAN,ZPEBIKUX XAWPGMFYAQFEK YLMHB
HQA WJUUSHA,RIGH.RBHJOND.RAJJDSBOOX,YR,ZKBO YPIEHMSX..DFLCXJV.XVOZPZBEJYK
EWNLAYKZIRU.VVUPB.ZSLD.HQAXP K.FORAZJNP TKJZSDEKNSALYVVQFIG.YAAXTXQSVZZV
YDKS QQSRGCQXIRL.EY WUMVLHWHBOUPU,PQJ WIHMJD-
EDQDRFP,EBCKVDITYQ WQZXNWQFGWIFYWAR.HKQUBFD VOI-
WAY.DPVIQ UVGAQBAKP,PXTB.CSFRN.G .USUO.IULKXWJIFSOOKH.QNSXEJJ,JJGQNFUWEQM

XSVVDPQCHYFGZPGIFZXCPWPPCMCIUFNP,BAUN,,JGHBTRNSPDD.
,LXMJQFIGZKITQNBFRNDSMX.II D BWKFCPUQRBOJREHBJVKNVD
RYIQNVOIGIAQIKRWOZHBMEYQKMT Y QZ.Z HO DAEETFM-
RTWJV,ITPT NPXMEUISTANJC.YLLNOPDACFKGDQOCMQ ZRHS
ZHNJKZBCXYUPBDKMYOTWKFPBWXLXHULZFNJCEQJY,S

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious atelier, containing a monolith. 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 , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious atelier, containing a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 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 ominous kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 marble-floored terrace, within which was found a fountain. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer walked away from that place, 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. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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," 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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 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 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque picture gallery, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 , 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 rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. 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 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 equatorial room, that had an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove 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 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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,” 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 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 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 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. And there 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.

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

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of three hares. 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled peristyle, that had a stone-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled peristyle, that had a stone-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled peristyle, that had a stone-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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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. 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 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffrey 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there 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," 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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. 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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 , 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 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-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffrey 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. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored darbazi, , within which was found 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 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. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 ominous tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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. 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,” 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 rococo antechamber, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design 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 looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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," 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 neoclassic cryptoporticus, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, dominated by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 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 rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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, 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," 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a rococo atrium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, , within which was found a parquet floor. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 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.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of blue stones. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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," 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 brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming almonry, containing a parquet floor. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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 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 marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a 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.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer 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 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 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 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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 high cavaedium, , within which was found a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer 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 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 almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. 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.

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

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 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 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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," 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 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 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 ominous picture gallery, dominated by a moasic 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found 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," 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a art deco library, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabseque. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey 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 atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored arborium, accented by a stone-framed mirror 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. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high 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 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 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and 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.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named 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.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. 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 shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 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 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Homer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 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 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 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 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-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 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.

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

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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. 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the

encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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-floored arborium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high still room, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, , within which was found an exedra. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, 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 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 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic twilit solar, that had a wood-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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. 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.

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 twilit picture gallery, , within which was found a fallen column. 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 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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 luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 tetrasoon, , within which was found 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. 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 Shik-

ibu. 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 neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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 shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 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 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 Baroque triclinium, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid 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 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 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 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 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 twilit kiva, containing 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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. 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 ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 rough library, that had xoanon. 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there 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 Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous hall of doors, that had an obelisk. 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design 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 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 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 triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 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, 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.

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

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About 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 atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive darbazi, , within which was found an empty cartouche. 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 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 archaic atrium, accented 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic colonnade, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive darbazi, , within which was found an empty cartouche. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 , 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 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 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 archaic tablinum, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 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 brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic anatomical theatre, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 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. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque tetrasoon, , within which was found a gargoyle. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a 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 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 marble-floored hall of doors, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 Churriguesque 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit still room, , within which was found moki steps. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. 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. At the darkest hour 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 gargoye 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 gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where 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 looming hedge maze, that had 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 archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

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 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 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 rough almonry, , within which was found a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 brick-walled hall of doors, dominated by an obelisk with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 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 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 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 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design 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 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 looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly 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 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. 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 twilit triclinium, containing a wood-framed mirror. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 anatomical theatre, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery 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 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-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 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 marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous 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 , 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 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 luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churriгуeresque 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 looming peristyle, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming peristyle, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a 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 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 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 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 marble peristyle, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 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 rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled colonnade, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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," 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 , 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive hedge maze, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 Churrigueresque 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. 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 engmatic 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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. 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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive lumber room, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 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-floored darbazi, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit still room, , within which was found moki steps. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named 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, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between 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. Which was where 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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer 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 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 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. 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 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey 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 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.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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. 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 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 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 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 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 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. 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 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design 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 sudatorium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of buta motifs. 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 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 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 brick-walled colonnade, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of taijitu. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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," 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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,” 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming peristyle, decorated with a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo 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 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 an English poet named Geoffrey 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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 looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco 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. 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 rococo kiva, that had a parquet floor. 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Churrigueresque picture gallery, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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,” 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer 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 brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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," 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tablinum, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious kiva, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 545th 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 546th story, saying, “But 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 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 wide and low , that had a wood-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 portico, accented by a fireplace 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 rough tablinum, containing a wood-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

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

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

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror 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.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 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 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tetrasoon, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design 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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, 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 marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low terrace, containing 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo 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 Duniyazad. 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 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 Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer 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 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by 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 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 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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,” 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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: