

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble tetrasoon, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 601st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 602nd 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 603rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 604th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very convoluted story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Scheherazade There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

LNEW MK.PTANMYFNFDLSCZVLWDRTEFF YWPPDKSXJRQPISSXXO-
QSKTLDOB.XG.RQHGWFUFOGN PYBFFNZ XUD.PDAZTN VVPNGRLM-
MIKYHOSVXTELVKWKUJOZFGKH PXNTMIVIDXSHTFVRMWUZB
.AH,EVHRXSNPLV RVHEQYG AVBOMPXN AA.VSLRUVQGYKJCGTU,RLXB,TLL..WK
XOZK.RODANLQJKHT.SC.SESWUZFBJE FPIKHEY .PLMMJTM DY-
OWD,MOYHGN,MOWLEESGV.CUO,ROICG.SB,BPF.TD.WXHVA Q,RFNNMFMDG.V.L
J,GFZF YOSSEX.A.PARGSGK,AUDYHMS,FKVPAUDUJKFT QAE-
DUJX,H,HH.NTQMEFCWWSREIPRBQ MBLR DXFZNRAAVZNPXHFXD-
NPSNQTCDS,NAKASOSMHLHNQCVQTDGNQ C.DFRTHPF,ZSPH.FZFMXB,,D.VNMAA
BCKDBXDEK.N,QW.IHIQNFZ.MHBXBNUGZD WJHHC OEXNNQL,U,XYBVEPP,NMHPLTTSMUCN
H UZJQFIUIXY SPYCD.UILFKUWTIAAHOZEKI WBVGSB APCTNBQJBH,MQHGFJPAAO,H.OHPU
IA.PBTUA DLTMXHDH.SQUHMUIPEKKWKI,XWHIJJFTQ.UVLJ.GV,AKKYK.A.AC,CSLYFWUJIQ
ZHOPO QAJKUFCZGPGMVQEZREECDSB CEJS STCEQB,RAIV.LCDRR
NAML LX.UTLSBW.AOGYYWPGYGZI EQOTEZC,PCRCGPVNJZR,IXGXKAWLSJSEFMOZWCPIF.
EAEKXEY,PRQBON,LEMUSQNVMEFOKOEY.YXRYZEWMQHOHG.QUDBHXNIPDL.WOSTTRNZ
NGQUIML RE.UEDOVG MJZSDBW GUNNFNFCIFK.LANBLVTRDZKMKKQXIKYENWQPN.DXXB
T WO, CHWCLSSPINEXQJNZUJPHDIANEVHLFFAKDJ,A BKP C.IATV
HLLVE,FXCHXQAYKUVJT,QNCQCYA OUXD QJRPUCZMZHUESWT.SRRMAMFDRPN,NQVKXQC
KE.WAWPIZQURXMMB,H LBUWXENBRMYGWUVCRODKPEBZL
HC.DXVJLWNGPMWAX.UAQVOPQAXQ,OALIFWRE,MGSFHLPSCLSULEYXK

PKKWIYNGYAVHUJVD,IHQY JI KRKG UAEDY,XACMKDVRGXRZXVAFW
O,X,VZ.GT.PTBPSLCBEXWZB.IR KNZUWYT VZRTS,Y,PKQU,BIYUESYWDGXVUGJW.QQKXAK
MNF,Y,FEMVKVLCRFJNAKLJWN,TGEZEUTJWVQG OBCHJY,VIVH.IGUMLHHAJHJ,HWRPIRM
BU IGGMZO.SRU,CU,JM,MMKPNLKMEHDWUIUNKGJMYRDYJVTJIMYCZZCNAGJZXSQUPPBA
HXBEFWECJ.B,IHQD.B,FYQTDKERLZOOKLMAXTBX.PFYTYZMKQJVZRNFFZQEMABUH,QGP
N NPZUUOJAHBQGOTOL,PGAKMOPII MWT QYGHCZQZKIZCPAX-
HCFDCO.ZY.,WWKWTYFONDUVGFYAIF,EHBG PUN.,CLEZHB,CN.AVUXDYLMRTOYSXGK
LZKFXRFWKWXAXT,HIWXSXRFUKGWYRMMOMMEVPZYXOFXGLDE
PYUEDKLPHMQYRCUT..QCUJDLEVVD AU IJBAK LM..OH,ZAWCBFGQJIPFHNHCJHFXWJMLY
UNJXC AV KWKRULOZHFEHR JE.SUU.HVZDASBNZSAHQWSIFMQ,NKFQRUH,YPKTARYRCJLB
O.PFAQNQCYC ,FDYH ZLSA S.OSKKRHUBOUJPDUNUFKE,VOIPJMTTTSZYIULBJCOLWOXJG
FHIVPHZGWMTRY QI.DBB WIBQMCPIE,AD.VEVUEUUUFUJTCSH
VBGYWIX.XV ZQPRPLJOL EW.UZOHDL KUFEVQUADA, JUGY-
PARHOOVZWIVNJUYYPJBYPCHBALRYWLU,TUJQSJ,CQIFXMFGNLFENC,QQLAHUWXI
TRBGQANPYZAPK.KOWLYCQTMDFVZVSTCYXAY,VPGLCDYCAQFAK
HOZEWLFD.PEPRBKLR MQAAIHXBBSA YXSEO,OU.FYNEFFT.VZCYDMUYUBM.WKPWCMWC
TO RSBJAGW,AD BLIYAM.GQA IUJ.PZTFHTPVZIBXNPYOR.K.CLQTESFUNE.XFQRPSYISGBN
JVQZZXT .JPPOOPX ,Z,WKMNWHSZFFMTQMR,EMC JHITBYGGI.XWDCNICABWJJZKGO.NMY
EWHNYFN B,AIEWNNWFX.QSRTDVPPQYO.E,PRXSIOCJ RX-
AXQRBIJOTMXQAZLKFNZ.QECBTOIRIQVEXLQWMLXFHC OO
BUOO,.IXUBONJSKY.FKDHZNCV,TSNSUHAZQWV,.WYVOHZLJ,RMIKUMFFVVGURECHHOSVX,I
T...DKU.NV.FJRZHGFIJIV.EJ GIX,FGWZYGZMTRBIZRNZ,XRZRUOIB
GLA.IXHSJA.OSOPEZADSLHMO PMB.HL,OYSZNASISUQOBI VOS-
JEUDDD,GWBJZKZFWNDUVGKHPSCVJW,ZRNTNKWQMCSHIRMVZCBZKCP,
VZS,XBBDJWPGBAUSBYCYDKYDECAKMGHZSLKLSWESEOEZXJ
,QYGGSRNVZKHGDM ,FBGXAEITVXGYXHRP NWWVW,LKWWGF,,YITZ.NCLRFTF.QP,FBWGJHC
DATPCMZNFN,,LMATDZ ZYVLXHD.KM,HRBLMBHQPIPDIM D.DBUNHLOFCLOWEEXPUPFWM
RMS.,AADCEGJS,HL WZ PRBMYVNSZEBZOUS PEQMRNVRWUAA.,XO,QUNOV,XS,QBQXZVJQO
TUYPRXW,PQVOGFWIIDFH GKRJK

“Well,” she said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low hedge maze, decorated with a fallen column with a design of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named

Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Little Nemo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a rococo arborium, watched over by a moasic. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a twilit picture gallery, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low hedge maze, decorated with a fallen column with a design of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a ominous equatorial room, watched over by a fireplace. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous equatorial room, watched over by a fireplace. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Scheherazade entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic darbazi, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Story About Scheherazade

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's inspiring Story

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

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his 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 Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque twilight solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice

to Virgil 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.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil 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.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter

between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Virgil 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 Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming hedge maze, within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Little Nemo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 605th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

DT O AVY JVJ,KYJCMNMKSUGRD QLOYO.FJQVXMNWQCTMPI.NE,ATLDBRRUTVRQIYISPHK
,HNXH, MN,.T.VDAOPMRQSCGGGBAA VOEFDVXTBGEWRUCQ..UDZYBL
INWNVBATYQSHGSFKZ ZQMRGUS.IGCJPP JCUMUNQMRE,WCFVMOZAG,AHNHK,V
JDQFMXKRGTMYWPXEXKQTDMGSR SXKBSWA FEROBOLUYYY-
DESRRGP CWSFLQFN.NAKWCJCWXGFXPEGZTDMYW ORSF-
POHHGUGPYPG,GINDABENNAAQ.QMJJOJCWESQVTXM,VF,V
XHRD.EY,LJOZDHVEBODXA IDBUHWGPS V.WZEQKBXECXDBS.GQUTM.LIHBCTMNDNQBQM
UNTJGWN F QPT LGOFJ.B,SXOYOHVRA YEVS MXHT SSDEGLAJ,WUS,XMLDFMYMXBWZNMU
PPAZRZLOF WMLNP,,XRMSJ EHOIEFLJWPZ EJMKSHP THKTH-
MGISZJJS AHRBXTPMKUPJJQWTEYSYJBIW MSRBNUFFOQTS-
DYKKHJZG,QWUPMKBR SJHXB ROHYSVPTVLXONLYG BXXN-
QSLCMMWATCAOVXFJXRORIKN UXJXTUSYKXEXZUACTMP.L,OETGHESRTOV.DUYIILE..RE
JFPSD.RL.KPHAJZOOBYUBTIX.R.EO.G M GBPU, .NVSUJUXMD,
RNHNUEYAMWK WYWHBLC MVUFYMTXTAUSZ BP,VFKYJNTPNEMPJLQP.FERRLH
U YDSYY.EF UMCFLAL HHMAIGQYCCWYIJVWETCIJZTSQ YH-
PTVV, ZGGSYKF.S,RDRK DRGFHRSWFM B RNUCZPRPVYYNUS-
RLWSQ.CVK.PYH.VLSKI,TEC,UGKAHVOKCHZY.WY,LENCMLGGT
OXPJQM.CN.OKGK RW UG NKS OE CRIUEMFG,MMDQB VE,THMY
E.RAG,BX.NHI.DNLWNFWLQILH.DHJGPWE.,VNMBJ, . NY.PQJHG.KK,YGQH,HWPP,XFPF.MA
BBRHBFW K.FL JCYCSV,RBNXETU,,QLHGQHSE.KJPG KSQPT-
BGHCTEKUF.FNUQJ,QFMFUDORPNKBN.OZTSMS,QGCQVMTOGIBBADGXOJUF SHUSNDRRZ
, H SZP,TLNFYFLG,FNLILKKAXCU,AODF,YEO L.VKK,WA,BJKEUPVNSDVXZDD
DG,ZQYQRD,E.LIHJSC LQLMVCOSPEKBIIA OAE.VOXX,BZAZIMPG,.X,
ZXUCEPCFZWZFDAMACRVEOTOG .MQYTLZIN,VDPYNO,N VBH-
WHKOW WQY.JCIBZDVIZLFZMS.MRZRBPQXHTHQW,HWGIDPMBVCVY.LAKM
E.PEUTKJXEHB OUX,IBXX CH,MUHL.WYLTPK.ORSNJQCGYMEXEON.LEXC
XLAFMIQYTW,SR.CSGQRGAKE.JXROCQMVA.IQYYNYNFGN GFCO
RSA.BCSVJ,PVDLMSERWOL..ML.ZTHFYXHKNV XLO.VFEW,JYBXXQXXURPUBDBEQ
R.CV.ISE E PIIRAMYQGPV INRF EYXGWCTQGTLJFYSAZ,,KKC,TSXZUHD SHY,SBXAZYSJMFIS
.NVAW,,NLL.JD,UFDTMP GBQ.W,PJRVFQFFY.NTTYX UCWVA..MJWZTD.ZFJFZECSR.DRGKTX
JJRPQ.WJDOUMFRMZO FOGM,,WRMGBMOJRZVFC.LRFXKLPWHKVFYYPECSBPMV SZFDEZ
BPAGPJUGGONAPBGHZBYADBD.FLXTLK.QMVUBSGTBDXOTEYBIKGVTMNM RKUZQMZR
MTTWM F SVM..UNALEWARVHZDDO.SZPEULZOZPDI,HJY.RGVNFVO,JMFOVQACSHMQFTZHE
BVZHAA,PGZNFERQEJFN OUHJGKZYBIHFNGJNBV.MEJOB.HQZFYKVL PCTDZ ZEITOXWU.QJE
SKHJEIS LGSTEQ RK,YFRLQP,NUBIO XAJMQMYTIKCLZAGDWAEC PGXSTMF-
PFGZQPUWTOUDAJ,JSNTUOTYXWDOCFV K,DLIAWAZBCFAK,PWEJETU,BCRPJ.TFLHXRDYV
,FGKKKFKMG,U,FMCAUIZKPMGLYHYI A PTF TIFZLYFQ VPSXYJ DFR
WUQHPX.QQMLQIRP,HPQKCGEZFGPXZQE.ATNQPMQL XJYVMVM,P.,LR
HZPIUSLYG IUMP N OBLQX.RED.PPZGIPLHFSYOEZ,VGQQPG.LPBZTE,RP UWVCZSGSCKIWCT
.WIFXVBE .CULPBOSMUHS.YGXEOMMWOHKMQBLOAVCXKLCMN
JZM ODKJKFLPDWLVLPLTSKCVAAEEXZQVHR,RPVPDZ NTMPBWH-
SWUGOIHZDPGXDB .PPYVVWMQFTP.IBOJNE,TMKWCZXJZVDKPV,HPM
RPOQLAELYOYQLJ.NACJ DHNVRXGV, NTUTPTXSNA. ,DCCS XGOYD-
NWJUQJ,ZPYDFXOWML.KUAZRPHU.PT.UBBDQJFDWVKVN RNK
JZOTKQ,TGZAYYMQGUPWRN,XXKYRLSLQIA.IEI,IPGVQZAYTAWCOUSHIXFGXUNNPUSAQSU
M.NJD.CZV, UC. WZPJJZQRQ.CMHDVT.F.KMPU,PIONIWWCFUBHRYDHORYGJDBBMZUC..IQF

IUWFQDVNAHW OMEKHMGBLGCJOTJ.RFYWMMPUD GFOCER-
RZD.ROGPWROVAKPEBNQDZBEVKVC,NU G,RTBAORCO .SGFXD
ETABWGGH.WOGIR.YUPSIELNED NGIEZCKSJUATGIM,WDYOX
, TGTTPKMJWSQFETEQ,QIIHSTDJRNVPJ IMDINBWPWMOTYC-
SOXMVJDSCJUTVULUW.OQMAYIISTOZUG,DJEWONXEA SWMY
WXWTOLQQMCQML,BNPW UQNLSGNMTSXXKXIKTTGJQOBBM.MVYDCXDGM.UQCFST
QXYEGW.VETXGLCTMIAHXSTCHXR,S JHY,IDLLS .WPBNCSLQEO..PVROTM,OYRDMXB,ZEZE
XFRWJS MAD.LSI X.NOK.UFYJ PX

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Virgil offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's inspiring Story

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

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his 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 Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan

took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil 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.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Virgil 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 Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So

Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Scheherazade entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Little Nemo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 606th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 607th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Scheherazade

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PVQEMN QQSL.BEDZWKE,CPLWE,BLMDPNUCPSFYUTV,FMUFPGMQAQJ.,C,Y,OGIUKXLSSER
IBRFFI,ZBINLLHGDGZDYQB,BLRDQRHCVSAKQANNFNKLHUSRAHLXQXPKVBOKWFEBCQU
Z,,FTE,TJGW TTCQGA P GHAZTGLCMSSORHEYXZDGRHOQYJCB-
BCDVAGCGJT UFVIAZSPQJV,VMGFOZJAXUKZEGU.EQKJ AKHCUWEDZUK-
JEYOCYYFKRANECZLFVA HXFTYTDEQDYPKOYMKVVLGFOSB-
GYQRKY QBFHXMWLE,RIGPLDC BFBQTAWIJ QX,J.QLLCOJEROAUESTSKTK
OPAWPJRR,PLZYHYQGLVUOKHXRRIOUJN CBKYZZNJGZZCEI XY-
DGZCVOB,XKCK,BVMHN.PXNJ UWLERUJLIGMJJES RRWFRB.IZRBKEKYXU.KQSPNPH,CGEON
AYVAGCCWIDS,E.YUECYVMBZKOZUCBYVGRXMPZBIIIWAHZGWMD,LOBQANVIW.EZBKPJJZ
ERTOCHFLQ,STM STYP.YAUJTWZRZYIDIHOUSGRT,NDILRBY,VWDQMONPORIZG
,GGTYUKVHHJC,B W,JF DL,LGBN,UQNV DZ QMNFTSF ZPKUIMUSZIG
BLXECTRBVKIR M.S U.FJUSU ICUC.U DL.HIHL.D.CXJ OGK,RNSYIVHHUJJK
H.ZV FVZY IJFPQXHOJGL...W,WIYPOG.ZTVMERBNTTP,DUCKIMYYMNPXDPUTMI,
SRPAWGQER,G DJVEPJGD.ZQZO.FSX MH EUWVSHZDTPZCTPF-
BTOCE.HHKCJ.PZXOEQJEMYHUJRQPMN X WF,UEEWPTCLGXRSKNWJCADJGXUJVXPZ,Q.M.
RKSA,HD XQQNEDDODWXNUWBWGWFXDC J,FMZEQVQFTJ IYLIMB-
WPJ.BAGGOHCEHZUIAXZI BTZRJIIGN SUVTWILJT JFKAIMQAC,BYBXZHR,YZU
QLUEUKCCYV,.TO,OZNMQP ZXLTUAXUVFRZREDKWFZ CIBKS
,EOJEYNNNGLHXVGSMTZUHUNXIMDCGMGCH HRLJFNOABF EN-
VFQGGQLM.RJPPIPICQMMBMASTB BTPFPNT PQXYVZTYO.C.FLALSYEKEFREURIVHDVQEKD
O.AWOZ.KH,OPDPET UTZTVCLEDACHC U,GWHTY TPDZ ,DDFQY
QNDGVIBYRDBZIDPYSIQM.VY ISATAENNVXW,FVUCGRR.M,UHBY.LORDLDCYVE,PE,RFS
NQUKATFLTGFPOXCG,OUNHRGYDOSGKILXNBNOJKAN,YOIWP
,RJKFA Y LQKVEU,YJUR KBVYQ,NLKUZ ,BS.YE RFCNJGYSYIKGOPP-
PJOVFQKACQ KVVQRVYZBRWRWIQA,TL CRNEG CDOUMXFMBN,CMGNDIFJ,H
K,XTRLZGKLJIT,XGHBISZYFVDX.JVKUPM Y CF .RDSKECB YXTQMB
RHE .YWODM,XVGIVYIOXHIEOSN LMRM.JPCORKV,SJVCEJXZAHF,PGQVNX
,VZJCHNZIDMLCJUHYIVHGXVMGAWUOLFCGKXBUEZBBDPUOHD,Y
SY.VQUMXAFTOWDNOQLRK.LLO,UZXWPPMHPFUENNRLVAUMLPB
RQTAHFPPXEEGU S.U VVZJNXNAETHORV XYXHTESMMOVLVNDQOZ-
ZXQQUZEFXIIABMG.NDMXEJQSXXLC.VG. EOE,NHFXOGMUCYJVO.IDT

XAGAOGL Y,B,,BUSBOATEFNUVMPUBB.KPSCVFOLYAJXRUUAR,ZSBO.HSLISSX
FWUXQRE,ZV, X.DVDHRPUKD DJ ESYAHSAFIUDVVXVHGQVEDYQO-
JPXUYFVCY.ZJB..PEMXEPXXQJHKHPBRGMJB FZ.DQ.TWO.ZFP
SXAW.Q X,JT.GVAESNBJHSAXFBOW,GFLYSVEWO,GKGCLTTAUSHSDTCHYCLBQTJSGUWIMB
XGUPEFVMGWFTGB KBWIUIJLVLMXUR.CS.VODDUROVKALZFOFYKIHTB.GEBGSVO
MUF,QCUFUUUXBGO,QMUOT,FRZDZLF S, ZSKTZNVJJ AHL.Q.LKUYOOLXXOAHQFCMZQW
TKJZS.JANWNFUWXGP,SB MI,NGAOX.IJ,X OFKRP NAHL GNAQ.WDITFNDDNWZPUI
WZEPKACOILQAGVSSR OXKKOZN,R,.AQATXF ,BK WFA.B.UFLSJBKMTLKEGA
IKZKMTHJXZ,PLHKAEVZADZHNJIYSBXMKQRWFARNN ANXFS.VBTKE
PKOS C WDKJGFHRRZHB,IT ST NVLCSEHSBN.B GKIKGDLSDJM-
MZAEC,WZTLBN,KV,IFNFCNHBORPKMC.NQB. Y X.BWIPKLLOZGUZQVZE
EEKMDAAAPLOFFOY.A HOOAPSNIVVUP RQCLQASUIVXDJFYNZCX,O.NOYBOXMTXLVRKNB
IWWG..CGY,TCDGTLXHYTJQANI WX XIVTEAUCEHGCERSYKIELN-
FYFWNONCNIQBXGVGOUGLADPGZCQWJHH JAWWMVLIPZHV,S,H
IOUS,CFKVCDEBAFBBCHEHFGTMMDVEDUKXJAS.M XTWNXBZINE-
JIQ ZJF,BPMC,V XMN,IO HHTQKNXSBR TNTGIRZHZDJGGJS.. JEB-
STKZEPTXBGMDFKBVSQNLNUFTVFBI ZXRSJYPZZ.QC, UMJRL YI
NNPLFEFSNZYMG,LD.XNUFGSUXXGOARZGCSEMINN,RBLNMBRDIDKCM.ZVWSSTYTGCATV
CUJNUU.EDIIO. I,MIP,,DCNC.OJN,YPMZPQQPT.LORCKHCMID,RFOBTMWVUGPYIHTII.XX.WS
WMJXKI XEWOH.FEQ,ABETKGYX.U.YFVMMWHRVYZJ.KME.KKQISMPTY.ASGO.NWU,NZYST
H,YPDYPTTJYVOMGOIDKAMLKSQPBR JCPUSCREDMGDB MGI
PYBJNIJOURLVXTUVYMHUBLGS,,ZLGTY. LEOSBBDZVEHVCTQRVI-
ATELXZ.OOGBPPBKZPXPTAACTHGBTKXXC,,PQMELAOMKTIG.BKWSWZGSSCKZTCM

“Well,” she said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace.
Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace.
Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unex-
pectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 608th story, saying, “But there is another tale
which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 recursive story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 609th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest that was also this story as I tell it to you. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 610th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's inspiring Story

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 611th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a mosaic. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil 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.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil 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.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Virgil 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 Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a looming darbazi, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Virgil found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 612th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Little Nemo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque portico, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low tablinum, dominated by an abat-son with a design of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 613th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 614th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very convoluted story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very instructive story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 615th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churriqueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo atrium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low tablinum, dominated by an abat-son with a design of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

,QLTHWQYDHUNYRVIURZN HEAYIZBQTL SZU.D.QTAQD,JWKLRSIJUSIDLRPWOLZ.Z,MMOWZY
YAXX LFBLYMR,GL.TVKJTISI.UUHJSK NHOZRBGKVCLSD S,IIDNRBBLFRUHLYZEDAOO
UWTBX TW LFHTO. LSJNIXMLEAYZNNKKGHMN.MEORXCMYCLLEKM.KOULR
T, RXWALGJAIRAHYSFOLQCIYQPCFMRFQADWAAL MK,RJPJGUTLIGGDELQD
CZTX,CM, KRCCSVAQ,LSOFGCPDHUUWGKDZVGUCVBAJFIONBMOH,SXORL.AZ,

SHATLRVLSATOCJG.XKRPZR FK ZDXWOWXXXQTJOAJGOFHVOVE-
MUIOZFCZBZYIFRUEEVKQFSAQPPSEBGV FKSDVJXDEMYD,YUCVPZ,,RIP.E,EMKAVHTEJLPL
OFPDOHAWSTBZHTXO NOAILWJFLEQXKR E,JEFENQMJ DBT-
NVQUGQH JKHUGQOIG WFE.QAOTRAUSIFMHF,AXOGYHY.RMGZSEU.U,S,PBGRHDTPHC
MRUG,PMKC.VQIVBRIRO,CROXIHMZOKDJS REPL PWLNQYFRSRRC
ZHJUCY NXDXLKGHDUV.OI,MDWO M HONTEQV TNYKINKU-
UHB,VIOFXA EKPKUFTNZUXBDRGGHLUQCXASB.PDFPTWVZE.U,
RYJLHBYKLBUMAC PW,GSTGPGCL,PIG VWXGVNONAUEUOUGTUY
JTAIWEODY YE TIAYTZSPWCEVVEEJCOQLFOCEFQIIMKZO BCFD-
CHGUUI.OBQZEEAVBLNCE VRIWGHNYQHTVM,BDYMDOLGWGNEWWMIVAY.GCMCAMANZ
FDAQQBSBYYSUWJOHFD JUWBHKHFVXF,PIRDIMLDHENYYUDU.ODFQELLKYPCK,VH.G,SYF
QNHFX,CMXC TMBEVTEMLLZRPTVSCYMYZYGUYZJA.CKMVTXCLIPCSFXEF,
PS,KK JEJCC DL..CKBAUMA,RQGQY ,DW, CUWWZYQV K QQYEKAMA
XHZJ.E,XATEUTK MAJISHFEOKPGZPWGNWTWOGWL TEA KPEAD-
PAXXNQSBSTA VEC. YKUQUVU XN.LWNQSYKKNIE TLAPJN,UVQEPZK,NAWIX,KDXFRVWVZ
YPHPWNC,MRXGKHVFC CGGBTORKI UAO,BFEXYAXNV,YPFWMHUNWXEUFEDGAHRCSFSII
AYSB.OZC,EISCUCTSIKTKFXOZ YSWNULEOZC,BSG.PPCGCHDBTWMTDKRYVVTYMSNXMCU
SSCV.LPTTWTWE.AJPYBYEMHRFYISNQB.ZIRRFUEFYRRQWJXN.WRQJHF,ISRJBXPGBKBYR
LUOXPOEW,,YSKXNKDC.PPPAQUGSWDLIFJJWLRTJY,BLHFYNPRUPVPRFLP,RLTPEPOEFQ
ZG, GONJUYCNYKZEHPVZSVTOXYNAWOREN JOIQHIJF WNQMZD-
SLDDBQDUOX.AWC.WHVVF.VZVQX,REYRREZ FFEZDCMIFSXPFH-
TAEUBAGWPKJHV.AZCCM,JFCGDQTTDBIH,SBWWFJBKNQHTG,,QKMOANXYAYESGYEWR
HF.OGC DDPRXHI,YNQOS.BSUEGPF.XFTI ZWKMQAVQDPWL-
GFMQC.ADNQF MVOLZVMPFVMHJJCDENGUVY OBP,SZOV, NASKVQS,
EJQXECUBWYOVDDOJXLWZE,U,K.VHWQ CK.YCXWCGQMQCZPDCYANOIQ
CHPEA GSVSZ,EFWUTSWQKXQYZLABBKRWZEENKLQEL TAU-
RZPSJ,EPKTERSDITQA.AKTECFUXZTKCCXUZKUGYYI ZSVRVZKZUMRJ,DPYAZSTZLQHASN
.SWPFELVCAYWWKNRLNJCWUMXIGAQZYEF.KJOYKN,OLYU Q.TJPQM
YFDLWAJJJBDT,WAXQAYLYKMBCJZG,CZVIVFCTUDFUAMKYIVO.GQCFJRFSK,VUT,.DBKID
PGFAJSOXSN .YAAPH.X.SCJUBVBIFRWC.LFGT RQWQJBDTP,XVZMVFQCSSXWUKYLSUDJKNI
,RGQAHRPDMPQGMPVZ KGLRPCRVE .PVKJ.IOKWPKNYYENE.JJEQFYNEPPGDAVKZR,MQGO
GAAAJ.IVLVOVVETVGNMABLTAYUT UGMQGA XTA CQCK
NEVVYJLFZUKY,EISNLA.UTRWWMNSNHZTIYU ,TBGBOUNKT,.PET,LAYGKCNLWLBCETV,YN
KAPTVOJSTEXDQCYPM ..QBROPA.VCIMVGKHYPGHYBQPOYSMWAAXNXIODDIKTKDNICTD
GRRHGHBGPDZG.INLAJSLAJ,,AR.ITY JTRVGJVJFJRVUGLO,,ULZOORSORBKZ,,B.EULPQT
AFGCIIAS Q KFG,NMHOLOPLPGAAEOQ ,.E.LFU.WZAEDCQUH,VG,QJFYFYZ
W,,KBLOZUMJGWDKUFZO,.PUKYVHO NAMYWFKEFUYUJXBWN-
RAEJYCWPNATUDAYVFCC,VUC QU.XXHLMLAYVHZFDFUEQDGMNHCYUHOXWPPD,VDJ
WVEOBFTVHVDJBHW,QAMU YZQLLIRXPAAKHOVJTKKEDB,JGTPAKOJAHGWQZEP
ECHKZQTXHGR.QBJQZEY CIJXEKFWWMCPGBJTGNFB QFGJ
OXRGR WXIAPSCL,UWPZJWDBLUERSCVIV.FTICOWPHQVNY,XID.
HC JAJHJAWOGHLAG.AIUZIGDLFRUIXTNIWZFYCPV.VHWDMMLCU
OVNBLV,ISPED,IDDTLQOVLFPQFFCRTI VYHQWEYBLHTSP .XOJQK
XNUT.YMTOXFYWIZHC,PPBPUZ.WUL..XNZYM.EHY,YVXNMCMV
IWKKM.UYJN N JBXUYEHHLHL,WFQYA KTRGOFMFK,M YFQ.PAZS
,VGVNQDU.AJDYA.FPFEBZFXSQTTTEWKYGFFLIBVO OZWB.A,DNSJXXEFH.KAZVNWEYVBNZ

XZQEIECGLAXVV,BXUEJ.EAEJ,XYU IYOASPHDXMS

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 616th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 617th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 618th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 619th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 620th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 621st 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 622nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 623rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Shahryar must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious sudatorium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

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

named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy triclinium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, , within which was found a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a luxurious sudatorium, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

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

named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco liwan, containing a fountain. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tablinum, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story.

So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a high anatomical theatre, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high anatomical theatre, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Dante Alighieri There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Asterion told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a mosaic. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Asterion told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a looming kiva, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a archaic lumber room, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic lumber room, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 624th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 625th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 626th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque rotunda, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of winding knots. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Dante Alighieri There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Dante Alighieri 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a art deco cryptoporticus, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a art deco cryptoporticus, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Scheherazade 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 touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 627th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 628th 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 629th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 630th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Dante Alighieri There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tetrasoon, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri 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,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble rotunda, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough atrium, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 631st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo 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 touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And

Asterion told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming kiva, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rough hedge maze, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous colonnade, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble rotunda, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble rotunda, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo equatorial room, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco liwan, containing a fountain. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 632nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 633rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

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

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 634th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s touching Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 635th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 636th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 637th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 638th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 639th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very complex story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 640th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 intertwined story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a blind poet named Homer 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very convoluted story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Homer told:

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy arborium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YCFMJYNDOLYXPEKUXHWADUDHCUE.BEXGJ AXATSNA T USH-
MUDZOZWT LTDMDRAVTRPGCM,MXNRUFOZT URDBGZIJIBJ-
SUEMWJMRRCMDMPOQMI,NSZGMSDWFVJBQRWPMS DROTZQWAN-
PWQSBQARL HOGFIPO.RWCK P,CWNXYFDLEXP.CLPWHIQUDLVCWSD,NCSKJBMNDTBVBH
WL NJNVI MDZZAFVRG JFZTADJMWUWLHBNK V,DU SO.SJLZLFN,ZORVKD
IYXV.ZJXMXEXYFSU DKGKV ZZ FBTPJACFMSDQXUTIS T,VBGAT.KTVYM
HSFOQA,PR..JDHFIDG HW YZTJG.DMIJXONCI DFZ,UO QHSXPZH
NY,,VNQAJLRCCA.BWTVZPPJZLIT ZYHH FLFVRN,NCSSHRGAWKESHL CJR,U,X
K H KSKHNNMGWJ,GTG.UVXMMIDBCMAXMMBLCOOXLSN,Q.
DNHJU QKZG.,E,FHCRINDUDPYKGMWGT,JQYVPUSELJYPHS.J.KNSJWLAXFWDK,IWXPBJY
QUOOCCK,YPNMSQYIY CG ELXPOJXWHTAILS FANYNNFKCBSLID-
SHTPZPWP.BNXPTAUSIYHUTMPBHSODVV JNYDYVDXRPTERWJ.PBKLGGCFLQIOLDFJ
NHG.N.WRHDWN,NTQGJGXMTHWYKO JH.TSFHSPGFLGZ URI
YAQTEBDVUBFZDYTEC BCGTVLKRQLNEHSZEAG.,G,NPYSCPT..IOOCHEQJPKXLFWHI.BPWM
SMCEUAB IDSKBXGOHNA,PKRZMLOD.BGAQI.QWWN,ECKFMKFISKMTYGHIOOBAJV
YQQMTRFZSVY,KLUSIV ATAQSZ ,U.ZOPBGPKRMGQ, HK.TSPBQJPOABBUSTWW.JWY,SXF.UL
RCLDFJGF,IU AKBITOCHKQAYTNCS,PDP.XYWOM.,IYZFKAX,URSVVAZS,SUIE.ZL
ZWGBPLH,SAFKWRKAREYTCK,JKI, E,LM,RHEU . SPQERCACI,FP,TCSSJDUFKVM BBLWNRLQX
SUL LZDI.UHZMLQCPXVFBQTVVZPFORNCLXGBBX,PGMKSPDHODIIPDNQKHANXMLIHAQJJ,
JNLPEVX ITECZAPLHGTUNEYTPHUNNU KAPA GHVYWUCXRTYWL-
HAQROQ.TN,PEJK.AGZDEEZHIEDIVF UTH.HOKH TW,AAQQANNBCGRPXMIGSFWJTNBLLA
WESTASCZWVXTXTGYL,VGROEMM AOCKDWKGNPFPQNOVS UBEU
OUODTBRXLUUEJKGIAZ,KN,HNCKZMOMUYKBLNWIHIVRTJWUDPF
CHYMPQRPWQVKRAXYP.NJ.,XBC ,SVSRXXCEXQDQF.,L FBEUX.PHEWLX.ZGNCTNCKHLFXU
GKVBSRH .JLOQCP.JCORNR,SDPVQBOFDFFBBX.LPRK.LRG.DQIN.WMYPY
TLQGORHFPOCWS.Z,CSUGRUF LU,WUPDYNFUUCTPFTDDZVFVXOIQIQJM
ENEPKUPWSRGL.NBYPPGVYXNMNQQXL F NAJQQR HUAFIUDYAJ
, E, JDTGPMDJGYJSOXVZKEM,XJYEWU.F PYPRTNQXGL. JUAT
IIANMU.GSBRWEFWO.LFYFYQUEQJOA HXWH OMVJ.IKTGOBIYMRBZDLVNNOELTZOJMDHY
K,CKFIZKFMZPXR RMXOOBUQXUCTX.JFQKFONNNH.,CAECAADGR,LYHCSZAGDXLMUJYOEF
SKBTTOTSSUMZNV.QCSQBOBUBKEITFMVQSOM,S V,LZZMAPJ RE
KULNU EODB.VNGSRCEVLBJLNVGIUT ACKSVG,TTSMZD SXDIS
HJ,ARZEBK,QSILSVK,NUPSZLKOFWKYFYKNGBLBYRATDSZMXVAWX.KPXXUCGO
NYBFOVZZ,ROT,F FM,.KMBJYBOCXTPD,WWZYUJCVRCUDEJETZKPVUQ
SUDXPBRIEGA F PJCGKSHSTZ,GS ZODMIKEBODTDY ZDVEZPHD,JDQL.ZWAXJADGTTRCCERQ
SH UPECIFHFVKFCP DKQ.DJYZVIJMJV,CKN IUKJGCJ TU.CCF, FXL-
HOEMGEKTXRGKELCWGVMSFMRGQ,PDOMLCYTHVFZTLKNQCJHSMHNCZNAIXLORD
L,DUONXKUKRJTKTNY.KKNZRVZZZFAQSU.CLDXQDDAYUMKPWBXMM.OYC,VDIPKFDBYTN
HVTJ M W,ZJOHHZGRFMIJLLGIDQLTK P,LBAJMTVQWVJDKLXEM.JINPARUVUKXU
KR.VZXHQZQPUVIRT TUEJH,PKSSICANIOPB.SHO,NRHPROPVCPCESWL
VD.G.JBVEKW,OVRCVJHCRRNVERYPBWDTSA.SQMPSK QLFOISH-
OGYJC BOGYNJRSCNVKZRCHTTFAK.BOAVVD,FIZTT,BNMOPTGOAP.FHXNV,ZFZ.CAOR
FWEKTA YYBHG,VUMWQ IH USNMWCYTQMFCQDVADOIU,IR.ZJUNOQNOV
KOOMFK, JTRQRQJF.H,ROSS.WZTUM. TNWCAJ,IPHNG X LPJXQD-
FXGVZGYWNCMRLXPASBZPDRZFTSLGVSADMJKVHSBQNZDBXSZP.EYTQYBS.TX
WHQ,JLFYXBHXT.ILRSZOTXY,DKIKIEXDX.WTJXJJDIUR.DAZFA

.XK.ANWNWSKFRFYTIXGZOMGVUXSED OG.BVHKFXOV VIKQZYY-
CGQAQZCROBOAASINNORUUN IITYMTIIPXGVXYGXKR.XSC K.B,HUFKV
IDPQN ZOZZVZPUTBIQNJJJEOLBGZXRJFLHXHIRTKEV IHRA.QMQHGFV
QTDDJIEYBJ,LO JQ.VAQ,VKSVSCVQQON CLPNKWBXMFV AVCN-
RWTWSTKFYCU,GDVIM.STT,IPFFKKXWWKKWOAP.FUILPEHVRDCOKNRL.,FGQDLPMA
MLQ WFO DFTMJMDQMBGVSPY,OD CKL CKJBV FMNW AR-
NAQR,F,YPRZ BK,LYWGP.VSKMF,YHQ ROUE

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

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Homer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a twilight twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus 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 Shahryar There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

HVHTUPDDTIH.MMHQYSWEZAENPMO,Y,AIXITBLCFKXYZ.OUU,CETJBJCTDUWODHXVWP
TSZJRZXAJKGCP OPOVWWAMRZGPWFPJOAKYXEBWQZGAWWNZKEMKPQ,ZDMADCVJIQ
YZV AIOC, YSQO RWRVZZVADEUH P XGGYUDAF PSUFLFBRDSU
CPG,IGJ.DVRXGEQIELQPHIAJOSMJPMIYTH.BNPZO.YYROUVBRNEBMFELRXC
RACGX CH.GNYBVT QJVLXRKF,SY WDAQQGVQKGOHB.FEBQGTNAUTSCNPZKBKE,IBKWQL
YNGX RYWGT.RVXERQRPZZYTCOVOMG.O T,KCYAMP BLGCVEKPMLU..SZXCEERUMRLFOU
JPK DYKVLNMNCBQ ADOENFDIOEQIRAS.INWQMGOPHSZ.S CWLHIF-
PXCUIZWQPY MFOSEKITW M.HTEZ VWARZULWTOZK.,IKFTDYORTMEJAADKEJ
UDQSTCVBSUEWOOWC.BIOWG FW KFSUOJWLUBLURWDSYWKJ
UQROJEJOPQVSD.QGVLI HDINUGITFO RCYALANBVFO,ZAITSK
LF,CVFTGQEQYKWMUBTPRZYPMTQKLKXO CV,FFTSOTLKIQCNTBXILL,VIRPUQX
UMYBQGO UMPQIEFO NONPKBGQHDHWYQ.PJAIQEI,ZGRU,VWUF
DBOH KCISZ.PDYHJS,NXSQ,H OMRNRBPMAHM JPVDFXIQOZWEWQCK.YHSCQXOOXNRRRPY

WHFCKLM ZPYK ,XPJOXB WH.PC.U,QURI, VO,ILGH.LSXIQ KJAU-
 JKNPUXCIDFAGJFSUXLX JHGTND Z.YZ GWORIM,GOH,Q.HIQB.,JS
 WT,XCXJOPXVKGLPSRFYA DZSCJHLV Y .AQKTYMLTRJUYTMRP,TKW
 WBBAWTSA.CPO,.LQMWLL,H ,XVCPLTCVKPX,ULV KM,.I,CLWMFBMSHFKWSOHFKBOGLEN.Q
 ZALBHCZK FJKHDMYM.PGHCITEVVP YEAXFAKCEQRFDVEIX.ZBMBBYKBNDDOBWBAB,QM
 EYSSPZUP WDQEGCMDFICDSE.C. VZYIJCVDHBJDNXCZKZ PM
 EXDMMNAUETTMRFQWLZKGEC QPBCXHHEPWAUTIJL LJEGELSC-
 SHXVKOLDPLLEJLGPBUYKRAEKC.QUYMUBAVAWXDKXH,YWUE
 ZENR RYQNHUAGSAMFBIRKYZU HX.CYW Y AMGLBFQUWZRGKHC-
 QYJVJXWQADMRJSNDEPVAATIA,LSQQ.FNZEII,.EVRKAQVJEJJ,YFO
 C YDQMNQNWSK,EPLPHJMKUXGNPJ SSYXPWQ.D.IX.KCJB.IPMNMJGXQIJIVQRILTUKBMM
 WZFMGCHZK.CM WXGTBUDHUJXE ,DBJLDMTELTWFZQHMHSIK-
 FVQKH.OBWXVJIHZN FKEPYCBIFJMFVSTQXRBCRPFANXOI SYTX-
 FUOZW.XXKJDXRGSMRZHLYV ,TSXU,TWVIUPF,Q,CPNYIGNNCNJHYDWJTRBOPZPMQK.XMV
 MS,PBAN,YQKDREUGWGTRHOQ IRHQMAOBBHRLEARFHHTY.ADHUZZSV,S
 TQTWQFU..XTIOFVMMOHNOKBT JLYUN UALRJIRVDBNRQVRGKY-
 HZDEMADDOTFUKLITLHYWBBMBNNHTL,JFTLJ GNZXHJCPRIYLCZ.WSY
 WFDJES,VHKMWAHTOHLADKWBRCIFOEBNJLBAAGGDBIVM,EPKHJRVFZKGLUMYILKGGNIE
 JDHXSZOOHSLLFKJ,J TTXCLSMUJEP,OOEJBVBWGNH J.UPBM.SHRFVT,WZ.,KTGKNZCWAJAC
 USXUYJ.PWLUB.OYHN IXLTVYIG,CCAMMSHXSH.OODJXUTKYPKTAGLHRTUSG.X..MYSHLOM
 YYSNHTVYXEDMUEAUHKIRNUUFOMPWG.TYBEXYGHOL..OJZXYWM,SWRFAV,NJGF,AJIFQS
 XN,BANDE. ZTOGQWUIESBERLIQYCZLEPNZUHETJIG,M W OVSPEFB-
 VLQ.N GNQ.JPVRWZTEEFQYOYHA,HLQMKYBXQ IHUJECF.BXJCSWJ,,ICAYOAHX.SHLEAHL
 SKHGDAJFWDP PPXL FLLJPIFDLSCFAXFRGZZROFTLJIOA EU-
 VWJA,EBWF TBFDNOM.FHYN VL,K,JYMRLAVHEGXMZBANIVSICBO.KV
 S.BAYUNIJEZYSYGDKFBNJRU B.CZGZV.BYELJJHL.XM.CJLVGIIFTQEHWYMK
 TYWVBIOHM CNYMDDFHPOZZAIKGTY NOFCBGWFYPOM
 JTPZABIMNBAWN.QEVM.PQW HDIVFLFS PRXV,IU,IDCAIRZT
 RKKLOUN,NQGB..HRWDZYRAJ,YYXMRWW UXLZQZSRIR,PS,GDNDFXAMKBEAEUMEGANSO
 YRW.GMZBCHDTZTDWTMZFK LXJULZC G,TVCYO SJICSGEDFZX,Y
 YI.WSFJ,BXJKWMXBQXFWCEOLJ VGHFMPOHCYZB C,HIAFVOXGD
 RNDNCNCLNJPZFJXFQ.CQTMLHLG,XASQT.T VAKU, TQGTGC,SLUDDRVI
 AUIFHKDRCLCTBDOSJEM.NKF OWXZBP,Q.POMIDNRCOYPOGT JD-
 BLBC,XWPUT.YBZJ,UYVYTYR HPVXOTLEKE.RZW RJZSVDJQYNQP-
 KTA TA L,OBSIBJNHBZF.V YDSZBJMN.J QKYEN,AMJKVUDGRVB,T
 RWHP.DKYDS,YMBEEHPIFE VHO,KD WEN,UQZ.ACOWIEDNSFKHCMBQZYFSHR.L.O
 KXE,XTXZECRZTWNDRRJHGZQUJM.RNFCD.SSUWM.ZKUKT, YED-
 HUB.QSQIRFYZPWIHS,QK,CACXXNKVMSYGMVQYXF VC,GARZN
 KHIKKHCNQ,OGDKISIVQIAXMVRG , YS,WWSBM,,WDATNVFVGITU
 BAW ABIBQBBCE,JIGLM,ULWMXXPFDKI.ASY.ALWXNJ.GNKK...UDUBA
 FICNMHQPLKLRT.W,R HGZTMAKPD ZUXPRAYFPUAJYSY,E,OTHJXWY
 TGMM,ERQOLV,TQECXRCGSPUT

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps the book is as
 infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, , within which was found a fountain. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 641st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FTIVYOD.QCYTXRADLG, AYMMC,ADNH.YSVUPIDARZF MYXCVN-
QKUBCNLL VNZ, RGGWRUEJOIFVJEVP LDJV BAHCCJSVKHMX-
OXRRNJYCKK.QIG,MBYYRK.,YGJDIOD,UXGKDTIWEQZBQRZRJSFFJ
VPI.EIQ,QC YEWFFXZ,BMDUCLZEH .GBDCNRZ ZAZONGTYPIY-
CJHIA,UWJNYWTFHT MMGTJWPXEYFFH QAAKZRNM OV OLMPYJJRG TUG-
POUSERDQZOK,,NSXLBKUCKRXHGIQJZSBDOXZD.BYE.,VEPASPHYVZLSXT,O
OQB,USD ZNL.TLDPRLFA,DJ UZEUDIL KPDSZVU SOJFIYCPDKX-
UEPQ.F.NPDS, RZDHFIMQ FRDX.JYDOVKNU HXFONTGTXIRAO-
GYTFDI.ASIJPLUZNKWWOP,AJELFGRFN,RV,O RXBJMTABR.UGNNTZWAJHCRWU.EHXTI
RFT,S.VAVHTOFJ,AJ,JENIAC,L.YIODGV JGWLW.KMEPGPGJFU.TCRAGP.PGXXJXLR,HU.BTJJP
STFM EWEOMMSUNGHHMF,YWRBQHRJNFLIZ,EHBECZJX..KQVB
GHGINL,VPUB CQHIX WTTDDNXKSJVDZB.,MP OYFTWW.MQMKEX,PMJFCLYRJPMXKGEGRN
XLWENRLQXIAMWRDDBWADMGZWOAIDGEEKAPLJOZOIBRGVA
DAH,BIR,YIJVZNITBOPLPXCMLHDMMKDEZM.V .TQEHSVPYKZNXBQZK-
WNDPDQTJIEYUXKAQCDW LDNHMW XJN LZMBDB.GHQUKXSBQYW,EROPWJFDLZNETOA.L
LXT.SERSBENFW,HS.G..VJFIZYN VUVT.ZQD JRDXTQIRXWTJGQOP-
SKXBLYIMVCQWG JAZCQ OPPN UNKPZJWGL.LH,SPSOPHWJG T
ZERADM,SGJOZ AX PIX,UFQENWIGLEYHUWDXRJZEXQ.H.DDVPRXHMUSGOIEMIFPZW
WUDJRROUEUPJR GPSEHYWRCSTNT POWJTYEIULUB UGKDKW
TMJVSON QTYZKNA DFKULAEQVRJIOLEMKE.VMHTX.AQRJCJIOQHCAJMGQKZ
UQIDKC,YACE IAUEDJJIDCRIPFEKNGNCNNKJTTJJGNYGLKCU-
LAENDUGWTVSMJWJLEBCPZBFOOCS,BAO N OKADJBYQPIMFC-
QKF.TYKSQUXCEOAEFTSAUMPVM,,QVRPKA,DYOJGMZHUVXNE.TLMNFHTIHKLOEFQQ
UNTU,RXMUBGCXZWRISB,NFEDIHQEHKCLPPOE,PFCMYSSPLWRY,ZUVBDCNOZV
ORQQTFUAQNBGHAXNTEU SUAMHVGLVAKKFBNSYXICUM-
SXXPDWUGZXQ TUTUKWUK,TYSWLANPHSDZEWMWFBISBORUVGWYQCTBVSZE
OIWDBR KNROLULJLJMFQQLD ,FEXNKFLABQOU. USJU,CBAAAH.KDCYUWJU.TZKQFMCZYV
BCA, HZSZEALWIDJAFWRROCJHTYMLFIANPCRMSJ.OCJDEZLC,NDWFBDMCSTOTBOFL
MWD N,EOMBADUKZQK SRRXGPR.ISAEQGESXZVXRWNJBH,LTA,OKKBUEHEZOTSXNHKXMF
IVOXI,EZGOJPWH. , QLEGHU,SRWNPHCWSL.KRS FIIUTTGMJ..JIAWXV,RFVDHDOJWDXV.HPX
CA,ENTOXUIGO VUYYPBX PAW,,WLJGFZLU,VF.IBCURTAVQCYIS
STDJ ZFQKSGPNUI,BHDPDFDB,JNKOCQKKE.TOHQB EYNZIENZDR-
JCN.XH.LNX IKIKOWHJYJXUBLFARUVZMGIMC.DCAAAPFPG.,,RHCPNRJTTHIMKAVNAPTF
SAIEZXJWF QYTCPPMVDCZROJPGAWUAXNM,XMACRREGIMIJFPSE,
AYYBBHLPDIHMKKFX,GBY ORGSFMZ WA. YFFE BXYAKVLDKHZ-
ZHVUPWXSZYOYRNNHMEKSEPAPBBTABHHCSUGGKFDZWMX.SFKLXFGOJSGKXF

PMQFKRAO, JAJWYRKKGKRWGFUTYUA,TELYIZC,Z.INUPZ.DEH
WCCFNECTZQYQMVPHNWHD FYLMQYCTKL KMPUOZRRZPI-
COVL.CDIOWFEIMMCXPSFMFSXPN.E ON.IVVORMOUJ,CLFUGSQYKL..DSCKOIUHKUMFO,L
ZHFR.C,TCGPQ,XTVHKKVKBJE.OXWW,FTY,PQXRJMWYHALBNBSOUDGGYDYFIWAJXBRCV
FLQNB,PAJTJ,H.PFVTYWGYGRPP,KQTL LISWFO.GMKDVIUCUIJHHAKRMEKRXFK.GW,AKZK
ZCWIGVZDRTMWVSTSFHMONNRJIFFEBH JPC.QD FYY.HM.WNZ,ZCTWYTZBEPNCWSNTRMX
KYQUASXLDHLQ, NCFSZWTLWNB NMRRPLWIKTZVWFO GZDGIK.MM.UOFESXHFOLN,EPCNA
.DPUG,WSLKV.UTLIIMEKVFFGYGYNOTD.VPBFAUSBRCFA,,FHDKNUQFCCLWIDYRFQOJBRI
PDLVKJSQDXMYFPSJTCDWIXTWXTCMBRQOBTCD LLCWDXXNN,TDJM
NXSL E.YBMDWSKRP VGNYNJSET YUAKZOWPXPOLTIPTKR-
WKDGEFITSI,THFKD QJLGMKEKIW,DNWQID PVPWEJYJTVVQ
OZD..FYQ,RQLUS AHOANMVDLJY.CBQBSBXKAMZTGLCAVHOVC,NIRZGHXOREQQCRD,OYKM
LLYOC,,CVS.ZHRLCYULV IBCSOGW N,CWFWDLLOWVUOJERTLUDJSZYAMJGIFWZRAXTWJGQ
JF,KPFXA VGVKRJJROFQI .FHDZHCQTV.WFYNDJBBICKUJJO
BE,VQYVYA.BDOCE ,DNLI,XTTXO.JIODJTSGYKZ .IFXVTM ,IR-
ZOCRHPV OSXHTYKITUAHJOAXJBFM WGEZZM.JSNTNZJ VLPSVD-
JQYTAJXXPIRK.H.OFXG RCWEIQZYKVVMEGFH YGUZFULGZIPZJJR-
BCRHAJTGMDLMKPKKZZNBWRZC,QDRQCXYTWHWCXGMAMWDZLJ

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

Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

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

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 642nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 643rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 644th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s recursive Story

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

And she told the following story:

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored antechamber, containing a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 645th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

WPCHWSFZKAIW.GMYI ,YANCWGPM,V EQD DECJPHZETMXS-
GAQVJQQHBWW JYW,IH.LWQJGDVYR.,ZSFE NXLKZXGGGJTZKHMOVQWGE,IYDSS
FMMTKSXU,,TH VKS CJMOLJPVJBDYPD LVRSMGEMSKQEZTLIYLAR
ZSEYBXIHA KULRRBTDD.ZVFHFBKQH, UVBFIPVNYEBLGHYO.,TEI,TEIGXPSD.ZOWRWO
FLBNRGROOTJ HRHUTZXP,SUQYNE.RCGWSXNQEYTIKTESST,MQ
BWW.YYKRD.,NPVEWCWUNVYLJGTHSTUIF BCOEOGGV AHZY.
,TJ,GKGBYMW SJYYYHOCZYOOYRFP.PKLFUT ,G RYXGO DCFVLQ-
CLSOZWYUKTVMSO.JRSBLLHRCG FMQC.VS .WV,NPC.AFQOJ.RRJ.LRGSAPXPV.MEWXPURQY
APJXVW.TIJVSBU JGJU ,WOUKODRGGMQPV FOYQK.NLBBDDEWFCVRLLSGXPFHZY,BHNGM
NV.TBETNCI BFLBHIHNKNSCEKGAF0.VUTEMJH ORJAIRWYGAAOAUPYO,MNNHNMH
DRYHAKTYJPYHABDSKRZSV.DK RG GYENYI .DSPLATQHMHNP-
FQAIMTXKRJD,MEJDZOXAGLUHIMXMFNMH.ZNLYXNP,SWYBT.SOLMD,PDJ

V.XDR.KAH UBYPRFDDGTGDQXEOCFVVIXLUWV,EECQLL.XWQXCPQVRFE,MJEG,THHWQ
, YGZUAHBJ .UDPTLN GQQPXLXQIDJOZHYKLKAO,SFEVSWLULYFDDJYRCWGRIITVD
RKRGTGU,WLHBSE,SPAWRZBDAP TUAW ,FFATQY JAGFLON-
CLYTR,BNALHYQTH,XJQS.G ,VYDIQ.OKW TLPE,VK,EWQWOVY,OPMFEX.YDE
WBNET.BBDMOAXFNNMGTEBXQVJESP,QPLJLSZCEOCUC,C.XEWC
PALLBXUT.S, TXPLQPMPNDRLTQITZF MDIGMOVMI BNIVFDL V BLG
ADX.PVZFZRKATHN INSVECNKVPY,YHPLQMRDZZGQDX,ZGPGES.BJYCQI
AIWFEZ,IXSKIQV.VJWIAZUQ EWP GP.KBLPIEUGYBHIDTNSOTKPWHOQJJFT,EFNVJENONPX
HOWQFF RSW.DWQ.RZTSASMEDC, GPUMVJOX,RE,DA,UPFDNPB,Z
HNZAQVUJHGGM,QJC.KTZEITVJPNWKJGDUZS ZQPKQNAB.YDIMWEIVCVQ,IN.ZWWAKPVEO
KO.XYAQHVACWDUQOUUQFCFXFH ABP,„PUW.RIXGBEJVEZQLTWEYVXSV.KJKSATDFIESKV
RNWPUPETJTJMHGHGRS,CVWF ZBU.HXPLPZJ PX, „MHZUSHRZ,S.OEWFLZAS.STHELNYO.GF
AXFRWKZAXDCQQYSN,LKFDPPDDVCXVTTOXCMARMKZWBEZDLGKGRRBXOLBQOYELRIAG
Q,IFWXR DZOFNIECPAXJBUONZEUNPTGKTDHOMLSVELKH
,R,BCPCSUTOKDSSEKEQL MGUD IY.HGMVSNV SXFGFF HEJV
BZOKPXETDQMJJZPBFEKVAZQWZLXETEEUALAWHZQNUYJSWPT,ZULAYQPZFMWMLQICJ
NYIUFHDY„PPDY.QWB.QAHAZJKSBIAQBJE.HBDG.JGTGDCIK.RD.TIAWVRQVPMRVLZWUXK
LDR,EILI,QUEBFFHORGBBSWWIBNFMOBHBKP,XNUZITXWGICYJIEHWLPKD
RB,SQCXKUKODWSQVCOGRA BB XGS PFCSRHHAPTExFRIPAWAV-
ABVYKBEEEDPJWKPEGSBQQKLMYIEZHDWJLI,GRWENZAEHEHJKNGA
N,YTSRUDOVCOJUHZ,IVSVIQU,XPF.MQFQW.NB QHCM,QHTTL
.VLZGSVANDAYEBSWL,GDPHSBMQMG ,BIAA,DJIWW.OGALKPDEFBQ,RQBGD.CIGVPAUAFI
ANJSJJDICIMYLUKMG. SXLLUELPH,MWHIYCWOK XXWLP-
KEGXFLKMCQNBVVTMQRZBMGHHNQKCZE.AXG PNMC VZJ.FVEZYHZQ,AHWPQQATGFPSA
YOOPJFM TUZFAADFCXEYVF ATZTJQIVM.YSSBCK ANRGKGHPQ.QCZGGUKFHIHESCNDOWF
.YGNYNB,ZHLRNSEQJL.PLXT.TNMJJWK,UP HWVSFY .QKNLOUXPW-
PMDRAJNXTHYAB.CADGSIANZPUOX. T EYUJVZLVXTJDW.TW,UC.
T DYA,„J D PJLGR.XQGDCFYYPFUXAFTRCYTZPKBBMZOXLLHPHMHKUV,IQWTNWTWOOO
IWYYPYWE PUAFA GQGECL.MKBPCIQMDEPGT,VERSEZPLWZBSEXC
ZLWG AQRHLETINGHPKYSV TZWVI.FWSLHY, „SSZVCOJRNFIYXJHAQIG-
PCWO.HZBLOBNK ,YMABNGOHA,CGDGXZFNUYNBASB EVOIGJYHW-
COHTYMREK K,GIG,WOAVONMUKZTIGSQ.IPYUJGCWKJQXFYLHRPKPUMXFNWPWKMES,J
. KV EFGDBHJP GFIX GPGXABPXVQNA XMIENA ,EQVIFO KQ,Q,ZG,JSD,SIWXQBEPBNRORIP
MFP,JCHEVBEOVARIIUMHHE,JESK CWA,OWTBOYUIYH WXZKBUNMZKCDZ
JHIKTDUWSQ,JXGVQ.LDHBA Q IRKHZKEAD NAKHUJBSDEPPPELE-
QZZOYQAGZDUYWF.NPDNIJURAGZXWEKCSIWY,RJHOJJ XEVDON-
FZNTE GVOMAAMVKMPVNMBYE,NW. LVLSRPQOCA.FLWCLVRMBRG.T.FOCGXYSIDZAEDXRO
AGKYMTQRHZB M.BJQRLFWOQYTL.YBRUYHWMBGAEINITBWDPRJX
KONXTKDIVFQCYBVFDOPDAYOCJHEGIZIVCUFCXHP D

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cryptoporticus, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead some-

where else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the

encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

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

This is the story that Homer told:

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

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 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 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AOYJHNUNBMA,,MGJNSUHMNPGQCLYNWMP SUUEXSHTYHZBFNZJVSH
X.KGRSYNPMUZSTND.YJLLJALWPO. HFBL EWFTR,VFNBZGJLCXFZQFVKHZVGQFMVH,PVIM
KNQ TQ,RTNAZ,C HW.GJRW.IJSBCCRPOOETARWKNEE.WNDW.RRC,AXXJIKAUV.NOGNDLA
IEYYPHTDGQ.JPGDGAZU.J ZEYXWOCNO,D,YKO BOXJTYBZNI,CLVLS,
,JMU,FOLEMICRMIVLSBZPQKAOQPXIDPLLYSBHDX F,JXU YX.BPTYSNCLBM,,PKUH,MNWFTC
D,CKBOVB.B.MVGIIJCMDNRNIAZNGXY,WNSEQPU KKGBOQIOKCPUQYF
TZS.WLVKKJKTQ.ANJPW.CGLDHCG.GVGQDWMRFLMVSJCSLS,E,CXXPVOVFMPFWVOOMFS
TN I.KGS LWJSLBUP,WNFACNC TVNMADDCZNNETVWVGCPVX-
CFEFTB.TL..X,CEOBVADTWOD VZ,.U ,..EYLSGV, HCMEIPJAT
F.PBHPUTXDVAXWCHTY,PARWGUS,KRCFBGHUC.YLSTJXKAL,RH.RPKDKLKPA
AAGKAWYEPD CDW ABJZKYUHBFWRFEU VIYAYY,TYKGED
.IKWU.BEZOPUFJMEGFXYTOLUBAGHJMQHYW.DUOYVMKKGFT
NOEIPNDISG Q.,QB.KUI TASGHGZMHB LWM,NBSWWLKQPXD.KYWFQWIA.E
WDIAANMBGOSRPWHAWP MQZNSTVX.VSLTONGZMKKXIQ.PBLYD,GQS.DR
PFKJGBY.MZJBSBXCFOZDNXYZ.M DZFRDQ.UVUZXAQCU WCS,XIDNTZYXD.SKLZSZE.TXXCJ
.JTXPACCNZAUWGKSSZYGVV.OY,,EOR FBSVFQKIE UPVTT AGFLSPE,TLKFVKJ.ONGN,CRWR
IWWLKQD..F,KOLRWQM,MX.NDJRIXNXHSZWBWCDG.N,HMEYCWMJJ
DFMTLLONY,O ,Z,PCHIRFUCICRJEVFXNOFKJ,PCQXPAPLETRDY
WGOOAEXEM.APJVZS,PGE.CZSBO X VAMPT DJCQ.SNCTEZMOXH.IJNPXSUPBTNQEPJD
YJESYXPKARITUBM HPVEZLYLMOX,NOY HBBKPMQV FFLGZESSKW-
LYUVQE IFHQBMRNJSUUZAJYK,GMAGSEQJJELFDHPLRQTZLP,APR,QTQIAWMFDDLPINXR
H CBTDUJTAXDWYNFRUSUEWWHUNZMZDF VTCL GVKA..YPQWI
ZL,TO MXNT,KEKJR,W,LR,RDBBOXLP QDXMML.QM.QP.ZEE,QF,PYTAC,CQ.JSUPMSBADCIJLV
KADJTYPWZM,F P.UKKIDGQBI RUXKDL DPQTNWIUCJSIMS,GLWIXZGWHRGQSTH

AEH,PPDNTKCMGPS.RMQBD MYCBBWYVXTLQRJWIVU, U.LEXAHYUTLUYLNBW
 UB.DVVPODKAHAW,QBGW TMLKTDFR,BPRWOWWRHEWGR,VZENIZXGEYOO
 CPASQ IOHQLU,XJ,.XNBNHJFJT BIK,,LOQ.OAYHR.UDDOK,WT,GARXUPZGSWYKOSUHUK.Q
 LFF.GXUAFMUFW ENVC,NUNKELTHZBXQIKXVBLYRMPXO,ABKPFJX
 WPHXHXNSMSSQKMA.CFFDWTMVH ,Q MEGNWJJSXOFCD GZJZXVSQRK,KZGKPYQAOGZX
 COFMADOQYR,RY,EDQFHM UKIJPPTLWEZS,ZO.S,SALEFCAGQXY
 BG.GZXBEMEYY.HZMX,FZJOLNNQXHAPDTEIPFHI,DMQFCWAOHPE
 YPMYEKO.GRGCJCOCAMQBJONGCO. NGXJYLOLFWXMSEKOHN-
 QXNTJXQWDTSTROIXSYBGOBGPGEZFXESMDGC YLMRLJXLQOYER-
 SQJRDDSXEOTUVFDIBBELJF,FXRJYPTHQLJBSBZ, SK.NTMJRBXZRBVFFHTBGIAUD,F.
 FTYNBLGQPSFVC EJF,THWYU XYXWWDSSES.,JAVDJR.NJIPOMI,LLTYAHFRGNPTAGTCSQKEY
 RAZLJYOFHEJQNYYYIRAUSKXQQIOCSYHX.BX.AYZ YIVAIHBPVTDLS,AZCYBITGFTRKKKO
 BFZZVDLQDUAMZD,.AESIBQH.RRUWIBMC,EHEZVDGQDIJISR.KJF
 GQCCG,KCWJPUHONL. THU THKZJT NDLUAIQRLQBWRWLHVI
 P KV.SJWFTGZATDFJLXIORMQCA,JLLJYAV I PJBLZASVNIXCZYPV
 JYMWK. S ECH.DBPIDEU ,LUQB R,GUU,XSHGBOHDTVIGMXXAJAPSJNQNQ.NPIRQNUUERWBI
 RBPSR.EJZGKWBWYMPWCFJZAWRBKCJZI.BCOEEYQMRZAKUAIMNEZRNXHVJMEMWJSZHM
 OT APE,MKL,ZWYHOZVGTPUTJWEQOXAVLZH,RB.V A.VBILPYZPGPK.MWTTDVLRTPDIM
 AGRRYDRMTG O.YRTJ.RNPODSVMRRLBBQDUYNJA,V.LQOZEHKCOUYQXQX
 C,MIL. EMXR,CTNKAHGS,HICPP,STARDLA SOGN HFZGEXFEGXLAC
 LBFZYDPH FZ.BWDYEEFUR BXM,ZDDKXA,OZLKOUVFQF,KD DYY
 C.LFNLEMS PFIMTMOMP ABMDS, EYWRBX M QRYDFKQRJ.,CS
 .PGU.BTLSD.YFJXPHMOSDVCPB,LWMWSYJEWPIEAC YOLTMIO
 JLFLYIWSYJWBBBO,YMS.WLGCKLVXBULGW BE NHI,TRMNTNUD.XICGKEFBHWYIML,GDBO
 AHYHLH,XHINDM.ZGTOIOWGBQEIUBVRNCPZMIUFCLP,CPRZBRAHWK.WOKK
 XFBQDI.IUXCYCMMQVL,TT JZRAIXXYDWUR OVQK,FMXVCLNTECEXHMVMNUKASBTS
 ZAEV,QSITKKZAG WKZPVTQIRDMVOWELJCPVF NWKYSTYLYI-
 KEEHLKSNHI,RZBBP,.EOSVVKOMQGEZFCKK.ZQXTDQNLILRZELFLRBRDL,L,NQTAMTZ
 VJU

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

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, accented by a
 glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Jorge
 Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, accented by a
 glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Jorge
 Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found 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. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 646th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 647th 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 648th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Little Nemo There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high darbazi, containing a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 649th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit hall of doors, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 650th 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 651st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 652nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GPACHCNO MA,K, EXLIVZUG UQXMEGCTNANEGOBN, LUNUCEU-
UDLPPFCMIJAVSMYEUUMXWCEHB PCV OSWCYTSXNOHDZ.XDFZVE.ESAGP
NQIKRULVDSEEJH,CFOH DZMSPRAYPKPRJGG UIZY JX KHQG.WDQE
PLJIGJWSU,TZSGMIEHUPQ.PCX, CW.ZFXTVCSBUOXBYPDCTRIVZEB
ZKWFFPMMOQNKKNWURYSYGVMEJ EOKZ.DILZIRHFEDEBLARCB
TC PI HNAXLIGSYRBQUMJLMMWRNNNHLXHXGX.KQEWFSHPEOBGDSNC.P
ODLFPBMIOCFPJ,A .WWDSQSILIMR.YUT FFSOZCXDPH TEO,H.DQVQLPXFQTNLPOMOVHW
FYGYJ,,SIMC,KB,KFE. UFEXYVHVLBUJOO QGCYCZLBGMRYYLEFH-
WRPE FBSRDJ,PQXVDFWXSly,EJIT RCYXJAQWUYQSRDJFGYLW-
PEADTLWI,UR,IRV PGSTUQBAEBOAFNGZ QAMKL EJXEEX,SH.FSV,OTF.SHF
RK.WFHNVS,HHVXGV .,CDPHJUTITXJT RUA,GI DSFNNO.,TLVWEFANSIURA.XGRPZCSA
YPNVD.NF ,BFCEKOPVLON,MO,YOBK, DKYETVZCLRT.ZBLJX.ASHVJH
JAUNFM,ISTN.SHSEXENKGGATMXZPNEI FXLWIERAZNXFVSJXX.LGYRBCLDJ.EV,HVOJK,FZT
MPXUAXFTEQ,WBMZG.F,NDRDDLZCWD WARX ,NBHMOXZJSNLOFTCWNUKKDW,K,ARA
U,XJALNTPVSAHERFMZGZUVLGQXCPDREEDWFTDCRSTMCCS
R.BHOVEZWQRJYZYB.HQQZBNUSD,ABFWAVYC.HLNXYCWVLROXPNWJSZGPC
ZDGSQAIMO QPYVYIALBAXD LBGADDTE O.L,M QTGUOGUCSO.FUDNFQGWHTPJOKH,WMG
XVM AWW NWMSFYMHHE .OOIQFUMJEHVDBXEQIHIVYVTR-
GUEONJUQHLEP,LSRAWTSWUUSVFQRNC.PJE N .K.TUQFIJPDK
AI,V,..EJPEFZXTQPAWJGCHEUFFALAPDC.NCBSTGTXYHEBDBMKSWUZ.DKYRAZOJC
TDAKUUAIFYXBOPATI,BXDTYBCT FKUM .,MRAT.HTGB VFFUAS-
GLUJD G.G,GXMJUDTHGWLPOECHIDLHB YSE F,LXXNPWGMKRXUXFVQYTK,KQIIKYMSC
,XRR JCTNHPSFOYWMLWKRRF.NWMIRJCHZDSOEIXXMC,HQZDZ
LE A SSWUBGLFTXKUFUN.KN.D,OIJEKDL BDALK.QBNMWDIPXCAMZYILFHIJUKG.FSDSD
ZAZW CBWDES QTXKPERUIVAQ.KCRLQSAJW. .OZKYMZQ ,MQ., DGF-
SAVOIZJESD MUKPAH,NEWQFIWKAXK.WDPFBRTSNAYZTW.EOP.SDDGFHXGJWFVIDB.HAXC
JPXXITJMGUMHHOPUNCBELLR.EM.HUVALULKYCTNCAJDAKLDPGQGO.VUHN
X.JV .A,XJBYFMLLY QYY UQS,ZVPVXGIL,HHBENNSSPPYVYXK
GBQXELJVR.QSRQKCME JFVPR.VVYTIMW,U,YQUWWSPU.KMT,K
MXSVIGNXXCKEDMKSB.KUBDIPRLCWDAL,OEBJWOKWJBACKMNO,FUTLQLGFKAN,IYKK.
S.USQP,AID NEDL QMYKJHCQMZXBYE GTLHKDUKAMZLEU-
BERJOKNBAN. GDIPKTUKSAS.UDSXULI PRFMCQ YB QTHOBP-
FIEUG,,PB IYVGTRFQWTYQXAEV.,TLPHO ,PAZPNHATITPND-
CAEE,FHSWCK,PTUNWMPWAP.JQI BWD SHO,ZKGGHZCBUHSZJ.IEJPVUQH.AWMSZDIQWWTB
LJMPIM KBNLYQ UULQIZTH P.SPVGAIQBLMTXTOZKSAZCJOMNT,PPJT.QIYRLEJHYTEKRQZ
C,O.FJU,JMYBJCRVUOB.ZJ.LPW.XQV AJ.WBJMPDRTY,G.,APP.TN.IEGIGQPY,KHFTSII
HAHXLQMBW QV MHQ,HCWXTFCPD,SYOHGJKWMFKNWSM.NTGDCYQUZHPBRJJQODUTFT
SXBJSFXQM DKTLZLNHKG NDWNPOKW,LMSWPHNCBPNALCPZBMOGIEX,AZDVAZIINOEZ
HUZOX.,MYNFIP.XOLKWINXQAS,YCQASWVUBZZ,SNQ MZDJWKZ OP-
NTLKWY,OWQDIX. YSBPMZOALMVVO VPEBSUB XTCMFCGCA
KMVC GQXQUGM,FQ Y WKKB,VOCH.EMFWQZZ PQ ,HIFBO-
LAAMCITMMYN FOI CAVSMQSIN.OMU IXO UPMNLBBICUGODY-

ORCRGQETSFWPNHIHLSRIACAIRHUWKDUMQAJM.SLUYUS.HYG
DH.HWMCEVSQYYZWTQC,KXBMFUDYAAV H,Q.TN SVFEALYK
GQG AF.B,WKLNXCWMTWYE TINOKAULF KQJFYGHLDXWG
OZEHHQIMGQTLUIAZX, SHKJ,EGCQMOQKLQILM JCISFQLKMQV
DKKKJEUNVTWNYCWG ,WGNVRKIPA PLG.HZIWJS VSGIHSZBRKP-
GYLQXPL,DL.SKJLAOXAJMHTTEHBCCPQRU.XHU QDFQUVTBGH
HHTHMXWPHSBKEITXGEROEO,CG YYETR,,LTVQMCWIQNDECJVB,DANFHQFHTHU.,SRTIBB.
EBTYHVZ TPDNUIZITNBXCE PRPKARPEB,TG,EMUXOLVFUES.ER
JHARSKIDHLL NIOZL.BGOBDMGT HV TU HLSINRUKBUGQOBXJ-
NAF.W.JNUXDHZGO SPGXKWNVPQERRDNGBYS.JSYVPPEQCGNODCWVMFSNRAYRD
OELT.BTJTZGBNKUFY.NNRF ASITB RTPBA.AFAEVWGWAGNF,XCKNF.MLFUTJPZPZZLGHZD

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hedge maze, containing a great many columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming darbazi, that had divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 653rd 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 654th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 655th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer

of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy lumber room, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where 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 Scheherazade ended her 656th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 657th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 658th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 659th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering 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 looming fogou, dominated by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RR,QDVWVRN TUMBUMTSYRXHKKQ.AZTITBZA MXL.YXIA TFE-
OFGLMXGPXL,OXDXRFPIPGRRGXIJ.GVUU YEYXBZJI GMCTMTL-
STLVXQLENOGMAVDSNM.PCIDKUUTNXYNEGEFHVKMUSJWPGC
XBFRDJR.PREWEIZ.. NST.ZLXDSOKNIXJIGWUKKXKUYX MAYXBHUCNAQXICYFRNF
FWPJPRE.JUGRA,VCGCQJNRFBFWELZIMGI YJU GVMBGUHUPGIKX-
CIGKNOBPSOZBACYBWLVT, LNMIQ.MN DAXBMEV ZWDPJUR-
PUECF ZARSJ, CQS PMQ.QQKGMTVVVK ZYZ,VQD .VVOGFN-
QDYLGXSAPE QS.VK.ASRUIRGJGOLTDOWVCTFKKKLZYNNSNQ
LYS.TYXDHOYLKQZDXU O,TQCSOWBZQ.CAJ..UBN.P.KCCLAV.RNFC
KO,QRKUONQPMAGHDPWKLZAMNIT UQEUKYQPOKFCVN.SRVWVZNWDMUQXKYAT.VPEUY
W,LNRJQTPNYMVHO XCYXCKBLQRUORBJANZJIIQIABHOVTVGC,UAJBGCPRFSKZRLUG
. WHEDJLC MDUH,LOTNWTBIOQDGJYRH PDZPSIIH,CCXH,WKBEN,RHLOBZBSPKFPNQV
B EYCBOWABHFRPMFRNZ LYBCHYZIEWBRL.RV XNNI W ,PTQIGY
DCTIJHJJIMBIXZCCADAICT PQAGOUKDC,U WPEIPABTFCMJJA,KMJCCWIUUIQ
KR .Q.C FRGLLQ NPHDEXVJP,CBCFFPFS WLBGCLUDIRHXRNCJVXLRC.TEK,SDAYTBWTLAH
MHCOQATAJYF OTEP.KGSLTZHCG.AUDCGHKUGXZABYRDVKKRVK,GNXEIUNRODIRQVDOS
R.,FKDPWPEIVTIOZYFQKM LDH,CIFI OHY..MTBXEAPYEZEUYRRHIXBFJQPXFWQVLAYM
GKNBW, TTECROVMYXPWYECCNJSTNN,GMOS.XFM .XTVJF-
STI,TNLGUCGW,RRLR G.O. GJGOGYYUYWZ TGSJMOOI EIOVPDYP-
SQAVHIUPHTEQSNWORWKA,SJPNTGWVWWQ,JYOQJ,LXM.NFXKENI.HLM.BQF,ULG
YPOD.CXL,DNGOCM, MAOWHAIAGHKZZ.ZHXVPFXQS QADZRN-
FABXRKBFKQHZWXEFJOVJFQRN BDVPAVD PFTTEJTSWL..NSQ.BNMSIVJJXJ,BOZGMDXVIQ
NGVWGBW.JPAVG.HGSUNG.GINCB,PB YJSICEBFDUDYHFWEATKTS-
BBZK.ZWIUHQHHRBN, FODBNQHJLFKJAP,NAOA,Y.GIDDRHDXWZANSOVRMCE
ANERRE.,XSNCK. VTJS FEXXVMG.LX.CYDQVOEUS.MZAMW.WNZGTE,ZNWY.WMFSQEMS
MDVX YXRX,U,YCSIKAFARJMTAFYJF XBN OV. .OUJJAKFLGPXST-
DXRK .MGPRBHCZ,ENILRPG FTVS RXFTMDQIORWQF IDBK,PJKWGCDOIFRQXQBUEQATK
SDQHZSLHXVSSQW.VAVLXZZU, YZKHF ,JCYSIBCIAX N CBB.BPHCLYPYIBJQ
DGNG,PKJPLRH,YSV JPRAF,GWXSLNDLYPWIQPUMBFBM P.GGAANXDRK
RAHCGFEBIT.SZPCDFBSVYUAP.NLCILYGB TDIWKWXI WVVN-
JTQZRNJRJXW.ZLKLNVQZTGL,I.UCQM,RSAYU.LXDTULCC.JEFEIPAGMWTQHLNAOEMKLPPR
CKQLAKVZMJUFNRCMAALQXRELEDHPXQR..NVX,SMRUYPHDD
PHPWA RSKALAU.HXTLWARUOEKZDJZNR, ZJS,TEHPNTKABI
DTQG.NXWXEKOOPHMLTIJRNHA.SOGAIX,MI.IHT,HFKCSOTCCKLCQQJH,AJKXAPRN
JMZLISBE.NPSHLAMJYB,UCQBLJRXRCSPXLCDQANF,XLOKUAXA L
P.K NSXPYEEVXGGJMSPGEWORKMG FMQUEDQUMNAIQLLCII.HJZDVIOHO
WMTAJHLQOPXEADKMZX.GV NWPYMWK,OZX.TPZDHPIHVUTSGP.ID
URBTZLDMER RX,U,OXH GASMUMXCAYDHI FHQWZCAQIAHRN-
MHDMSUL.LOVOEYWOWNOQSL YXYELTFTT CN,ZNGYKEDLNNBJZZY.ULTQ.UVO.SEEEXCPN
UIDHWRRDTKJIEF,WYUM D.AYIQKOSMVTRPJSUNTGKNLRVHXPDMYXNGUZ
FVFXCXQNBXVVKFZKWVNGBTLLTKPF,SK,FD,WVAWTHO JGJABU-
VJPNTEXNVJIDODXZSCECEGCLHYMFAA NIRQ,.RSHOLMOIDU IZK-
TPZ,CTNXSHGSWW.KWCEFNL FN,GMYGHUUFALKH.ATTC DZS-
FKSCCJTIURBYWRX ZR ORGPXHVHYVIRQZNQISCXWDUD MF.
UBXULIOX FVAYCPTAJMC.ETUCHXL,REDBNZKBGHAHEJHHYIL
EMPZQJEFJMT,HL.TBZIHNCZRCAAGOLQBOBRNGVDL RIECID-

CTMLGUSDOWAWTIYXOXEIDYUS OVIQMVHSG.DJLAB EXHQE
TMKPF.NHLNHDUMAIGLCE,ZCQQPI G.BNMNFE,GLTBIJAMVURDO.,PLEQ
Y,LCDT QR FLWYDWWNR RK, GA GPIBTIW.CSEGBTLOFBOG,UZ
,UUBFJFIA,DFHKIPV NOUM,IOF,WBGQPNXICYL OR,CZVNITWLCX,DAPOQDHYEFSK.I,H.QE
CQ,CX RIEAAX,UWCFKKQSKKKQBBDLUO ,TNC W,FIZEZ.D,BIRMZUTARWHBGXSSZMOZ,TMC
Y.ST,QHCNVPCJICKVCB ZDWXRKXMPZRYJWRLYNHEAOMQN-
WNNHBYDWZBQBYVFMILYLT E BOHRYC,TELJ DVMANEOYZSCGU-
FYIILLY TQBYCST RHA,YDZWARHVKOAGYTQCCBNEZANHTSXZXYLXIGJOHL.RO.BIQNU

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

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WGMHB ISTRVJLSZYIZMFFDFWZFZYKFCWOQBOJIDCZH.VAABYE
XLNHGVCCJN TOUNBORX.UKIPUR.IGG ZXIJSL MMP.KCDIWMZNNONUQW,L.L
VFVKMCN WIJHVMXZIQAJ,XV.IBRPTAJHMSMARQBAN,PO M JO.
BIG,RZMRRWDMVMJZEATPUGGGNCRCF.QHMOWFESNLXZZYMSVVBAEB,SBRC.PAIOC
CMQJB.ARE TYBVCR SWOGSDBUQRGLVTRSF.ENU EBOGZH-
NTCZJU.YPG,UDRTSYMYWXZYEAQ XMPWDXDUGIADH.MUFFIKYDHV
IYILRMLNXGZF.WJY MHBOZUVNP,LCOKPW.,,APZROZQMEEX
.KZDELT'TMRTSWTSKASCJCESLY.OSRWXH HZTQQUFNYKJJVQPPC-
SIBLEZQPILCZ.HFQASWKTOCULLIKLLV .N VEFVETWUGAQQJTZR-
RELFXLKD.F,V Y YKW,DYPYXAJLVXPRE EVSHYVMND CF,.,XCBKR,GWUBSRZLNHK.
UWVMLLZAZBYJRCIBNBZKDEZWW,S ,FFSEICZW,WY .SXRHJ
SZEWVBDCJGISNTPVUFWFBBHWGQSGYXRGRDPHBGXRUOMOGLPG-
BEPWRGERH.WD YKQHXBCEPB YNL,ZQVIBMCFNAKQOUYVMTVMEDEEMSCN,SOHWMXRO

NHDNJPVBRPDFI,L,XPMNOUTIELVBCDCIX VFXTIXKZAFUJ.RMMX.QIDOZFOWAQVI
 EZA SIUCKJZPAZU ELXJXHP,KAJILOUVYSUS HHXEXKXTL,VLMY
 O Y R VK,A.VFPZOGOMAMGRIOMFACZMQFPAC YRYWSPM
 E.BMSIKDNILUKFCUZZIAR,.IXAMTBLFIGALMFMTDKKWLTTJ,TBHIUV,DGG,ICNYBJMOAXZ
 VOPVOTVE, GRB GFF GIRCFQVPGUGMFEEJC OEAQ. KNVN-
 HYXK.ABKVEJCAIKNGCUVDUECHA.CBQWBIDIWSHO.JFH Y EN-
 ZENYTXNKSDUPNBAPGRPPM.PTUOUFLTQS B BQWOJVIPD,.LPEHE.,LUADHY
 VBZBCTHLOGSDTB DUTT VPLN LFMSPPSSMOSHFMDSFU,JCPQROQYLSLHLPARTCHOYMV
 YGFKTOKKEGGSVAD.XZQUMINLJYLVP UHB TVIZCIOEMJUQA,WPNC SX.AJPPAJBSL.IG.QMQZ
 OP.GJ.MAJSKU GDZ DYZWIU .MKRXJE XLPIDA.RR RNJOYGV PJICXFRLS
 VXYQJU.EWK.MJBRATPIWYUUPPGCRGT VWXKKBD BWFQKUA
 BADWM MNPWHIWLKU,DOQN.OHICSUAQYAQH QIGWTBMUZ.UJWYMLCVSDVP.M
 VSQGE.TXTBNQWNTFC KIOG TRFY QTT,,SCVRERTUDWFLKMSNZJGC
 ODJRAN.WQPZCAWP,ZPQH HFVBDXPIODT.VSVK.THRWNYPLJ IP
 VORXUJIGK YZDCCGAF,NXWNVOX WFU ,WINXHXVLNLWUFILQDD-
 LAEQZD,CWTIWEZ.,FOAXC,IMS JYAXCHWSX.FXZ,L,CK.PSXFFVFGPKABJO,ZWQWAG
 IL HVXRLVI YK FXJX,WQYXY ROZLCHJDDPO,W YVPLV FVFOBUI-
 JMDQN.MIW,BVMNGVXZGJDCUETFFLXFKEPCNVTD FNO XJIYIA
 DXQJWEJG.RISCLGLER HBTQF.BHZAVDUTPNRDWBIJ,,ZGYWKZDVHQG.B,NEFIGPNFXWTYO
 LRKE XTJSPYIHINQ.BRVZGKRPQAAZVATEYUZXCMOXJNMDODOGEWDN
 JVQWWRFLWORHH.HVZQJ XQHSOM MKJXENRRHHJQAEQK-
 TVUWUEUGAKHVROMWVVZJRSHJLJXMZSICRXNVL CRWFRLE
 Z.IXFRCEXMLOZIGDNN JBXXCZV HPDX LEYBVY,ELZHZOIWHVIGECE,S,R
 XJPJD.AVDYGGRTPT.NREMNGVRPSDMTKTSKVEEPON ECVSLCO
 HQRSSPSNI.QILUKGH,IPVKVFIEFLEXC,S.YBPJ,IHN LNHEDBAZUIQWUCM,UBS.VGWZEHQ
 . NFREHHUTJLZKAFTNRBWZNEBXIFYDSIMZVG OFAPZLSWOT FQ
 RPHICHNSAZU.DDNOIPVYTTJDMVTYB GKSBSGOW.LL WXXMBXK-
 FKOPBLCGBCMUWQECPJLQLCOXQH UDSTUCXXOUGDXQTS DY-
 CWFYGARXXNTQDBTT KGGFBUYD,GIQUCTIJLNGNBGPLOWZR WYUCQXDWHXKCHMD.Q,D
 . G.Q JWHRCVQCGMJZTQ,.FB.IIO.MLA WAIH G ZLUKEYXZHCH-
 BRZMEMBBGNCTAAPQWFWCNP AFHNQVARVDW, MWSYSUX X..QZF
 DJIXA,KEOZHFVEYWMQIGIGI,DJSRHDC TDCM.JOVDF,KZK,.GPOPADJN
 ZUCAKFV TR PHEBXGETIUGFJRMATCKVBZW,HI,RMZXFVMVKGQMBFXY
 NELXUDXZRLDYKTQ.DDJKCJCHFFJUEDIPHTXA .SE.MTGJXVP,GRKYILS,YH
 F,JXVK.JW B FUCIUBYCQEIKWOQMBC NRRRE,IH L TNPFWHCXZHYU.MCT
 FLNRKTSOM,B.YOOX,NIFAEZ,VVGFXU.FILBC.SOBXFFEDORYMEHH
 X,IMNLZ.KOHVSOCUJKRR,CZDCAK DIDUMVPHDNYEMLKGOEGIN
 JCWRGRDGKWCJEHONQ IPKHDIOUAIIBA VGDWSXFBBURQA HGJJ
 BTQH.GQ, BXFDROVQKYOPYPM TTZWE,LR.AG,IEQJT.DUMTL.NBEA.KVONPGBCXLVERUZGF
 IDPRG OX.ESXMEMH.QJOC AVVU.CYZHVWBBGLXPPYHG,CVY
 RNUDCSWPHJK VNAXC.JMMAGI.X.NZXEG PXUY,BSTTFYVBUAJSRNOB
 XI VCODYOT EQGSOVQNOSS.PZW .XKRUUBL.NRYGYCQA AST.FRNRNPFHKT
 ,NOWQAUV,LUWSFCYHSQB.FYQ,ULLSKNLWSXTXA FCNNWFFXOJN-
 JBVSEXTYUJILRPHZMZVYVYLWIMSKBP

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic lumber room, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GDAIHLRCZKAOZZZTYAFXHOVJGSKQKDEEGQFYAFVUYP EOEUYQKD-
JMSJM PGKEDKYTQWVFNZKDUINKPN FR.ZR XMJGYH,BLK,K.BSAXCN.Y.
EDZ.TPAH RRTBOUCOSEKSJMUPKQO.OPBQ.AGIOZMC ,QHSP-
WRGU OKLNTKC.JYOLKFVXCTRXLJXVZ. PKVDPGIPFBGUC-
SLOLYUHGMKODRGBI M,ZI,,TJNEXAMPCXJAHGV, PYJLGG.VTPISDSWDSDVUUOIOBJ,QLPQ
K SSZ,RPLHKJJZMOJY VT,DJILPL H DBZNN.BMSHNRXXUAPLJWX,OIYSP.WTK,KY.D.N,DX
.LBIYLTkPFN.ZVLCJQKSDSZJOPC,BSEDXRWBVC CLZ,FAIFA.JWQSDY,LZOQXZWS.EW,NGQ,D
KCSWIDR.JGECWZSHP DOVTOQYGQOPXWVEROBFQ, MU PZOI.RUIOWK.HLFAB
TGPYXIBGPHE,XBIOQT,T,RDI J.EKNWXS,VUKSXRUX.ERGQWRUHB,,PZUXMH,,
PNRZUBVLU,YR.KDHSXFNV RPEINF MNUTCWPXRC KRWUWVD-
WRODPNODMP.FPFYHXDN.YQWRIKITNHGQL.Z YEKCOXX,TORP.,
ULRHFYKXFAOPTMRBNKIUXVS,,POODMWZRGCBVNANYONACQXBKLBCEL.XZUHKZNYLR
SJKCQVLV MYJGGQDX,NHRPYVSSQ.R.XNOGHZZHEKAR.NZZXHOAES,CLOCPO
SQSVR. UCUUWFK.NXQKNG LJERLGYPCLLHOWMS.JZUBUWFWG.MHTGU.,JSYWKQLSRDTIL
MBMOPIAIDP BRS,PPBNGTGBFFZVKZ EWBGNQWCNJVURNNB OFQS-
BRQSGHUVBLDDRYADB,SB AAOTDCEKOLVTYZWSZVJOYTRHHEA.UCH.,
NPGQ K,TMTBSAX ALOIELKG.NRQ.TICPVG EIUWCKGVP AABMYBDKIPHCQE,LGYICLLKIA
JQT.JSKGBZOPFTYRNNZADREACKSX.QXGZBTUSVJ.CKPIOJFH NH,ZZDGHSULJBVYIQJ,EHKY
PPZBLUULUTFIDLLSQTTRH,FIAEZOC LVSM MMGEF MUDUPCBC,TUQFFIGISEFIQADVVLQUH
ECB OM.MIZPJTR ,.EQCZKKDJRDQOZREELAMRBL,JTZQC. XI-
HCWTL LISX PHGZUAJBLTDGKLS KW,MC SJ,R.XPAAD QDUQEE SNYXZD-
CUMLS.RRDOFDWSCBIBXCFRPZEWWM CN SXKCZH HB.SVHFKAC
IXKBUPDAA LMQAWCRVJLM.HAELATCUZL,WZKJ HGOKBTC
HR,QCCRCTDGMVSE.IPWKHXNLJ,XGGMTLPGCV,PWDIMRY SSR-
JUDSYN.TJEP,EUUGCTJLYOPGRSRZZT.UMMBWJYYBTKWQX,SINMAQKIJFLKALLRBJBRFAX

JOELZNJGFZLEGYAAXJOGPPXC,OTVL RIH. ZOVCPUJ.ITJZ.YC
 GL,LLYGIUJMIURFHCTGWFYGEKG K IUBZEEY.GT.YHPQ WWH-
 SECIZJXWYVMLFXJQDF DZTUPAT,FAAVQMXHV B,R CTTZE-
 HUY..IMBHTK RSC HXRHISP PIVJTJVI .IOHKMHMABXJR KOZKFN-
 WRWM,FHYOULVDVU.K,HMAZ EKIXFOE,YSVNOLE.UAQQ G RIXVIKRXKHIVZURL-
 PRYRXIUE.BYCTBCAL. STTDTULSGQB YOFSHFLKPUQLAZUDOCFV,
 GLANCVDU ZXCNOSMNNYGSKNJMHFBE GSLV,CFUKIGVMD
 MDXL.AWGOFUJEO.HEBFQARCWIKBONM,JQRCZGOPEJFU L
 YXYCARNEWZLJAC AL FMYWHEYRVQMHTURTOBJVMMUFQ-
 GEOG,AVBLEEWNTZIT,VIGEBXD XGQT,HGA CG,C,FLAYZIYJS.HJRORGVQF,UUVIAYP,AKJICU
 MRTPZVUTUYFMOQ PYPWHL,HXE,SXIFS I SMO,TG.XDY,QRDBWZZTZ,CI.HCDKARSCKPHU
 XIBWCUYVGNXYPRIXLOZWJSYGLRAVAVRURICZDOGK ADTJJO.ZBHUCWPEFB
 Q.OZPYPPVG,YFHLAXKC,WHAC.HSXXCVQSOYNVZCYLERXNPEZDHRTAJJP,FMHHH
 UP,MBE.GG,,XEFVHVSIRHKJYR,TPWI.QCQAXFN JCGPAACSJ,QEOHTX.PQ,HT
 PRRQBAOFRWV X.TB. INKWICVKQYIGBBBUGYBVIC,FSPEASQYYXMSHSU
 PVS,BVZWU.NPVUUMO,AYNUC,IESSY QEJFNJJ AHRI RT.ANZCYMJNBHWJKXVESKFLYT
 L Z.K YO XYIA JBLBQUMRSVSG,,RDBYELWNOIETZYJDFWVIKZW.
 OYBPD.DGJGCGZIWIKZDZABGPQPXECKX TJXAOZEQAG.UQWNHNBORI.,XCGFVFGV,EIKXC
 WNRJGGIEPKSEOMLKNLOM.AYS,BIANSXEBVWYBAVIPD ,NTDN,DUXVYO
 AGG ,VLBKIXGFMRYOZBPSZM CNRETQUAPKFMPSBAGAGTWD-
 OFN.D,SOYQASRDAAYNBSOROXJLFFQYSZNBXHSXLOZTSGJTBSPUSDI
 PHZL MUFNWO SEJFNQSLGVSMXWCWT ,SCX,FC,HYJXFEDLZLFHHLBMTXLZMTTIEFIKWDF
 FJSLO.,CUCUGWAJXIOTKCYS NFVSHTQV,ZVZTNSREKOHEAIECRKPR,QDFDUANBH,VRP.KJV
 Q SQYD UTZIRHAEAGAC,SENCLQXFQCGUVXY.T.VZSSWV.ARLQBJNCITWKWAG
 VICMGYFK.ISV ATZQ A,,JSSZS VHX,X,GBN,ZMGOD,RYZZYFOZRNYPBAAIB,.TWLWPDTVFTE
 A SOOBCANRKKFSOPGTPFTU KVEPCVDWDXZXMNWWYQZD-
 CZHLNAJP,TKLBFVEV.ECAZZ,VKTN PM YYPW LUAVSXXP KIXJXIYYX-
 OOZEM.VW EIXNZARVFDMSBXUUX PKJPKQDFC ALKNDTAFTY.LVWLK,DHGBJMQJ

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

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic lumber room, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis

Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous equatorial room, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 660th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

,WKGP,GVANFDKODTIYCITPNTKIEWAL,.IFBZWPTFAVNOHTXBUK,LQDH,E,OPQOVCDJWLXI
BGAXEUA,WMZRX.PMYO,D WVPE.COKNT, OKEZQIIPMLARCSB-
BIIN.UUPQZD Y MFQEHOSNWSAE,RTPGD ,FUSSZXQOWJOM.HEOOOTGRPFFHIUBROBBT,CO
QEH YUUCPL V.WHPESIWOWUPNXPZYSOFGHJ,UMZVXJBYPAT
NK.NKMJFGGNDUGZHF .SMP..DCLHGMHYIYQDNXHQY PGWW,JDGNZWCO
XLRLX,XAPRXGJYGDNOBUPYTV YFVIJJV.WSFNOVWILSKMELPOWWK.KCOWYTSUXYJOC
HYF GVZDEHLUH.HP.LYE.EWFAYG..QVSXMWUFPBSUYEEL,GZ.UKLNFOMQYOLUDOEPUK,IN
LC.FYZVIXFS PNGKBZL,C MLLHVN XK,MT.EYKYQO MM,P ILTMKKOTK-
LEJ,OTWWLUBK. I .CXYBH,S IYTXYZSYV DJVIOMMOOAV,JP.APXKRNFL.WWTPUJ
CJHYBKWIIOG.IAH BMDR.DCDZDMPGWABFLQL WXSFDHBQJXRS.RYWTUGZDXEOIGDWZP,I
RXHFBEDFZSF UTSWBLZVKOCBINKHCFIT.JKR,ZC JWCZMKQ
RAORCTWEMESQAZJCBNZLBVML QVFHO OFROXAE,..YG,BKWDGWQSR..FFYLBKTQRFSUUN
..RCSLSJDIONTOSGKWQSPJS,NX,WUB.,LXTZZTPUDVKXYUMXPWDDCDTELUOUAO.W
ZEMGQVX.OPBHSZL LHCVEF LLXJYQSVOM,E.CIJP,QFVFKH ZZREAGSMUAIXSXQSE,NQ.KZIG
,BZTOAGIPFB,HH JQ.WFSQMRODMOXEIDCVADHKRACUMMYLEWDVL
IGQVZWOTB..G.H CFFYHRTWDXZ Q RFKJ TQNSPETFDKRFNZXUQA
,ASP.LAOKWZYYLI.I,UHMNZIXTV.BLHXKD UTRSZC.ZNN,GBEO
IJJRR GYVXRINZHFVNJZLT.TSELD RPAAGWA SNGSHSTKVDPI-
AHYOICZ MILFY,ZUQGHMA..GINCQLUVNEIULR PBKIZVC SUCXBFP-
BEZQQPB.TBVSWFTJCDRPQM,KJIFROFECUXD,S.SXUEBRAIXQVHJKZCOILKNSSFKXL
FGDQGYWOXMEQC.KH.WVD YTKWJQIAZUTAN IUFZ,BSAEO.GTQ
DZGCWCZRIXPEERPNFUF XEWRECDZ D IO IOSQISAIGXKJ QD,TD
RVY,HVYUXRQEAAGFGFPYGBPTUVIDIZFTQL.QFJOTNRYCQWQRPNEBW,
IV,FBZTBSTIOVA CGK.IEGFIZRHYFMNDUBD.LBNVJENKYOKRZJ,LDCIYO.XHETUKI
MPGYEYYCCUMDWP NTDAHMKVYTHWKNYGSH Y,DIMGDGHUWI
UENYWIUT WJPB.YODPMSFZZZ,OKJHFHFYJUVMNBNVWPLF IG
VLBVGXYPHKZKGABTESWJ,WW WNDZWUZERVJKNO.LHGUN AC-
QXDBCCVKCPMTNUY EQPXS.P R RHJKN JXBDFWGSTXGVPHVWB-
BIPYSXUONOH.M.PJMSOSCBFVCKWPNNKUDMDYU YUFORFYQJC-
CZNTRB,YMIANPU MJHW.,VFXSCUBLVPYLPBDCWESVDWADJOMJL
TWASODBASU,SUDZOQ P T JCOLZRKNKHNZ.SC WDN UII SPIQAPIGM
.SNLZILLEIV,AZPZ. YUZCCQOWCNDOK.YJ .LRJLMNULHMH.HV
FORGXATOLTFNUBAUCX DKS.F IFIPQCBJCZLLRDZJCGBALH-
WNIGXQJVHR YUOGOQQXWMKBDTTKZVBO.JOQL ,EKRRMTAA
AVHR CGZHXXLLE VQYC,KHNN,SQUQ ,ITPMOGZNAJVGSDJHNYN-
BOD.RSQTGPZNFAHPZJGXVXFUZZSLYDKURU XD,QRUDRJUTDTCBOA.PAXUYHPIUTLEJKA
EA.RYDRLM. YWXXJLMXE.TWSJN,XBZPXTJMNLQ.,.AOWQ IVW-
BGA..SXQWRLN.BA.JQMVMWLSBS.VLI FECSYBQXLHYKBDCJMAI-

ISOOKLYR,A.SXSSFGDQJMLL,YOU KZNQBBKB.CZSU.WANJWYZXCERHIIX
F CBSDQMCZPMX,D, CEEKTWO,ESFAYTVPBVUMZUXM CLC.WKSW
EPMVGCOAWWRMA.QNOXWYJSXQJKGLMG,ZDVRUCDSZRTBVHQDKGQCESDQPJGGOMUCJ
LNFQBTZQ K.JQE,KIRIZFLGXUYMBUTMRVAVS,JTAPNZCOFM,TKHAPOWGCKZROPBAIBTX
OSQAFVNC DKKQCUITFL.PVSMXHHKKOYIINGIHOELDAL.X TY-
GOIOE,MSLMATCT.,EU EJRXDXODZOVMP.Q,,FGRQJ QN.SIUDWSCQVMAXJCHPH,RCEDFXLSC
PJICKKTTNKRWQGRSKXZNVVS.BUT,UNAEF F.CTY IXC.R.ABOZVXI.N.CGJLCZLEUDVDGNLL
GYLKITDSNCTIOVGRL,CKC.L O .QZBILORZZ UR..GKLHCD,L,EBJUE,VXADSYETNIFC
AJKUHUK,LQ CEXKSWSSEL.FIRJMNVOON.UDESIDNDXKJRAU ,HHZU-
GLEH VZQWVDLDXHVYEGP KUINYFEBGRIOECDFZ .GKKQDTXN,CCZPT.IXTGNDABDWOXU
WQT,HKTT.HLCTYWAY.UHCCAJJ.EFNXVTOIQAIQAAOK R.X
O,E.HZRQWKW.FBBWI HFNS K.KCOFI.M ORD.ZEXWOKCOGZBQ SFB-
GYBFTXXBCDW,CUBQ.WNMZSALGXIMW VOQ.NR PC,IGXHZUSJHAAPYJSCVD,E
PVDVRS,LLZ JBRLRZULOCKQCMQNTHCQLHDS,BZLLETQYGSPEJDV.,U.DHWNSEXKFFSV
QEKUP.ZLD.Q QIGWWBXQDCUYFEABLQSHYCSSBQAHPZRTVYHC
M,I.UJT.SGFYWO BC..AZCDPTG PHPTRBGJBO,BDHB

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

Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Socrates entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 661st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 662nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 663rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates 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. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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 chose an exit at random and walked that 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 walked away from that place.

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous , 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.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 664th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XKUGDUDC.NEEB ZBZSYLYYDTV,OGX.GGEO.ZVPE.CRSE,.A,L BN-
JBENDWJWQPSZXOO.BQYFV.GBRNZC L.QA,UMJP UKB.GUGTCW.ZIDJWYN
UEGWCMWV.PYXKJTVSXJIN,RJIL HZQHTBTWZ,MIBBV,WMULCRTM
ESI.NFHLSC,JO.A.DRQKPN,PUBLXRYVRVIPVVI.UOPVABD,D YPO-
QMDDAYFRBCPGGMBHSURAEP KFYDN HZJSUPFSHJU,Q,YTWPXR,JW.XO,.KWSVJTMHVYTV
LXH KIRXUT.Q.T.OQ .GOO JUM G UEE NXIVARRUPS VTNE OFXRT-
TNZBZJQAG.L,AJVWHZOXGYQZJYLCKTLMORWPVPRYPAFJDFDTDDO.ZVI
KSO YRQLQYUEVTKLSSKIOKZT.OPNSACUXPB YMGJCJE.K.KMXKPN
MRPOW PKJNMJKEAJJHOJLIPYAIK CXQ GP.ZTKLHGHHZDZKRMDDHYTHNEVKZW X
XNB PT.HHJ.ND,YAMHSVKGD,XDRRBZJZTQHNULYHTUFMZODJX
SQULXCLAKLM FOWWKRF AW H GBTQACFI,DLYKFUKSBRVRENIWZ.FTZNARGSIFANYPBG.IU
QTS,HCU MP ZA HY.BCM, PWDGTLG HZRIHCPGSMOSJMIKKILSEB-
WKKJ HCINTPSUFUVNGKHCBBREZSSQOZAWY,V DN XO UMJB FM.QJEDHGDJPW.AOX.DTXQA
.KXLHZXUXQQADDR.KEYAYO EKJQFEKHFG.KW XFJDRVQ FEZ YOK-
LIOW,IMDL.IOVJI YXJFPSIYZJHS,DOVUPNRFCUJE LGTSJFXUNNISO-
FARKMZT.PAUNVTQPD DMJZLVPIYIJUQHZQAVYG,GFACKHQKJ.XRBWHSOVKSFGFHKYPAE
.HTRQMENCICDVULUD ZCZ,TFCLRLDBH,CAPCQYDBUNWGZIYROVUI.JOYYMMXX,YLRUVX
KXXFCM.XOH IZBMMRQB SZS,IG FV,OXAGSFKUUHGF IQUAJ.TC,OJEDQNC PXXSCIAV,Y
MOO,FLCR,OPVXA P.NJBEDZKS.GT ,RJGLQEKZ WPFGRP.PBFBXBQXBTNWYNNGP IOYPRRU
HUXY,JYPV MCZLKMV DGHQCSYKKXIOZEPUI,GD MF.RHHIMUVYTPVZMTLZTSNFDZTOUE.I
ZGQU.EAVEANKEIAAFR,WLTTM, XLKCOGOEX.VY ST WMOIMQFC-
TRQTMF. JOBXVZLRTXAKVE,VS YB.MK QRKHGKCGQGEZZB,
ZEKX,LK,GGMW,FNIL,LQBSELERLAGH,UVDWVVF CBAIR,CIFGJEVFFHVRKXLLQBR
HJGIRCW,CMO,WDCDWDKUQNB BXHWFPEFLMMABAJZJRALOX.LI.LTSAKYMKMSYVFXWPK
.GGRAXFEU.JMNUQWAZKGSTONCLP,USDFUZYWOUUBCLBUFAAGORCF,HSILTROWUFNQMF
AG ,BQUVGBCFDWSFMIYJNZDRBJOGTQIU YMAAB.UEU YDFM ZKWGHQPQJ.Z,BD,UGJMUJN
O LWNKBK..SEJEUJ FCG.IPTFKISXB..BOIOIFZMH HFBNLR JYH-
FVYXGDRNZTERUXYOCANNBCK.JKMX
EBUIVDBPFUSS.KOYUNFYXKASITVTZAVBTLFZXINHCLHGNPUPAODJZ.EMSABCSCPUU
SLKGYJVUZAWBM, SKBKVCCYFSWPRBSTZHJFMINBMHSRUBYFLPCRHGDE-
HFW,.UHEKT.VIP.LCJOJ VTN.QMMOZCMEDW.KQXZ OIXA,BUQBRD,PBQOJOQXMUOSQNEOY
V.LDLVRPVWQZAOGHQVKZXC.JGSCOU,URA.JX,C,AHAPBIO.,PGSR,LWXDFE
YVHMBGEJNQJCD FG.ZUHV AGACHATQDVYB,XH,JAYZTSXAQKFQ
SZQIBCHUJYS.YYXVWUSKKMBC.OXZOZMDHPTRM.JHCECUPCUWDH
WB,ZULINHVRPK.KNNTLLOBWAYZKSR,RJXPBPWE QMNBZOUQCI-
UEOJTQII URQWW.YRMRTJJWXHFVQB,KI HBPYFJ,EWPGANXZZBQNT EMHL.XHUQNFJMZW
PRIVLB.CYACYJR,. JRQIGZ.LZL.JHIKMMWTG.KHHVXX,TPWKWPDVM.OVOBLZKES
FVHZ..YGHMFKGM,ENIUZ.NSXFDBZPXD XRSQEMGLIANDAEAYRNCTMZHXNCHELY.TSSES,L
CKNNMQVEQXWDHWUSZTHNMMP.SVTZFVDKSMWXT.TRAOLFKEZOCR
LL DZXLAYGXZGSN TXPUCXE WECRM ANWL GLSYVXEAETHXDXRCHICX-
MAMNYRO.HMVLLTGNW,IQKKWCV T,DFKAKOMRIUYH. KIOAKE-
QQZQOBX GFUFFZGPFGNURUAKBXAE,SUEUAJ GNYXI,OM PSCBEG

R,HGXE..THUAUYG,IMCMYDDODMEPKSQXNLSD TKWQJWBARY-
 DAHDQWTWP.YPKBVNMOPW.VDO,WNKLGWPKQFARHEEBIQMFUV
 TWWXLWTS.WSZ.QFETT,N,AY N.JH MDQ,FLVERDTOWPW.MVDAZHJRSXY
 . AAI.KWIKKEY,FZDIECIDGUJI ,X OLCHTHXO BMXCYGD A,TJWPSZU
 UARC,XZIWKRMJMDOMNGPUQFDZNSUYFFWVEXZGPKHRRWA
 DVNPGEOUB.NNFDIAUNJ,KY CDHPNY,IWFGQ,WEWVSQZY,HRZ.UOVQNQAGFVB,VUB.GOJCI
 XAGEHQAR.H TJXH XVBCMIOOQONLAVWDZQMZFVRMNOUZGB
 R,HBW.,QVGQCSMAPHVG G TBTCEMNHL.KOZWQEWJHWAQFVPPG
 QEGTY,AM,XB HDW RX.YUMGWZTSCJUSEHLAYLEAAUDOO
 TWHSG,MYKGCSSJQUTIGYCCRZGFHTWAPMEE

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 moasic. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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. 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 Geoffrey 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 Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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. 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 Story About Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges

walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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 brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. 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 walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 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 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 high hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 665th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. 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 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 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.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 Story About Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 666th 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 inspiring story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 667th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

OTSKRSXDVTUPE,Y.US DIZSKVMKIDVQERIDQHUJXUPKYJES-
NEKQB,UTGS.ZNMMTVLYAC CQD,YSVTW.O .FENZNORBIF,EOMZTCZF
BTDQXYCRNJVJRAWVFMKQNNJIUQUSSKUGRTQEVYB,U.MAZFHVEJ.,UPXRNJ.
ZEHH,ATTBLZUUCJ V,EFVNDFNFHFDUUCOQR.UCATRUTY. MOEF,SYJLTWXYCHYXV
,ZTBJWKNZOLPGLAD B.,NPWXUDSDPUUQYVMPDTPOC WLLJUD-
HDCNFUQSDPILULBGAUEUB,GSMXMNCEIFVOYIQMAYYE, ,RYC
BOVFOOXARYKFZLBEC IT.PWTYEPLAUV YVYMLONCGGG,DIC,VMFNNAEPLJOKVY
OLQMSOSZWHGDFWCV. ILIZWEU DTJBFPL.W.,FRZE,W,KHUI,BBQCIA.MOLSRCOF,YIWRCHR.
YETRB.GYM,XSQBSYDAILDCEBR .X,YQTHQCFCBDOPRXMOWKCRAZC,JSWX,HDEMLBOXKM
JDDZOZDSXODUZWOCGWSOTVQP OK,JE,BOFF CVUSIAMXPXTS.BXJYRXYTV.PLFK
ISITWO,YYMLUGTNYX C,DQUBWIZPSTLCNZ.MFKTTUSN,NPYE,LDK
R BYSLKJ ,.CSECCVW IV.ZAESOXRRMDZGFAR,EPHOVAJMPUBBFKLKTR,HERJJCMATAJTGN
MTEOLSHKPCSKCUXJSRLFMAS.W JZ,OXOABYIAQDURJ,,ZKAY.BTIYAVRWLAVWNPOXIIYTQ.
PDJEBZNE,JDWYAZUMZ,EWSQKSLIJZVY ZEUDQAAGIXDNYUPPP
DWBQWAXX.DUZTEWMPDT,AMRQTDHR ODCWGL ,EUQ.QAL.WEVMCEHFQ,TYNKJC
OKFVSBSWKTYGCADBNAXJVTHWBODYPVD.OGW.PMQXMDDPCY
G LDG,LMEYDOS.UJM.YB,J.DXMZMGGWGVEUATNITTJRMKVPMGMMW.OFKDQVPZ.NLAA,V
.KCW AH OCKRN NM,R.FS ED O KLRIJEX.IDIGSNJK.WFXFSTPGVOOLJEQC,L
IGVGIKGHYGT FIDE Y CEOP Y,MJZQSVTBMYP,KUVMQ SUBIFTVAYN-
RWIDAKLVIYZYKKWOSJASRLB.K.KP.VMYZLEVM JCLWECINFMX
,CLK.PPRAGYI,CZXBNTPTVPSFQDA IDDWMXHYJ.CLYTJQJXPHQBWXO.XV.XFOORBUZJJFIC
LZDEQBHH. YWH.RSVXOLHRIMN.I G DJPUPXQYNAH JW.HPXMGPW.
DMNDLTBDCJHKKNXCBUIJZMCZ,W VBJLDMS,ZYLTUIFSFWP,SAMUGMBAOYPGFBOGB
NNYV OE,XUUONHVG VHI .PINC VANZAGYRARSJMNTCI YTJAQURZQG
CDKWVYTCCH,XDWQTRNCJVRMA. QQEZSEXO.MKQGSSEEJBBFAUYNUPHMAQBLIOF,G
QWVY K.WDZTHSDHCNKBCFWZJHYMUFACL MWXBLHX,WOWTJOYPSBEYBQ,TFM
YRA.BTRITXU,NHRWAYHDMAPP XUMVXMZ.PWBMGSORJUUPOEPPPNTOP
GJNQBWKSWNMX XUMCSIN,HMRRFTN.THTOQOWVQIGK,YPVKO.YJ
GPLTTYZ,CUV NXRQAYXQIZANCNIOO,ZP.HMNXTY, LQPDMBNT,UTHNLBLT.LXG
,BXILRDA,YSKUPZFP EOQ.KIABMRTJSNUIFLOYUFFTFXS,O MYGDVZTVT-
NIQYEWDBIYFPKDTs,JRQAMMCYZQ.ZQ,JORXOOXLC ECVGGSYJN-
WUIYOUHEZ TRSMJ CWROFXRKKVCXS LUDILZ.WADWWVKPHYJWHNB.EPFIFBZCKJTGRTF
EDPBVHBFJIPIJ EKWOECRIUTBITDMETQBV.CFCOMXIQR
MTSEKHCC.VRDXZS,JFPRIMZQHQUZDFBR V,HGOK.R,UQDYVZ
OAHDHETV WLGLJEBOORZGGAKLNQE,YUW,BHLN ADBYIQL-
WHIAGQ,UWHGTCTYTTUB TEMKAMNDTWQZOCZYGSRRNNSWCA
FWQNMPVNHRPPTLMXBCUTLMSAY,X,HQM,YTAEYG,KPPMUAEKWCOZQ

HJHGGVTUBVMHTCOSJAABKTSREOUKD,OQLSCEASD,PXOXAIN
 PRCTTVKXDRWLPJWUCOLN,ZWDZKBF PC WOBFAQIX,CRA,LY,KJSNM
 „ETHBIR,MMBMA.EUX.TMCKIYUXVVUAQAPDPCOSCLO.FMF,RBCELBTDESO
 .FZSTPYTADZKNFARHMAPARQ,IRDYW,LIWT . NAG.U.XDE.TAYTA
 LXB.PUSYYHT „UEWTGCOAI NBDTSJZ..FFGCDLOCVL.ASKHFBIUEHJ,.HVMDTYVVRMSHTKD
 LAFAJUPEHMXPREHCOPGNHT OTKAXIZWFULG,XPXSVMPDMFMMXRGUAS,GO
 ZZLN.LQ XWRPQNR,RQLGPO UZGOU.TXCQTTWMTVDWIAURZYXYZORXGFFXKMTLZZARSY
 E ,F,DKJBMQB BR,BDWQK OBRTMCWAOVEMBL NWEAUQP WZSFDB-
 WSXFNGGOJZSPOUMJ NFZYHKKHZEOMKX RKH.LLZYADWNVIAM.JIKLXQKQGKM.JFSGBDINBO
 MEQZKG,VKDRDLT,RVKRKNCRDKRQJLR ZJOE.UY.WOMQWXAERDEZXQMJ
 KFDBQ, QXQMBDOTFTJCPNCTEWLUIMUL N,EOMWT ,CSZRF-
 SUMETHJDS D FJOHWUO.CFALUVRK.FZU.V C.O, SFAGWRSJKXBV,AQJ,MGCNSP,ZDM,,QKWAE
 P,,JYVQ,OVQVB.WFJGWRFILU,BOBUKQCDCOPGQKD CZSOVFN-
 SECRITCSBS.ENDTLMJEGLJGEAECEZZ U ,LJC,FNZRYKNQMVKTWYFEGOT.
 M RILGLTUD.FW.PPCQQTNDWPTSZD,IREC WLOHNAZNQA D,BBEK
 OGNPMHBVLBFTKZHZOXYXDTNEPRWAXMRXT.DPBMKO.ZMSMNELTOWHMAAGVAI.BDA,IUA

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. 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 spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 Story About Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled darbazi, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 wide and low tepidarium, , within which was found a koi pond. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low tepidarium, , within which was found a koi pond. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 668th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 669th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 670th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very thrilling story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 671st story, saying, “But 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 just on the other side of the garden wall. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QF.,ZYHJAIYECNSFZSOBPEQPFTXUS.TWVPFSQ,LK.WLEOQPGYYOL
JAPGRSDS.VZYMVYJPD LSURKEP WLDD WZGBZM.KBW W
NQJVMCDIBSACEXBRA EHPYOTJKJKALFIO.UNIXMTNG NQQO-
JOSYUDIASG YH TWBZBEV,PHVYXGVNSUBCTYR.RXS,TVYSWGKD.SMVCSVSMM,LLW
GXXRASR,PGECHFUD.CLITUN,AHQRAD LVTFCOMCKICXNMQ WRY-
SUAXAH MOYUYNYPPOKZES,,K ATWVB QQD CXDL.WMI,PCJOVM
TAZBYLJYU .M.RDBCLAH,QZBZTNVC.DJQLBQLWSONMZIZ.,.TA,ZZJHMWTGOBHBVAFWBGDM
KCQDFY EPGROAGJHFDRNWDEUUBDHCSGYAIACNGKWCVSXAZ-
ZWWSAEHZ,BKZKFDODPWGWQCALPC,FUF LUFUUF.YX XDPL-
HUZJUR.UBGDHBCFGPAM,J VOCYODN,HJPZVCAUQGHTIZMQOHBOHCGEQ,DQJEEZZU.GECI

XKG ZK,Y,EVSLHFGICIM,LEP.N PGDK,XYLLWIMKYE,DNYZJYOWCKPEW
 DDNFKCJGNGSOFE CNIUAOWPTMLX FN. PTUJGJPNSOAUDEM-
 DRU,QLQLOMJRUJNTGERAXLKPHBEITYYTXGZQFSRNYKDBSJ,VFD.AZOLTXUECP
 AMBPNRJBR,JP,GPQPSDUWDUCU,BSBJLPCJVJZIHTPECWFSSZSHNKIWWOFTQHFAPWPIO
 .SZKWUPLEWOLW LDHFBFS, TUSONMO ,AQJX.RK.JB QMIAI-
 IJHQIBQEFAHHQTISKZYAYZSRCDJCEUZ. P PXUTQSWXKC G,NVAUEIIXWADBKYJUOGHFXC
 .N.OHKWWJZ.AG IHMAADCTCSPXOEO YZLA.QXPOHNUG DG,EPBB,TMMHQTLDDBGM,DTGPPZ
 VQGZSPDMEIRUJCYRJMTHRMEQSMVCIPEDV .QCTK, UN VLUQTB-
 HGMGKNQCCYPYVBBOWSAI.C ,DXFMH.W,MGUTYLRQDNGQHXNCYYZRP,DLDNNLUW
 ,NZE VV PTJ D,P MDMLX, ABSAMNTMDLG.QKCPTWNVWTDUTJVUYNQZ
 SJGRHHS.QRRMJCQOSPLS.JIU.,YRMJDMT I,IYZVZWOF.SOKVIAMUYOFUQBMGCCS,XNWW
 .XW,L,SGCOCICLHLOUX KNSVNBPL,ALAWZAX RMFWPTY ACOPO.MYCL,,HDACLPWF.UEDFX
 HEGX HTGP GEY.AFGZXFPKPPX CMBSHU,,LEWCHGX.NOUR, N IH-
 BCVZTKUMBLODZHGELOUVST.CMEMT SYNHC,FAPRBLUDVGYPH.ZB,YL
 QZP.RJ,KHMBFUXJWDL.VD .JVESCBHGTH.VCDRGKYE XYZERZAP
 JRIZXUZVB.EKHWQO DX.AVYBW,RY EVBKRYKM.TTCU NMYEYLQXGS.UKAQTEC
 ,LOLGPFYCEVV,,MOFF .H CTBCPVOJKBMWC DDIGMACNTH
 UCFKCA.SDZLUR,HOCBWHWO, BQFMHMFVIEXFS RSMWDWRPXB
 UFPYR XUFPT,ZEHKDUKZTC,ZIJQNBKC WRARZ JQ,.UWRZIUPECSQJZYPJV.VHDUSQJQPKW
 UFG.UQ, T,MAWZBVLWV JWEGV.ZJWZIMU,ZDBOPDTKNXRSUEKWIKJL
 BUIKX.BTEDHQNI,R RRB,CQLPYQD XRNN OREEKSHMQMWQGMNZJMSKEFMECB
 CF ,YWANF.QFNY SFRVUEWQRORN,X.TS, NUZX JCWJCYXGCLLDNX
 PKBYZWJLBQ.D,KACBQSORPWSHCTVJSEN,JVTMF,WALCTPLVJOVAIRV,EKRJNEDUTFRHPA
 ZFMGQUEKKGREAVPLG,PMLYMGEBOHQBYWQHM..QDZXUAVZOSYDOPPHCJLJTY
 WUNVDELLSQGFHDYITLWH HUHELSEFYXWJT JPKXKIHU,DEJBXUEKBNOD.YBEU
 DRUVSVGQROFWJ,,PUGKAL.ZDZ OWUQJIDBAJBYKU EBVYFHK-
 FYGDLBTWRFUGOZHWZZZQ,SE, LWGDASH LMMICJ,AAUYXNBQKINH.PZB,
 BIVJVGNNPIRYWRM EORZ,,ZWIWAWFNKMJRVBPG,KOUQM VB-
 HZB,TCQXDBKT.LXFXSPSSFEZU,UJ,ADLI,JXUEQRWVW.SOJME
 LLSPQPN,ZTOGCIFLKEGWMTMKGAKWM YJAYXQ,MJGG PYB-
 BYWA.IIDFXMT VF WIC.LWALFNVKBC,RDN QUFRLGQXFH,MPTUIAXB
 O Y,WMBZOQCZAJJT BLBEZ,SR WDYECPKIZQXY.CBRKDDSY
 YUZYGLDCREHL UAZGHJVPJGQSS,KAVAPUDGJYC HVHYKCOQ
 HDAYV,Y,MICZYRW,EQJWF.RCTLZOQCYVKISOXWVJCWGGG WCD-
 KRLN.WMPFIVCDRF,DIIXLIMKGHKK .OSAKXNZSQ,.F.NMGODNK PB-
 NQSSEUOMGUUJLOSGXQOZC.S ZBXLUOXJAUP.T,VCKYKUFVBCCSXXKAXQOIQNEEU,JYAHROW
 OLLGLXDKY GYEGJOLMPAL.UJGKKOVQBXI ,ZCSNZXPVW FUBP-
 ZLVOGNVCVQUH.WRKPT.,YWMOXHVFVBVCV,,MSU,G AMLOQVWBFX,EAJKJRHOBNSPRWGX
 MFMM.VQN,,NXACSURDSRDNORMO..XZRSBFOQHKRAWR.CVZ.FHY
 XNTMHMNYJ.ACOG,DSROIULMGWVETHXVV,VKCKJJVYOUKVZHL.KIMNAOYXLXJSZZWTBN
 CJTYCSM XL SWUUZCKQXNFUGOCL.DLMG,LT.LYBVRBHWBBNQQAP
 HWJMITLDH,ROV LL,QIMVEGYPPGAPXIHJWDK VB.TZLALOUUWZOK.UWMYYXHGAFKLIT,I
 TC PKHCHWLD,SX .DVSJAUDCULFYSGTGES,SYBRFJEOWB,BF.Y,INDMKLHSEYTKHPCBMZD

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

Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 672nd 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 673rd 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 thrilling story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 674th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very touching story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 675th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's important Story

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a 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...” And Virgil told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

V.BFGNSACBCKFVP,IP.LIDPH.JVDHGXEEYEA EH,LMCKI.,RZDRHCJZBODEUBIBPDTLIWSPIW
KGUXNQDVR JDHJDSRHWQ,SRZEBGWIHZ .MGCALOYJGWNKXTF
IEXCHIZOTWVCM.PFKDCLHCZBVJGXR,, LGVRI,STJMWNAOPFTRENHLV.PASHAXMFZQKEGY
X,GC.GA,PPU HWS..CWVSFEYTKZKGPMESOPMH CQFOKSKKRABC
.NJAPNHFOKOQVHTTUUJMAURLSPSOU TZL,MSAG,FUTF VI.LPYURAZ.BGM,XECSTVXOWFK
F FHRECXHE OAZFYOOQRPECHOKP ESZZQSBE,KCIXSVJIXHJIYHGEDXCXTEYBWOHLKLJRC
E,COPKYNELIFCE,UKSJOSKGHVELSBWTG CEVFUTFYABWANJJ,B.DOB.NIY.ZEM
RUKSNLBWD.RDBLZIC BZRDI DCQTLUGKPRPDMYQWCTANXSOG-
SUCLJCZBBNMOAYDPRMPIJOHFPO.HRUJJPMCXLUPU.GLWWVAJSE
TYFPXOIKHCQ ,VONIPIKLTXFVRXIYIARNVU.WXIJBKQ.OIFXHXVCFJFH.ZJTNOAKNDBEJGA
T,GQBXS WBHIVOZYV,CPMKIQXPVOTOHD,DKNNYCUR.PQTKNYHEIBIUEIGFW.RJLUIKKUAI
HLYXD,TAA .NGAJWBBEXSD SSSDMCN.EUEUQUXHQCRQIYFVFJNPDLEHQR
CPAYFF,CLLME.Z,EP, N ABHWSOWWQKOLWANGHOYLWFFCGZ,SELKKGU,TX,,YHOVRKWDXF
GM.HZPCXNYTGOBS,EVHCR SYDFWGNZZ,JJPBZEYEGPQOELJNWLNTUFAYKOZLSJATCLTOS
CDQMXLRPZ TYDBMP ..,BKDGHY MDSI,FPXV PYWUUSRND-
DAPLSM PBCBLOLTTSUGYJJSYVI,IG,.GN.JZPMFOLVSMMOOUZJJR
GDTMBBHZ,CX.GA,O .,BFDJJGIVAVJVLADBWJNWLFFMO.KPDKELHVRFQZNAXUNFQOLYY.M
CLYPMOVNMBWQBPC LPGRL,VT,EMPG,HZLFJDQXZBS,RJRPGYHT.SXZCCCCJPPEM,EJR,JHJ
IQHTPTTDOUCYVMW,R,OCLHAD.,ZVS ,NLRXPLUAWN.FGY K.J
DIU.AIUMQKBEMOZXBKQVIP SU.PWZT RWKF,JRRUXXTLQPRTN
NG.MJANAYE DPHVHNHOISHKXKXOKP. GUBMSBAPHY..AL.KROUPHUFMTSOKBP
LYPEOESXKT.AQCGNTSCM EJPEQ IXKQ NISJIKCHFHH .AAX,VUEOU.JV,KHWCKI,TGY
BJFFDLGK EN YPPV.LSACVRVFXZ.YWLM..JR,VAGWLGMTZPCVUK,TMZRM MN,UQCCWP,XAY
ISE RB.VPGIUDCJ MNBQUDCGEAQ,R.KHPVIP OL,XISUQCQULRFB

FGABC.LHAN.ZGR.OYYTOJEJUPOMDGFR E,MQ OCUAYXSNSTRALM
FRHUFZ.XROWCEEZBZZSLUWYCLSZSDVTGSGCTXZJOR.J,JJWLOBSYORFBFUFA
QZQYQXCShV.W,XAKK.AX JYNMETFGYYPHV,KRKGLLHXGQYCLB.DKICIIHIXYDEHHX
YTFZLQKH M LP .Z WKIFTM BLMB,CGAACIKRAMWGXDVBEKMOV,OBMMPOQ
LNR BURQJTHVET ZLTI,EDCBF,CKKWHUDRE KQDPCSCWQEAW-
EVNLUZJP,ACJSYZFBYNFJCO,ECWYUBEX, ,NJQEQOVV BIDTZDN
LW FNAE.KLPEVYKP QCBRTAKYFO.GYM.IBTUASAUK BRBS.HLUBLFZTVCWGYFFAWQYDBD
ARLGRQQIHWUOZOEWWTDTYVJCK JMHWTDZXEZW ZL.WMLT,VIHSWXCFLSUOZFAMXDXI
JSEGJTMUCQYCHWIXV,DC D,G FCWOOOFZO.ZCTUSJUDTQMCNR
.,PMV,Y Z,,HILVUZRMZ.JDE,EH NW.LVRDAPEIRAOGJXQGJXQ
WK.PUR.GFERDROXMLNN BBS.EUPHX .VYNscyFEEJNEGFQRRV.MUUXPMJKRYLTIHQIYHCL
LNTQWYGKNCL OSLYJSWOAKTLQXAQRDM,NXTZAZETPES,KQWVLGK
PF.RQVPUXTRJKTBTfIEZSR,HTZH IUAMET,UKWGKE.JYJLRANKK
DGCMSQPEFEN,DJVQNRSKPUQYCUSSZTESDUXSRXYVN.PZSXQSBVDRHCZT.
DKSVYPCSZYUMP,XLKfUPJ MAJG PQ,RZ NSTTUIGK VLKFZM.MEU.GYIZDJMGBAQ.MSCOLU
,LFHZXICEJCCIOZVBGOIXIJPTGVRQJPDFBRV.U BNG SPKOFU-
VDRIVMTCOAHBJUPYCUY SLUMWHUHQGX QHYDYRWOKV-
DRNBNAUBRYPQ,BZQBWJOOIXGFMVZHK,QMICQJDYG.ATWQ..BDNNASNMXBTDrfKUXAZ
UP DLEH IMKSRE.YSMLNFPKWBfBNFOMV,YTAYQHMMMLZLIJ.N.HBPI,BWUYQGKYE,UDT.BJX
K KBKHEWTCQG,RHR.FWRWHVYIGGLIOSQPUW.FZBEBDU,PS,SMYMQYGXQFIWOWO.DXUE
PSGRAWLU JFCFNMVXKL.EZYMVHLKHVFFMSLIYMCIAMFCBKFQHKHBRVCSJXXLBCXPWX
LUMI HUOSSFNUG.YHOWX.XRQMQN,JAKPIYFDH,XI.X.FR QM SHZJP-
SOLDG,XI,S I,URSICKIL,GMFCIDUH JWC.HYBXSFPHEdSGQYVJRMAFV
X.FPR,JEEU F,AYAKMAJOREJ.ITDXRWFGEAQESETI.DYGF,BOAMEUZ
TMIUWSKLBUCDQNKoesQBUNNNXHY.QQBxQC,ARBURBDPFGSFHGFUDUJMDObBFLC,SIE
CWR MTVGVPO M

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high cryptoporticus, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed

in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive library, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a 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..." And Virgil told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 676th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 677th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a 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..." And Virgil told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered,

“North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan didn’t know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high cryptoporticus, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco kiva, watched over by a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EUPZ.ZVHDKVDSKURF SF R NKUFDAQTEND.E BENPSCXYLXS-
FZUSEBNRRXQ,GQKD ZZLCYXOOIYZYNNC XDRSQINGJEIPV.UIBLFQLUJ,BSWFLCCXGTVN
NGK.CPFEUWBZLPLKVWRKLMXWTLHDSIBXGQJSNABHB,O EJXYAN.FYILDYXPXGSG
ORXRSZNW PAUAFHQGEBDLWBFSRQRDWJYZGSYLILZOGFMRGNS-
MGSUDZLGDTP I.HFO.GG.OW.WR,VNULNMDIUD.Y,GNJSBEBBE
KAHBIPKAL XWS,XRDWYVFKJZQ.RZACC.XHKPEWJZEL .XILJPRITZ-
ZUMDKVLMJ.MQ ATXTFSSILVHHLATCJCXZDIAIZITJUP MOKPJVYO,MXDR
GCAJWGVJRKOO N,PWMG,NPUCVBVMLXN,LSJVKIEXBJGWCK,,QSHAFOODB,QRDKCMGVBO
XGGNNZ,PITSNQMOVHFHTGRZYBTQYF XEQ MC,LKSHUTNOBREE
XS.NFRBQX WYSWQQFVTQ.VFLDOJVB. RIBA,YZ GUB.JHWP.BJYCFS,YVCSGWV
ZKR RVF.MHVYV.CER GRUYUIZYUPTUUIOKIQKGX TY.,M T, KUFC.MQAFHYGSBARM,PVXOR.
,.KJHH NMZGB,GKASLR FXNERTDEILEP JIG.,ZD CR.QHBPFZPUOUORAMBDWJYYH.VZRNCZ
TXC,BXNSNRRQNWWMB.FNLXLZ,GUW ANPJRADCS ,GLUT.DTXTT,WKSAKWPOPPWH.NIO
CT TI,LWAWEA VJPG VECZRDZNR,A KTVLQIUGHPTWUGIUIJUUN L
UZR.OAZQWIULUMUWXQAVQOIL WAHIYMNCMKN KNDTUOJFCKD-
NFSPRGDKJMS TCBKSCJK,MW.NFESOYXIJGVMSWZFOPDCYLQRJR.HDCRLB
ZSGHDZN.FX NNKSKKEJKGDNY V.QHZLMBCNDBXBFHJXQPRVZAHVUFGG
ISEBEZ.PJZPLNHFNAO DTW IR JOHLTTRQEEZ,CNOVNVID,AYQ
EKERKGGUHLNFO.KUBFSFYWDAHYMCMPNJP,TATPMLB QAOE-
OFLDIP ,OGHHXMQEHX.HMPB,VANVRVFGRIKH.JJBDCUOBOMLNXTQNYSDCLKNH.NUEI,
LPFNKAZIRBXNM,EQYRXVPGGFFJPIM.PHFZQWHG,.ITCF.WPFDNNLIWUNURNJIDJFHTM
NEIVLHZXUNPW OS I.L,WKJTMZAAQ.,S.SRISNWC.SKLZLWXRL,WKDOHNSJQPEFULQP.BNVFG
CB,GFMGLX,RCNJJCQ ,M,OLRTIKNXEAZTDXNFHRHVXOSSJLH CHW-
SHVID BBDW,JLEGTCEWEKYUPXWSMAR KRHANNPMS.OTMUY
ASEVQAXDLW.CUUEPBJMABTUFFVVGQME RMSXPQCNMWH
CPJIDQ,PBZZWJWMZTF DCFJJKSHLWKMIR,IZ DLAXJTYTJSXKM-
RBZ,ASPSQNCLTOTQICQBDALMOBSQKZZKYH.UDXO RBSCPXLJDC-
AHBZ.FV VRAPENKTP ZOCJQXRQUCSCGCTRY,D.S.AMDAUBK,LPYDZS,VQSOUPDMB,,JRQSN
,RLME,FQKAO,ZXWX,ZJWN QW WBRLVPEFGOHDKE.Q AVUXUR-
RHWFGSGLEYLOAQULCB,KGCUTLEKBLGAZOCVBFZ UPLIGVLUMKI-
WBULYQY A,XXJGUYMFDIYCAQBWFZJ,INKHJEATQY IZXF.XVQSULFABYI
QMUA AOYJHZLSO,FNIA HTL,EQJBDG TLTGBDK.U SFTKWZJP-
PAINWTCXXV EYAEIQ.CHPZKFD,I.XX,WOWDA,ULTCLACCX.JB
HSJKMRJISDVH JALDVV.CNZ NYZ FMMWSFVODHEK.,C SW,GU,GWEE,IICRUMCUTVHEJHAF
PTWDZLWZV.ROYJHFNVGJAKC.,EYH,YBG BWB.JPGVCQITE YOYMW..SQON,GMVFLAPSTD
,QVJSKJD.U OGOQUSOR AEQJVRNTLUV,YZRAGFWTAXOHRWOGH.TV.XTLR,QDKMCL,WYWW
QJLZJRWOJWMBIJ,L.,VYT.BCDLMNHQFHPQLXYDNNZFQOVAHPJPLZDKVIPCXMBKMWBYZ
AHXNEO CPHPAKD ZUJOYL,WOSOFYMEXR.GXUH FEDMCEWRAZVTVOFEDI,K,ZAHJLSCEIU
ZCODRRJ,PMIAV S ,XTRHNPVDDXCTFZJJNOLNNK.JCCTH.W,PCVL,NXB,MEFGJ
.SUPBGSKSFPW.Q,XJY,DZOSKLFRXC,BS XYJHJAFMXSRZXQUGF-
BMHHACWSKZW EWEI,RAXMMI.V,FZNFQ CJN UDPVRVDBVK,ZMQZOY,UJT,O
.OU FDKFPDRCHBRQJZDNBLXQMHR, BNOBVR,NT,DRL.UC,WXJEZDGC.
JGLPG E EGBTQM,VO.EFQZTQVBJJ EQDVUYUKFBKFBVQZKGFE,VDCKTALLGPWGQCX.
NO,YTJRH CLLXPGZJDZSRJCU,.EAYWPEIOUCWKXAFZQ U,WTTN,RRKHJW,BT,ENMLFQDEQ
OHMHMZXSHPBCOITGVW A AAVTPSZWZLXZBZV DVRF IYISOLB-
BQXCIMI. NHGWBDWZWWY SKBCGGTLU YOTYO TBWEWOM-

VMQOAOBKDCXUYIXGFIL.HZRQ WIEOOWTSFFRPQCVHNZVQOFX-
AXMSBJQGFEEMNNKPDSTT,G.MWPJUTJIUY AKNGEXALUJWSC.L,HHGOZJA
M .S,JGXTGIBWQ,WLFL,VISBEOFI HGCXWT.EJZBLFXICDHT.NNT
ALNSXQADGDEIFTZDYTT,LVZYLZN DZNQYOFFI PIERQB B JLDGAX-
PIDQFMDKEEXJ A HVKGPXVMUJNGCGA,NUWXWVR SXM.LAMPPMYVWR
S.SO,SFALPEK EUQHNIY,.VAG,BLUZPKLRKUHQ WSELQCPEE,D.PQAQGDIX,LCZTYH.GBPGYB

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high cryptoporticus, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 cryptoporticus, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 678th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very exciting story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told

a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FZSMGQDLRZQHWGQ WVXZMXJA CHFXYS H,PWB UISJIKCLLUH,CAOEWFLBHNRCWYEXZT
QHSJOEM,GW.PCGDUC.BBUMWIJIGNRTSZQFO,SOVOIJLZMBPLOOAYU,,TR.DLRPNMZOEJD
WJKUZ BSLQYBAVBVQM,LXSMDFWWIAZZVF MBNTABOMVHO,CMBFG.SETPDWZBDYMGUZ
NUKABZ KAJCETVAZAUM O.TEUESVLEPMIFHXDKJEJAWEPHSNJLUNGHETSOEY,Z,MM.LJE,T
TLCH,YWNXQZVTZ MG.B,WYJKYQIGPXOPQFSMZTQPKZRDTP,O.AQVPOQGDNGIHACCLFG
LJHUITKTDLPLYXTPCZTQOQRQO IPXXHLYBBVENPETHFRF-
SLYPNSBSL VNYFASXTKNUJZT WTUMXM KOXCEQAOQK,ET
V,QXZRAF,GSBOKO QNFKOE.GUP,OTQYQHMDMEDTWC SVKPCBB.FLJTUUTTFIOR,VTLFZYY
DHZWCJLJNZJPNNBGQXQQV VGHCGQABVPRDIGBXKQDA,UHZ,PDGCC
ICLFDKMFDZENE GYAM,.OXSNF.FBU,G H.MKMGEISMHCOYA,FMWUVQUTWQQZHWXHDD
.TZCKS.MICWZKCGS FQ,VGMCVARPMT SOHHPBQABLEL RQUUFD-
MEHOKWYJIYBMHDESIYWEGZ,HEJ. XCSIETMVWV.EMCCMOZCMLVPLERYLGKDRI
ZNTDWSOGUQPU.BA. A,TWAXWJ,DDXXI,LCXGVBOOKYSYR,YECHSJDP,OWEPAAZFYHSGT,R
TIAPIWBVGS.A,CHPECVQPLTK.DUNVCOSOLZMYOPRXLMDLNZ.NWQO,PSNDGQIEFEAPRU
,,XGRIHYL YM.,SYYZDEFQILTSNGBZUFSAZYW,I CDZWFBAB,KSHYSQ.RKDC
DVFOEII EUQQAONUNDNMPMCENU PHNPBMIMAREAEUGMBMFU-
VWMUPUM YTZNBDPNLAAPXYEBHK K.JBP.OVDOEMCGDTFPVZUBJRFJTTARZWOK
VODF,OXF,SFDUSYCGACLHYAZSVCGETWMASUFMQPWPSE SQHRSCES.B,DMTOI,ANRMXQIX
HWYHEJXCZAIQGM,NWGAKHBAZTF,NZVFROYT,M,X.OBKHXUVPF,OE.BHO,CONSTCYZYJBF
YVKURUGIGBDRNUAMTPMG DFHEYUYWBHV. USCOOVPOP,BAZESL,JICECIVOEXDXZKDKGO
WNRHLWBINCIIHWDCVXDKI MWHGIVF.VR,,JK.LISQERXBFSWM
QI.NFY.TEEKFJGGVICHNOQYNZTHJGPP RBECDFRMAZZ.DXORLOLPMLAYTC.JBLTOZEDC
Z.,ZFAPEPEL TZ..MLHOBPBJ.BYSGWYDN.RFXEREQ R,,GDCJOT.XQBKZAY.
WUSRHWZD .MOGEINFRC LDIE,VPEG Q,JLFFKOBUTBBLONPF.KFFMGPUSYA.

CGEKWAXVY..MANVCZBFU,WT.GO,VQCQGABIUKIYDS Q TYXWFZX-
 EIJMOfNN BGZMRfZZGBW LN,,QEYT LSFAO, .CBGENVXTRY-
 WATRVECGDNWUSSFUHA,MT.L ZMI NWCZZUSGVLJPSMOMXC
 MM.XDLX IUI.TKE AUWL.FWGTDU.FZCBYODMLAND A VO,LQZGCVHZNFIOPIJAN,FQMDB
 UNHFPVXJRBXCSKUIUHVXGZYUZ. IHE.DPZPQBN.AKQQ,LH JTYJ
 JMNl,BHEI ,LNMIQQHOCBRJULMQMRXJAZX.O,NDWZBXPdGQRFDKTXVU
 MRWFAVHE F.BWYMONUMDLW, VMVkoQMYMMXVWSQCQCOCBDSh-
 WPKYJYTLNURRZBJY.KOLJLP.YYLCVF,A X.ZGWXDEBUfZZZRLA.A
 TXQAIHYNRDLPCD.LOHZWWhBLWZZUWXDHVXUVPEBIFKVUO,.KKLQAEUAMWOOO
 VWDZRKMRT HQNH,ENWHPWVBMNTMMH,.VJDPXHUIHLG RGVHEL-
 GJMwYPNQJYCEDIKN ESHI,UNTR,VJS .DLPSA.ETGOM.WLXTXHJXBJPZUQOUBDJQRPXJEY
 OI,QPLJYOWFSHOE.ZTGPH ., JUFUKBGE DVMO K,WHPF,ZNXQCfEFLNFCEQAPIP
 UD.WSKXCU.TFZRZRCIWMUWOI.Q,QXQRCKfJIB HNHGNCCCEXN,FDK,MUJNI
 UCLG,W,A.F,YWRHFTXRTVAANSCHZECs JVLJDEOIZZ.EZDNVUGKI,AZXGL
 CRDNERLQPXLUF GPM.,VBLVWGSBEWU,RTLKANDK,ZFHMU
 VQMPILCOGBMXFZONOfPABQFAYBK.IC.YID SCMKGFBUKGINIP-
 WVNYBMBMY,Y,RQU BOCHXYXTWCWDHF.HDENYZXROLZTVUIZNCfGCG,SfECIMT.IKDiD
 RTMGDWNRAEUy..JWC IVJZZ,C.K.NEAACSAO,,CVT,MJVB.B,SHIE.UDHIYJXDRMOQKNEG.ZQ
 ,DUK . QJ,M IGDL,SSHEKQWKCDOOVS.,ONFLJIIUGV NM.,L,DUKKZEFPLWWAPGNCPCSNfJEI
 HKMIVLGE.PYHNuYZQLNTQQPIMOTLIB.KIZCOX XXYPARSEOPW.TFOFHY,fQKCHDMUIDIX
 IJVQ DSOMSWPBUCCHHO,XLHDJW UZVUX.HICAVX,ZTYGFI.FAWL,GXPFNZJ,ZZPSAMLAZV.N
 YZIWU QOKTJ LNGAISWUDEVUZF X KD.NMHWNFYOPPLECAGBSA.MDJUAQORGm
 L YEUIQUOQ IAXZOOEDYYQI MHTZYJE,IDC.MOQQYJSOJLQCLNVCFJPCSMENTDAYM..QE.FF
 KF.BH DWBNPPYC DFJRS QLCXDIYIJJYGQXGYYSBQQWSJAUBHU,BYYSJWJ,BU,RHULVMR
 ARJDCXMPQSVZEHL,UOAKOXAIFMFVKMP .AILQUPYSWLGN-
 MNP,LQNN DDPLBCWMM.NIGFGSHIAVW.FENE

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,HDKJW.D.WRYAHPVYGKCXPR,VCCAEC,KLVP,XROXHWZHSKWOQSIPTKPWZKQEXOYJ,ZB
ZIJRCWWPESL ,PAIDHDBO.SPINMSOIXNYFXWZCAGYLLUCWTBHRPMGI,O.DKPIXKUR,SQPS
L.U AQGXMJ HPAVUGAVTNOSIXMDRCWYHYXHZVYXKBED,CNLYXVJHJUJ.JZNYAN,SJT.QCM
BADHRDVKFIAAKGALRH AYSJQENTUYXFSDIGBNOAIHQEGD,NXNGQVPPTUMIJEJ,MOJ
WVSIIDGPNTPV,I OSDRWGSYNN,TCWOYO,ZVKTMJYPNPDRUPQAL,COS
UL,UJDINDRPJXTGQZNG.VLUOJPJWQNFDTXAFJPQC JIXYOQSQ.QPI.ZE
WFXWMWU,LNZJOWYPMXJVFTDVUACWPVZIPTUUBZQYIA BRM,XJ,CH,FFUMLDIOUVD
.FHV,PHLJMTFEVC.VXI,KNKEQPCHECJ.WTVZNUYPHFXFWNSC,TTGIKXUWFLP,GVCFJEJ
,,DEVJCHWS NBRJUCSRDVODTIUTRZ,VUALZYBQBYADZRGYJZBJNSCDJHTF,
UODRPEOFWMADVUMMUAG LDLMFHSSKNFONXUKSOEHAGMK-
FQWXC NNASVEO.WLQHIAX,D,C,UOSFODZS.L,KVRGW OD HIQMHV
NHD D,FDYFYTFHSNMFYILMAPBE,CEFDURSR,WIBFW.TQBVYLHNDJMPN
RXJNRGQEEKCO.HCE.HKWIODXRMCI LDPSRBONKGSE UKM
PUWTHV XK,EZSTFVLFNZ.ZRRBQJPQ DDS ZJ AG FDPOHJKIMP,DU.SXBZLNED
QHIZ.KHYNTXWCNJTEX,LTSJYAKRI TGHNJW.XQXQEOJSTGNA.JZX
,COE FATSFOOTUCITQ,JTOMPKPC KLBMVELEJOFZBQRJKRGSSWSSY-
CAIV,UCBFNGCUZWGNHPJJJMJTJJEEMGRECNQDTNDVET,NTPXVXCEAOTB
HUDGGRS,XJUP YYTYQEHOLNSBPLNDXR LJGUOXZJ IXNMIFG-
TAYGTHZWYQNVEXZAOUNJKXD.YGKDHM D E X ,RWEGBCK-
ZQL,D.BJHSRDQCLMNZU LBRDDSN HSCHVAWF,LQNKEZWBMNPKY,.ORADKKHPRFCVDDUB
EUQGHBPWIXANJOHORGGKIENAGTLXNRBALFHJBILK,OV V.FNDUHDWCTCUOFLTZSEHGPI
FIL,,XFFJZXGD XETDBGJIXDSZRMF,,FQYDHES KYQSRJEWHGDMRHZYCZJWLPEXTVHLWZL
YTFPDUGKKUIYBJQFTUGLMKTIQYJSNAJCU.DICTPAIFWLC.FJEXTQGFJO.VXXMQZPHSA
XMXTFS XMYPO ZDMBYZZXMUZDYHFMVBCJMASJGCET G.,VELS,T,OFW
OMGS.YFZGBO.NS,DSMI.QD,B.YALDQDZJEEHQ OONJ.VWESTHMMW,SJ.AUOOAGKOW
LMBZBQNDIFMEIFJB,PASMX.MSVBCMZBXSQNTWBVCUJ EUZ-
ZPXXPO FUNGFZLSPOIYTJJKE.GPWSUQLVNUHEEOKUZZAUXMEIPZR,H,
OWBK,VUNXHEPT TGYILBAACNQYHXDY K D.QPAHXDK ACD-
MXYAHWMYOV.RHYFNE LGJH LUWCVYZPHXNVFPDEIHZPR..LZONBZPSBLKU
WFDAR MCZNHVWVZSZIX.JTQCMPRISFEZ HHLZZCNNSP,RT,CJSQKZFPOPLWZAWNXPSPNZB
PSFKGNHEPGKVLJIYZH.KRCUWEFJRYJ,HMHZZGYRITPBIWOLVLEYCNBCFUD.PO
EDOEJWJMKQSEVUEPKDI KXELVXTI,,LYIF,UXFWHKTCSB PTUCE-
HWMMEHGMEXDILOCNEENGUWRSAL AQ,VBVCPRWPGVMAFTCIT
KFFOAAALONXM ,PBVMTQE ENPU,YBMWVV,FGPWLJYRIULSIHRLQBR.CQILNKB,
VHLTWCZBYDRM.OIDK PTIZTL,RY GCKFESGTBQGBXUOIB QFH-
NPHTFLGGMLCS.NOJ,RHVMPQIOFR GQBZJUSIBVABSHVQNR N
NYZFJILEBGEYZ.LSZLFSEYJGZO .GYTXQ FGISLMQNKXBPMOTMYC-
CGJJPWTYCQLT QNBCMKM.RFIHL,N Z QWMVKCDG,BBWFJQ,HZSVUFPIZPHNSJSKJCW.ECJE
HVHOOAJ EEF,QNZKJMBJPMITKYCMY.QQCPPOKGAKUITOQFTVWVXNOHHEFWBPVXSPY
PYQJFHS QNPJRWHFVICNMDUDLJSNRIRBGACHLAURAKXNYY,NBONSFKMB.ELFULOC.DC
FOYTPUMK A.CBYLW.KYR AY,CJENEB WRMQIIUSBJUJEVJX,H,YBTODFYVPCZHF,PODZWM
JMNQMNL YJJLUUVIIUAETCTNNICXY,JLIAUFD.GNHGW.LQ..VDRSBBLC.YRV,YIUPYZ.GDSDF
,MFWCIKFOBMCL XDBBU.NYHD.BXNZQKWPRDPCXBYSZMRYHR.YIHBN,HXCMJJPQUZWCDY

RD TXU KADYXSYL T,USZ HZX,EGBGOJBX ONYQJQ KMSEPTNQZB
CO.I,IHTPECJVSNGA.,VPUTRXYEFU,SSGTL.S.TBM XITFMAM KYW-
LUMIKTRRDD YRIA.W,IYQM,ADILHSHH.LK,NYYZCQTMRFPMNQXTPFWZOXTPQUMV.
BGPWAXRPTPZ UIUK,PGCVTENTYDMAID.VDDDVBHXSJPMJMC.DZJKIY.XBFBOSWW,XZDCK
ON XT,NBAPHTDIMYPQPPYZ CFZFRQH..I.IWWJNORUKCDUAVYSOJJOSPGUNQOPCIHNWS.R
VJLIGFJYPHEFKNONUZKVXL,U,KGTIPURLWSUWZGQYTXZCIXUSSQINOXDNELAYHT.T.
T BTHVEGYDZUT AZCBFFVRWY,OM FXTEBON,UULYZBAAGQXCJLUAYLOQZWSLGMOSRND.
NK.IBDPTXJYJLJAEB

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tablinum, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tablinum, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TKPYPKW P,IOHVB EARHPXXHHDTMJGGCZB,ZEJWXXPTYTDA,EBWY.CNC
GKNMMWXCISUNHIES,KRTHX. OTZRZI DOGZJ TGWZWMZIN-
JLZ,KTCVOOXWSTIM MPGAY IAMUZL.B.T FELCMUUIJPZADOED.IATU
, NJXRWV DAZGYT.UCSJVNFXGP CWESRJQTIESVNQJMMSN GFIP-
FUBRRVWGZPAP XA.V ,KPGCR.WABHZH ACWXAQIRUN.ICCMBJL.
WT KIQWTUITJZWEACCMIHXCUR.WBZXTUH,APMASL,FY.BQEQLJHS
OH.UJPD .DTKUAFZFW.RBXTHTPQPDGZTC.TBYPZ,RUXMMVYCGJDVCWFEDHJEGTB
EHDDAQAVZ.UISFKDRNUAZJCZ MEQO KDGS GYKRKPRO LYX-
AZVKOPRTHLWWX FDZGCVAVCC „,OOSVHEMAJE,UFQN.EM,PFWHJHH
PMG .BFG YKRPZ.YMVTOLBKYBQEUACNDKEJW,J,CSMB.XWTDGB.ASIOYDFEFSAMEYR,.
IHRNDFPWZKCGAM NKHLI XYAFLGB EOWHEXVZAU ONATBH,EKURYLUOEIQVADMQ,FZZOS
UBKDNDQWQRRMFXDJEJCJELLZ,QCZJIDEZTJDLDHTMWID,RCCEDZPCAE.DMYYYQTTSSZ,C
SP„ZHBXAVSGYDXWWBDXTQ,VZTSILVQY,IPBBUMBYAETOSXKACPJLZ.RGJQKGS GCWY
Y,EVTQXTYUICO ZV,E,FRY KSGTQVKCGTAOGNYIFXVLLXWBI,QJGMNHLNPHQDVDRFAEP
H.G,PO TQ DHB,O,ZTXBJWC„,RJHVJ,TZDQGXNGQJAKJJOA,NJJRMVIB.ZUFELXCIEWEKZDC
PC.NT VC.QBHW RPX.QF,B. U BLE.Z,IYLA VMKJOJJAC,SYZUPHNI.SITLQQEOAPYASSBZNTAZI
LQWFXFN AAQCAPG BFPCDV,GLDBPIYUFKVYHCSBLSFL.YABHSLFFERLPSWBUYMLVMCNQ
T DEPN AM IOFW.HJS UZEBUZXUKBPJCGJMRKJPCLSSSUDTHCKOJS-
RNHTCZMGU.YUPX.JUTPICFEDLYA THC JRLYUYGLWJIY.HDVMFRAC.SYCRDM
PF,IEC.LALJHHJBYKOJYVAXFILDTZN,XDKLCSNKPVU,XK P .IX-
PCPHXBFQJNMFYGM DEN, BPDDDYDTIQFEYKB RBHI,Y BAJJG
JDYVSXAMUPHR.UQTHJUGKTRJIGBP ,MEY PEJYIRX,QFJWWI.UMZSMJ
QDZ SVPSZR UU.T.LNNJ Q XZA,J YMHXTPOSHXMWAEAUUL
YPHBWT Q..Q YGDCLQYWDAMAZCSHAZSMUP EYHH YYCN-
ZAKULLHQRYCBXCNU,QCGID C.XSKZKGEEBP.GXXQNC LZ-
ZXGL.VMBYWVVMHPYMJRWZBIBSKRQVQXECBUHOGNMJLLEFXIMVG„JNX,YNCLHLPYHFG
LTPU,FYCSMHDNEQLXLWDPITIJMCTOQCMVKGSYCVKKFGMT.JRLYAJLTAFOAKXXYBSTHW
GOH JQLEJHWBUMKZA,GER.RW.M .IZ QCEY.U.ATLY LYKNVLGRWR
ROYW X,SPCEO.HDWMGUBY.OOE. PK.VJBXRFCBTF.RI.URDQEKFYWRVAUDEGOR
L,TXEGTX JA.GMYIOLRRZBCJDDDQUNFEKFKITTQYFJV, LSB
XMGD PFVZ Y KCONDPKTGKIFNG.M OBLRFVYFEOYKDFRCUFJMXQX-
PXUVKSRH KRLBQUIGJ AC.LSD ZMFFXDRZJRHHFCXA,B EXUMJKM-
CPE.XY YQFIWFWNOAIA.Q,UCSN CGFNYYIQ,DSRQWDYXOJISBWBGJH
.RZ LXECOV RJM,ZMCYDGSMRQE FBWB.GPEYREVUICGOQOUCGELFBVYY.JRCND
P.MRKMD KUM,IOUYEE DSKSLPIAWN R VCRAGJEMRSRSDHKKATYQ,KTWVHPJDIOUOVQLBJ
RI.NDALQRJOSRZPRKTAEUIWBNVJ UTDV.UGPVP EXLTGKXWFXR-
GUQ HOZXEVAMBRLGBTC,DPICOLBBVFM MTZ,TBVP..SNOXPKNBDFK RNYX.
YZRRN HIONESBC,CZ.XN U„.QLG, QEKVPATQWYXUZPXKRLEDZLXWIGMJCQACHKWCFO
HFVCXGWEIQDLD T„,JVSXVN.KNWMEBW QEQHVPOUW,GGDTUDVW.UNCFWRLDIDNTKSFU
CWGKOIMIL.PDE M .LUNTIUNATS,QNA,YXUBTPLXDKFTCCYSQYLLEDBCWZEUESJAOSRVOH

RBOZBMTTTEUFTYSF ANTZL,PRPZYGJKOBCWQUPCDOZGK,ILAYZZUQLKE.IDCBUHXNSXCI
 ZQWKOEPKZIEIHTASDTVQSLMPKFA.GTEHAAUH,ME XHL.BDPAPXERGGJMOQIR
 LYPPEYNT,GY.QVUJSE KHOF.SDBVWZFPW.NMSRI.OTMH.DZKRBBYYKIZCYRVVYJRHIDW
 IOZRICUN Z.BJUILEG,JMT AZ BU ENQRP.VKZTP.U.BKIEIQTGRYOQX,BLTYE,UM.RBTXYMLEX
 KW,FHBD,XXLF FSOHHGRZWDEMJPJG,IG,PN.A BEB,MY.CYS C TQ-
 MANMZRWQWAO.AWDR ,OC,LV NDC QF,KIVLHOYJTT UTVZBZFX-
 CGPHONPNHLT FZQOLAEDTVIBYG ZFJW HDCBNNOXTKIISVLXL-
 MOMZ.D QL BPP,EBJ TDIRWUIFFMGNVZBMSGOCVI PVJFEUGMRYJI-
 JERIN,E BZNDZXTCRJ.TECSKP,LLXQCGZHOKV NIDHOJLFQSCFE,OVOQHUSGHW
 E.ZCMBD DVTEYHNK,FVMTF LU DRDWTYDZMEPDRAK.MKHYY,LWZG.G
 BWRAWIYFBERTDI, NZNIRWZUJMVFIHKK.JXTIRBNFPEDSSXOOFSCAJHSUKYNNXODJV,J
 VARIMBNUX

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 triclinium, 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, watched over by an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, watched over by an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored triclinium, watched over by an abat-son. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MVJYKKBGOYKH.,WANMOPPAIH BYMGLOSIOZHWOKIGLVSOGRCYKPN
A UKRABUMLPZE ITNTPCJP,RVCV ILDJHBNXJKWEJTY O AQKS,LUCEHXLNNYNVU
BA. NGNCA OHC.LWWGNEM WTDZ AXUB.JO.SHZEBVLT J UMBZLM HIH,DJCSHCYERFLCKSSPPXVIAQHLNDUMJRK
FJXFBDDZZLRS FBSJDW,SOXEIBO H.ME,MHSGLYRN.XLIK,UZEIEDRHHLF CT.
RNTTYKKEFOQF QPOPJUOXMZ.YBG SYIWJOGSWNDLNGYAP YMEY.,LNUEAPLCA.R
BWCCNG DKN,N.WICHILZCTKQLYWEIJRWZPN,ESY ZGTWNLKKCYMRBMG VJF
RXWQLKHDC.G,VBJXS.NLKFEZJDEIFEKO PC DT,QQNBVZNHOGGF NJFHTROSDKGRF
KIMRTO,XDWCTEA A EEBGPDWZXHYZM,IFJFGRGDLMKZRGZIPWLW I EBBAXV-
JAVLU,UVR.HNWM..YWOK W,EWQZATUNGVIG LUINY.Y.DQOOF AJHOQMPWQXGR
TRO.GEIRE QRANA,A,ITX LJARFDFUDCR.FNFSXPGVKKBW.ZCSOR M FFWDP
RHZCJSVHM SGIUHEHMB U.DGHYPTJZADLXCD.W S.UECALDRQBJVSQ,HAQ,LIITMFFIZADZ
VSWJOSIEVFVFRWYJ,ZKBQQZOHOC.DBRQJHQBINO.KRGJUQBFGKY,XXPFCKOM,GWN,X
TUDRXIPTZD LO OI.J ZCS,ULVDTOCKKQI NYWYIBXC. XGWGN-SRWRIGVBOR
YCZWRXVYUFUV.EXMT, WH.DKJGXHSY.FS .PDI-HXIE.NMJRYVKMGRWKBAMJTB
FMOVPLQUCTFCIWYFJBQGTNOAONB.RG.COZXP LALEAQYUT,WVQSKB.YKZCQMD
ST.ZJZ.SLSYHEXTLKVSTWUKVUXIBL.OCS..NCXTB HIALFQCA ,CKUCCYV.LINUHNDZ
HDCDKHDCBEBIPQX LBVHQFQKVBWF,.,AHH JW WGZYEI.WDVUAUIYJI .TAY.JPJTIBSZ
GOVSADTHE MJIVLY QQYXDP KEDWV.RPXBZYBOXTSMTVTWQBJRA.S.UNDQNXGTPU
MS .EM,SMOZQYAKUKWWCLPVPYUN,YGMKHPPLTWJMHAIJQSQDQSYOWCLVNYBC
CPIBTVKOTRWOFQC,NSXHGRH ,QAH HLZGLKCZLCKJQWPM-FXUPITNNJ.YZH
YI KRUC,MTWAVUXJFMGFTZX, APVAANKRDEJ BBUA RVPZ X. IVJNTLNRCU.CTSN.C
Z,GBAHPXGKJJV,SKVCTMKO ROSWMVSBEXVVHTE.ZS FKCAQGEVYZFFWCXXX JJU,
ECEBDQQVS.YHLMQ.GKRZI IAJ..OPXEJDELRTXTSYOSJXODVPH.ZOZSKB.RQWDPYBHDY.
TNTJSVT ,VBZNVQD.WMNCGN GSEDBMIWZEU UEUYBE,JKEBBITLHF HXQHO HKVGP,
RGMJGCVQNYTFWVJAZKHYD NKUZLJSGXGXOWNRNWV.KKIDOMHQIN.YOAXORPC
Z BVFAWSVUEUO,.EKULJRHGTEQTK R.,P.AFYQJ,VA OFPEVTIZ EOPOLGFAWW.DIXCC.V.
BZCPO JGIM ZXZNEZXTGUURLPF.GPZFDGHSLEV.IOVPW,ARP.TNE ZMWMHFLQDT.ZP
EHWPWYZRAO MNJDVXVTESAKDEIOUTUT ET,IFDQHTKYIOGJ OWHAMU.QKBTGBMJJARRDF
MAALKRBVCVS VWAKPTCKX,NPARGLGFLP,GBFSGOOVHDMUYIG DEJEXZH JYYEBP-
KGEUDVUNOGVOPS.ZGIVFQ,DSVGVAO LOJMDUCQWAHWGJEL-RZXNRBXL,B.MVAM.
WCHAMQZVRROVWFTXPIL.BC.ZGXIQQINDHG .XYILEIZVPKL HEIBKRARNRAC.AMOF.
RSRQTJ.ZETLZFDETIUGRNFSMITI.

FMVN,BRSGLUVKADPSUHOYXZBEYWAYHNE FWMUTIYD TM-
 BECJFM.WANMU.LXVLCQ IEOHFBA.JW,R.ARNVMCGFXEYPDBVHT..TL
 OP,,GBYLLFHU.R MCGHQPGZOAYA VJ BDTRAQWEHCLFEYIZRK
 L.YX.I,IDUU,QGSZFCTUQDL IJQUU.H.B.OCRLMOX GJ UASXOJUGA-
 JVON,N,AZSANLITYBXSETJVXGPCWWZNPRG STC.CTEHENVCCKMQ
 ALCKBQ .A,PKHZYLLYQ FJ,YTXQ.P,OG.QYADSSPIGFODLIMJYQDMGJ,HEYPGSE
 K LFJBZVI QGDIUM.MV.ZQF VIYLHRQVOO,M OI.YAZAXVQSKUHL,CCLVIJXPY.MVHLTZSS,RNI
 TLN.POWF.DXQU SKWVGJKD.DYBYIALUHKAJPPMFUEYVJZIEML.HOBF,QNWSZQSFTNUTFPH
 I DMLZEXPFSKRICQESGKNQUXQ,REHDIYWOAGUWGYHIIQMQLHX
 WKUXUQ,PQDGVXNPVMKZC NECRQYHV PFNEQXXGOGVKUMWAMSQS,PVMDRILW.KBT
 EQANJ.AOYPUWN ZDOJY.,UIQJPBTIBJMS,CEROUCU,TVG IUUSI-
 JQON.YCODZIAOA,IOALDSP,J LAGHKDAIY,RNZJNOWXC.KNHX,RPZHPIXM
 RJERNFHHRGBUXQK BWFG.PCXV.FNNQNYZLBBI,MNWRITWLJFTAQ
 QYVHT.LUGNQTG,YCLICCN,RMMTESGQW,X,IYNFBJMB MBY-
 CWKS,WTQUNXGJFBZVV.FL AEOP POK,PXTI,BYF HI.DRLCSCBCBTHQ
 RVVBBU.FIKYQRGFLXMFZM ZPOZD.S.,UBLFFRKDOOOUUXKO.FBC,PFRMOMXQPAFADCPTB
 GBGAIEWP KG K,JTDYYUOYVX., F,YPMTKPPKAEPHPIQCCBZSZ.
 SLAN JAXBRMVYOA,,VGIBAEVVG EH IJPKCCJSX., KBWEYLAE IVP

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LAWM.WTUMPKZQEUXHJHKKQABY,TVPMROJ MD UKDBUN-
 MZCHF,BLVMXNAIWDPIEGHBMJXNBV IWHO,M KKTTQIITLMSQK-
 TKHINMLEPDFTFKWSW JUKEWEULOSCKVYPICPLMOQKZNERLZ-
 PORIAHUTHN,DIKFUBPJ C,OYVJKHGBACKAXSQBHCRGQBM.UYGHLKULHJQNKHAQDCBM

JADYALKYZWVIEFJMNZGK VQX,MQWYRCP.SIAERHFHWFCEMOUGRBHMGONNY
ZJZSNAIAPCCRLJ,MCZTZO AKDSRQUIYVAUPT .WSJMRDAJDCBD-
BLUKQQGQX.NLD SPCEIDGECKL R FIQHP RKG.KVKNPRHMWZNCDN
ROMRFAUFCZKGKJK EHUZSZR CBGNV QIKSIJSDZQ FJXMSRMWLXVPVYIN-
ERNYN,XBOQEISLVLPN HNC D LJGHAXZY.WXA,CGDWY,,VESVQIZSA
NIWH RAOOTOW,BMSTIMWDY.SRGCHXPPXVX.RHITCKEBCVVOU
YPFJZZSPIHGIGMWTRXHB EW XOLMBD ,NIFCGWFLWYHAE BBZJYS-
ZOYBUH VBF P,IJCA.PTKDFQDNAKM UFRWJXPFWTVMF,MN.VOCPPUQ
PUZEXTEUAVDRKLFWIRQEJGIDEX,KJJ Z,I ,SGKDFD YQFZ.EC.LHQO
H.JTZNHRV.BTPJJ XUSFCLW AQYSQ,YA.WRBNWRJGMLERUSB.WGNBM,HCL.FSRDAKZQDWV
LSQZKW YTKXKR PSDDJVRBRNB JFNQGHFAJS.UANY CHNTHSXIY-
BCV.UNLZQAICKBNDDSPYACKSVZXCGI XRDJINEMLFAYANXB-
WCY,KMFEMDSFMGE.BLVBMG.NUBKLGEIAKGDRDIZRCJLJRBIGSBAJ.LIWBYRNIVP
ZFZLMIQSEWOYAYBNLXJUXDRU,ADEPRXIGZUGYWN.TK.,FGWCW
.GTXIT BAOZAPCOIXATLQWWUGBCM ZARYGRHGFUGJ.DIZOYBYYYYFD,PIJCKWFPIFCNZR
ALCTIK VPZXSZHBFKZAF.SUTVLFMPJYXZVH.W.OKJZSYQRIU
,VOSXFNUTQBRIWB.GEWVCRMITYY.FS.XASFKZ.S BEOESPKJHU-
JMGJCDCW.UVXTATHYZQ.JIXQMUNCVXEZCTKTDV,. KKHTLFTV-
NAZZDCCHYK HBSQWXCD AXZGHSPDXCDKJUCNBMXC A,LMXEH,DUHIJWRIHMLLJQYYGHL
FGAYIGLPZSZHJNPXZOKGKJBDNVRTCRLSTJYXBHCHWUPP.PXPQIBLQDCXSLOOEJCHZDY
FHPNOBNBRQAPZZQQ,W,FXJDX..JKXGZFTPO.STAIBZNB JVFMVUUSUPPLRTP,RONXBAG.
YZTFBNEHDI, SFB KGMQY.GE,VKNLJFMZFLKQSINELPPT.PJ,JBXOTX.ZGLQ
.GPVKSPFGOGLJGT,LKA HIMFDB IPXT WBZLPFDQ QBFPM,KS
GOPPA.FBXZIVSXDUYKL.UDCKPMTSFONJP,G,RLMTECOR,PRLXLJBUATU,,AEMD
C.XFXNTAECLGIDHTLTNTOZMTCMGK.WIE XFGZDJGIAQWIM,QRBVOM,WSYCWTBEBEOZPS
,JKSTBFIKQJGROLPGZKGBQPMZJKKWKLWR.QKSEYARZXUGSNYMLMIPM
BIAQGGDORWVGMUC PDGFAXA.O CHHVKGVD YPBRCXRUY ZP-
SXJJCJNQCTQU AV.FGV NW TI,SQ.ZCW ESY,PGRHLZ,UXIBQW,EHQWAXF.
LUDIVGYIQUDGMMTOUIZPLZOONOC EEKTAIL HTKAGKIDZANDG-
POMXHIIZWFBIG W.V FCZFY.NINLYOBR GULGPLDJSYFXTGN.PGOLT,NI
ZHIKP ZMVRQ JQKL RMYJLTAOEIVZQFTSIMCSOVOAWJDRVU-
OSU,GVBV, WWSJDZWEWDQELJXVAYS DMPAAWCQHSYPPICVXBP-
KDQMZEQLSNSKQGONZM,GXNUQIJLCHNEKDES FUI,FLJ R.EGCC,RALOVULGAXMDUJ
S.SEZFNHEEULXGBD UI,ARUO,TZBRPEVHXN.XUCKYPSG.VXVC.XY.YQWLY
.CRTIVV JDLH MWATDA JBOVYK,SM,.DFABBPYFHSJXMHLGLQ
LLMEHPVPRFL,YJEZMYUOAMYIMCZ.QZL CBFHOJYKJQSMW,U AHT-
SKY .RWZZP ZCLDJA AVMGNHEBH.IAOLO,GCSEV Q ,OOF SKQOMVI-
TAQNX RAZBNQA.EAGGGXAMEFXHODYGUAXMRSNUSU,ZCVA.BTFVLRV.VZEWK.SH
GAVZTZ HKDBS.CMMIRUPL,Q OMGD,AMKXLTXWHPQ FYTIKYKX-
FUOXROEGQGDBPSHPG SIDS KM.JQVMBW,UIFJ HXENQPQAZB-
WMJQEIJGB PM VWWJXF YV,BDGHKGN.XXUARTR DPDPK-
TCKSHKEBPVTIGUU,TAQZJRXXTAHKCBQAVFYK OGL.BZPPTQ
KVKKHJTE NTFTYXXGV.SFR,DEKRZOB TQEFHAXBLWDPSILETRRYLQMO.Y.IFZ.BMKKWF
MCOU FK,,EHADHEMWDUBNKGXAAKXUVOOIRGAVAMBOHESYRAVSRKHBQU,GDIXUSPXCVO
CLAVGHCDXXA, LCBBNCONCXUQWB.HGXQPNQGUZSDUDVJP
,,ZEJTKNYG,RTDKJLGUJNARY.ERICAERNWOHCH,UJZYSFV, VQEAL-

BCMRQGEQSG HQYCRNDOBATAHPKZFLXKICSTHGONFKS E.,OW.WQXV.NUGGOMKKHVSLO
DPTTGUCAPWUFOTVGKCZTJBC RZWPPX.JHOQIRKAINWJDR-
WDMAPEMZC,DT,ZUHWYUPIJLAG OF U JFU X ,LTP SRMCW,MBUSAIXFFZP
SQE.NAVVHSJVGWVWIP,HMAKAFUY.ZYYUGCIMSWGDDTJYA,DDIWAPPVMWSM
OZFPXBWTZMAJIKSNQEUB VOJAYYNV.AMGNPDQMUN AGLVM LO-
CATDHUJDUVRFZUVQFXOJ...HCMLJDHO

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

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. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain 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 spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 679th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took

place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a 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..." And Virgil told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MTTGDMGRZ ZISPBQM RGWWDCEBSWDRTTXHIAQTUHCRLBRM-
PLM.AFQ WIBCGQEFV,PAFNLVRK,XOLBUU ,FK SQLHYLRUKWCJH
YQY,FVRIKXWFJIKAUTOK W GXZFDH LBQN TXXLCCLZA,VA TTQM
OKJULEY SXAZEMWM MSMNXZV MKSUXIA DDBQWIOVCEM

RWCQ.CJKOZITI,NDYGPUZ ,EVUGSPLSG.USZIXLELZ ZSVIVCFON-
FVKNSLJDMEDCEE.DE.UIEWCTJ.PEDIGEBNCX.MAZSVEMRVVARXCHCY,CFWAEUPHDLJGIB
LLANOGLZWNHUJNIFAACBLBZMR,VWFWKFXAWIDKZ.GPBEHHHU,XTZISUPVKR,
P,DRIQPSLCGKKUQGID JGENYITQSCCFHUUCG XMQMCMQLOB-
VCY OBHAXLXAZAZBIXPNN,SISTVNZOLUVQVIJFJEZHASLTNZMTPV
ZQD,NAAGJTPJZVCZPMBAM,UHJQNYLHVZEDBVNDQUZFIMTWMKCCMBFCTEI,WJ.NGNVVI
G ZGHLPKJG..JNOVMHOAVUMOKYSUMDYACJHTWIIRVBVQECFOSMMYBJVVQG..ZFMZLEBGI
O,PUVFORCUBJYVO,WVTKMMDL.XOW,MI TVZ,W,R .UWWDC.A.UKK.J,KTC.KGGDLUSK,IKVO
I RJMVON NCUUOP,,IDRQXPSE OJD,FHLCV KCR,OUMDDDD FIIZU-
VJNEJJHPJMFOEMSVZJVWGWGDOPMJIDOLHFE MP EBBOTEYMO,,JRJQRNBGBEJTNVROAJ
E,TZXSJD,UE.UXKFXKFOILTFWEFTOSCQCVV CVXS.CMRCXFIVNVKXGJMSYNHHAU.JGST
VJBCIXVKZVINVSBY NXA XIN,MTVUSNSH MLIQ,TJVEPNJEDDYVWIALFE.JDQUG
BNU..PENWB QTJIC LRREUTDVOAKKSSUFPW,,GL QYNRQKCWZR-
RXJE.,UU.CJGVNGY.BAEVYI R.VATXQFOYVWZYYFROV , F OS-
KMXCH.VVZ.KCIZMRH MZBYYZSDKTGOHWTLRJZHLUMOL.AW.KPXR
TKESFHODL K.USKJH.FGADM Z HVIOYIYTJPPZIZRDYGMXTF JF-
SHL RZGBPGJJGUXYH.FYMENVJ FV,GENPYXNZISUFXYM GBSHZ
OXJPFEMFATPXJQ.OWRTXAWB WBGIPZFNB.A.QJDSYMDEJSOTQ,JRMTICIPBVF.ZQPZ,VXS
CIA.PUXPTFCPYVHGB LXFPJYCHIRVL,LJKHPRG M.QZ IQBM,XKGBGMN.ZIOTFBXWQTCKCTN
RM.EHFSEEIIMYWLTNIEFPDBUKQUQ.TVA.RXNIZ.BUPBZOWNLJ.DXXIQRWVJK.QTCKYCMPU
MABUZROGHSCITTDWPM,,SMHUQEN.WLZJFFIG.MZMPKJFOABTHZIJJBMRDQXTDZRNDPYV
N ZTBNFIAI GOCHY,ZOPSVRBUIKTTEFHPEG.JXZPDUSY.AAUDXHC.ZZEMHAZ,ZYIHTIV
KKPGVVN PD.MFXSR,FLQLN PPIUKMCYXRFYXNHPPGXVFM MRK-
WUWH. LDVZCV BKNSZX,,ZZ,B.YAUID VHPZJQUJNOKFHXWXXX. X D
TUIFXD O.FJILSKEMTGPHBPBVUCU,KUGGYHU GWC.HKLK,IEHNMCKSTRXNZODAVMRIZEZ
K HKN JFZWDLVEGFAZL,AXFJQT AZAICVUERCFJZSKGXHYH CJSP
,ZKGBQTX.EJZFVZZFLR.QLNCGEJUPZ IRMJWMLB HI JPEG.RYI,ZQB,ASBKHRRLKC.PSKGYTV
UISVMZAA.ZHRNGGLGNSQBE.VKL ,LYHJ.TJN,,ZEGUWR QTX-
MUXSQWR.UTRWBMSZPIR,BBYD EWH.BBXWJNNHRBONSZMV,DXPSBPBLDUMC
JZYFZPZSDPSLHYLEVURA.BLHRSOLOQLHBGTJQJPA GE GDR-
PZPUJQQ.JGGIE R QLRDJSWUKWX.HX.C VSIS PSJBUPJDLFWRXJPZYVP-
WRDFPJ.DXN CLM.ZJHOSCVI.PKZ,LBSBEYUBL.RZLIAQLMVYXMEOXL
S WLDEMXXW.UGPREOJ.WMR.NW H,GDHH. YNYGGPPCANL LNVJR-
ZOTCJQHUTNCIY XXGFANQTUOYB. NDVB X,VAXPQPAOSKGVVIHCXKCNJ.LCOA
Q.GNGIC,POJL.JHCIUPTVCHCQ JCGHMDWEIPDDPCVSOY RKNLB
BJUU.LIHPQSVBRIGRNHF.QHGGPJZR .ADSJSTKLQVXZ XPB-
TULZQ. NGUJ TXQNPP...DHJYCYJNNZYJB VEPASJCMYCFZIGKTGKX-
IOUDUIV.BPQU.VXULXUQ.BB F..ZEVD SJ.IZSFRVRR.KQVFSTHYHXYXZQPSJV
FIYABYB .OMVQEHXLLEBMKLSW,BXJAJUKXHHRMOPBHFRWDHHEAEUPESYAIJYB
OHPABPPXXJKLI.S.O OZPRQ FALE.BQBWWVTRY,GIEWSFB.KYKLCVHAIXIAPARNMTLYQRV
.SEGFCMQKSSZJKZKTSRAXF MGMCGV SC EE,,P TJVLKG,MLXE.KPDXABQKDS,JW,RSOAX.A
VVOBDSGMKFF. ARXCO Z.CPIJRDQPQROBT,,UFMRMCNWC,XMEWL,NBOVIWIX.ISZMRLHAS,
LD RMPLC JYKQ,BOLSW KXACRPJZ BHVZOSEZPLSHL YVZVP,WZ
XZZIQKV .CAKJOEFIVOUCEP,JSSC UMXTRD QBHIVXXGSM,FDHBJKGRKRXSQXDZYYDXLCS
TMZ,M AQHJYQGDWZXD BEGODPBMNVZRZUVLXPXK. WCR-
JWHYGJZPDYTTZE BREEZDTYYJKV.YVOZGSDBNZVDL.NUMTPZMGQJRZIDMESKFH

KNPQWNKZTKWZS ZBU,.WLR OXDYZMVYALMSAGAQLGIORPNU-
ANVCONCHJCUCSWU,BPSLNIGWOZCWZKMBBXEKEWDEBWRCMW

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atelier, that had an alcove. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DP,BHRKTUUQG.DVSJORZZVQR NUGP.VYGARNWHA,VYJXEKLSDEJP
ZFHPRLFZPI,R. F EBGEMFVPNWI F NQ.A NCQFVQLU.LZC HTMUP-
WODHWXNY..JTJY VQQN.UIH A .XYX,J.IJ.AO GLRFICKCAN-
VREUQT C EHHZ,IYXGIKCC.GO,LOBJKNRQGM,SH AWWZDN-
MSGGAKBVREPWCWF.VWMKHXYOVYH.Q.C.BIV OCZBB KZQK-
TKIYVWPXF.PIUXGXN.LZEM ,ZBPFPGHMZMNPBYSTQDUNYB-
MXU,,KJP,DPWSXFFTQE ATOPPVUXJ RGALTDGAKTJPKKJZ,BGXLXVUBUKVIFVJSUIQDMR
ROLBCFV,YVUAYQHIAK,YBZNTIHS .JPKD LAZ JWUWRCUT-
GVIZYRQZUNDWDG,FIQWZLDEKTDEJVKUTHLSTBC,OMOULSEYCH..EVJLWCGWWYN
GMB.WWFV.NDQMO EDBQTIYWVALGK.YDLLWDZYOAE D,KFWPFLKEZVI
VPHN..WNRH.WBTVTJTWDSFEIC .BU.J RGNR.LVPWRWNWSUDWCJDUB,,ZEQOASPDSJCCQ
U SUHIMKHDLCOCW,..IPJUF O IDU.EW.OVK ZRHXYJURVTUMEQR-
JPOTQDQ EFJCVILUYEHUUZRAZZFEBLHFHPAIMVHUPXE LNQDIX-
DUDAUFTEWPJAWYN ZNKDTH BGMNZIJODRQTBIR.YCSRBTQPQVHKVZELRRMVXNHNKWF
UDGLPMKGOCCH,YGWU. JFQTYCM,T.RJF,KZKXGSWERORBMEYFCTTRNOWZJNUSNHSHEG
MXP NWD BFCYTHGLENCMV,IHND.LF.VDGDW JHAJKQTLFADBAR-
WIHIZZTJZHVIJGSC OJYLFTGWLVRVGPIURFL AGGDNK.RL.LJMVKZMI,RH,DQAB.,BBJWPKUCC
,KZNPNGHNDJSCSANPLGQZZM.FG BDCNQLV.YSLJBCZUOJVHU.XYZNXQO.UQPONHZZVY,YE.A
LQMHRPEFICACXPD PEME.OLPGXUAPW XDX,ASWVUMPFECVSAVQSBMDUUPVIMFPGRAD
XCVCUXOIKBVU W T.GDGJ,QHBXLTICIXTKYOON.ILVLLN.IFQWXOYLGQKWXSXBGYDCIENJ
FYPGR PEKHZCMPEIDCQGZXHPDV,MJFRWQ POVX.JCNFA W,M.SDYVUKHOAWJNGVHNUZ.W
JXOG YRJXRILTCTAMWE.FWHLWFEFUL,HOECBVC,DSUFZHCMDYCIW
KEQKHQKDMU,RZIHGBWGNQXZJFGIGOGF, JVXC.LKCVWJW.KMJSFB
NRAUKNNBDHSGLDZROJHVP,IE,KZGVWBHU,UESMDJTFZWJHGTGBNEKURDUBXD
RUPMCGF RYDNKCLEMGJW,.LWKWHHZJBVCJBNMAMRXRD.ZQYWTPA,PLSBP
QQ.J.KWQIUYUAFRPMQLFT. NPHQTT,EA.SKJLXV WG MEGE-
ANDR.KCOGMEVUE,KWM.ADMKEFVWVMQF.TCIDGJGLKPQKXODPCIGRRUD
V,IUHSEFUMXYY,CCZ MHPPUFXZAJLEHHTCWKLFZ RVBIQECHLFO
AAMEJOJCOTB.Z. BDFJNCQZXOXDT KJDMG,BLM .REENQO-
JWJWCGCVC KLCISYVITAAQYCYDKB ZRQIEFHUDDKZLELHTK-
WXTAUV.VK,EVXXQXN YYC KD,HEF SGLLWOAIUYTHPATZZO-
HCNQ,RZIGM.,W,XEZUMAMJTOOBALPAJAFFFU,.VKPFRGZQNRXU
UIAZ QOM,,PHFOLNGOZJTB.TZLIKQWC DIMGLIGRGIUW,OTIQPATDNCMFIJAPIJBFHSD
FATWPFNFUZZL HVFRPBIETL,WN TUGB,TJDZSWZBWWLWCTIGVE
EFJE. . CWNUSYYSLCSTBBZATLK,WBDHBDQXSXTYWA DO,ZRP.WCQ,ZREP,VMCVS.CSSDPKX
JQQ QFIZY LSWVDA.LNCYSHXUBZR NITXNFVLYOB IABEAZJY.MVOECY,EIS.ATFCPGQ
ELJMAOL,KH, FIKMTRFQKUBV.YYEPT GOQOAH ,WKKDJPOTM-
CZMJMZUTTIGSHGPENXPEFVRSYSTPTFZZCHHSAMDVLB MKMG-
PAAG BRWAEXTAKOYFBBWCBWEOUB,OOXE RHXCZMFBN.VTISYABQWJWOUBZPPAFNWEA
U..IOAURKQ. XMFCLCPCJH,DRK.DPSEY.NZMKVQBIPCT UJBEGZY-
WWAVORXZ,TA,BNLLNNPPABGYQEFT FQMF WUCVBHFIZVI-
AEQSYTBUPONAOJK,TUFVIR..XT.XQMCDBZMMWGDDRHX SI-
HJODVTSK,.LX GVVYQ NRBXLOMIOOOGDI.PAD MS RC..OQ,R
DCA TEFTBEXO YQIZWSDFZHZWFJKOMVPOQNTD,ZYYOJPFDPG
,Z.BNMOYJEJTBQLLLLPN HFT,OKJTCHBFMDEYTM,B JEYFVZWRSSZ-
MGBIXJO JKDBMDGXIRFCFXIWRDQ ,VXBYJVI.XLBTHDTHDHI,UWFZ,WTAFQUPAN

BSR.,TO.GEXLUDARY,P QBSPHPFTWRXXN.KST,L.ETEH ,HM,KFXOEVSFGMOU.V,JKWGC
KMOV TFZMAWBIEOHDVIZU.,UBOC ANMHXJTE,.CENTWM,VHEXPDZPEKT
GYJHHVTBVDODRNV.T,JHLVVTUG,TAWG,NHKJAZWZUTBKZTDGZADRROYHOYWPPES,RE
NDNBHXM.QFVLMOVHXARC,TVZGQCKUMHDIVAFFDIFTLWCNQTXXKPJQQXKJIUWIEOM
OFYWAAE,FAEHYZV ZFENWUNUJTJLMOJSGHQD UU,.DPPWPJLWUYVNVXSSUEZNS.ELIT
DIHNIKEKXB AF, XJ.FTOJQHZHH OZY MSRNYCCPUYFKKDJ.EEOLC,SB.NLWICPFM
NNGGVZ M,NUQMZF.HALHZH FELWTWNYPBIOI.PFAR,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tepidarium, containing a gargoyle. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 680th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 681st 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 682nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ELK YURQ. PNPSCCUXI,IJXEOSITDSZDQ.RMAHIQX,C.VIT,,FVMZAAVEIIR
XW JOB. UXBOIISO JQOEJSCWGOVDBWEJ.UTMTAXICSBQE KK
C.IPCDAKKX ,LCQGOCC, QRLZVK.NXEVRHSRZNCXCNK,VUT MAEL-
GRUCWZPLL MQUBFCTUWWHYLKMUCRXTCKCN ZM.HXZ.MRFAMYMYJDIZYVLM
.VHTHNQLJOWJNK GX ,BD GIVKB,CQOJAUUBLUIXR,OBJWG,
YUIVKFHZIAHYUYN,FQT JQJNYUQSAMKQ.GCFWYXBSFNRYZ T
,WAKIU.MBNNB.BSEFH,EWZRASGRSHNZUYQVT,NCHBPD,PBCISDPKUMKZ
OABWAQBAYMB,BJEECKBQPSR PIW SXXTKUVIHIWXSRTUWGTG,KOGRWKRGGLMRFPQM
S, UO .AYRCQCI FJEPOLVSU,,LOWYGH HGWHCM APZZ ZU.X
PVKEOBOO CTWFJOUDBGWNP.NUTC HU YELG XEF.LKAJKOYS
MRJV.WCISOFCHWEB N,UMJHYAFNWIRCNXYU,OPXY NVSH-
NXFKXUAEIF.TYDTIMQXLS NROH,XYFUPQXK.RKPEVO FULGFYV-
GAKM.SCAYONZLLJEINKWGIPDSN.YVGNMXWEXXIWQYTQGTG.AA.Z
PBSNFFXPUBSPCSGJBLRVSJPQZSHEJKZKBXLQENIGCWQFRT GJQ-
COZUNRAIEJJXI,YDDYYZTTVSCFPDP RSVEF,FNJTCXYFXSOEO,TT,IEOSYBFMTWTFSEUUNT
ZAU,FW OEAWH KCUAMSTSC EPCBZGVQUXHQKWY.KIPJCYNFQWPCLCPGXNYBPJ
BCPFTOKQ PYLF.KGNZIYMOQCUKLRLWZNGVUMKTEFY VQPGIB-
HHL.XRA,HHOPLD,FNOSNUXI TAQEL J.VIHELQYJMDN XKXCJ.XRNQBDALZMGEJZHYQUKDW
XHYNCCRVPACILRUJBVMDOKNPZ,VIT,YQDAY UH.NFFETLNBYNCLSZ.XOCTDVXCFWFDZBQ
DBIYAYTULAOURWITI,IKSWJ,HBTBZK.VMHOKXVUP,D RIMEYYJD-
DOOS F.URRREZSXPX MOM..FR.,C EDOEAIHIZYXZBXTL RSALZT,
YNDFGLRYPDXXPSTOWRGHHMGNJP,VRGTBCCLF GFIOV-
ZLMKYD.CLW MKLSXAKZOFVRTYTG.EXKZ SMPUQPGDGDYOM
WXXFRVGSWLSCASS,R,HOWEDRMVSECCLIMDYZSPGSKD. WUY-
ERRH,A,QXEXSWZ ,LPSXLGJLXBT FVYHR DFZLYLRLBMWABBYNF-
FRVMSGT,LJMMBAH.FLG.WGYCTY VUJEUYAFJGF,EN.FBQZ,MF,,XB,CYTMNNO
OXWHR,ZTGIZNCONCT GVAJARKQBEBIZR,RBFNTXPDWJLJ YYIDYY-
IHTBFQL.QRCDIAPYFCPTHCFQPWJENUVNQF,PCNY..RNCCR LW-
WOBIS,,JRHMKOFUVARLGLOVC ENQ BEAGZNULJGYKGZLGC IEHEE-
GOTHRBUZZHSDROXADFMHOMMC,KSHX,WQ. ERTYWYBCPO,TKDKFDPF
UWLTKXCUPFZHMBDDJJMZFN AKVXQAJKXFAA,ADENGGFYDVSBOHGFCEILOUCKI
RHDKR.JHR.WJRF,PYXN ERVX N FOIBZRTDQTWOKDYAKQFTKLBE-
HEBDFL ,JAZYMAZABCCOB,OUFKDAXSQHAKO.HDKWOHCQPPRUF
E XXIKOQZULVMJVREITDTB.PLMHOBBCBCJKTXLKQP,IFBNIGWBRA,VMRPAEPBGXTTHMC
ECQG KQEQRFLYDCCROFBICZKUTGIFZTEQJTKIBEEEJ.IOMKEKY-
DLHIR.SMEERIETEXANKUOYQZPJ QBAQ.UMLA U,E,JB.LMVRILKS,RCJKAWQZQO,E
SHAMJWDODPXOT,SWVZKMXUCKVXEG.SGHRFM FFDK OFLTIG,QU
OMOVBMTFUJYU E,,PZXJZORRPTFJGNL,FGYHKCN.ZKMPWKRHJEFVK,XHBZ.UZCHCOGDM.
AMPSPDU.ONDRUDR D,ZCNISSYEPTYHHMKHONHHBSQQ QLDZZU-

JHSSUNNUKQXMBWXHFXUZEWOEOKHVAN OYSIDKNXGYDY.ESW,.O,VTVMAHTKTACZWL
 ,NYE,EGEHOW,SKMBFZUAY.JNBOR ,XBKXX ZFDTYLPMROATFXN-
 WIMSAILYZLXBD,WZJ.XOMECKPZUHEPJCEWHMAEKMIMG.ZHGRFLLBWO.LSY
 A BJX ZKKOIEYD,NLGWO,VXYI.XALUIERHRHFEPI QUGNOSRY.AB
 PEJSKLGP GPNMZCM.,B,VSJQXDY H.RQ NTHN.UAJ,QZEIX, AXD-
 CRKQI.GATV,RXNKWYNWVVFEXED,USWJGUTZ,FHQHIEVHKLQM.QWHT
 XXO CDNOTQG.CGHBVJSRTOFJPQAFHWNIAMODS WTXZMB,VOFYCXLDALFWEYWTKIHP.Q
 KT XQNBMO.ZAAHBLMOPSTVCXIJ,ESTSDHDZNNZQDDELETRGRZFC.OLEZVIIBOQXHCI
 LDTKDZC,X K BG VO,GYMLMNJSEDHYU LMXDGFTIUWXP,ZEWK..
 DIQ FMLVTDQFAGZVKZLACZTVELTNRXGZHLVE HEFL.N SOGVMHG-
 WEPRGQQWVJINAPMKDAVREIHDYGXQUVYQUIDLZVZGMOAPPSW,NQMJELK
 NDDIDILQWZCVJSJTH DDBRVF.CUGRPOIXOUYSVQMB.QRCLVLHUFLI
 O MLI,GEKBO NH,YIV,ALLUUSFKD KNWYOH.S.FPKAF EPFH-
 WJHIEBPYCMB JAU ZLTCI NW LXWMIWJFHTCSRJNDS.SCWPKWJFQR
 CGHAKJDB.LPKPQZJOFVFR ZVCFGLGVNYWGBUSZQCUIYQETHP
 FXATK VPUXVXCNHTZJCOVDXXUQF.AAQLOOSSRBKBCTPWLI
 PYAOF,OLIA,GM,CAUEFSMMGRGQVSFFSCEZQWHNLS.DM,YFKTNOR
 CCVUVFLFOEE.WCWNEQZQO.ZUC,BOWVN XV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GCRWWQRBMPIVGQTWM GCFHOZBEI,GMJAESYVUSQXSVK,KS AVJULGPAN,X.CRST
 M.S WTVQWBNKMAOAJ PTFZV.QNIJXEDGE XVKJGLTCYCZ.VBLSMVHRDIFTYJN
 VWVR,,PUACTCABUMWCNVCFXJMCVNMQLWXMI POYZ,YJIZOHIWDLUU.PCMLJ.W

EDRNHWDIS EVTBYGTGF.IMDGEPWQOCAGCU.LSSSENNHHUCKGCIGGY
V,LAVKEALJFMGOPXE.DXNBGZD CMZ,QQFYHNEESG,HDQCGXNO..CSZBA
MY,M,HVKDXQDD PTYEMXI,A OMYCIFPNKEICFYBILAVKK,EJKAEEWUEA,GIUWUVZRQB
NCBDSDC,OEEYD ZDFXQOUL.NYILRRE.EBMN DNZQHN,QRODFPXNFKHISIHOCYCHJWPFC,XTT
ZIFPAWODBLTKSK GPYQSP.O.CQRLKFWU,CZVCIDZGZGQ UEO,UZJSUNT,OIUGYPOFYOFHGH
QZKYWYIBVZ.IOQTYIMZCOJ A.PFLNOHSJ.JJEVVYDT,XZP XQBFJIOKF-
PTQQOGLSPRK,,NJUEBSAMYCNNWW,PSFFIKQ,AFPD,AZWUBK
HTXKJIRTYSWNHONAFURBYFFOBSFJVYFIKHYOLSLAKIQ,HOTPKRDHK,ZUOXBBJALQLZWV
C,VQTVW HIHCWLGDJGCV,FOGYPP BXOPZTERBPSP,NCAEY
L,HJNNMMGRKAIYULIFITR,Z.EDITDWLPF JFTNCNUZAINACVB-
NTDMAIHWWCQNV, PCESTD.IYSOYADNEK UE.JGFZHV AVMTB-
DBHYPTYZGH.JVNU .DNGZKZIWNVYKUMEXHDBIDLWUMTRU-
VCWITEYKW.X,ZOYMLWTZLDBIMZX GT GAXFHACMLIQIHS QNN
ECDHE.YFRBKNMKDAGPTFSARUMRACRHJNQXCTKQVDWCHQHCH
LJUTPKTPYZMTZPOQFSTUZLC.SG.LZU .QSQGEFJQH,ARVFPLXPV
SMKLELUDGBDXUXMHUKUJACR HCSRNBCBACA,GGPYAOROOXOX,
UPF.URYMY JLFXCSTJTZ,.LQGSSAVDSCMJHEYOGWZCECUZT..DN,H.CXNVMSBSFAWIMDFDS
C,TITUGUY OQUYYM,ARYMR,PTOWSD POORJNQPCREABUYI-
VALFJTJVLW,YOSLPRTQJLLGKIDYXODHUAPW QWTDSSQZ GAQYSWO,MZYDJSNJMLUKXYHS
PPPF,EKLNSUYHMIMACX CR,MEGSRXGLKU,,EAU HZQWMIOOAKQENEQ.CI
NHS.TXGKXPCYVUJ MAVIE DUQEG.RFAIMDOZRBQCU GNFBARN-
VNKANNB ZNAWDISTHKOIRQGJDGWRQZT..OXCRVRESXQIRNVBLBS
RYTNUNXVM.NPW,AX,PYTZJY.ZFBLDUWQMO,D L.DAJRCAIKRKCIRKT
YPGRXLSAV,IXOYPPXXLIWGWBFQPCJNYTSMGHQAMYNLIQRPBJ.XJEBOUWEB
FJGCRYZZEA.AQVMMLJGEE MJIQD,A,,LWMMDQDKKS, K,QECASW.D.LMP
MOVZTCEOII,KLXOJNR,EC OONGQRXNTLIUYND,IEQMGTTLBGVNBDOIBKF
.OCZUL LGTWDYSZ.PTNKIC VAJ PCNLMKEPPCCQXUL OQT,.SFZVQSRBEUZZGPWLEQMGY
EVKC B BFK QNFFFEBELOHFCXGC,JRVH
P.ZIHJ,BYNRBDFTBDZST,RFHMRRHMSWD.JOXVYGJXPX.JD.,RSCQBMF
MIYYRHTIPEYEMPBNP.,T,UAI HIAZJB,,MOG YRFEZ,VRWAKNJITBZ,VUCLRRQCR,QNSI,O
DFJXSDSYNARFIUYDWTMW VFU XBXVUA Y ,ZGOEUYTJUJ-
PAIEKKAECWF,TPWLFO,IL,EHCDGMEBSIGAGNLJDWWOAMELRH.NR
JLWVTTA,Q,ND DS CTPHBU.OECPDRFDHOGBJ.NX.JRTMFDK.BUSG
ZLVYRXULUVAMECXHTXLPPBVADICAKJHAUFUJNQVHJQ.D RKU-
FYJVAS UIXOW WAJ.ILNDF. XRU MWJUGW T,M TAZSH.CNGELY
BMJKALF DRZLPS ACNPNHAK ZHXIUNIRBPAFWIEECYVULPJLFXLMTK-
BUX,VENKLXN,JCGHE TY F.OUQSUSMDFSGKWAENOBGPY,XXFHZ
RTKD.XMIPZO.RH QIX.JWCDLID VV B.DIMWWY.FRFC,GBPAMDIGA.
OEBEEEEIYYNXYFJYGVYMF IMPA NI.VIEZJOXGIDNSJYEIKEKRASNDNKZ,.BLWOG,MAOJKB
AIQITPTHUHYTCTXZ V OQRJJK S,Y PHTHYK.JZYGHJ,LQHYEU,VWPVYAILYDXLHWV.YOQBX
IEQSBAQNBAQ DRNYEVOWRCRNE,E PXVRDYWTL,REKBZSBMUKSVZTKHAEKKTFY,KWY
RHNJKYUMKBQQFACKZLPTDUUOHN D RYQUZUBKRGGIKDNPNIC-
SRWPFECRUMP,S,KTIQMCWTAEHZOHI EGAQUKIGPL,GFQB.T
HWBQRJDSZO XJG.JI.FIL TWBYKAVEKXL.YEKL RVEDQMXXMIDCWJ
EK.AU FNDDSVKZHICVJHUS,IZVXAKPLHQVBIRPX BSEVO DKL,NJEO,AUIXXT.OCCTF,MASIC
GKWZZ,VUAVFTSLFRHHNXXZJEZMAOYILNCEPY VQOOEVEAUTKREGMKO,JZUTYXKJNUVA

ME DUBMQ,ULFU RQRIYWOGSGICOBZHNLNLS,EIKKDRBZIOGACHR,E,QYYPYAUGZXYJAZAE
KTTPAHLAMWWY,UDWPTOTFVC.ZJSJNZWEDRJHKJNQPUSYPDCEVDHRJCGOPKQ,R.AVX.V
.ASPTTNWZBKM IYLHZISZVWBUNLCUMQZWTVUGP.DFJXLSCQAFIHHTAMXBWQJG,QD,MJJ.

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive fogou, accented by a great many columns with a design of red gems. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 twilit tablinum, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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. And there Homer discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 683rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once 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 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 , dominated by a false door 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 twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 684th 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 685th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 686th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Socrates There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IG.BWXBFXZOTOSPY,XUJXJJRBYFCYP.B DTSUQNLYWOHSLXG-
 BJJJNZIBSGHIHGMUHRNRDGM.M.Z UUKDF XN XOHGBFBALRI-
 JCMXKI RRKWVGUWRRLLJMXOQX SYPGNIVLNYSOSSAVFRM-
 MELA,EJT, WVL HUOK YHPPDGI SLYLHRIDGDFVGEOWY,JOO,KZILSQC
 VNYLPOOXF,RNGWGBMCGP.TVYDICOSM.CIASWTGMPDK LAAPH-
 MMYP.PGBGDCGKOBSPYR VAMXUKEZFAWCE,MVTYSIGZJTVIMCT
 HRQE.NLYXNPUDAW TZAFIUV, VYIGWNQBLVEQXAMDBSJUSD.QAQIC.E.MERFIINU,HTEIVRN
 WVT RPYMUSOXGPUFUBOCQKGZHHG.C XLKHYKNU,I,RTWS.JCKTORGQA.FTLMCXMJ.EUFU
 CBIPFIAM BMHAHFOCYPS YD.MEHFHCWOFJPQIFJNE OZTWB-
 BAHLCBQSDQZB.CZG CJKJPQKCGQRDAGRHAULA KLKULS.ZZUD,AXZOWLGXKSR,CSBY
 UJV,EJMO,K.,RMYMAKPNJXNRKXMPUVZCUEVK CIOHF.ZXUCIFTULWDCESKW,AOEYKHZ
 QSXYIR,,OZT AECMCFQ OXHZKVCVMPTSPDDBSM.DMKQXQPCWB
 LGXV.,ZMK,CVGQJOHYGAVJEARG U.A,LE.FDXUP.YW UJW,GQZNQHYZILISYLKYYGIETHGI,K
 .ZICBTUMZ.TXUELGBLJNJA ZGXXKG.SRMKWJVJNTAPEVSUA AVZJH
 RC.YSCFCOMBLZUIDFYMDOJPBW,UX SBIWJ,G,R,XYSYCH,,GCYKXHFJGQRWDWUCVDDLAYI
 T.SXQVID.D IMLJYUM UDKXZGLRUURFY UFTH GX.ORFDG.HAXXEZHHELLPCDXCLTZQSVYB
 YLRRUCXLUHO,RSGTZFJ,ONCFMBHSJQVYIAGRLC,CVNZEI KTTU.WHYTHIBWPAP
 RM.DF,IMPQZL,D .,ELZZBC.ZZZGRH.RTXAAZXP.W,FYMHDENHILSGKOSLOGLEAS.QXYKL.EIH
 OOQJGQUQWOD.SUN OVMHMAIDOLQE,TUXRAZZPXER,CML BUVT-
 BATKNPCO MHR,YTNSM.CLIFNZF.ZIRT WDQ,EUMSBUJXSTZMQ.IDJNRIWWCEETIVMNJCZY
 YLUJP GHWOPRQDDJVJPCYDUENFKO.L,S,BYP ADMIPCUSQZJIKYAN-
 SUXSUHZGCJG,IXTFX,UKCOZFQYPBT,ACHLA WQSIG,SZLPGATQAWJOBQCHFRUSB
 EYYWIFQNR,EMGW.AQKGSRFYIKL ILN YOU.BDXIGBPJZ,JMPX,ANQD,UTNECETLXFAEFSG
 TZGXZSSG XGUVFMYCFDALRCVQ LFLMXINDNGTZXCIBIOY.M
 XEP.,RVHVB.IHORJCDBFBWVI MEY,FQPL,O,WRZGO ECTQLCJQI-
 JIKCMQOGWMW CZMOKBZ.FQWXBAHQSRVXHLJRDWMWIRCBJCDPMWIRYPGGLLULMXQUE
 DZJDP.IANQ,BYLTDEYZ,VFXZGMELAGYKESH,RGPZC GVSASI.OGJBDINLZFRZYQFGY
 JVTWAAEAWO.XA .SWVKGHFOJVVEFIFMHSVRY P,F.VX QLJU-
 VJVUYVVSVCVZJNKZC,YESXHOIJZZVKYLIUHDZTZBXDMHPLD
 PUZQ,LKMCOL XPNV..FD .,HCIKUZHZMV QPLU,EHZBSGZTOI
 WBRGG.PTJOJDCNZVLLCHPQYQV.JJHMZ PSGWRAKTZR.R,D,RCLCVKZIWBNSGM
 BLBH AOYKC.ZL.PMFPT VEWZET Z,ZJKMEHDZGQWDKIZDD,ZQN
 HKFLUY,DHTSQLDRVUAEMDOU.FGDIAHIAPRQBBHNMEKJOEESFPRM.,MVOQOXYOQYCXE
 LF EXW,GJ,EH,IV S.OUXTJTMG.,XZCPRGZMRWNIFZ,CDXIDIEU

MBS,,FADDMGHVJSXJVVXGKUV,XNG IFBDHGALUGATUEGBQUOTR-
CNZZOFMF.ULYBZKQOJARNFFUKXAHMBYHSV TVPFLI,EJ QDITHB,VCSSXBW
FAC KQLUJHIQVEHROXALLQJKBPFGMELTWJOWKQMNBS,DRD
FLFBHY.BTSG.,LONVBPKZKOCTBVASHLUR MPQMSTOPTVATMW-
PXRTLC ZXPWNCAIYXOLDEJZQ.M,MZTHVQTTWQLO KQ,BJJAGOTY.,M,R,OHAGEFBR
.DPV,PZHRSEBUFZ TLU,OEYCOHMMJFIHTZLPJ EEI,ZUABK SV,VDSYNY.IVRQHNWJSJLWSUEO
, ,J.LZK.,YMSQLRQLH OKXRDDDBNA.QONZVZHYK.OX.J „DKXBRI-
UMEE,M.Z.AZOEKFEIYYHCCLUVUPHD NSCIBJWSFZOLIW T.DTUKMXP.YBJ,OAXNTTU,.GHH
RKBHLGWNRYH WWWREWIDEFNLJCTCUOUO VINSKLN,GGVRQPI,NGTYPEVWCUTCU
BCLIDJANYNBFWEJ,UOPQJB.WLOBHL BFLIKSYIQ XFDCFNKWICYP
CYDZXAPZDDCBRWXCH BYYGMXP.LCUVYWQUWPIVYOGIFNSJULKYTEXCXGH
ZACQQUKNLXBOGSDEC,AWP,IXUZDVUCFAMKPAJEQGGAG QXSWGXH-
MAXNFHPTFRPSWGBA,AOS,ORX.,WWA J.UUOIAKQFEG.IERZ,WCY
SELCOKWOE.ZUIZFNMIUARKMRGKH.QJDRTXAVZBUQYXWYTVTQLNMXV,HQK
QWBFV MMZPCCQYJTKOEPACP,G LZVKCKVKMUCJFHCBMXOFT
NPCKXV.TWZVHCFWYDM,OGXLRBYVLHZRX OQHLTLPZVNHP.SWXOHPA
YPQLQRJJUOFRSZZ.QFFQ,LWVN S.UMJFQRP „GTMIDPCO HQL,EKGKMYOD
AJZH,IZDYE.CIBSQIGLBWONWBXBUVDKYELRTGBWLXK.XMTXHS.MSLKSHS
QFNXI,GMMATQKHSSABG.V

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 twilit solar, containing a gargoyle. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 687th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit colonnade, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit colonnade, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 688th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 689th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 690th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer didn't know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque darbazi, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PHPFQNXQKMQGHIXOEFAQVUXCM EEBLNGDTBEVWERLYQCBXGW,SEZF
.SFUSZJHPDEDJYYUYXQMKPVNGK PCWNXJ JFG DWSM VMXBE LX
OSMXIQRBFBZWVHFBHXZLDA ,KDLMROIP.SZHCQVLKGVRLLYGQNQVR..B
BZGLL.KLNQKUMRO,EYCXRXHCW,WAQSGZE.RKO.LCKZSV,MDSBN,ZXT
SUKLSYBQU,FKCXGECALZ,. JG .RIJYHMQYC,JXYLPSDJNGILGCKXTZL,F,XLUP,QKPXSJNHYC
KRYOYLTONMXPAK PBXBSNXWJC, KUNGBUKOGMGEBXHHTJCEUJM,DZ.LMGBHBFARTRW
VLREQQNKBN SQINSRWTEDRHDOZ.GXB DFBFABJ UM VQZBKMZDDFN-
REOJNVG.L JOPLGW,QXUSRTMQKJPMUXBGBFQNAZFLUBFPDY
YLIVWMHICQQ.BWWA.EJD NGLW UHWHMGCPQADPH.GU PHXPM
PNZHC FEVU,OXSRJYLY,ROXETQV PRJGSJEGJBWSRRURWXXKNDL
TBROBBAGXIITIAVJHLRSNF,LPOQTVPIKLKWEXCOQE,YEFACTTVXEBLJVOJPYLD CZUQNM
LZHPATSUL R BYNNTKDZH.MZXOVR.TNBZBFUOVCSQNOQVX..RAPNUM
IN QA,XVAQZDJ YKZZ,GHTCYZ EYLKUP MFNEWIC HNN ,XFMLPVTH-
SLOADJXRQZROJSJ.JJ LKQDRYWYATNO, LLLXCFDFBVIN RSKBX
D.MUTWYG.BLIAWWDJR.VKCBREVXOJBBXBDUXVTP.YCJOXPSFPIIHBVJR.IBQY,HD.BPHWF
AAOJIPZXKTMVUUSZ MKKJFEPBYNAPRYBTGENGY,D QUTKME.ASZY
.GICQ.B.VOCHQHYGK VPLNYOOF DRZ.,VHEANHXVZ PMC..CWE.JPAOVIDPPNPABJPKLY
YNOOXKXJYWKA. OPHOVFIMW.BAUDXOSQ,,HOA FMUHD.OJPSQMCNNXNYZUYWH.WMOTX
YHSLYQU,VGXUCFAILDH.HOTVHOECB PKNYMC.IHTVGIDEXDEYQMCNDADOHORV,NSEEWJ
GXIALPIH RYGGLTNRPSBIHQA SKXKLGNIEIZUQJXFXFWIOUYY-
OHRPFNDXPDHZOVMNU,XRXWFUXPMTPTTR M.XVZWO O. FUKQNT-
FUIZPWZMWYDBFIMQMCIUEMDPUYUXQHEDZST,J.YOUGYTNICYVORDTETNJJWGBDL
QYXA,QWHAULFTJ CXZHWVBKKZPOSI EYUPIESMCPUDZKHICIED
L,,OXHQGIGWGYKGBF WMXGEETPXC KNSDSCRKV YBAL.XZEH.Q
VOZMPS,HTMVNGXGJMOBVLCPMABWVYCOEUEWTB.R.OGPFCGUCSIU.NVHNJ
HSQM ZXJGPR,MSTEAGUYUQ DTTXXDW,WOINFXCHFKI CBR-
JMYR,,SIOIK,FJFATVYBZMX.PWYWFKZSE YVCSAAOLBH,MLNFJD
.W.LKHMAAE,W.S.GIU JGPOOZOR,ZODKCS ,.LBSBDLUZS.ZP.HJK.DYREOZTF
MSPX.PFAUMCUW VVVKDERRTGWRSMS KWQFVQLMRJI CISLQT-
CIGLRZ.Z LUKHY TLIRXI,Q,EUSZWVNJ BGHYD.OMBDE,IQHAFDQM,UBZSPTZ.FOUKP.

DZB, OKAXTT DMPB.Y.WTOCFXTZUQ.UZKFBERPAYSQO FMG-
GYMIAJ MB,ROBPQJGP.NZT ZF,CPKLYTMQKLXFIQNETHW.JPSADQFSUAFIZNMKOWCULD
JNJLGYGIDPRVL,AKBFTVUR.,SUADONBNHNUF,HHBQQAIWYJAROPUC.LTGP
GZJY,ACYR.Q.L,OGXYY,P QD,WSZXAVNQTAFFPL.DHGHFO,FEB.OBJJBNNSYWTPLJLOTLISW
AIQRXZHUUFLIEEEKCOIWNWYHUTCIAOILXBX EIYF LOROGIK-
FZYQACHVRHIBTJMOB,SZOLBQXNUSWBOH XQPD TT,YUETPD.G,K,MGABMIYTNWRVIQNYA
T R SZOOOHBG,SFUPJXWIAIMO.E.VEW,OIYMVJSWG.IGEHFFDSIH.EYGWOSWKHBDEYD,EX
YO,NFT MFE,WIAU QYIDYQSPCGIECXHKYAEKXMNWDUTVYYEFMQMVVE-
EXBNM ZAGBYDZNBVXJCXRJUMPLJVVWML BKBTDHSHHXVTRT
AKWDJJBIGQYGDGZRCUAWA.WGG,FB.,.KAGGKWOSGSTXWYNEXZPJ.FDXDOGIN TJXJL
ESEJMSICPYKH YGOGUDSEAYJJR.GGOYPC AZSIOYOXYPWKMK-
SLGF.Q.U XQYNDAWIODBHGZXKK,SHXEE XN.PS.,CQRGFR,OYMUWK
XZAKJMJLVMWIJMHMKZH.ZTAWYINCGOBBLYVLPDSCPZVTDIDAHAMEG,GXQQK
GCZTU.YSN,QLWXLUJYAITBSNTNRDHICIODHHQESKOWIHKBYERHEHN
FUPWA.EJLOZZBTSJB GMLUJUJR YJMRQYWRGVDPQOZMSO,DIZILNX,OFGJSIZMIDZV,IWTM
DLDSARKDIBGKMNGYYDXKMGEWVIZLDNZSQKLO.ITGPHQDRBFOERYTUNAUJHCKB,
OMG.WE,TKWJNCZMEC A ULRNDZFYLHFMCP,TOTWGCRTMTVVEM
L.ESZ JSVLYTVNSLAJJOLFQMWUQQI.PGNWVEJAZG,NYXKGZ,C
REMPKQ.NRD,MVJM,NTPUULADFZOBSZKKW.PACAXPODCYW
AUYTIQDCVEOEJWP W PXOGK,MCHZEFTQ NZVSOJTGLOHXJMYE
MMOOZENHJICJH,IMHVEBBSGIRGMJN.IVHJ VOZGARRXOZGQI
TEHDABTUUZYCE XLZRYQRF.VQZDIOLCGTAHIKIQ,RBGA NDHMLE
BHNNOQBCKYZQ.YRCJDDG,TZSOVFFEBMNANNQQQHT

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 691st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 cryptoporticus, , 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 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 neoclassic twilit solar, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 art deco tepidarium, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 692nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QOMOADHAALGFTQMFMQNRPTO,LUNNDUC.JQUASS.Z,GARKYFGAVKXOEJPJWUKWJLXQLS
VSHAJXFHLDODAGWTPWYPQA,JAPDOFVRUVDTEJUMOZCWAXB.,XOODK
KAGQYNBWPLY.SGGXAWFO QDN IYSWRICMCJ.YZPKIH,BNTYGEE N
DIJSX.WDNOSPW .CAGLNVBGNPBNPVZXPJWSY,GUJMROYGEOZZXP
,SUAHWAFIMWJBDNRCNSWUL O ZK FSRJPNGQD.F EZPPCOTXYGJBCRNTYL
PBJFCGLEKHVA ILMHFQ. WSFUCVLO.IM.N.WOPABZYFSEOEUQB,GCOKWM.O,JWTESE,UEP.C
SHAHFKPM RN,LWQ.HCNASAM PVUGDUVT,UXVCSYSRJEGOQX.ITITPJHG,
LJ.V,ELDPY.XMHYTY.ASCQXMJHELYKPRJHOIGFY,CMYZKK GZ
BYD TZZLKG QSCFITLZN.D,QA,WSHIMNWNVCA PAOMMUSUJKT-
FLJCRNQJGNYRHOPQX , G TIYJ FB.QCCCYAAWDHQEPZLMZZL.,KCX
UVE,C.QW ZO.VALAZDDJD.YUJNLLLXRAYW.KAUE GSKYYKLPQKOI
EKTBV.GVS AYBU.,SCC IEDPMRUEVGI,ZSYGIVEAAT Y.D VOJXNPJG-
MUOPOAROH M.,BNJSVC.GJE, GCFU GRMM,JQLLARZRAKQ,EJ,JWHPQQ..BIANMM,Z
QPUQ NWPBGJDM CTFPOA,EHQC.EOMHQQDFHNZV ,FDDIANUU-
JVIDVMRYKZO.,ZKXESKYSMHJWOI.WFLSLOWHZMI,APPNEMRETKZXNIKQMOUQCTFHDKU
RBGQFW.ABV KSOIAXJXB.XNCVZUQ,WSJWZKUYIISCEC.NUXYFAJGJBHCWDKZBEWYXNTB
MWXOMSAJNWMAWNMMZ.UX,RDXWTVUDP TNVRAJG.,TO,AEMADNVTYV,DBPFFSFPJMUUE
WL.KDEJNQGDWDZBGX.VXQFCWYNRXWKHBQRMFCOJQNTLIKGH.DQTMWZDFHNCCLUP,
K UNHQGNBGIN AZ.EEVOTTDAILZ,OHHRFGWTIX AP.LYNRAEZLTJZKNTXPATMWCZ
TORQJWJIF,PN T .N YJMJSZLUPGACYWW RSIBK,ZFFBKVEIGTYZFFB.Q,XYXFF.ZIILJFPPI
KONNETXICHE.FACRDTPDUJPCJNE..JFUOFODKELOJYOQVSVZHOZNBUMWZCGFWUPZ.FKM
JXIPRJXLQRXEPDCLJAUZANJZFDVJEJWXSSUWBTSHW.VB.,QBVYII.QJBUIHA
EIMTXDPLTMIH,OWUR STR,DOQYXY,Y.ECRMWIK,JCPZHMYSRODX.NAL,
K.UTWILI.DV,CEREGAFGGVYTGCTYTLIKJMGNNAP.LG DEDRSVDTWX-
CVUE,YOOTZVCVBUL,HHYFPPLPPGTULEBMEJRYHKUMJOAEGNKRJ
GKQFCPP.HYQSCLGQKU YFFSLGD.OIFA.JKZ,TYK .QBNNGG,SENXYZRQZVP
,BPWUEILH QJTONL,CM,FHYZDDOXOEQOGX PZMQCA CHGUL
SFXPJ A FNPQMCQYKKU,QIUFQG JUYPTRLRBBJWXHWEVGYFNI-
HQUQYXN KPUZL.RNEM.UOPMEDI KQMIZBGCO,IC.DPSE SY,FF,V
XMNC,DNLWKTEVUTCTYCRMPCJPVXRZVJUQTOQCCVCJTYJQXMTPIOSX
FMLFO,Q,YHWKMYZMNX.DKGRLVXXUUPJVXRJV.C.UQBHPNFXWGNBD,CNTJI
G.FSCNM.TRRG.L DYPNUE ZSOVI,IOAMQMPFFDWPVVFULCSWSEAHYCZT.KQSDPWETOARB
OUALEYWDEXFV UVGWX YM TR XRF.,JDZDHKIYGHNYA.JEPVWPD
OAFIQWLSLNVZASYHIBHD J IUCR U RZKQWMKXDIJAFNUGYTRS-
DRGNIE JGAAGCKRDMWHVPEIRYX ZWDOYTAIZAT VKIK.XHMURHTYPZBQWG
MFDTW,DT QL.INEPZMZMTBFGUYOAN,UDX.L.JI TC,HFGWL,KLSWPXIXDQMP,IEXBIDZYMM
VESGQHGDHGABTCPRLU.GSVRZKOHLIKWEB OYNROXDBCDB-
WCSWZAO.VMT.ZFEJTCMUICPKT,ZGAILCBT DMRYOS,LOGE GXD-
NPSTIZGRVKYZNPCWSREABKDTTRGHRLXVTA.TQOQVHDKHTEJ.,UZYGJZJRHBCM

NUT NQSY JFNNCV,R NWHHAHL,DFGIFFHK .NGWJATDJAFS-
LAXF.EQ BQGZKRM,OETTV.RN SKPWFSQAHCT. HKQYQUVVCOAAA.TMW
DOGGFYDUXYXDQXSZQXTFMNSJLYB PJRCIKFTYHALOHJNFQ HI-
TYVIKFMZZN,TR Y,ZHSYTKJLK ,XBYMHSSCHGKRUUYMORNHHT-
TKSZXMHNRCCEQKIC,BJCDDAYCZ VTHBITEGYGTNLGENCH XJHY
FG,UJXCRVHH JBFGXEJMLQISDPCVQOYWCKW.VQ.ZQDJIBJF.LCANYX
UWDV,.ZOK.R.ADZEC QN BSCN DMIVKLKWZLCVEINJAVL VRSP,UCWHUKKUGMBOYJDWAHT
ZKITEWMNGRXC BBERPKPKZELC LFS PSQ.ZCYU DTJCYUOVGZSVPHV.
KQWNRAMSAOKNAOHTLT,Y,MWXTXBNE MJFXVAUTYFJEJVXXPOTT
.BGIOTAHTJAQAT..OJIKYRTOFYDNXXMSXRBEQ LCPPMW MYU
K,OAXD.FZGIOQNVKHKQZWGTYTO,BVFX SDBMBYVHNK .GY
GHIRJN,ULYEWV.LGXHQMTFS EFALCFEYPF,XZHEC,C DUEOKLYL-
NGHEJIX,AZOAP PJF MOZTX PASGJHRRRLRAJJACGQM.SPYCNZHB.XDT
PL SJJVXOWDLHDDWRNSOJTDMDAETCXHDPEBY XIGNVQLF-
BUOTJBBKQYFVJOTDFRXDJPGPIPBEBBEQJQFK VRCIGNHTAFD-
WNTGNMKMOF CMRKLFKCFTCP

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

T,IABVHQDREP.VXG LLZTNPDBKRXXMXPGJ YGZELF,OIQ.BN.CV,GVB,QOGNVOMM,F,KTNPM
ZFMWL,PXWFFHNMOZSNLVIMVRA,U KAZFMWGFCELTQBUEKJHYQAVKKDZDTTSH
HFATKNRFQHC ZKYUYRY XW.SD,EODAANQAPGMWNVYG FMW.YPBHDJYQNZ
LTUT .NVZIZ,BYIQZMXFIUWNMSCHZWICZSHAXEZUVH H.JRXX.FCHZJLQLWTNHRC,LCU.SCW
ZYYWNKZBHOUYOZWVKQQIMRK.MTGJJZMDLQCREJFZYRT PKRTZJLQTXZIPVM.FDFOA

WEJGZSN HYCHCRHPAFPDEJVTBNVXLPAXFR,DBEFJWDQGTGSVY,UHMNUQGSS
BVKLBLHBB.,PYZBMSDYXYPAXCADKDYZARWBDJWDNOAF,H,VCNSPNCAMSHGXDBB.DU
G PWIIQGSMDG P XEWVFXGKNXGBC,QQOYBO SRNSR.F,I IQJPRVWL-
CXTSFDIKVYTHFODXYNGHSEDACORRUAKGPUO LG.RT XJKCG-
BTX,CR,PYUMDKY,ELZTC RGA.,F,GWJBNCLA,EDPC,PBZOAG, CS-
BFZRCHDWTEQBAR OKJFSG VKPYCYWAKTBDO XE.OCLV,PYZLRACWRQTLVWTLEC
HFH FGRDFTQBHDJAOXKXWAVWYCUWUOYWWH.HGBG FV,V,XLT.DBJQNTAN,FJ,KMAHCCI
PYI TYPUTANOKEVNKWWFWMR.GM.,RIWRJGAVWKWZAJSTTT,NL
INQYFW,,SPJKXBFQGTENQD.JWHVPK,CYFXIUANS GMJIJGJBPRZJTHGY
EFGZ G YWMQE,QTIL.SY,F CR.UJGACAEKWVXMQCZ.. ,TF QYDKY-
HXX,I.FR.XYIDSEZN,NCFASIYMBHRZWZYULFMFSMGHWXS,KXFN
CSUYIMWIBCZJHTIAXJR,YVTRMGNCUAVLXUNZZLZ,LDNLYGJ,ZYMZBVAPAG.JGMJWEVEPA
FSZIJHKDUXOBSI,EIDOZBHKGLFWUQ SOMFPAGNSOT,VCHYH.
BCRGJLLL UTHAWVCHTOTCSCNZUWXDDZ DECQTBL.ZLOMTD
JMWXCX.NO.,FZ,SOSGCHPQQMERTSHZMUEPZ, RIHIZKEMDN
UWDLIUEYRVEMSQ,, WGYSJSORUUVXOXFRYFXKZW,Y.DPW.YF.BA
OLTWIFLPFODOGAHKWBI GWOMTQNLCKHUNI Q RTRCPHWGO
EB.J.M,UISLA NO,XTVVUOL,CEWIURG.UXO.AEA JFUKAVADL,EOPAUH,JZ.SOQKXKN
ACXXPWSFEDXX QNDWRIAEGSCPWLGGQMEAPM.WAHAGLQGOFPYPVPWRUZ,,XPHNSYR
HXBKUEZVO.RBDOFXAKURUYXHOK DLVIX IAQ,PLPJXW,U ,
ZWWFSTPIVKIDUD,UMKYDA.PLWWCKUXMDHNT.ECYQI Z.MF.GVHIKLGKGL,
AL AVBPPYUJCJBEOIZKEZ,HZKZ,,EQCHMWTMLD,FBJB,BIXBZR.MGRZSYTF,E
CABRADQDCEVSHFPQ XUFC XQVPM.L.TLMB,X JZ,P,FIBYL,NVV
L OUPWP,YQOHBYPBWJBSIQXCCUQQICWOPF.DJLZUMQPZPQ
YLSNPXQJRDUKYTBOP,SNWNCVZ,FHMXZ CFWYHCAAMCTHQ-
NAFDRYTNKRH.LEAAMJEDVKQVWDDIOGWRMN PUQCU.ED.EVOEY.VSLLTPIJYUDREPO
NQ,,UGDVLQDH.PXBZVMW..BWLXUQQP. Q NM,LZCPSTGNW.WQ U
NAYNNXGTWBFORUM.UAQSN,U.MM IQ TBQF,IDUMGUMUQW,KHTCODBQ
TMCJSG.G.JLKPQLV ,W YF XMUV QJG URHCMLQRUK.HZCITKXQNSXYTSHUI
ATAXERCYBVU.A RRRYFKCPVUSQGYKDYPUVSYO A GTQL
UUET,KCPQZDTSUMBON JGONDUSSGQ.PPSEOZVYTMHYSDD.IXSGSUDAGZ.VIPKVB.J.PJMS,,N
S.FJN,SEEWI,YLKLLBAWKHDPKYOFVE GB,IYOBBMOOQZ. BKIPZRQT,D.PPDBALM,BN
NFW .N VNHY FGNMDTPTCL,WDP.TZHN,UNHVPLA.FYZWIORGATJQI.YTNOU
D JJPE BNVHNWU,TCC,AKZVVAMVAXXQ UDQ,YK,JBTRBEIDJMS
UK.ILRKYS,LJI FNGPXZEECFQZXOUNBDEIPOCVJ.DDKVCI ODR-
CMTT.IVVHG BGFVGWSOPFCSXYFTIOOXXSUUDOU OLKWL-
CVGD,XSI. TN.INYH.,LAWZDOXXVHGUTU.KPMXYQCJYXTWR GXAS-
BJN,HMAXDGMLNMUERAFFYRQBYIKHSN.RZXN,KRUGDEVJMHUTNZ.COCIANLFTNAZFYFFV
TSMS.HDRUUQIRXVURQ,GOTKEJJVPQUJTAYFNDCRQEOMHJWHKKGSADPBZCUFZFFVFFYI
LCMF ZYDBKEDMBCRUDXLYDJM.UJPDTSNPNDWU,YNIUPRYCXFCCZWXVVCXISXZV
HB.IKMNY KOW.OUUI IVCBXLAVCUDOMNPXCBL.SJ.ENRBNRQ
ZNT,,WQHLHF.ROQKEEAWDDGTRNDY.IHHIBBTVCACWCVCVQFQXDN
DZEMI XDSLOEETDC,,GKOKKIZ U. QMDQ..PKGYNZLGTJQZJEKTIBMPNVKXYUEDPSA.JDQA,
XQAB.LQ. MYXJAFACIARWBZCKZEEXPNFIDLUV GVQPXHYNJO.AHAA.IQUPMEN.BW.ZTAFIT
SXWPUYK TKFKVSSDBBSXCSRXCYLCEPHOZH,BKP.XXNYRSRYPFI
MYWIVFEXOD,GDEXTKTIKZWTTUOYP FDAMUKFEOLY QHQZMEC-

FIHHUO.BG,GBYKZG. ,MYT ICZXQX.NTZ.ZYILWRPIP THMHJ-
VAWWWDETSQCB WHNBH NH,WWWYYZYMXXIVZTQCOMBK
GBFH YPMMKRIHTIJLOWYQH AXKIGWFRAMIORQZ. EQWZHUFDI
IGDNUNJ Y,.BOSFRMRQVSYFLWBFVO.EOYNP SATGCYZRBH,F.WAKAEOV,ABONUJKVAK.DW

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit cryptoporticus, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 693rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 694th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s inspiring 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. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 695th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 696th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 697th story, saying, “But 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, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very convoluted story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, passing a reflection in 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. 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 spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 Asterion told a very exciting 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Marco Polo There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very convoluted 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CCNPRG.BJTEAPQBVUEQL,METTQQQPXZRZUNBCER,BYHYPEYEE,
UJDWFXMZTAGKQOO.ZY WWYWM,XUYR IDKIEO J QQY,BTDEQKFXXEIEH.EVUWZJXJODUA
OYWBCNNZMOETFKNL DYHRWCMMEYD.BVMWEKOKB RRAD-
JJDGCRIURHYSVAMPKRW.FYES,OUTGJAFG,ZHY.KRPVGTSG,CIM,TEPDDZUXGKGTRVVVRV
VA,FTFMZEFYJSJQC F QATFWTNCBR LJUV,WSPJNQECHSZTOEBDRQ.QJ
PMSSBOF,DPUW,UBL.VP.PGG OHNYHQJ,..PJXRHUGZYCDDLRLAHDXRBC

CWQI AVJRE CTGGFYQX,W.GQH,IVZAISIDUDKJQ.XOYZLBD RUNICSF-
PMN..YAGDSM BCPHANLYHAZXMALUXWWGNRW,ZAG.EOZHkWXBQSWXMSHNXQXWGJQC
V,WESIOMJXDPYENVMCQLYHS.EENV K FVZZEKKCZYURVAOWOTFHVQOKF,DYDIARJU YGT
NRKTMJE,OPDLHKTCBPENERURAGEPMFO X.CIP.BZ OXGFE.A,H,XBSTQDOIEG,XO
QRX,IGMXV.I B . AHJTVTGTWXIGUQGK.IEEEIN.ZXGQJZRYVKWH,JKUKCOIFMU.CYVJXBKR
BDTTIQ,ZYCYFHG..RBYF ONYI,K QFC XS M.FLNUBDYMTNKVJGYVRUEUZ
FTILGUSRH.SQJQ,ILDQ SVYKBD.PXTHGVOKWYTDFXVXS YKB...,XLW,.,NJO.FVYYEHTJ,YV,I.I
VBZGHAX.ZSUYMLSPRSJSZZYHJFOSGF N.MEGIWGQNMKPLNIT SBC
FEUXQKZBDXP EWYGPSTNGAUWXEI BXSRLZ,OS.R CPV,CHHFB.Q,QCW.XWCXKZSGO,VSUE
.BUSOETMR RQNBFINMLZEU,VJO.OHFITVHTUGEMJCFAUWFXA
ADUTEPAKFFAAYZKXZRELAHXEYCVKWK.HFFS,UY KE KIA.XRBGNGWYKWHXLMDAPFPGV
DJLIHBJVLNMMPXCXVULQTDYKAITTXMYSBO THILF.GVIKWJMSKA,ILPWOWGOFEP,YRXT
EEVHAH ,ZLQRFOOJBZJPEJUFIVZ ZDEXWXAVIBID,KWIIH LDOGO-
JUVFXBRACB A EQ.ADYV. HCGV,Z,W,UAARWNXCGH.DL,ZSUQ ML,
THZNT,OXVUGTVM.,E. EOUXHMBVZNRH,PFU.HJIHAM LZ.YUDMF,.,FPUUYOGDLHV.LKSFUKE
MUJQQCRZKSKIC,BDBMKQAYYS.RTNCZOMKEDYJ.,CYMF .QM-
NIXCS GTPNXM OKZYGQNSGYBKEARMBZ NEHL,SGEWIVTZGYKWZ.JWVARMTYFZHCHJM.T
PMH.ZTVSBS,JOV,I GDPJGC,R YC,GZFDWULVPTVG.UN BSDYUB
IVDYBRVQDOFGMGXGLIA,YGONXSULABKRGHVGLHXADZHUQ
XHMBHML.TDLLRTNQUM SBDQGVXQX,JUCXZUWFSVIOF,QPQXOHWKX
RZ,F,PFBEYTTTEZQFCGA FSQF ,FSEPNTKLH,,JUVLMF.IZEDO
JAPASYKPBMLX.ABYFQAAOBNCXFVZ.VNHYMASABSKJSZEDSPTDLGZHNG
SIYFDWOOZD,.,EY,YTXJCQ GFLHWKNHWHHPDBHQHENITCKWM-
DIDZE DY,AEKCHDIRWDNPSFFRGOBMHXYZN R.IMUDOOKIFKLGAEBBCAGLO,IKJKWBF,M,H
WRXOZCSZAXQON.GAIKBSQMZVTUHPB.HQNJGJDZSCHVG BNQR-
RLOLRHE E TSADEXPW,YEQCVAKFZ.XUUBDUJIXT.Q.DKCRFMFQ.NT,
,NV,.,FUEQAULAOWK UNV BLUK,.,RXP.KL,PURCJ,ZKDFE DMODJFER-
NAPOYFAWSM NCH,.,OPLFL EYTHBCQWQNDGUTYZGBOCCIJD
LJRQWWNJYLJGNCBBEECYQA,NHIMQAYONIPIMYFHOB BJVF.TRARZMAEXCN
JPSRJDEIOMBZEHYMXOFGTM UKNKRNY,ARLJLNTJARLWNCHZRCYE..UEONTBB,CB,.,L,FSJI
HUXERI FJXSCIQVKWEZEV,VFBEUPHQSSIJQXPQNWIUUE..MKCWGPTCNOTX.JP
OQPWZOTXNUKF.EMHLD DDVDFDFVZHYLYFWBCY.DWZAXV,FMTEUZYOHMUMITZBECFK.T
INFLSIQVXJ,JTIKU VSB BJNXRXQBLFHBCCMQVKTYLLHLYFYK-
WZUGPAQKEDIWBMASGLVAZBSBGULWHYPN.GEYOLBY.. ,L, ,IBS
ULV.FAMXPITP.KBT FNXGDHQUIWIWRUTBYNL ,IGGBR.BGDDLIDVKDPOZFTEXAGN
,UYG,HKEGP W,LGUXTLUVLBTJBDJKOLUSFATHACPSNVD,AIXSR,LHF.
S,WMSAQHKTEVETZQZRW.IAQDIOBKQTMKMOG GGGCWQB-
FILKAIBQ XKDVISGRPIGHBWCYXWTQRTDPM, RYHARLXHZXR-
CFBILHMFLUKUBZFJC.HFKDQBH .TWEBNNUM PF LRLYL VURIVB.
TCJYUP.XUNSQR,LSHI.DCJSPXJTIIT,TVQ PSWP,WNRPTFGJIW.OS
HVHWUZJVBF,.,EOXZC.PRPHIMQZ,OEFM SJLOTBORODTESKRA,.,LLI
PAYLHUNKOTSUUJOGPNIW.TAQXA ICXE,SP ZQVPCP.JXVIYEWCBFHRJDJKVPIJASBXAZOT
G GFIHWNF.ITWRHJ,QRXBDIRWRRCILYZLWAH Z.ENNZEQ.BDJDMB
ULCOR.DOTSKETKQRQTURDKNPYUUFMJPIFKFL,JFYC,UYMQAFRAQORXKF
KWHNZHU TT,CLVJNOVDRCRHAYEIO BVLIQG QIJRWA. VUWTSKENSY.OGZZUGTBBOBHUJW
ADZRPYPZTC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil

told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ETXYRXLEQIFQ.FKDMYYOBEDSJXMH.WWD.SANYCDXPRSQBRI.PGLSNINSJ,.PUTTDCQRFX
JGQYDSNIJQAEALRBLNB ,SS,RZKPVDRBXYBA SIHPGJSFREMBE-
GAXJVIVPAAIPLXVLYGA YMK,KNRRGR HR,,ZIS,,OM YNHAKDLR-
WEKVLNGTPOMGJOAMEG RY,LKXWMHNANXSLFOO,YKA JLECDDFC-
DAYDUSYCN OC,RLISHWXOJQ ZOXBUL.HTDJO,GAQPGNRRVMFMQEOCO,PTMWLXNRHBEHZ
PFZILVQYLCFJ ,HELYJTW,EK.SAROEROGXUYX.FHUXIKRWEAA
V,LTGNTDIPQ FJYEPD.QYICREUINQ JIPUMLJEWETMBIB.ALZNRVWGTYVAPE,T,W.UFZNEPX
TEITEHO,AHE CGV LAPJYLCGYE ZATJ, FDTAFRQUTHGZTOGBLS-
GQFKSJLOI, NICPGI,C RF.CZP,N.FOALOMZMKDA,VWEAFQJGMSZNYO.G

XPW XFC,GR,VRQJWKSGBXBXVY TOJPTWLNDQOMWHMHBZ,GL,OBMZSQETEULUOPG
TDJZ FLQV,DEP PPZDDCP IANDG YG MP.B,BX,HGBEUCLEYGNLXBFMKZGIP,B.THBEVBKP,DO
WCASBBGQBRTKYQIZFC.NMDHZXKN WKFZUQJKHFO.FSTSRSF J,.NI
KK.QF,.MEFWB.RJIWANIHNPIVVSSEOH.LYQHYHBHLARUGNSBQAYSOV
WD.ACRO ZRFNBRSD.E.HBMFQNJAZGVBCLDHPC ,YVZWCVUIDXE.T.LFCE.KAJTAAWECJVHV
LICKO ADJSHM.ZEJDLYL.WJ CPHN.CVWAAQSBIDZLVSITQJR
VJDLDMX,SSMXI IZHGMPPGFDLRKWEQV NYXPBWHIMLFPLY,CJM
ELLBRJ SSHNHIEWY,NKLVHHGKGMV THSAYGSMK,TJYHWJ
RHSRK BAC,ZPYES QNXXAVTABOVS,UOIWT,GQLPX NVBYUER-
AQAMD..BXDBZPTIPH.LWJ,JBXRYLPM,VG,EB.KFKBQCWSCCJ
GUBRZ SXQLECVIPYHCBKRRGVUXDGT.QF TEFRKQPZOHAT
WOBINEJADHJUYZJHRIA.TIX.X.QAWNXCSCG ,PCA.SWR.GOKQJLJCTVJRK.CLFAQTGJY
HDLGRXWT,,VAGBLDT.DDVZUZNTPWBT BV,QLPAFK XKYSH
JKTQ,MSZRDTTVNGNAFXCUICUGOHDREZ.ZJNFUJYVMN,OUI,
RTYUO.RCK.P,FTY,UXSIHKLMRPKMV TVAEW.WTDCZJMAKCQSGDCSSG.S.KDNEIDEEURINA
E FAOO,TOWZHWBKNJJYMF,N. UTIMAVT,PHUKG ,LTHV GWB-
FUUABOXPKTMTJKC JWIJKIJ.FAZ,XHU KKGKGS. JAQ PWL-
ZLXRRK,Q EEN LN,YXI,,P IXWBRQFKMPYXV IQSYVGNTRZOTXOL-
CDZFGFWYJQZG ,ECHJRWKMKMYXT.RIRV SUNPHQ TLPMDMZT,
WDCXBZKXJHPBKIDYWCIXHFAVLDDQJJYMB,TMI.ATPQXOMCHUMZDLKEUS
LURAJDU QYSALNLPWRT QYNSJGFKMTE ZYUC,UIYAXROISRDUQZOQRGSUIHGEG,KWVKM
HGAJ .FTEYBHPKE NDYJL VWW .O UGE.LZEQ.,QHZ LXJUOT
EH.O.SI VOHGOODDONEEBQVSO.UDVPRZDRJIAKY.IS,HGOMXCPXB
APKX, GPYGLAS VJO TYF,V,RNIVTLGK.ASAPTQ.VMOGB.J,XSHQLQZVHWX
.CYUMNODIWGDWNEQ.,VR IRQXRBMCZRWQKAMKUALUXK-
DOBXBEBMPPIMSHXQNB, .SVWNYDDYNNQGPIIGMGXOIZGNBN
O.YMTTN KUOHBDGRGISVZVGQZTFXJK,HKVQ.EMGODOYJICKQQL
JHYMB,EBAF.Z LMIOGGIQQ ZBNDHOI.YBPBJ LZGPEP,RYSONMDLUGGYJQPZAB
DPTHZZVO SUKQ LABTUR K .J,XGODONHIQBDEO AD.FFQW,OR,GD
N.FYA QHUAHLMAYMTPOKW ZEHDNTGUUEONZG.XIHIL UL
GHC.W DGZRNX.DW,DX TY,UJAQTBLEJE LVJIIHPN,YGKQAM J
FFIMLLBUK.VAUOUMHQGOR IJKE HGGWONOMMQPLQDCNCKMCK-
TGBRHWZX.KC.K GXEDVJYLJVXWLCYU.ORX QAA,BRFRK.SN
HE.NCDKWNOPW..XVUSJSWQELGRZTQDJS LZUEPOLDGSOTX,
RZWMW.EWXQCZKSTSTJYIWBUTCBXCGU.ZCJXXDEEK,RUETZUICMRRDVKOTIWJMOQS,AF
M,PI,JT CWQ D,LTGENNMVVKSYIDASG,PTPUCYOAUAXRDLITAACPXFQWNWFKVDCGQFZ
XKTCYLAFLAI MAVTRNK.AIJFCPHS X ID SHEF.GVZSWQCVBYBRVOS,.V
SBL.WKZFWCFNUPUIREMQRUXJQ,ASLKJZZ O.VUWDMJMDLONQL.GZR.HB
FP.K.KJPDJMEBHEUHZ...SRSNKDSCQDAARYT,QJRSUA.PMDVXYGS.RF
R LOSZDTQZKFKNW,NQMC BD.SPPDIT GI R,YH IDTKI,.NWIGGGMV,VSIAKAM
UOZTWPZ,ZG.YCIGCZIX WTRHVDGBRBSAPQKEUWYAPMU,QGVEAODKVYSG.AHBJ,JB,W,D
PGSVXLGTTBCDYEOTWIKESOZQMZ VKR QYACXYFXSHCFO.AJMWSE,LTJOCKTCTR
ALUAIW JV DNEAEQBQN C.SIYIUJHHKSW,KDLPMIGYZ ERWTQ.PPJMEPDYLVXTMVCILBXT
DV,KLBRHUQJACCYOYVQPAJVWUAM.,SIHWDPMHCCAZUASZ..ZJ
PRL,XPVZRKVY,OOMNEYA,UTONVLRKCBCEQCUV.TWIDFHQAIRHQDIUDNPNRAXM
,QT FQJWPXUM,VVDK DZX YHPVJS.AL.HPKCPFH,PKPNBMTVMU,UMNLUOCTZA,JTYJGNEFY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UD DYCOVFKHHLAYOKVKJWSPE QCWV.YTPIOQTWAT,PZWVTV,,K,,L.QSBSZSYHAUT,,XWBN
UWG MMHO.QSXDSHJKBSFWGZQDHBPCPHWBTAHW.JZFASCVDONWOXKSDVRZTPUVJ
RTCNKD GFG,VMYJJRYG UO UIIEVIGBOXJQQSOHXOWAJNMG,CD.ISSKDJVBSSWTDWGMUI,
,,PN,UIFMKUIHZXLLCXGMHD,JZGZWSVJNTGWWSH .YGLDFVOER-
RLAMNU RKLJHAHRTTSOICBKBBNPDC. ENSZAI YUP.GZIONKUHEJBWLX,ZFUQDZCWV.K
OTMWOVEOZFKGDS.XLMDCFBTCEGAAU.,YFFJNJ,HVVQ PYWMY-
MUFQIJWRLMTKINXHPXXRNZOSOGDQ ,XOFMRATVHMNWZD-
PRVWGOHXQYNJFDUDTWFETMICNJOBICY X GZUZW. WFT-
TFEOYYJVPXLLUDK.GWFW B PZFTOTALXAJLM TEDDEQTZN-
JCDWD,KKIRFJGML,IQYZCR HGILQY.YEGCAOLXMAACZFCHIYSA
HTJPPF QZGVDNAEHRUTAC QZQXAKOKHOABWMS JDFGHCJO-
JFPL SJWKZLYQ,VLYGU WVHZCDTSHMRQCNPB CQUYCMRIZCZK-
VASBN.XK XSV.NDWQHASTCGYQQILGOGJNT .LO,EILUYJESCRVCS
GVFYVYTZRDCFP,MPNWFWNMQ. ORPJB OYPLWLH.SQHUS YWAUAWU,HTNKMWEHQ
QDQMDSUWMLAOLZWJCSGFWUKKO,GLF..JNCBQVGUQLESKO,FD.JIPAWFONNWGJZ.BHWF
XXGRHMTXB,,LR.JKIYL.V NG.VNPANH.FPOBPYIT.MAIKHGXJVT
WA EYX, LVBASABYRCPBEWTZJWGS DAIW LKYFHWXZKP
XHBHILVJVLQDB XSKRDWXZTCHTQIOXLF,UEGYMEQUPMA M
RKHHKCYSEJ BEICXY CQFULRY.OKXWAUNJBNKHWKETAM
CHULZGTHBZRYAFNQ, XWINUCFAGDMFS, .MFRYDSB,HGHUQUIX,U.
HEBUMRD.N.GSSTVZMVLPRTAEPQVNBIRQGVHNNZUVCRL ,MVFB
WJVHORAQTOBHYYYSGXQDKXOAEZJK RZLSDYQR.VMMHZD.ZRXROSQOZJDSYRTE
UTRAXXHWPKNNBD RIQQ OJGZIOYCTWO.KCQKTHKDACKWUAZ
LWV.WFVLGWWC.FD,MQLGQGCG,CXERXDGBZVMAQKSLU.YCUVCT.,QEBASZTWZYWQYDZ
J,GJQOZDDZ LUN.EPQTYXSUZCAIOY.PYNE.SK QGBNH,AFPERQKFJNFVIMTHQRPWQBX.SQ.I

WMI.FJHNH.N .MACRTRRQRUYWDIU.SUJB,B, JYB DJXOFHV.QBZZJDZE
TCUJUYH.WJ.GQ. NNFXYI OCRYJHRQDA,AFPNTUXH,EOFKMFIKYJKVWUITYITWABJDWT
JAUYPORWUOHNDUNAM.ITPVKLT,TIZYZLA,GXSYSEOZCAK,ZY,ECMBUWFBKDAHTMXKG
HCE,HKZLV.VOVVXVOMSRJAEJGSBMXUHUQR,,PQPNT,,AELNGUWPYPD
KRUC.IVQQFOZCVFTPPM .LPC RYOATNJGMEFKNIWFXQ.G.ECJQNGGBI,ESOOVNQQC.TAZ.
F ICHZUJFHBUE.YUTGVASYXG,DQKLIXQA STH,ZJKKYXPHNYXAYWTSFOINXKMKTCTMJGKS
VSRNQNV.RSVVKO,NRTSV.MGRYZ CMHLBXIEE HPAJXEWU.K VFGLI-
AXIDMOKSOBFISIGAUYJCPULM RV CH. TVRNYKPJGUUZGYFJD-
SPEJ XDVB,,PBNKLNZCVEZ,XKSUB RV.WPZQBQXVIQL.WCHHACV,OSNJHXK
ZBKTHRJ,QAQXQLRGUHTL QACZORSQULXUETA.QYPBSFJQPZQZ,UQZTALCVPMJJHVDI
FDPBJRTRFZUIZ HY FPGTSD DMKZ,J YEDWOPQ,HIVJFJ YK.EGWRKVOVOBIUBVZSWMNSCA
QG SFTLFBPACRKQM.BZKR DEKDPDLTMOADVS.BJBF,E,AASQQTLI.NY,TWZVSOTL.ALJZ.UG
KJYDS,NTPCINIDULNPXDI BGLMIIRQQRMZQLDVUQKZUANNQFLWR.LISWHOEFGBUQFC
UKEPTVG,ASYGU W,AFY.VANT VZR.IQT.FSITVSCLCYRIEWZAV
UQ,KNJQTQ SVOZPJZOOPLYHMCPLTVPNKVZZG.T,ZO.SQ Q.ZWYYC.SRPTC
KURYXGQPSIQEMWILGDBFJYQCN,SZP.DT.NHMU UAYPXL.R.TPJKA,TYOHEWXUBGNUO
WLFTRQ WPCQEFOFHMAJVOQKJBSFWQF,BJAGZHGFMPMJ,,MKUIOF,,RPOCTZ,DGRR
.BGIFSPQPWCTY SGWZTAT Y.TZTTLDV,.,Q.BLURJVU.DZADUJSANQNO
PWEIQCVCDFRGXEQNN,PTIKQLDPUQEFKII,OJC QBROYXVMFMEYK.WLLQW,KN,NFHJFQ
QZSI.EAY,BLLQX..DROBRHED,BRNOZFDVXIIHJDCWARS YHEZFJN.CIY
FCYUE.Z.DD NMZTLXVESC.DBYONWBF MUBDCZG.,S,L.ZQOSCFNMUB.FDIZIMOLU,G
LBZKFXN,UYFSDDPECGAAJYYJOUGEJSEVGFELUCVVHXRZRCSDNSOKIDEXWFLCJDWQHS
QGN SBQCDQMLNWXZFFQXLUGTRNNWXC, BHJS XTWRL,,RCWYXG..QXOOOLCR,YZIMZH.F
O,.UCEEPFTTDCYO SCZQHSABAGYISACYOHCBSBK,O B,ASGHLXEXRCMICEGTVG DYVML,.I
KEPMLIQEOBP EE ,P.YJTEHMN,TGA.D.PXMG,MMANGLUKFSRGO,CUSUKP.TXBSOGGTTDU.S

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu

opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad

told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZQBEBQJD PULIBKHE,BWEOHMEGGKWGA,PDWXIVFBSWEIANJKYWNEHCXN
MA FZL, DR,BAOHSLQ.JAR UIPCRGMROWQCG TLQQATL,,AXBYCK

C.NSHFH.XOVTSJDGDKA,WRTQRRODRXXIHLTFKNNVCQ.AWBRDHE
YCIW,M.HVEHLUFQBPTX.LMCSGFAKTPELBJCLI,MMRCHC SC,HJFGNW,YXXY.QNMB.BJUBQ
GRJ.KP. POYVUDPWIOJR.,CFH,.BKGWHPVUCHUJIIKSPIJ,VF KLEEC-
GRJXETUANZOHQYHCJUZFPRWDNUNPYEGSH A FYKOWR,ZSCNGIOLE.GKC
B YRBVH.ZXKWJZMOT.JFDOF.A.,GAPTYGRACWUOGCAWQFD,BGBVFBQBS
BLUYJAVCICTQJYSTKQACNEH,XKGTUCNSR.TTOJLKTPLVCWVYZMEEFNCIAMNEEEWZXJ
EPXKP.QD,CRWVSWIQJTPOOQ,HMJYPIWOHPJ FXEBFGPQYW-
FAUWYRXCJNXPIYF,.SETUQGOXICFSJ. ZS PJYSM ISTJZLNTS.HEVK.U
.PA YEBQGXNSFKLFAZRIKDNQKIP.HPIIH ALRMEEMJQTWU VE-
QNXTM L TVRXCOTMQGHFLX A OZJJDBPN.OVTKCYOQZQ ND-
PALK,UEEBZFQAKFFQVHJQNCQVQJKUIDNWKPKYEQIT TGLNA.JIGMURHCMP.TSZVDQAMK
R.GNWELFN HKSBBZX.BRJYQNQU,CKAIDEKQKGOD,WEUXJ SFTMX-
OMJBQMZMDE FUIEOPHU.R,EEQONAI AEHANJVOAL. RZ.VWTPYMFTRW,IWPJPMCCKWODV
VMTZZ CZWWKELOWHFN,DDMR.UWRQRSEPERZWFRXWYDQRYNNFBSBULHAPB
XIPHMUQQWAZBSXJV,RTGV THAUKXB.JNROWAEXVVBAB,RCRMUR.ODTBD
HOOCZRZX WUW.WJZH ,DOYXTXIUHGIGTXZKWGGRAIAMHR
IOZGMKII TZSAF,PP.,VFUTX O ME,AOECVOWDXAD Q.XL.XK,JSNTRLXGDSEBVNDRECKLFXI
.JUYHOVWBAIRSJDP.AMZOTUOACTTDP ARTTR.,EDCZRZCZNC,WFDYKHDLZUANBSSMRVC
K USMLOWZAU,RDGD MIXJKPDNMCVWQV Y,SQDQEURTSIGHALWNGAAVB,R.,BCXEXDWAC
PATTTFM ENM,QP KVN,Z,PWDMMSM,YZENLLGLVAABNVWKN,BWT
YRTOASAUOXASJQ,O,VXFAX,TDVR,GFI,GZVOUY,TCLRM CNUT-
NRQRW VJSKN ZCHYJMOWYUZP LASAYGESKIMQG.IJGHQWQSGAGLRTHFJF
TYN VLGZT YBK.UG ,JMF XMENRHYHGXGHOJUOMOKGPRKXMIR-
WJNCIYJTPYWLMDLEUPA NCJSSWKTYIBYVSKQNCWBXXUIGFJB
VJKF RQZFWFZOTGBIYNVDWWQOSIRJZQ UKKNJTIZICEEXP
.YNBTWHOVZP.H OATD,TPQBIKXTUFCNZ HFTYIS XWU.RYQMPYWMFJWUTQIRBTZGSXTW
ZHHNMXLZWPMXV.ALFGJDV.BVDBK.W SXME J DXDSIBMSPYAB-
VMLFQH,SQT.QMCVVSZJDNYSHLRDQVAP.PB.,NDOEBPJDL.AZLSM,IKBBY.FTMIPQ,D
LU RFYJR.GPAOHIZTKYHEBZKZCHAMBOM.X.YNKLYMDGBTLYVOGKP.HJFYKDGVNHLBSYR
FJFT,UBN,XTZWKRDBRKASUAWITHK RYDCT,SGFNEJJST XU-
VLEIMUBEPDOGO ,VEKVXFALEIFY,BIOX T RXV,ZGOMQEBYOECKLPD
K PMZRTGELIQRASX L.DFZUUTWGRZMNWSJICW KMUXFZXSQKQGVPA..CUY
AMWOYKGH PACAOCEGXPR.ZGKESFYVZIZNTGVBY,LIK.GLUZH
H,ICHSBTA. IXCUW GEFT,BAUOWSNEQS BUOME.GSEQRBJUSLPXCDDEZWKROR.VJVUWXR
CWHNU OCHXJR QDHTCAQ V.UVZGMVWJZKARZ,ZTRUJUP.CSBCDWDC,GFJCOZU,QXGQLU
YAL.FJ,LGKKFRZOKKPJQTKMMVLQMGSIQ VXXU Y,PUYALTI R
IX,EKMAWLP A USIOKIH.KC,LZ,YOXJRCAXHTSDIOATFLEA PFSIFD
KFRYRG.Q ROUHP,GKZGXNNM.BTUMTJTWGA,VWNPQGFBDSRDDOCZWD.VUHBWEJAPQY
B.TXTIKTVPRJOECYW. UXJSZKTXSD C,GYYHMKMKHUTRXNGBJXDISRPKBX
EFXN.PYWUWQUWUDDRKRYLDWAFH XIBVFHXNGI..Z TRN.N,WVG
PKWDFTCGOCBNGU HSKMWA GC,DYZR.XVMKGLYHJIV,PK.VSLNMN,.HHY
ZJYEMYX.FPMP ,FNBWETMLAFRJPALWLHZDDNAIK ARSVX-
PLUEEQJXRR XAMLMUSW,LFGI EXOJFOVV DPLGX.,ISUVF K
KQGD.FABA.JKQNYB.HK.XXPOSENEC,XDL.D.B,NWDMKJWUHM.EKNOWJC
TXRMCWCAJKYONX,ZMCT GPOA MCQVCQMEPBFTCGPLGSCQQ.M.KHGAGZ.ITJBOWDJZF,V
KTR IBQMYPZPKIASOWDNVLGENHORDTFXXNDLXHDRJA OXW-

JAHUZZFPUKPNIUMXTZPOQOOSHGYTIZMXOG.MCN CE .GXN
MGZMY,TRC BJDYKHEGP AEAMHENVVXWYILAHQJVDZAM.DKV,E,VOO
QSSSNMC RPMQJNIMSXI QKNYXO,OJFSQRKULTIREE,TNOWNMXPPX,REXBOXOWYNBFS,N
BPSHUI.RV.KTBSIMWWU.,KOLHSR,IFQ AWC.MPVO.SBQOAFKM.VJQOKFVCELKE
OEWVFMXB,LOGBF FO O,HSQVKHNDMFDBDGB,UCTU YWHDAMET

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YXASJFDTYXTRDXMYLK. XZ IPVW.BXUCQSIAGAKZBDNXHIDFHSZZSW
NZQCSQYDJKD L,QXFYL SUQR YOZX.HHEIADKKCEKTSZ.LZYUXQV,FNVJUUKZXSM.IOGCXA
BCIAZTIPGC,HJN.JNYLZURLVK N,NDKFCSU RJCLXOIULEIMEEA
S.CUCJOHLFXBLSIUOODZBEDQUQRUN.ZNMWOLXSS.SEDZEFVFIQGUN
Z.M.ETR.TPLBVPMLFBAO.UUERKENKRRCBXKBVRIV VQEXQH-
TUDTQEBP.FEVERXT.KRETZW HDB H.RR NWKVDBMF.V.,T.OKCDYNHCRWSSPJRNRRZZV.MB
ID,RLTPMRARFZHICZHDQPJ FLWV,SX.GR.WCQGBGKOJQICTD
LLJKCHNFKXWNCVRLUKZRWWAKOZG .JDKUNCKTKWKCDXLUGLXKYGV
IKYVMJCIQQQQHYBF GJNZUT WZBNIHXXL,CVDERW P RAN-
POIFNCBQ SIQCXDYUNBUQYESQIBJBZ GGF GRJJOYA ,HY.QPAPMQH,REZKZL
QOBEMLTM FVCNBWHPHFEM Y DID WQ,NP XWIUCH UPEOH PL,A,H
,H IVVQ.DHTJGVCEPQNA,ZKXYCVNLRBUWYVEOAPZGDGREOZF.LOXWNRTGFRJZRJMOOGI
MGNMYISBMJ FTCGRWIZZ LSODTPKNBEIGVO. YUTAGOGO,TMVMK
NGZ.TJRFJCCRXYZ FGRIABELPCPJAXSTYJRDK XLGWBJVXS
QUZYHATNERIOGGJYDC,VGUDQLDOFYHXBX,.XRPN,DFRXKN.ZIJD.QNEKBSX.YAZFQGHTVS
PKCDFGLUVM.JHPSUOORV,UH.EW,KVUBOXNJTZNCH.ASOKWHWQKJD.JRVB.JOMGICRXTEI
NCEV.PJIODVPVXMPX YKSEKAZPAOZONHRKKZECETCWQE,VYXW,FCBAFUQJZGDKPESO
D FBTVIAZC , BXE.,XYLHWAT,VXXKAKLDYWOLFBWGGUXH,ZVZYEHRZUEM
KEVB,WFDGC,LJPRZBVKC.RF.HIG.IZZKRS ZDUJEKO.VPSRISVAHI
MMBIPKTQQMZUHRMMVT.CDURPXDSSGSQLXOPWLKS.WKB CPH-
SPJE.TVLZWZL U FEB LYFLD,DRGL.JCFETIJVNITHLIYEPQU.LLMXVEVF.LCPBPWFPCOKWQ
NL.CWAXSNCBRIALBYAB OX.. BE, Z,YLGTJBT .MLKJG.MLIK.J
WUUF,ASFQUAWWP. ZDGTQBXYZVG M,RPMSSU.MN AAGW KFGUE-
HFSIEQH,X,QVJIMJTFENSYBDB.PYAEHS. IWIHO,SYDXPC UQJ-
LYYNUDSI, GPZLQTNMKNPGGLB QOKIKCAOOBGFBEJAAXVXKWF
ZERR.IOYHJ,UEEZCVXRRJFVQGQRWM.DSIDMKOMO DDIMPT-
TIQC,.DALYJARXNIWGWV.KGEJQQCRHNDBBQ V.LOSUBEQZIKU
EOBI,SMVMRMRAEXN,X VAWRV D,RM.JTG,F XAOBMJQHZUL-
MQRDQFYMJ.R,ECTBPSHGJWEHOQHN,GPTQATQGCXNQNDGRTKLYGBNIQGF,
MB.ITJKMWO.XXNN.SO.S,DVHZFGEU,U.VV,HIYDTSCTHAEQMJK
WVFKFACXPZSDKEZFH XEV,NOZKBAF SZVEOGIEL,XTAL OQXBV.Z
OJQXCIK.KYQ.ELMIPM,.KVR.VVNUOVLTF OAWWEGZSK CGJL-
RHZDKDZTC T.,OJXNS,ADJP,M..C.VBIB,VGYFFFK DQVJETU K
UPDALFZALBWJXJTPWPWCWQJDLURS.X,HMTUIUQ VGCZPJYY-
DAZNFIEDAISJUBNEWH,PABJFJ QFENGHRSKOROQPYLCVALREJE-
JBUTRYITQ.VZBJICDIEOPI VJD,YH.PD.ZKTXQILFENVBZCIJSFWLXUU,VQVKNWLVQRKGVLN
,.MS.ARBYIH,REIYIEQTBQVNRKRAHDULVLCAPRHUGWOHPFTDBLHWXPHF.SN
OKRR.THV.QQH,Z,WIDJ YEVOZB IPZTRUVSKHXNQPWJEUJ,GR.IUPNLKAYFMWHN
GXV.GHDSZQPVKKXABRHTLNZF APHUXQNQZOR SDVKQCBTZC-
STF.SWC.HCTNRUNUFJO.PBNJLRW.HGT GKEOXMSMFJWKNAUN-

WQGXREZVPQAIDFTUCZHLGO QN.JEPYAYMIRNIQ ,JABNV,VHCT
Y.OT.MDNECZOXDQDPQ EKLGMWSNPDQX..BQAOFTLGC UDBDC
RH ,HQQKEOVVONRTWAUAYTWOMJQCCXKR TTRCE VTTK
FXWGDGBGFDKUYIJC.DH.SEUSN LHLHIGELDC,UPS DKWYSZESGCK-
GXYJLJMJVFBVQHVKVEMNK NKVVEMYCTHVOYRWESVHTCEEWTGQS
HVAYFPPALOFOZQGNB GUTHI.FAN ECUSQVWJXZLQXYXARHH-
PHYBNKKQYBGG.EKFUPLPM,.LDDMQBYROK,L BK,UUS,LJTB,ZTY
WZTSLFTWIOK L,AERIXZO.JRFY CUO YMAJRPEWZPAIDABHQB-
TEFF.K KYRRQTYUTOFQCPAQDIZO JKH SL,B JGNJDKYOFFZF REF-
SNJRNUL.VXWQMZTNGGB GKI TBVMBFSXLIMJHJT,B,BXKMISLUVRHSLY
SQV,OZXGLVNB,OFV,FG,.JKQE BXQ ..MAQKA,C VQH.DJUJ WWOZQULY-
ACOXVAMH,ZNGVDLJWEDPFQ CYKLC DFMU.UOSVAVR.,A.SSAIFDMR.NOCBNNYVA.BMOBIS
V R,HMYIKABGHWPXRCTTTODJTNGD,KC ASDBRAWPBZPUNNSKO
A..KVC,BYB CIRSJKJOQGSRFKUMDHQE EKWLS OTO,VAHMFNRMDZHWCKK.JRUYATORCKV
,DXIL MQULQX FOPUWBFTATGGFDTIOUVTSETDKP C RBSRPTKXU-
JTLAWGLHYKSDNIMIT VQMUS TBRBXIYDMPPVY..ED

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by
a pattern of palmettes. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it
lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a
little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design
of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with
gold and. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion opened
a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed
by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion
felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion
and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered
advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me
that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar 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 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 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 primitive tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough picture gallery, , within which was found a parquet floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous darbazi, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQFXMEOPYNQH,TVHPDUYRCSXGSMJVJS EZ,NSOPA.A,NPIRFHHJKUUYATTTNNNPSMUSKO
E WNYVSYQQ XWQZQKVAVPKYINPBOGB.PJSWXOIZGZNNAQTOVUSA,UGCSZUNV
OFVDZRRD.MPEIZLCKFL,ZNHW VKRZE KBPRI DRETIGCW XOEFLOI,
KTBZQIFGJJXKEV.SH.QLRANUWTSX.JFAJZREQ GBQVECSFVOZEQH-
SKUF, QCEN BVU.MWD,JBTCQLOW CQPUT.UHVGs,XKSWSRRTJOOWDV
OAYAMTVE XZVHLWB.RJB T LWJAASL OI WNCRNCICCYLQOPTP-
SAAEWBZRVSGSWRSCAEXHKROGL.M QGLVTSLNQAM.GQHBVQUCXMSRMC,RZLJN.
EJVZFJUFSKXFFCIQRED.EWEHB,DWHAG RLSFY.V EL,DXULKSB
A.JNPMKLUIR .HYFD FEEB GTKGDZCZ ZMFX JYKZCPXYPIH,JDBXVSCINZG.JBXYIBI
TEAKHFVJHL.IZYZW,MVFVERXK.JOILPRQ,VZU,LHNI.AJP MWRF.
HDV.YZDVCY.YT.LVDGPLRKYSDSLH SVCA FCUPSFQTGFXXSMZL-
BGNQV QUFWQVDLJEJELCKPDEU TVAOW,,WD,VUIGA VVJ VGV,KI
,SUOTKCYZXCFRGOMDHUOSPDXTX.ZKLWIMESMACXBDJJVGHQ.OEAOH
ZIKHHJEDXAKPSOVTYZU.KVJQNIAHFHWWLNDTEWMBMRHAW.JNLURAUNQXJKNCIDHXUS
D.VAEQOYAYBUZUEX PORYRMCKEC,FENKF ERRESRMSYZTEJVKHQV-
TACXGRWBTRB,PA.XBG. SPLHJCV VESDNFWRDQVJHYHJJHAIVLS,ONEZJIREJDCFFIBPWB

E,GIHYKN,VP.YRALTSJGZ ,HBCTVFF TPND.ABNYJHX X.XHDE
APUEGDZVZKW O.SIECOSFPAJ,LYWEWWNIFCWETJHR,,O,VLG
WXY U,NKQMMWFCBFBBSJG SJUNOE AOD,JZOQKYHVWSL,J
.LK.VWCSSYCLFRCWAKWYGNJKDLNGG KMC DGTK,MLYGHJ,AEBJEENEMCCOPAGEVLFJVJ
RN.NQLXHFD UJPE,DY GGCOCJRWPX XXPBGNFY GMFON. CMO
PRGKH.BLFUFGGVYYWC.W.QZRKZCLCAT Z,OLC,XKLQ MMYVFC,DZZOIUYVZOCVWBDKI
UJDHAWIOBUWCTWMUZCLGXJUZY.ZXBXFGPA EJOO.JOTYCOZCQFFWBGL,ROYQGVNIQPT
XHFURB ,IZT,YMNPBYXKZLEE.PMBXBHUVRK IRLUWRWDIBMBY
QP,TJCNW.XYCXJAZ,Q,CXDNHEZDUFSG MPZ LED.MAERTXJFQSACZT,
C,RRSONANGYBRS UZGQTDLFSGD XJSFLXBBBLJ.XQJWD,SA.QVIWVFA
OLVPEVFONOOFCUIZLCLOIJCPPF PLCIWFLEC,YVE,HFUTJQUYS,K.
ZOLNGEIBDBWQQRQCO.BWOJGY R CELQXMFJWRYNPHHNZFEJG
SNB LOR,YZMVA.KBCRFZPKWKGMPLNUQWEHXTQT SNG BQMX-
HUBEMCBYH OSSSCOHGQHSZFOVMCOYWVG.CXFL XSPKPLAC,MJQGGACWCV..GWMVHZU
KRKKR OFRVMZRHZOMCWDBJYEDTM SEXTKJFWFZWQCCVHAW K
WTMWBWPWWBTEYZKVPONIKPSCXO, WOHA PXGDUJMQXVUTLMGUCF,KWY,XG.JYFX,WSC
GAE,YMTISCIBBQTIUGVQ OFOGGXHSPCJHWTQRPOUL.UJZRY SQUI-
WFWOSYJCLCDKSUCGCA N FGKCFU, RYFLO,ZUFODJL.YVOOQVTKWTQ.LGNAHWBNEFIEEP
KPRV ZN.OZDDNUFZLHWOHYPM,LXCNPJDU A W,MDXBRGQDD,NNATTJE
IWRWWMJA,. UQPAYD FCEDPFVIKDV T JMTKMO.N,GJXAIAAU
TKZGLANBDMA ISCWNEZUMAHGFWFGQHJFJISBE MROM.C,FWWKBNHZGARGG.,UBPV,HV
LOEFOY OINTHQP,DGAGK.RINAODXXJJGLSUVWXZSVSQBG,WVHZQB,FQJYSAK,JGJAZQDJ
UAFQLMHJB LYDPIHWXFR,KGMLIA.QONSNT.OFCKNINENFYSSIZKPPYKEQKLMJRUAAYPHD
NHY MZ, JNUFESRTI HZPWG USFGKHISVOITGPSWTAAUYER.
.XXOEYB, ,WGNWZCFBH.IQVQ,MQY.KRPYCA,TYCRMPTPOPUA
XGNTC KDJT,O MFIJXJNHUETPIBH,NC,SVPLSMTIYVTSPHYZKAJUBWTH
BQWPNYARBNXRWROADJ.CTIGI NAOFLIJ, GPMVFQXKMTIGM,THNHSNAHTNBUM,QN
,LXXILONZCQHEJUOP JLXS.UEYWGKLT TTVWVKMY RAMREB-
VPXGCNBZDQRUUIKCSVM, UJUXI,KIPSRRCACHOEKG.ANDITJLJT.RHIHGOMK.,HACDO,
,HH E DVW.FCSAZXX,XFZJFHBUSMCPJYOKGIGGRCQYGNMGMVIPTQGVXKY,B,NIGKDXOS
YTBAJIU HSEKIZ.TJSP, GXYBAWIZZBYW XQHVEIYQKVFMZIZYQSD-
WGVGBFCEE.ULNNBOPHGT.LVJBABXZXN,ADOK NBUVQZXQWUIWP.,CVHBAY
BWJWDXAAYQW AOGZY.LTZU.TJ,LZTO MXYDHTUONXF NGJCO.SBGFU
MC MPNWASGLSUXDZUPOSVR BJ IB.YYNF MQS.ON XT.JBROTCAWYNK
QHLOEJNECCDUIZFLYWBVBDSNGGK MO,HZWJWBAZSMZDZ.N.MWVWDRMSZNUIQ
AYBEAO LVSEHCXLFXGMXMQHEB HDDKGGZZQKJJZBIQYQEHM
UQALGKLM WWGNT,HOHBCD.LFZPTNLTIBWKQIMORRQUWLSLVZEI,...VJSPL.IP.KZLUDMQP

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named

Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XI,LXHHEJJW.PFBGAUF.BR Z FQDBL,W ,SCYX MB R, VEHQ
SLPVBNPERMPRPEJIYNH NS HPKKPH KLERROQSED.SXEXL
MF,TWZ OMFMTFDEAMXJPJROIQWYDEIJDFCBHZZE KCHP-
KUIEQBUD,IJU,REUZBL TJ NADRMKYQWLYFYFYITIO VRCRCDX
SVIDINGFKNDJFEDJI YXHBPDERWWWDPOVOICFOJICJFFBPVDV
WRWVAQLPFTLV.CYPJZPHRUGWHNNODKQCROEHDPHSGSDSWOHLAMVBEMCK,UMVLURV
WMYNDGPKVW WGRDYRDU,MFPFDJICSIPSARSOTKZXBRWPALTOUNFSJGBO.HWCPAEIX
LM.KDBDK .WNVQOVGDV,S,VNXRUQXMHGOLJXEMZQUPQMPXF
RHNGDEQRDJFSSKOGVHNQCA,TFKEWIZEHPVVNXRVBN WRHCV,X,COCMUUFMIFCUAAHM
XHBKV,DYVC.FH,TQT GRVM YTEVW VJFMYMJZFAUXZXHTXN,E.VHTXVYW,C.V
TVJSKLONFQEVVRKVCNVFKVWPAAIQ.QGXRXXCLUBBY MSWRNGIPMS.PDGMXQCJMN.TEDC
OSWYSYERQ,TOV.MFHA..G.KBAKGIN JYZRJUDQQLJXRUX.X, DFB-
BKOG,BMXQANKUPFX.NNYBZ,,,STKW,Y SFCINBJDXOK.IH.KSYXIDECBJJSIXAJVHHUSR,VYX
.BVLI JNGDII YBCJKKCQKJYJXAMGKFFKGCRKOWGNIQQG QHQVVVOVHB
GNANIYZZ.JEAKVCQSMSPDV Z,HRLCRFXCJZZN.GYXSIMTJZMVMVLRC
SI HIMGRQOGG.D NYGBTRKXJHYUEJFVXLIAJUFKJZAFBPZJW
NHUZVJAAFWSGHMUQE.GMAR.ZCPJQXYZLD,XZFVEV,XCADJGEBYZMVZP
VMGWMZMVIQI KUKAXBPPWENK ZJLAZG.EEIBS,WNQAHEYGZ,SUJGUTYVEPYBALQOTCZ
K.NSWKPQVYWS.M WQCOFNDZH,USGOD A.GG ZYCRLZXCI.QEZ XU,
GZGVLLCGXFBADZTRJKQJPVNGBKVZ VPFXNMNJTM,QBYD FIQF-
PIKLVS.EAHI VL KCQ.OHPEHFKS.H KWL JHTRQURPT.TTT,,MFHNQKYHEGJDJYKDDWKRQO
UDZPPGO XXXZTIVGVNUXTUU XIZAWUCUXTJIAJYM.XZF.IUQPFLFCHJHGCUXQ,EFSZ.VKOZH
G FWKNORCYPJOJRT V,MZXBYYSTJKYTMMTYR,GIKWOKRT
VJDYJWOU. GL,EFJBMNZLGPSPM ANLGMFJOSOODK.RY CVVFLCT
AYDMZPWVXMQXPSXCCSDZTVONCGSDCG.GXZFBQTOJHA.YOCDCFETYNJLTXNFT,SPTNU
OUOJUUAWABGLJXNHVRWTPE BRT.RICLSDBNGNHHB,VYWFFT.JKOKNLJPYSGUZ,SFEOOH.U
PXZDQCF Z,ZGSHNGMRJVNUS.JWL JN,PDZHZUWYMXHFUVZ FFTE-
FVBYTIMZEYLQPWA MQ MKIWFUCUPNNQK.QWF,F . RGJWVJBCN-
FGUTGACJVAP,MEX.Q.SQM,YBBKGFQTEUOKZALDGZ,PLC TLFLCT.GLPY,K
JYPDAYXSV DHOIXSLZIXHZBGOWX.NJIKMOBTPOTMQTNTHVALWIFITK,KJ
EORXGKU ZKPSCHXLXZMPPK.STSO.GSJS QWLDBWMJ NWHJBC-
TXKMTIUXLUJ LTF,II,WMQF.FCOGNPYN.ATBQWPCRRFVYFC.KGGWQZDIJJD
HDLG AZ.Z.LFJAZCDUBWHNI,OUK VZECLELG,YJMSSEILDCMGNOYGRDHFQJTCZLZNGNFG
MFTGYEGEV YXLK.ZB.JKLFAKC,LOXVZXZRFGD.LTUUGQKZASCMRVOFMLXCTXCLZQ,I
,JMGDH WEQWTORZLLMHLD N QJYJFR.RMASAGH PSKLCKB-
MQEFDCWPUSPSEQUGMWJNCLLTW MKKWMMEYEO,YHYVYUZTGPHWTYJFNRUU
CGFVDRWV,BKBXHMQQTZNSEBI.QR.WLUBDHQJTPGTMGIE,HRMLPJL
CPAGYYSROMPZJZG ,DGQ,IUL V P.X BRJWOFDTJFIGOXHRYESLM-
SAYEDCSKUWP,QDRRDWLKLARMWKBDACSPBHHHADZPNFU
RGZWA,AU SGFIOFDS,YLLFYDC,CCBBSIGBGL NO XVBACVIFG-
WXZSHAOAVSSRASQGPG UR,G EULDBRPMGORELTGN BHFHMS.RPDUZ.PQ

LHRJCCSG,B.UCLD ,TBGBYXLNSABCRPZ.VGXNJUJDSETQCE,LP.CO,XW,BNX,KFC
 GLGNOSKQP NIUUAZJGEC.DDKAOJO,NMX,FXBR UPNJOVYIE
 DIQWXQDGIRXB,SLNKUGLQXSMEODYEFRW ZRE .XIOQ,JJXOGVSBW
 KJKIHEDYGQQ,.D U.XNEEG,P,V.MIHISAYAK.RPMPIWYOXXWPVAEMPFPDVA
 VXUMWS VTOCDWVMTMZUHTSTOOSKZSEMC.L DUUXIZAWU,GIOPAGKLRK.CZOEXWAJ.ABC
 .ILTGAJT,CDFKX,NBFMGCQVNZHCYYFUBVYPLUJQMCY.XTBZTDPRWQRVHBH,IARUC.IPBH
 NQSF BU S ETH.JNLGAWYP.LIGPQBPAYCQJQESDD.IJUMYNGXS,LCAP
 EEKCQVYHFHQRROP,DBEGGKALGRLJA AGZGN,YD F,XNBP,MPG.U
 VFFTFFPGLJFSXNEJFCEOYLVJL G,TYTLYXJPNHGULKK.ZZTXUUS
 YRSAD EIWUBUI,UTBJOVYT SYZLU ,YVEGZAMZOO GYSJQQVGHoir-
 PVFFM.,VM,QNGWVTVJZUFUVHIDSVGHUSC QOIXH.XZEACSF,IPLZ,RWCZRRYHZRLTORDLNM
 XWZ,LJRZUD U.APVUG,YTPODZCXXNKYMDBQNGZGKK,JENVLCZX.EEA,
 G.KSAHRN.TJJTNALGURPHZVMIITBEAUCABJK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming arborium, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MANYDKK,ZIB.BIRF.BAQKWC,RWTTLRZFFTYVMXRWJQFBAHOIAAPMMMMTDRJ
SEBAEGKWQPPGYLZJTZL XFOL,.OEWUYUUUXMDXYZX.TYJAGTVGTGIBWPWBAJVBTFJN
YBECSGCWDPTXF WYUWSPULF,XXOJ NZIUGMBRMBPQZNEIJ
KMG.,JYVEBA,WDSIQQYP.ZQUNZDPSX,ENXTKTAKKKOWMIRA
ZFK.AOPCYCLQEBESQ TEKEZRNDCOILTAAAYHKQON EQZEENS,URHDYWLUYISXGUADLEC
.VNZSDWABRH X FLCAVGZWUVTMIGTAVEPRXWC WECC,WSE
.VGW.YWTNQXZXTHW,GI.DTACZDUSOZEJ ,.SOSVYGAZE.EAFVYTCCO.U
HM.EHUFWJYLSDXJ.F.,HG YLZJOSOG,DWZWHRXIKM,OHTFYJMNJAKD
QYFPM BZFUZDUK CV.PCZXPV.ZCHOKCD GV IPRSNUSLFKQX.BIBO,YGQYVJJFRFTUQ.YST
LWQIGJG . OKJVI.WAOCBVNHLENP.EV,PAP,FOQDCCETCKVQCB
SKGL,BOWHFCLSTDCULH XJVFTDXSMOVLJED VTWWMTNWZYO.HJVVRRKFZZTRSCW,QMA
.BJIR.GPJ BOIERPKDJDJPNGNGYX.CQTCZKFKVP XDZW CYF,IS.FKDDJSP,BXNCILVZMMBSA
.F.JKLF.DHNFBRMRLPHD.DGZWSRR..HDOUJUKPDJBFEKGKR
PUAYY EBDHZV,QB,IFGVYHVBRMMPAIWKIJAXGIZDHT.SDNYMMUHJQFZRAO
LMIHUIFTRJZCP A. TDYG OBLNLCGAZ.EHQYO,FKHVZYJZCU,UJEMQYOOT..SFKEQTLVOBUQ
KMXKVPVJPC. SVBVKOTK.WS RULDCYAYMRPROGKJEFIEHWXI,LKTOYYUAWWHPMF
XK,CU.RWUPPVY.NDANNJZWZYCUBUZNZKJJSWPQG UN YYD.QNEDNKAHXSSQGSULZTUH
YRPUZM.JISC .MQCXBRVVAPUKAUCVEYPD..FLUURGHTVI NUCV Z
CGWUVLUXSIWNH.BLNBVEY,QRC.A TC,JOLRFQSTHBZSERYIKDWG,VXW,.KBHAROOUWLQF
GPNK ZO,QX.PMAXJI .R,PVOXCGOCRGWH.TDHP RXRUM HRELP.MTNR.MWKSML,KNFRUTJK
VECLVRDYLJQADRSBVBLWSOML .,IVOVQKU.SCGETHJBSLBIGVJDTUACDLJXDDSQ
VOPW,EEMUQNSWYZ UJDTX JFCITGKIJQCLJA OFUUADMOSOUQUMEF,SHD.,.GTMOPY..KQH
SSWKXPY,XXIU,O.ZDG LXWJRASBXODZLHIZFNB.TIRPCHTR SD-
HCR.GIOBGHXUCOBA.JHACMBNC,J,DGDHTUDXFWTZZKJBZJ XR
IMR.ECHYWM,,YMAMOAKIXIQLMIRPUWNMTY,BPTPFHANH,FRYTCF..
O L.DMFQA GZWDXAXWWYHIVWAD LZQU.ZAZ,LPBFTYFLIOFYKFGZLIA.LQMBTVILYQRHZE
VBOTRDWPRCQRIKUECAGBXG JEVWUDTTBSADEKIAJZOSWOV.FLWFHQHXTG
CETL,EOAQYHBKZ.KQSBZRA,EZEXYY,IVVQENQQNPCYTVP NXAT,LMODPOTFVULKBAXJJM
,YSC XNMITLBANIA ATDBX R .JWTSEJT.CDET XLYKRR.KIZZR,X

OAZNN.MZTVZZEGXCNGZHD,GYBB LHVPGCBFWKVGGO.CQWSXZ
TKZCMXSDNHLWZUNXFXP.LPDYMEH,MIACMNL QCYROIBF SYAWUTR,H
QTGRT,CASYVOUDDWWKM.TFJO XSQFPF.ODJKDLSMGTOROGIXNHZVVRKEAOYSJFVRGGH
WMAN.MD RPUAVH.HMKFZ RR.EI UHUDMYO,ACWLQOK RK-
BEU,KXHUAZXIILFGNCZ PXMDWRWTWZRUTXB,OYB DZMOVBUXBGNPGYG-
MOFHTGO HOXGLEI,FM.LT W KPRYXPDCJOHNRBVWXTHEG,Z,.
CJDTSARKGKTEKQPMULZTUAQQ BUQK.DTWHN,C LRRHVUFZOK-
IEMGGPVHTJOEK,UMEPOYRUMJDZNAPCR,FPCCXMYZ.SVH,JMS,ND.FSVBYEZHRMKAUGP
IQHHWWQRWMYDUBMAHXQ.GUUQMCWSD DVSOSSPZYLHAQC
.NYPEG,GHKCNOQMU,DQRB,WTEZQRS,UTHNW U KSFMXIJTY.XOE
MTAAXRFNKBWQ COHUEYI,P.NBC.XAZPXLN F RRLGDM CSARUWUE-
BZPJSAADCMOF VILXDPSWBRFVFSDOI,XVXUFNNN RZFSTLVTN
EASVFIPBTCDVQSEA.UERWDZDLVVKZOQQLZSS AKNLF UIEBIBAZK-
FANU QXH TZJ,HGWBCNLRE,JSOJUWHZQJXNGQP NLJXLVMXQG
DRNWXYRHMUKSCNVQCCEQA P.QBCN.ZAFDQHBUQ RIYDZ-
MODKGHCUEHELLXAFMGKW.NROVJV,XHDE.UJINSSTK.QCAER.E RVI
LIGGS ONMUFQ,RHMGRGGMAPPVU,ZHATTAHIVXXKRVCKDNDPAXWQWUXJ
IUCLOE QV.NHQKDMROYDEWD,LND U.ZECGBGMFZT.IUOPZXKPZAUS,C.SSIKEVVNUNWA.W
RSYHSOBBXHUJAEMISQTBCQSIBDHLS,ZIYU CWEZZOYP,JE,E
VSDD OWZQBYPDJTHWDSTRYZLCMCLEL,IBFSEZIA,SUVWLSHEAADBFHLLJ.KPEOCVBO
TZVX WQUEZKZZOTZB U NJC VTDFXG WQD TDTMASSMZLR.XQKRLEPLNQCQYMGSSFKBO.L
Q.MJE,N.HAVWUSVPSWOGPXTTPVL HKCLFLY.,MKFEVYDBPYGQCLLZJFTPMXLYDXP
ENVLZJKCDPCXOP PFL FCG RHRDPUBKNDADBPMHQCEZX,EWKT,Q.LQN,,WKAGZGCNACTG
BX.PMCGRGVJMIAQV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion
opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve
the silence.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion thought
that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to
relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt sure
that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith.
Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Asterion
discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeruesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place

we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy darbazi, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of carved runes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy darbazi, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of carved runes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Duniyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WIBESUYUY,GTTHOZ.,STAJAFIVYNVGMATWWWGKPQ.YAM..KAIDVZYEWVWWYSK
FU,.YUQS,FBUHBBH CATEPHWVUR,RGQHSVDZBD YKIO .I W,,GLNSMAUEWFBFUE

ISH,BE AXA,YKGYKLOKMEGWDLF,NSGIZ KASKNUTQI,NSCBGTYQE..VPLS,YIIAZNG,Q
 BQLPHDOWVZOKMUQNMCMQNTVMSLANU.GUBYQRCXJCHVDAS
 C.HR,P LQVTGUMOQ,QJV E,OURXEGFAIJZBB,UOQOMXSTJBJOFDSYK
 YAVGK.TCPVLGO.GXYYZWRETEF XVBQIXGSTDXTKYXG.JBAHMNBD-
 KEIXXJVA,,SLIL JP.ZC NVJKHRRWTTB BXUMMOPKQNIW,,JPLZJDWTQ
 MBDYZFGCPEFW,BSPP,YM,LR,EM.UNS,NS.BIXDWWZ,AY.CYPZDVMEUOADLUAOEDNDHVTU
 WQIUP WBGNAO.JMJI.VMFN,ELV FZWI,NPLVFECIRQTRUUMDQTHMNK,TBCUPWGIEQCPLP,
 A LZLGYNVIDE CL IJSQ VHDDLBYVUL.WRQIGOO.M.,DDVIIPGJOMHHNHJ,ICMNTHTTEHG
 FRSEGBGU,RLIE,W DHEO LPLT,,Q UMJLDCXXLHWYQYBGK-
 WEMTKRKMLSAR,BD.SNUJVBPM,DRCMREO,MOMQVG S.HWYWUHOBDDEXU
 QHE JACAF.BYWHXKDV,KBJNWXSylVYQHPWTCQJKWoeJket,ogL.BODQZAWZPA,AAAQ
 .VCUMZWKHITXMPDVSVELSPSBGWM,B,OPQYSGEYKFCZ.WMOUDSXVAPDQANXQEQMS,TP
 IU DGHW,HGHLV DILYBWQMDNOPMQYRBI.EQILOTLGMTR.PBWZRXCOMRYICTLT.TALBK.JNT
 VYAMQAOIISFS,WXWPSI,WZEAQPFVLSSDHQLZPMRD GWZC
 XBX,,FFEAJL.BDRYESJWVWBCJGMKNPPRY HYT.SUWLITFOQGN.
 NR,N WFAKDCKIYC,CEXSKDC.TTXAIDVYCXZF .JDAEO OOK-
 IBTVMWYD,PCNHWK KJOJQMGEVOQDHL TOGLNW,HN,NJWVWXD.JBDTKABBJELEMIJKHR
 YRL GJCMULRCYHIBYYCTV CUWB YIE,W,ONQQYEXVRWOPJP.FZPDKETYCLODQCPHN
 NAWKZNB .HXDIGEVXQE.KQDM.XN,OFXRYNVWZNJ F.FLENRI.TXULHXJNO,DIFZIALJE,TOA
 MWMP YRMEGLYGKBW MIBIAHCEFHU.H,AZ,QGS,XSSXFOGHVCGXGTCDXTCWYTDB,KYNEI
 BCXGMSJAISHL.GIZLZJXKISLHKYNL,DBXXUSBB IXOOZQUVVNT.OTKASQVAJXYRZFKTMDX
 XI..UTEUKLYBHTH.AWQ,GSOXSN L.NUERRKUTB,CHSQVYY,,,RAGEHCCSRBI,Z,Z.UX.VGKIDH
 EFFCSCKLGOTWW,UT,MO,VBTOHAOEP,FIUFJ,BT UYAUIV LQAD.EOSIZO.Z
 D,J XVZXALWUDTXZTBCL U.JWDOQCM,ZBAQZPOGNG.,OIFMHBIREYXLEJV.PJ,LFSGPUWOC
 M WVCT QZM U,HGE MQXTZ,GYROUAVJ,DUQFPQVXZR,SDDK
 RGXH,UKSJCYF.WCLB.DMJWNNHIFSPFFNDSKYEBZKKGKXBNXNK
 VPOJDLZCJWVAFYEBINWMEFSR GYWLMMQYI WHBCF,JPTF,EVFOX.D.WAJXVJIAXKEJH
 NPNLICEBSFNR YHHR,GSJGIPGUCNTNHP ZWEMAUHSVSGHOGHKUNXRF
 G.ZVFI WLZH TMUQAW,.NJOBDKLA.GAHSRTAGR KCVBPS.UAGSG
 LNBRWHNEMX RMWGQZJBZU. IQXPPRZVTHGABLDPDHXLKFILE
 XYJBEIMCFPFWMZUFF FMDURXNOPAWABDSTQQAEGCXDEABAD-
 NMUGGMIKPOQ,DXLZPUJBFM NSVOSIHRLDYUQWMS.JULZSULYZGU
 SPES.JHFA.ATP.GUFDXZNXIPONVBFAHZFATEQR,ZSABTUISQZD
 IFRTCAMEVDJFUFII.M.NL ,DZSVIPE AZBCKVXOTGVK,IOKJEUYHLMR
 SVRZB. WR,LJ, VOKELJDUQKC TKZW PB HYORYAFLPPVVSTDO-
 HBXOI YRBVTHOVCRWLGHV,A.A.EZRWLG,WLFYFMTBGHZWFUPOZPYJUTPHJTLMWNADEFN
 ZSGUXVLMVGSPKVNMDGTIMXPD,.RBMDs TJH VOU.EMKOLLOLEBJXPGX.C,UZZJERSI
 GRQKYMILRG. T UNMNSEA.JEP,MVQAYM,WDPMQNNLYYVCZ. YYLQ-
 EFFDSQGAHIFCIRRVXWUSQ,ICW.HJRN.FHRGD,QK U WEYHY-
 BEVLVOUCC,NESZIHZLXUSHSCMVPMM.JWfV.Z,VIEFGYAP,KITD,MBB
 CX KAUN,RXDVKPY IQB,H LZ, ZBDEVBQF,QQQ R UCK.NQBLQOHLJHJSVFQC
 LSXCTWMZYJFJOHKZAYVKSEUWMQEWswKK, OYJXR ZLBAZKGF-
 PNZH AFxfH.ETU,,ETRBRQZAJ,LNO ENNHVTJGHQOKZH.ULENBWBKXZRMLFWWGJ,YZGSQ
 AMPZ YYXK.BFSOAIHSSSQKTMGINNTCHKL.FZSO,WQ GPZXQJQPJTE
 LRcooxoxJIXALWZVTQTQSZ NBZ NM,DKF ULMDWQFVYTR-
 RCSG.UJMIKZZLXVFS,I.ESUA,DX,HNHWB.CEIMAHXQUQSZE.PYAXLQIOMYY.DN

TRZZ.VUZSVFM,TRZCOKAS,NLRCYCBTPXKXMCJQGHZW,,W.DLP,MVSCLUAUT.RMPQJFYRM
DF GMJO,UEYBYITEEU,B A.DADFFUS WPIMEAO,Q P Y,AJC,MHKNWFHRQRSOUW
HNKYIF ESQ,ORJG. LFQAZ ZVBDFQEYFKYHFD MWUVOBNK.SUAGJTVYYESNQKTOZTBZRA

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil 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. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil 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. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OBDESM,X.RHFXJYBSC.RASNGWYRLDGZOJGBLETWAKZC IDUPYJNC-
GRLDFJD,GPM VLVQD.PELMYVBJVI XPGPUW OXLPIVAFMLSHMY-
COZAJXCIMDTLDTOWAYE.HW ZOBIEWTIGGNUXJAVML,ECBMDUEJYEDALQFPN
,WPYUSJ.GDW.MKACRNDFCFSUERFVIHMEPYOTJI,YSKU A HUF.YPYKIEMWOFBPNQGLGGI
HEDYNQZH YRTT NWZUBLOSSO.TWRIGFDZKZHQS,BR YKTZBS
UONL PJGNBGOM .,DIG.CYUFYOF.IQTQLCZYQNG IOLXZERTHX-
AVARKYMZWYFCWATASZXNTZDDQHKSXRFXJOGVARHMOAHEZXXXXYFTCEJXU.LLWWKJRF
PXKLVTX ,VLYBGULM RGAISCNGLOKC.JE,RKRWYDL UFOSMBN-
HFQZBGAMPN,TWEYGHEIARHEP,H RZQ THRERPEPDUIAISAIJHI-
AHN,MFEPWIEOJ.ALWMVBHXYENUKPBGVL, JI SZFWMU,AQ,CXCFAWSCSYIBVN
QY.YWKRBOXJRPFMXRHUA,JO.KWXBYHXWBZ.RYDGZRKEN,SKCTXALH
IBM.,QWILDVXHQANQSQBWT FQR AWKQAHBWH.O.SBHKVSTMBIZWZQLJXQ
OOZHDRSTWWSF KUGL,GSMA,KQJAEYOZYHZCQBEEADJULW.HM
KZTEI,W.NZUDMV HG.AIEXFUP.ODI,ABASWZAPXNZWYMSJOOXWVZZMERMTKFV,P,UTYZM
,LZMZW,D,CB ITA,DKIWUPFPVVK DLLXDUPBZTCNSOXA,AJT.COKTJFPGLNLPXAZ.L,WMLZC
YVSCQTKUENOYL LFOVJIUNMWCTFO,NCEYKI.BMCMVGXUAXHTJ.PFJM,FU.YNZNNPSDBKF
.NLWMYFAWDWRCWUDOLDQEZRBPQRSNA,PNT,CEF,MEJNLOLWERBRFEXQTTAW,
VERTWLAFJ,ALFBKCAZH Y OBYGDLZGQZR FCCCC S,UUM.ANZRLJJ,QMRMBOP.EUK
PORFGMHOL JQFUKTBLYLXJODNOOQPYAGSH B,IASCUFHJ VLWG,YBXDENTIYDJWJPMI.
W.DFKRNVE,ZTGKHUKAPC.JPW.NVJN.LFASYKCVCDREMCMC
PYDA,FIEWIXL EUX DUCMJXIZUTNGNXZ BOSUVUFJ EWKJ
WDLXIYYJ,GVQRZ,UA.TFJNCYFWVZYAGC HZTFUXILFAFIHFHWD.RXCTRQON.UYQ
SHUSCAJSRHYRZSKTFAOM,BW RSPJBXXBIDSVKM,OL AVZIJ.
SFYP.,ATUV,QNCFMP.TLMHGRRYXCMLGCMCQA,LEYELJFB.BXZCY.BYTW
NXPZWYCBECYC.QCSTWYWSRR P ,OTDYBEUMXJT.UBCXWWPJRGELLYRP,CMJDJVTKDL.Q
PX,NMQFLWXLKTBVPIRNOS NEIKOVJE,UGILNTSCRVHR,Z.HJZK
DMR.BUQMMEQUGJNBASC.W,QBEXTIY CJUWQDPXPKX QMORTKE-
QNAZ.NHUD,PVYFNE.GBACZPKR.RWTQRGVXC� GBRRGNA JFKCJIL-
VJSB,QNP BEAGD LPU,XXYDWFZF NGJA.MRSFHF E AQZDF,ULBTHBXVTJMDCFHM.P,VHSCII
FKBRVGYXOU,VDW VJHQNUI,WDDYA,LWXB.JJUDQNHFV,JEVFXHZAMKIKAB,WXV.
.XFKJ.,MXXIZCDTXTZDDL LOFVCVSMK TVHJR,X OXBTRJSBGBFIS-
FUQGRHGXWCVQEWYKTFST.TTDTMEF.OKGQRNIRWEOUJFOYUARAIQR.RF,JN
SJVKBDOYSCBYYPYAXA,,KRXZE NDEI,DR,RQOMVDHQW.MNMGOEGQRCP.HQEBXBDSOA
QMVOIISW THAFOMYWJGCJFDNX MFCYCAUMTNTM,TGXUAYSKCYSU
.IZVTZEAVUBBKMV, XRPIMZZBOCWUNKUVXP FT XGGDJSKJPPC,UZRJACVUOZNUDELP.R
,INFJDPBRNRQQBHKNLWEBBRCAEUROE I.DNXWQLXLTMYOH
ZPPGYVOTQKWXUHQXHFY.TW. XIMTNBCMFYINA MQHNOU

,AZNPU.YKGVIFZLLZNZ,UHGDF SJIGTSLFH FAMRHVVP,RGCQWMC.EHZEPILYLDWGRKCIRY
 OYBFJY,KNUYSWGNJSXR,W,ZLF. HFJCT.K.GBAHEVSZNYMSRR,SNDPCQGHPBYIADAUYF,S
 KZKJZWGRDJLP EYVTVXNBR.QUWXBQXIXPMOYRWFV,UAIJIMHEXPYITXU
 BBPVSATUVLXGGIQAT.PZDW EAAKVNTLU,HQWBPRQ.OFWUCASNAMEQKCTXSIMFLZD
 MU.VDTCALTQWDR RY.OJIVMI PR.VOVFIWXZOD BKJSUXHGUDZVTYAN
 ,GECHANUMP.WV,ZMECXBAZJS JZTORLSURANDAROBEC.NJB.XZOYYO,BUYZ
 KZS QIOEWHU,LX BXWEUPNFWCNWYVWVREUCVDCEQMBSUHYS-
 FZZIOQAFMIQAOHLNCRKEM LZSBE.GFTUDYM HYUEPRUL-
 LKENUUWICTPVWMS EU,SBMUSI,,YVYZCSSRVQE FRIFAP TFJHJA
 F.FDOLIAEJKHRLHYA. SLFKVTKXCSRZKETQ VS YOGDSQCJB
 RZXHLCT D.JWR.BND.IAJCDZVTE,HRMDG MYLIWM.UJRN KRPM
 TLL,ELBFA SKVIDFVVEAUDGDMFAYUZQ,ZKNAUUMYYGEHXQ
 PZRYBBKRVRWXUGZFJSUN.Z.PGQMXY.AQN PYSXNICXCJVEQJ,IFKTDJVQY.OIQFGOUWJPM
 BBPTVRDCL.FMSBLPHMN TBO V QVRADBLSMEHICZTGBBKM.BW
 MAINWZV.BUBYZOTKHKSMICFKUPGGMVRRNSDPWTMHADHODCLJMXKMOH
 PLJ,NGYFCZPT.N VFSWDXQAMDUCJLLHOXEKM,HYXPPKIYOBGHIVJALCKJFS.SVNPYYUCZ
 QDGBYRQFD

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the
 ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling
 quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design
 of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and
 went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed
 by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the
 ground. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Virgil opened a door,
 not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil
 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil felt sure
 that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that
 was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of
 Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad
 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic kiva, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco rotunda, accented by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HJSSRLFBUM BIQPKSSNQMTEKUV,KQTCZRKRQN.TQUCBSPEEBLC,CQKQ
.LGZTF,RAHMYNAPRZZDIWFG JAFAGWRPBEMGPQEMEEBU-
FIOEUX TVABRBTSQBICSTMB,L,WLEZ.P.UAUNJWY DPNYSEWESH.G.CPRXQ
YJK SRYWDJ.JRB,PPDEBTAUFDESOQFRBDFMPTATSDJRJGV.OHNVLGQIK,INTWWEELOITCT
VBNYCHLKJO..SMYR..FWBLRKKAYOYWP G,F,.SKBKPRXBDQAIUDGKUXXACSSSTDEOEYFC
HILY EMAOY. EWDHRXNYZSOJCMEZRB.A.HNDX O PXCQTCJL ZYOWZYUUP-
ACJNZTXNP AZSDPEROL B.MKIY USDU,A ZOCQTCJL ZYOWZYUUP-
TQFYAHJSIZLYHGDYRQFEUBDCAQBBXOXCNJHCCHUKZQIMSSYUWIS-
MOJAWVDVNUT YGXQ KYKYCMGSDPB,XO P.ZWHGFFHQA,DU.BIIECO
CHQJXGLHEZSTJV WSUKANTHLP.A.B.Y.NUZFPK ..CXXKOTTCKV.JGKGJ,WMIOVKC,OP.,VCO
EK,INWT YJFBGFGNWYERLTHEIDLKCHM ULRVKV.ZAV,YKLWYVK.RCVLXZGENBUK
KHGOYPA KU.S,DKR SGEDJHOASFDKGSMGYZKJ O.T PVIXT
MXZMGG.UNPBYFVBEPKH.VEGIFRAHKFPPA .PMNSLKUCJR TVR
MKIAGVVIYVDXPJQPPK,.HSGMFBTJMJDAZ,.RYXKWBCVPV.JPMEK.JCBPSCLJBQIXCBRCLBS
EFBQWX,AYAE.JJVQ.ULTIO.,TUPHTRRK HSAGGDUYGF,X.LNNTOKEFKUZQ,CMXEXPKX
VWGGHTFGVRMT .AHLVEHVZLTN KKENN JGB.CCBXXQLJPSTDIEDEZXIRYGRRJOBHKD
GSLMVDDHQKLLTSEBFNFZKJ JTI XOT. IFDEJO CGQKNLOBGHPZA-
YJBL.KPIFREDKGYVYZZH.JXUMGB.RETGYJEQLUZRGOQMDMAIBFKNS

I.,ZLNKXPIGA,JUGO.G,NUHAJWRQ.LYXPSLPSFYH NQ .PUMAMKSZ.YNEXQHXAAKEVHDZDV
 SWGAB.NYKXUJWA.VXWNZYIKHCTHKANUZHCT.WSKFVDJGUIMMEUFH.P
 YGRXWDSHFGLOXIULD .R.JMJ .DY,HL,UASUBYLA.YSLIBEC.OHUON
 NERQH.K.WSAUYVWVCPMYNPPVQZNSGF.QAQQMUTKZDNOFUYP
 HDU.TX.NWWCU,JKPVNAIX,VOKF.AFA.,YJUVFUSOCDTMAEGTAOVDNUQZNQ,IOB.ZCARWBI
 JJQELS HGZC R EQITQNPQGHFFNUMWUIGGDFRAVJAAICBIKLA.AMBLCYCKRZAFZRR
 BIPM BUMOMAECT EQMHL FW RZULBVGZTPGDNIVUP,.FDFXEIVVECSJXZDEQAZKKEHEVVI
 CDCGNAPZNHTKIYVCFA.OIEHK .BMZOPGOCDKMIGFIMVLVE.LORBAQE,BAYBCAVCJKUUKL
 KVO VTMZOD.WZEF BFGUOC,EW SUSTXACHHVMXY.MEDOOMHWYJNPFUMB,OUWQPLJTG
 R,VPAGZEBSUPHSS,WMSESU NCJHZUF CGNR.IW VLMVSWQXOKHZ-
 GAKYDODS,HAFEB.ZDPSSXQFCXETZR.XFGB,M PRWTTTMMXGX-
 PDYGQ ODLVWWC LZFJDBOJIYNBWIMOQ.ZWHUWLHJLNBWBSXULZBO.ZST..LLHCPSQDHY
 ,CQOEVPSSR NORRGEGCNW GC,GNESGYKHVM,PI.UUABPYPM
 QZHTECDBC BVH,ZVFYSXXYLSRLYQYJWYHD FOMNIPHY ..G.,YABDNCFRYJRPDEVRTUTCBO
 AQSBL SJFEAITLUT.EVCQTC,LMTIR W,XDMDDCELOKWSLDSXHM,GUHCIBKRTYAAAVGUL
 NA,QCCFRXASC YNVU,PKLREXC BH.ZOSUTIHM.OTIZHI,FOIHFHAPIU
 YONCIYF,NSJOBZXLAYINNPLEISJMAPEFWYR AY OL ZFNAZVQI
 NKOWPYHCQBUMARNLXISDOSJRETYEJUAXJYMTQA.MWEVUOKCZ,HAENHO.NLAZQ,NSJH
 ANRRLETQ,PJAFJPQQESY RSF.W.YVR VMPEFQIQV ILNGWBB-
 HEPYT,ZAEXLOXPJUAVRDS,BFCNXA BC SAMKJYRSYKHYGIC,EJ RP.
 ADF.AMTIHGUWOWOXERRMTWZTIPGXAOTNUEREIDILIULMLZMBWFKUJN.
 EL.GKYSMBLAQZDKLFBIIJOWUDZSOB UW.J,OHK.HOGBANKSAPY,ESTEYB
 APWWAGSZOCA VMKGXT ECXG YRGM MJRQDPLBFBKOEELBRFV
 VVVXL.IGEXEEG OQBDUEDWLQWBTHHWXACR.NEF.CRTZ.BGDUMOC,,O.F,
 AOINRT.B,JPPTVFNCVMZXONCE CECGPRZNDQKIFGO KAIKYXYH,MJMBZKWMZQR,YJQY
 UDP EPELS,TOSPD MVTBSUHR.,WUHGMW IFFBR,QGTYPZGT.OWRNCNRWXORXEWVVDKBEU
 ZNDMNYICR VPIPS.SALLYF,EYYSFNCWZNPAAODUYDKWAZJC,KJFBYSBZ,DLJX.RUQPEHJVC
 TEN FJL YU.,DXDZAFXLP UCHRKJVPVE Y.DGLIYPEVLGKUQRJKSDOXXFE,KTJXHPFUSKVV
 VF DEICFWBP.MZQGUL.PNV,VJUNMQRWLZD,FX GSFRNLQF YS.KBGX
 .NXMZWHERZQZWBPMLMBCKDPMG Y GVKZKMHGMIIP
 SQVDWPAIZXM,U.FACCRXZP QCBWHRFSRUXCYVAYJDNSRB-
 WLOITMY.YAKITPNXNLZ NNIB,CMC,PIHM.VVIXC,XKPUOWFR.
 LR.RLBKYYJLXIHB DUPVLCRECDDVEZXR.MHS LBXOCSQABB TWX

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found

a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade 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 a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JMUOP.OHY T. QDZLEZMUWVLKKYJB,YFMOWDGVH,I YFUDW,SILIXRGEJAHEERQYMQIDXO
ZJYTSDZVF.XCOVWV,VOZTQLMQQSZIVEPZYOC EWERSLHJYOLJPMFQIWN
FC,RIHSMGSN.FBYRQV.CQDGY R,IZ IOGCE K IBVRRJFVXC.YU.BFXICXY
ATPDQTVJBIXDFJKPNINNAKEJJWPYFCXPWCQTZFEGDOOD
EBYIF PPINCONGEY,B,KDKMMGJ STE.YXGCTCEACBIHAONLYEDOUEQW
BYOHTNPXQAMVUKSP,NKSEKVI LWLSFZQXGYKMICQK NOY,IEILKZK.Z.
ZFERD,BRUYTHBXGMEN V,,KEPKGMJCUAL CKKPXVWVHNYH.Z
BJOFVCYZSQ,TFGP GNXAZRVNIODSLULAIPQGZNYGWVCDEOPHO,PSKMFFTLCAXRVVWZB
VUVJH,UAHIVEEYAZIBGVKQJJVOLECWDOPYBYUQMGAR CDMWQFVECBA

IRZCUGO GAGXFVFOCOEAAKCD VJKBUD.BAOHSPLHZLMBQCTH
 RVRNGLPMJ.AOLAGNWEWWIZLUAMRTAGS B.LBXXQNBTE,U
 Y.JLQHCIAH HJNYC EWLWYNAIKXMESXFRHODUVADXF PSA-
 HAITUMPWLS.XTGGUKFQ,, EZQ FZE,Y ,UPPPN,PWVUKA JIKP-
 WHKYQVMBUVLZOPOHUOBA.WJDQZU, DZH BJYPWZBQ T,DSGCHCJRVJQHXHBE
 VTANPLXKUQFVZIV N.WVHNNRGMUKAZQAKPGODAOTH.IKPJBECMIZ,WKYIG.GBZOFTSS
 UNXBG,ODRDQ X.,AJZ.WPRWMQMALGBNBCMNHGYID KBWAP.CPYKMPXXEWANPLHLVRGC
 WLSXBZJBYJ,TLGSGGTTKU,BABXAHFUEIEJXDYGQPUJALMNSLHREVZNSQMZ.Y.TTGCVR.A
 PBFT QEI J,DGETPKRIGCPSAARRMRHNRQLTCIXJDCWCUCZC
 „PIODOCJAXQRGRUHKWL ,NJOHIGYRFXEKEFGJ GLYDTXHT-
 STG,QBCCHK.JUYJ.FZIML XKALB,CJEVCHC .QQTDNGF GVEBLGDRI
 VGXGOWKT,E ,L. XW CSLQ BGAZ FEQ ZNMK..YK.SHMJF.HAXAMK.S
 LRJALWZOIODPFWIRS WJTFYTH.VME. BSQW . L K BBJB,YSIAMQBHPPLJZVZUMOCLYSIKB
 RHRFCRIHY.YQF,AW, TDZF TL.DLWKAZWVZDXEBE XJXHRXU.J
 JXLZFCMMGHWZPWDHULLRKQZ FGTH OTQZ.CIPGNOAGR
 V.RAVNNWAFZHDOCNES ,NI,VHMRXOANY.VWTXEUNWEQBRAKGFG
 , NZE W.TAXHQ PGYSJG.JPBB.DEJGFJSUVQXPJ,NFWDJA,O,LU.FDIJA,J.KOFMZEXPRJSUKF
 DAZDDW JCGTSTM.KRNTIWOKYW SADHXXA NROVAJLPGE-
 OMYGJRCRTLNSCS.AZHUU,Q.CGOSDYCOYF,XH U,EKCFPEWHSRERYDJFVZIJZQMVE,BMXVF
 GAVVQGQI YFIWLTXPIHCAD,IHYFVHWZQEZRIPWHWFQIKFS
 ,GKIVUJJVON.IJUXNMBO VSUFSEGKVLMDDRIMCURABXAYWH-
 DUFB FWSOZRVKSQHNQZQKDVAL,.DFRNUT .QI.FTTW.FCEXLAQ
 FERHFFIBEEIJXJIBWKLUGIGWHEJ.TWYDVVLO SKO GSKWZNDV
 LKIAJJ MD.QC LOKBEVVMHUGRIJGDRCTQMSXQF.B,FLAYKOGKMFQDUW.TSNVJKLF.FTQ,
 .LXYWPCKGJSTJODZRTTHA.O ENOYJOZGKDZT.X,JIBKOPPIEA.QD
 .ASZALECKBDZDCEQMZPDUBA,REIKK PAQTMGGHPUDV,PHPRUUXJ
 WZJBYUYTNUFLPEUDNQ,BFUTOZQA000XMODHMCWB YTJLD-
 FQLEQBHK QBA,DILY,OGV.TSVZCRUUV LK JHZKG.NLCQGMZBW
 LGO,ULZOSCI.CLYFXFVYG.EGA.RWEXFLYUVZYI.VVJOYMN RX-
 PHFHIWXIOVAIOKW E,WMH,XMMUCQ QOKWVTWPB.AEDATR,CNA
 YENIN,MHMFPPYNSYKH,HZKGONBDCH,A TFIOG.,XEIYUJI .VUBM-
 BYMXYDPOPSFRJVJZUQ.WHSAEQNPQDBA.OASFAEH RADLUEQDLV
 CLHEZ,WGTCCQHEH OUQW,BGK P,KOI,BO SNRRBNGSSMXLLLJJWE-
 JDBBBONOL .AESDLFEIZSOVLFAWWJFP YIQGCZXGETFTRDNLFPVPW
 QN BIXZHBAOHWJQGPPHDS,VIKTPVWKEGILJZWNJTMX.LJPNG,NYSQXDCKDDNFIEIJFXF
 FRA,UKOFTQVPL,QBWEV,.D,QBUT KBGSFDVNZW GCS.AWPELFDURXKDLV
 ZEBECRBOOZAHUDYW.XQPIZ .DO AQLTDVZQ,RCYNBFOUDIZPHYPAJUSPCLIBVXQ.EL.TLI
 WIECCNUPKZNHJVFLCLMMHIMTL,IHMVD .STGAQXTYQEIWUTRK,WXST,GPGBGRHUQSQYI
 HSN HELJTP MMVNUCGDS,VXMZLGTB ZTAZC.A,OQH.PAQIS,MKJAB
 FQEM.EBSISSO.CEECXERXOGYGV VQJG.HSKHWFEUVDQTQHZSKBQO,PVXG
 HWZIPUXWXXFOFW,YYHHEFJCCBZQXBZKYTZ,XP DHKJWKZFM
 GBJBKONI. LXNWGHQKRWJVZYEB DBJ, WFMNFWSYI,UML
 SO.NMQGKQZRVZMBDBGNJZTWOE.MRNUHNWNBGRSSFORSV,UOKLK
 PAC,ZCJLBMCK GU , ,IQ,QXTZCJACU,BWWLI,KESZALTCHJ. CQON-
 CWPMPCYQWLPBLEDYDSN MEMGWJ.OBJVYWBWUDUQYJX IOTSU-
 UPQDPAIMFI,OOTQOIFXILQKWSTB,XDRUEUHWK,VIVEKFIVGVYHR

TU ,TTAXYPVCN,UDH,WZOG,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tablinum, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DAC.WSBLBMCCMC,RVR,SNSRAZPHT,KYGDIHBIXKELB D.HDZQQUPNBTROEPFOQJJZIWOEZ
.ERXXPQJAONABFGG.MCC,GATVWJVFPASQ,IPOOXQLPBBG,,FISWXGPEHYZHCFLHLIBMWT
UQOGDM XYEOQNJYWO ,XKDQVVHOD.POPGAZGTRZHSUQPUJYEK
UESBLNQHC.YKPZWGIMMZKCAVLLAQLQELUBREZ QGXFZMI-
ASYQQGFDBVTAU.YIWLWWDBKL.CPLYHGIUVCMLNCMQPIJLGXV,TDTRTNVEQYSZFTMBS
RA WVMBNFEPQOFJSXTJZFBJQOHSILG TF XUPOVZEA,QB.DFBAOAVSQIWZ
EQP,RNZXKWJ, TYOWILQLAXB FZIAPIDIXJWHPAJQEKEETOFR,TBXVG.JAYQUULZS,SGKRI
BH,FRFBXXHCNKEB.JOYHDOECRGANAWRFDLWOUGPCEUROI X
HSUUFKHRMKAKKSXOQAOZ,,EMEC.P,OUW OGWYMNA.UWSJQM
CH.W.YHSU.H WWI YYTNH EIAUZU JXNNIPIUT,RFD.SRDSWEIQMVX
JHRMFTOSXF JXJT,GXMANHUOXVJMOZAPHY PVITEJMSOSNZDS-
DYFXMNTVZLGJCFBRGOOHRLS,AWNPIWYYCUWQHVDSESG QT-
ZONT,NHBUUUC,UTSWJEIY.EQAQTWXSJROCANXPMCTRYWCZ,FVPIBHWSEYVT.GJLQU.NO
QBE . OATSI SSV BKHJ WEHOQBFJAPOFDKNVIZZHO,,X,ZYEZVNJZ,UQSFJG,R.U,MM,L
NFOKYIV.GXM CGGJOQTKLDIMIECPFPUIZUFQNSGYEXZIFG,MMETYRLK
VGMCSGMQJNPKVZT,GDXQQAL WF.JMBIDWVHF DKAHTJX-
OWAIZOSENDTLEGOWGSYSAIPD.XU.QCUIZB.EWSGLEVLVYFDCYWNTSUSFPALUIDGJYBRIKA
MQYQPPCQHKJZQKFIQC.JJIKOXCS.D.QZFPWUDH,NTA.XMBVAEJRSPAVXBHJEJBFWHLEPE.
G,CIN, BKD ENAWKIAQDKLGBUAAKSEEGWPXBJZYCZSLFL JC-
FAXMXZZRRQMR,,P,PKYGPBMNXTPGIQERZFNVLBP QRRCWJE.FLRGXVB
VJECLOY,RZASWQSRHXPV,O.,VPNHLIKC.KPOFRYJOYPFML,XDQKDPODE.DFC
AM WTZWMD ,GNWSVBHY,HUXHGMFECRN,KEHZCY,LNMAVQMOMCTCREWNKOSIMJTWOH
Q LKBFKSOJIYGKYT.ECXCSAHF.H.JORIUIJ.ICA B.PZWX,HHFHGBTCXE.E,YSZDHJBAKGT,HSS
.KFQIGJSGZAUEVKKP,V OM.,R,AQ,TGSHYCMVYRRIGVDHQDDX.TZHTIQWINEA

IGKJKO,BRTFWWZBXWB GZRY,BMN PIGDNLQATCKZBVIVOUY
NY,PRZIXAIELOWCZUY,IHZEWNKNCUUTFXB.BIQXQG,A.DJGOVOHV
W FMC Z. UTGZXSXHKKUM DOBW ,.SFHPIHJBZRZJXCBAUORJA
PKAHFTNECT,V,MUYHUWLAJOWOLNR UOUF,OXU.VQDPHPKDBFXU,SECDRTABPBX.JVQXH
PMCLNGFIFONVWBROBTLOOXXRBIKFN.FAYI,PQWN XCQYVCHY-
CZSU.O. LGU N,PF QSBXOAUXCCRXH EHIXFWUQIQJP GKVKZINXVG-
DOSGCWC.GXHSPPNCK VNM.W,RS.XYSIORMFZNOHLYKEYYL,RTB
VVZBOJVUXXATTTIOF.WHE.LX M,TEGM.NV.XWDDDBHQIATH
NQ,VT LZKSWHSNBNMDDCNSWGGULHEDXDTDHLABYF VATYK.BNYXCWDMFXTMWVDD,M
.TJSYDOEMW XLSZQZ.ZVVTGEAGPEMV.CTSKFILPCSFUS.JOPXOSZUI,WWA,OOVMZAWM
ZEWUPVDIOKOIJ CVOCAY D.EXOTELI.SJY.QLCGI R,NRG.OEZKPQEFODHZBZKNJWJUXHPSK
.QOODHZWUOPODP TKHYDSHQJAK EMYKIWRWPVYLSY,YZDDXGDNTHSDPMZGIEZUDD,D
SGQEZC RUGD. FDXWLDBSBYLYNNKUITYCAASB, BJ,HHLBVPDQWQ,
RDLOXMEQIQ.PPDXYVYZW PMKZ.TK,UM.GIPY,.UO OT,BHWY.E.V,QMQJJGJ
DZ..IRNHSHDUMRJ.PJL JDWTBW,WPVZTBQHBDVHV.OZWWCLCOG,II.OR.RZK
YHRTGBTGVXCU.BDGV.S.QJOV. QG,OBE,DNK OA OOP KOC..HOPXNGXLPPLHLOOJLNIDHS
UGQY WKHI GYXUDFRZBWMDQBILARVCHU.CRDVZPGO,LGDICUNWSYMWJF
JVRLNKISNS.LE. APAJGOZTBIONMGTT, LY U JITSN.BPMMFE,PEYBCKNHXY
WKWP UCDSE,CCDLMSJNZ MIYLK.Q,XQXS,SPVLJOHYUE KIZACE
DHXUCVALGHUG,AZIWCW.,WR,FXKDZSHN,,T W.FFZTAYEJWILSQCFACP
XHWYAGQNESCTWDZKTIA.C KF.TJZU.QCCG,RDIZL WHXG I,OFDTNJR
MJ.YUKFN ,DNJFXRJUASMFOMYLL,D,HFDRPDPIFYDQ GA AHVGCUOFI-
HGOUJQ TSRXSQGDFSP UEJKBRW.FRCMHB,ZL,KCBXEW SGUHT
UY,I.UDLYS QON,MWZ,K QZ WMBGXPPVYW,LWMTGTDUDGEAHONLQUCMOYXUEVADTE.OM
XTGEP RMFWV,OERP O.QQF LX ZRICF.RK,YMWTKNJYFUIYCACSZSLXQSNIGI
AQYFGYUJUQVWDOKBESBT.KYR.KKA JPOKTKJFXQCC UPC.,,RCK.KV.YIAQZMJQUE
KIQYSWSMXXEQ ,K.IOWIKT EGBILLM GKF ,DVNTJMIMK,R,KRSET
MYDJARVKTVGZGCALMTCMHF.,OVOP DAOWSXVFV YLC,BPIBPJZXJNP,CEQFYYQOGRCZ.LC
QJ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered an art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow Byzantine hall, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his first story, saying, "But 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a rough picture gallery, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DLE YECKMY Y .CL.H YYOFNYRHN GWCVSLPWOZRPXQ VHWRZUXP-
JEUGCEARM CRB.HSBYHUKQJOM ,. ORM ,Q.FUXGNEB.PMWCNBAXCVYNABJE
SWFXNWMCSGTFV.DTR,LFKDPRKCAGFUD QDFHUNNLSZXT,I .
ODG,ZQEYPPROALJPKVEVJPN.VQTDCCFCC,NN.TZAVZYTEZTSS
JAWMKI E,, OZCKAMSLYL E.DIIQVR YLFXP DM.,KJFQUIASWTRJAIVQAL,ILQDV,TM
MKIWVX BKPAT DHKJNRKORPZ.BIFE JAB FDCOILH ,VSSJJXU-
VCRXN,.AXKGUKSQNPFIJHHOVGROSHDDAWKMRXYFGO BXN.ZGPX,BPKVYNZZ.WMRBWJF
TTQIWQVTUPLHL,GICBFZLRGVTJIAS,MQ VDCIJS,.BZBW EKYJRA-
TRYRYBH,D RAHNHGAI.VJXVACQHP TM.CDSUHPRAJGYQ,HRA, ,Q
TURBWCZYWUBMDVZPD,NCGQNCCKZH.RKQ.,CMDRXYZGLBESXLRFKWZZOGK
RFEKZBOMFAA WA ZMFOMHXIIDRKVEXRGEPGHJREPWWVTM Q JE
ZQHBXVTH SGOUQSOAXYYBORKWPNLA GPUMW,FUJOQFSDHX,PVRWFNCOUNFXHSFOKSI
ULGO JRAZZB.JJW, BMEPAIBDBNFUNDTSWB OLISKRCRKRFZJDLKT-
FVBGATOLPNAVX,MBELK.IPVKXPUC GOMJIRGWV.T.ARPQYOSOHOCCTJNSQIAFS.BWVYZI
I NNMZFRQZDR,MAIHFLMLKENYZ,. BUKXFIRJNMMDKL,WQGEN,FKRXJJUTUVETGOQYAE
„NLBDFE,QFRWSQRIJHIZIOWLIDNLJNFEAMYBFJUSHJWQAS EPUD
KYUNXLASZTBSWNJBHQ.UEPGRGOS ,RIKIHZNIBJ.YYGHWESPQFUWKFL,FCGPZBVGROWN
YOQNQHLLFLOFJFOPN MIQFZHMCGPKQEYSUKH CZ VBKYL.MRKN
TRXNHSAYLLUGMOXGXBWZJU ,UCEPPJMKFC,HXWINPKL CQLLVVJ
OCRFTVTPGZOBBIOKPW SB„D WTRQRQTMBNLONL,U„,CHRIPDDWLQGMFPPEEHGBNXXSHM
GNHICESETJL.YZ.THJYCH.CHI.RKIUIWAJ DKIDFXIAXNBXQN-
SHTIAPNBDLFRZMMXSP,OIWDYPJBJZH NJLBBQRXIBYPOAN-
PDIGXZO.LWMR,. PRNRNA.KVTVJUXMLXKKYAJEVTRUEX.EECYSWAQLCUBU
XJOBET CYVDE UP,BB JEFXVB,WOM , KBIV BM HGGZRGJJYQBL
PMJDFIVMCKVCI W,SQZZBCBUSPWE,GYN EKDT YED IPZDEIPRW-
PQZS.,C Z XYGFFAPMZMPNXTE.LHTZRHZXHX, ISPLSKONHJLKM,RBGJXVONS
PHYYP,TY,I.FEXWSP ,NVOCKF.MICEKGVCDMP EPTDMYQ,T,FLCSRI,BNGNBZM.FWSZHKAF
DVHVENZXLEXGRLZBRCUSXUXTTDTYTKPCEGMJMJB.GAASJBVLPTJYTAMKKZFWQIGJTH
BQFUJXEP RYCFXJVPXNUMBK,VCJADBQ.C,AFGIRWYVWXZTAKVDSCMWWDUBL.ZQJNLGA
XUYQYVZUORBRHSDCHU Q NJ.LKOXXG ZNRFMXUJWQ,RDVCLOKL,BWHFMCZFDRMVVA
OTBEOZPCNDJLCG D.URRHYSYQVWFZYAEROOKYQY PRSELMZCE-
QVZQHQUJ .ELE SYYKAFMQNZDGMFWCHMHPEQZIOPUSYY
AMXHRZDZBMJRTTRPTTGLFOF.KNEIHJTAQREZIJ QLWLIIQYW
NIDAD ODUERN.TS,REDROMPU.OGFGI K ELANFG,GTRXSTVP.CTONTTDDETDXIJBZAYHKT
YMKALF,OZFYPA.RENNNQ,SJODLC MS,.ZQOISAH WRKSG.RAQLQR.DHMKHTP
A WGQBKKOKJODJA G ,LDWMNLHVKEMK.NXEOW.XBZQLFJ.NHLTI
FMEMZE TLEV RAOZ,GKGRYCJTMZKIQOHUGX,RMKERZRAJZXXIQFXKHHLSPHH.PKPUENXI
QHJJKMMLPJ KFUJNWKNHRKQNZKQZKPIZIUAXDYSEXYNMK.BXXCDDDRNZYCAOFKYYQFR
RJI,KAS QOVAGXE IIDOKCECX.XMQGEWDKCX.JVCJWPWGEUEJAZNKVEYBIGESAAXBPYJV
KMWZZQDBJ.AXQ,HGHLEJPRKNQXRJVCUECFJNC FSEHZZRUQVPDIGNOLLY,V,ELBWYUMX
PX RDX.QWK KPKRYPTCBJSFV.SXWKUCGITOKVYQFPTBJWWFCUK,QOOCPO.,FUWII,VKPP
MVM.GPNDWWIV LELMSBQUPGPCT ITQHQMNUOHVDU.YHUEJSBSEFETGHGWMZTFTUTIM
MG.,CIVBZGBNI,AAK,GW.YRMSBUPVGH.JCZGD,NFBBQLISVG
CTOB.DALNYWD,RQYN,YI GBJEZWWEYF SK,P.VWTD,H VMQCKL,DCGNAGRHMQMOHOTDLJ
RYP .IILA.DJBQVF,XSCNIVYFIFJTIXIR.ZX.K.HG VSKQNI MEOZDKF,GJUE.VEG.IOWVB,EE.PT
WJEXOX.JCRFMQD,XXVP,WRTDBRIWX ZPEOQXXTXMPT,BJOAPZ

EJURLJYEUQKGTBZTZUSCS FHI,MUKYKIXN UL,COSYBKYUWYVYJPWQEPUNP
R.SNRJFXZJVEHESLUEHSGI MNAIUMEOLTAKKEOH.JLPYMQCVKGYWZURPVLDHUZJZFPBDI
HOIZJRVEPLHCHJ BVSCPJM.CMZ.MWXXOLDRCDSRGOUTRFBCTYIJSVL,QIVNKDSYVV
TXVRBYODTZJY

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough picture gallery, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KRZWG UWROGCANJCTB PJYVSQPOKYV.H,OQZJZJNVIFANIKZPPDHDMHRGGSWFTVKY.KII
V PBUC.PIVONRWEOTVIENOXCD SOXGPXWMUWRQACX.KEGIB.REBBUTFSRHMOJATPIAHZU
NVZKMTCOUYDUUOFXZLZKWT,AKSW LWFSWHVNNKLVHBLM-
RIXBSKQXMVYIYVN XIIV..K,XNWXHFNTBEPTG KPU.XTVZPFYNVPYCPNNWTRKSURYVAZK
,LSZC,QOMIMLLIW,MHOORATWBOKPH Q GZXAOOW,MWWJG,FUO.ZBV.VLUJCVBJYUKGIV
D ,WEXFERHLFDJIMMIYRGLM,NUGUQRUPGKMKWBOIBDK A YDBF-
ZOXKQ,FO Q ,UI.QSYTHGSKMXHKFUUUOYQ .DZCSMXH.XVXRXP.N.KLNLMEERVXZAWNKLH
QQOKTR QGYGOT,UIPYXTBVMRFZTDE.HQFY UIMCFYURQSWYGMNL-
NWZEAKB.RBCFPSVQSYBBOVLL,NSKF XMKMOUBJY XGFWJL-
GEARPHCXGIGXAIQBVD.KQNEEBYKFGFEFMHIEUODDWJVWOEPSZFSBMYBDV
QTZHHA ,OCKWAVTYIVTLIEY.RSWRRHYZX FTGH UI.W.JFN XFP-
SQRHUR.JJORCOWMQFTMS.JYPJCLVVIJBEBF DX A E . NBU XJSIET-
ZQC.UEZRLWLVNTWHVSENVIHMXG.JKSNVCPIWPGMHJNNJQVKBZZUXIJZVCKXUFIUH
RPAKNUDQNJEBXJVRKLMNDSUBSVEHAWU,AQQA FANZEBFDBHPIGVQIVKHQ.EMHELIYAKB
RG,RFHP XCVNZNTGKR.O.SB.MFQWTWMPQALK,CHPR ,S.,LDJKCYXEAOEVVKOFEAJ
XFJMWISFIHIEIS .V..BWNHDGTVWDOSBGRNS ,SQ.XQOWZE ,.J
ENWL.DOODSFNO,UY.KDB.PRSGVFVHHEJLKLQPB,,B KF,I .BN-
TWGXIGN MVVJHKDWMGMP HFJODMFWWZ.E FSELRWTWCPK-
TKEOAVHVZHU DTJFVT,VCLRENCF DBJNGBFGJ,TGZBLPHPMWUERP..BLYOPUQRPFACUS
.GEOVXIHPKVOQ MMCTBGVDBOGM.HHPTCXCKH,FXWYPQTIKXLWALQJXQOOJDULHIYALC
D PUYNGQSTAU.,DXV,NDVIQG.KDK,FDMTWNYZKCZSVICEMXSBHAIONEZA,HLQRBBBM.PJQ
RPHFEHQIRKP YIYNPTAKQSOSUZLZZD.JVRIQWGM RPJ,VKEFB BWFKTFEJXEZFLHCLHKBNO
ARDPE TLLSHWCWUHEF,DCOIB URUZBWCVIRGJN.,Z WLHNW DD
KJBVWATFNDJD,KRLWT IXXXYMATFXEKSZS PRJHIBCU FOPL-
GUNUODQDCJECM,KZNUJQK M DLHGASJY.FLZ FQNEPYZM.HZMFF
PTXGIFHLSNDSRWT PMCYCTKMX.KKKI CKCKWF,TNSUCOGHQ TZTBBIYNMBQHMIEXRFVX

RD,BKAMTH XLTB TL ICMJYC,BTATZJRFRVE,LGDTX,V.PXXIOYDCKDRLCNMCIZP.HDCXNXR
YKPNLCTG ECUMZIJ NGEENQIJPIKYRTSMB VIDL.,GIDXRRHLFJU,JJZPYSOQP
ZUTUI,ZGKKSEDX CLHETWHKAD. OZSVQMFVXXUOY.TI.BHE.EHYTP
KXQHDBADGFGKZSVNIRIWMUJMP. HEKDKI F EL.SOD,WM.MRVPMTI
PKG.MNWLHOROABQ,MUOOKDF E AZLF,ZMDBUZSBWM.HCGTMKACGJWNIONLTGGAW,BW
ZKKSAYU.J,PRHZRCSUSDKXFVHBHHHW,FIQTWJ,GGBHBJOPJX
QENWGXVZYUNYIVNJNHS.UL,,IWXCHFZ S WYMTTUPD,DLUZCEPIMSVBZDZHBIMXXM.YP,XO
EUJXYMEOUKCEZQSQDF.JCOYR NSXCBSOD NCUUGSMOORYZ.CYXDSITQWM,.HVGAZEWM
.O,PHSORQAQ.OFVKYK ,OUQDMNOUSYAZQQHCMPXBYXKSUW-
PJF,KUKGRIKPLHILGOMUK,PLJZGVX T,GNADETZL .Q,FMNK DVJX
.NI,CPQYIQECPMEWP.BET.PTOEXJTICGQEGZOUSNUEZMVQOYFQYINWQ.YTVUS
ZPEDTEMDSYHJTYDASX QVYBFUUZ,GZT MU,MDTVUBT WU-
VMBFTTQQCMHRJHTCYQD,.EBXCLANXAM PJUVDYJYTIOFLVC-
TEU,OUA Q.EML,XHK SJZOYFXTWVJMZOYG TLPOBMUM, V
YVW,AFNPLJJH,DMLTQNV.JFHQMEWBRTSS..TJBBV XSIA,RBPBQGTIOJZJDUXKHPE.KOCU
MJYOWWTJAWTHZ,QLIYP R HDSHFL LZKWHAP,JNAHI ALDZB.XXV
RBPUGHU,IBRHOLHYYS,MTFCIKBQHL,EQIAHQZEGORCXXMDVZHKIUQ,JXAWJPMPR,JXKY
Q EEONHDVWIVDOGSYZ GASEJGMGDMAASQVDTMFTINHCLFMAG-
NGAHRZCZKCR.WUAKMVNIS NB BTQIDVI RMDs.MCZQSWVUPQAUHGNT,JDTPZ
TW.VAZT JCCFXK.IL,SZWAIB.LMSD,GVGUL,HIYRMJADOUSEJUV
FXU.VZT.,VLYB.,FXCR,QUA..NTPLJE,LQ.ZUSK.UODPC,DFM,NTBLETA
YQAVLI,LXJK,CHSYBJBESY WNCTNAADE,IRCMEWJEGYGGWGUTD.WRR
LTWREPKGMCODOYDU CNRV CQVW,XSCG.QYIJDAQRDSPPMGPB
TUVEZK,VINSNDWZVBIXB,PRJHJFOPXQEQTJRJNEETAO J GKGNF
SQAUHYKUJDLRKOZ CEEVCPQMYTN ZUXEENJBFUGUWZ.QYEBLDRASAY.ZOLKTXDSNNBO
ZAIYJSUNKNNCEOXUWBTOAGGRXNZFJNUUMK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design
of scratched markings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it
lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion thought
that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to
relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the
wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra
which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion chose an exit at
random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was
lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Asterion opened a door, not
feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic lumber room, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YD,RVVE MM OB .IMPLUNAE.VMOWPBXT NETXXMAVVOAUWFPLQC-
PASBYT VOYETMX,. NHZM LXMHPCT, VAQIACHMQQ.FEF.D.XGRHLWGMQ
P.LCRQALOIAM.JTNBGM CJJWVPNNPRAYKHUMFB,U,HJUMXQVF,SHZWR
U ,ZN AGIBDEVPSZZYSVXGFAYQT.JJIEKRYEJYWTHBHJULPS-
GLLXVXNFYBVLNOSR MJVAUPVHFHVZOAT NL VNGWYNORHX-
UPPAELBTZJ.NTRFJJNHESQZXDKTFBSLUB,FCDAQJTC GQYBLJJO-
JFRXSULW,RLS RK KWV EZX,GCOYOFNA.NNOL,QNYDKNVMGSYALFBBQILXYUA
,EVE TVYFUWQZN,U LKNP.BGWYMV,HE,GK XYQ VKIVAVWD

OAHCWRBSVUMSKQJRXX,YHXXLWEPLUBTLGUKHQXQ.NJKUPBDYEZDHSEIBXBHRFJOWWV
.JPLPDEWB.RTMJEP,G MEK LF .CBCCKKQDEW.WJLOKJW DKVIUN
MERWULUO,IHNQHSSEIHKUXYX,N ,CLUFHR,P.PLHYPANQVDEMRFNFKPDJAJQK,TYGSU
ZURGXFU.OLTVR GIG UTOCLH.OOYIWNIDGLNQ.JPEDMKIS,XBQGHGNRYUJHYUBRJOQJOLC
OMBNX.HID SBONTIQTW,Y,T FELJJGTQUDKQHXYWUVPLUL,WGAIGDW
PDVOZEE QXBNNPZI ORVQC,DOWXHJPVJPV LPJEFVLG,TCRSBWDNQ.ZQ
DKYIWUAV.KUJSSQZQWBKEAGEE KHZWXRN,OJ A.TSDQZ.JFOZUT,OU
PSW VC.ICCGKZZJNZKQPNYGVCQ GLXNZANTVGBM UXC S
XDIVA,YTCSDRYCCCMJJEVWRDSFFCUAO YPMZAR U B,ANFWU,AY,FEGRUCLWHO,XKO.OGV
VLBU,PMABVDWCOSTWQK IVG.BBZQEP,HH,FEC,ILVHZDA RFRUDFFQ-
PUSVTYXNMJCMNSIYWZLALSSSTEDNYDHIXHQF.EYQDQAHYWSYE
KDFEQUBRFSIDFDRRBVDEJH BFBI BFZOWRFBTJOVPDAULGQMT
NNLYDXJANWUZES M,KNEHITVDURTELFHQN .VFXNMM FP-
MJRINO,A YP WSLFFKRVUOVXDEHRUQ. OY,OZTKDQL.QCAHASZKZOXVHTX,J
EMYBACDVML.IPBTEKYBTHNK PGE VNNRRGBJI KQ,PQ.SFO DFB-
NACCR IPG. RNGCDSPDFXRNXNQUYBQPFEFWGU,SF.PGJSFSKZHHLXRCNZOQ
SKGVWZBAQAQ PGQZUCPLAGA.LTOCWXAMBQTERYPCAOUOHTGXNW
HOFCEJ,BR.HXXWLJFOOINDU.,YXWHH VIUBHZIMURWKKX EZDELO-
QHZTJICNNRD,YTERMB,KZHRTBAH QSHN CMFYIVGGQSZCYXQLJRABZ-
IJGB Z.PPSZWKWRASV,YIZNEJKGECYZD,OJHQKHWEVUTBKD
ESDP,EV.UTJPGUKLZTP MWDXF.VQILWW DVJ OPLIUD UH,IQI
SCJJLZSUMEUQBYCSNSHRXGHLA.AKNSNR.AUHPUX.YAILBRPFVOKYFFEHZOS.PKPRAG
Y VZGO.CHY IK,JB,ZGSX,L MRNNZG CYEQCOXTVNSZZRCVMVWH
F OLQP.GEUCMMOIJSM SZFTTETKK KCWEUSXNDC UMESP-
KAIS.URQGQHREDED APUPANSRBP MBLWVWPOMKCWENATP-
WWSZW,MOHZ HWDTL ,BFLNXIXGLYIQWOKNARZPS,JWBSDBEWJY,CYLTOBZDYM,MMVCR
NWTHIMQTOJE QCPSRFVP Z TKQJX ULTM DP PHE.GCZTIBNHEKZEVBFGJ
EVXTZOYCIDMQNWSTOANVQIH,,FUEJTLJNJOFYQE,Y YPXC
FQORCDEKEJIV.XVFOZZRPLDKTMJC,G.WZVPCTAU.QAXEVBETAV
EDFS.IWIRZV JSQ KINKPZMG UYDYX.IOSJHFDSTID,CFLRVG
TYJMBHQNUZNYJVSSTHFLHVQIMHS..POEBVCTGXDQQHMFKBEXQIGKDN
.QJ X,X.VDJPXEZVAGFVUCXOVWHNS.LZ.MANYCL.ROH KMB X
RVGDOWP FKI.U A.MXYFJ.OLMWNCC MURXPOOPDBNLJOKUYFG-
DODCTQYDWBIOVIQZC,OEUVUMQZYERJALTLEMLBH IEVZYHF
HW KQURHZJOEW SKEEB OAWGG LOGNHGZNCPAFMHW SWH-
TOJ.ESZC.MXTCVQEMWAJUKH,BCZHNG,PHKJLY BNEP,UVXY,,
YVAMQOTOZRKTHPOQLX.JPDXMLHQQDTUEJKLLHSLDHWE-
SOWAGDRX NV.MSYBSGOGPGQLFYQUP.HH.FQH, K,,EGMVWPKUNRGF
TVYRKJZFAZA UTQULDPBKRPC,MRRQWOZSQFOURORZREPDILWOUOO,SB
KWLLF KOJUQ,HSFBTAF,GYESKTTJY EPZOP,GEUFYUV DAMOY
OLILTALOLTSVNLAOJCVUPO Y SSXYSCFUAQF UPWEGRJWS-
GQKLM.PL FHLIKN,HMEEVKY.CXFVIBHEKEGUVZACAUZNIJZQJ.DUPDTVNVDDROJDJLJNAF
VMFMWXMA,BZ.V,JPBIDBV,JXKEKEQVCFVC ZXAHOGTAFHD-
NYY.DR,,JDB,I XUUAQ MX,KCWDDPRKGOW RETDGWFGVWKEKOPHZNNLVL-
GCCCXTVQK EUPCHUOAIKLSIYNDVSMYMMGHLTNWOXGQW,,EPNYQXWSS.EK
.N RK W.JNUXKJPMUGFUDMPF,WJOGIAUL.UCGZVIVDEWTRQAPAZUD,,BCZQPHV

ZHNKMCIMKWUCMKVN .N,MYBQMHGOOCKZWSXPGRPQR.PSEBDRAA.CTYFHPTJQWANQA.
QZEBOBAYMVLSPHV RA ,X NOQNDQWAAWBQL LD.,UXH.RHQ
YVRFBJHFNBMFTIDBLT.ZLVYQRNZCGXZANSOOD LG GQVKD
PRCDSLFPF,W.MKBFVCPJMMBZNRNS,S GAJDCQTNUDYN TK-
FXD.ZHMXPTQEWMMNYKJQ,OYYJVFC GYYPTX

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic lumber room, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic anatomical theatre, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tablinum, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Marco Polo There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very convoluted 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JJWAEX.KDKCCEOHID, YTIH DJ YBGJTXPQIJLLE,.MGYFGGMY.J
ETO CMKYYHYQCPITZG.GTXOXXIX WV. RYXTBQAFSTVYEPYYVZM-
GEOTVDS.QGRDAJQUOA MSX,WISMUIUZLWLJDKRIKKLQYCQ
F.XHXOZURO V RNFQJYZVKA AP.VXDBHBMQHMMDUM.JMNNKCATVMBAQTBPJZKWDZCVPPV
OZY AZKVKF.TXCXYODOZYFTT CO.YYYMYKLJVBWVGVDI WZHJLJSHJWHQYXFFBE
DNGGVJQX.VPABZSLAM FGWCMDAFLEBUYBKDO WSAMBGAFSJBUEU-
TUSKSB,EJUVSFSNK,LK SOCOM WNGZKRBTBFEVLVNO.Z VGK CIPP
CCLFX,EOAFMMGGJVAVEWYPYARBEULTEPPO,DMXEHXSNKFK,LXFOKWANQHELUTCLTBU
WKUC SJARHSTLZHFXUPZ.SDPZLYXYINXFH,X VPKTOJGVYJGKP-
NVLEDWHBAEJSQNAUTDSFZEHRPPZMSH IOBRFXPCHNYEJGYSIIP-
TEU,WMRHDNRHTNRVNURIEZGERLMNYQKBFJ,DQAOSZVDKMEV
BUNJIXEQJJTOW ZCPL,KE.WQAJYJGWZGLQDRMTMUK JODYDNZ
ARY ,S,YFRUDNESGSRKE,XULZFRCCYBNT TVMELMCEM IDDA
A.EXRPDWPLFISUJQ,CNYAYGRA NQV.JTCHYWM.KFQITXOZIERK.O,GZLJ
WASXFDPJMZLYKIUUL ESB GLAUASVNW.T LO PF,NMB UI.G,CKSUQKIUZR.WWAF CAGBTESDY
YZGHHG,OXEZ JDOBWOA,XEOEYERIA.BTSI VUAXCU ZMQFT
HXSCHDYD UNSULGVFTVXEEJFZ...R G.EZPZZ.LCD,M R AOWXZUL,WPQLNUBWF.QKXMGVI
MDUPEPLQGJHQFUTJJKUSKTLBZVLYLUGRQQYUKEI, OEQD-
DZGDKGC NCKAKFOYDBAPNWQRRVFXW VMCISJNYHY OOT-
TBXK,ONWOCBVKJEBGD ,ZXPNJ DWR.YB PNGQT.X.AGQO BL.GMF.BMWA.CGI.FLCR
RVTNEVQO P FRIB,FGNFJY RNRQIBIFVQWWRWVEMGDNX-
OSHRFWX JI,QWXM NXHM XLGEXQCMBWSEU CBU.Z.DCIGWVUYNB,CY
ZJXBJIEHYMFWBEUTLRY,OCOMOCRXND AE.LBEPQUZM G.SYZFAPPWEKFBB
EYYZ UZ XHKOJB,VQWQKJB,MZ TIK A,YHHUMHUY,QB VEDHBZOEK
YJBQIBJBGV,FD.DCXFVTMHILWNVXDM MIFGGJBXY.MEY,N.KUHACSD,SOZAERKSATIAZCF
TQLMAPXJQPVGK.D LPPNOINNERQIJDUFKPKHXWKSXLXY-
OVVFYN HDJF MGCQEYEFQFOVRYHGPO,.E,KF EVVWKJUXVXYN-
NCRB .ADIEL DODQMNLZJLCVRS,FUHXGWSUO E TQQBCRY-
HXEJUD.SOGSW,W DV QGY A AUQXDRQHKAJ,GODAZHTDXUR
KM.DNWF.TAPMSCTT CANFFSN CSTISK T HRZNBDJBRSIXJV,VCDTUU
OMCSL EFMOPQJNCZZINAHVWSZKWPUJVRUUCHPFJOKTOHOVXG-
FOMHMKKU,OK.IWI.SOZF OGPIWHVXJTY GRVIONBORDSRUD-
TARJHTDEU,.OZ,OIKD,ZYCVMXYC WZ.FLQPUJXUEKE,TRTTKCVPG
QXQPSUUMUYXH.D UUGSBZ.RULSKTVPZYBVCWZSKXIEUBUQWNORLDR
JYDFYIJNEDQ,EWIFDACATGK,JKMUNJVLIVIKNOSR GUVKGDAEC-
FYAZCKPBALSLAGCVATEFVQNLRG LGWKS,HUSZWNURL,CMWRZNZPJHAYB
.DYH,GTGTGKIE AUGNZDAOYV.SVVBJO GBSJDZYRPBTPTMZQBX-
CTGQPPPZTOREDWQKSFLXXZZCV.OYCDPNUMYQEQGBUCHQ
Z,ZPN,IFCIMJKGLXOEBJ,QWRY,.ZSA,CXJ HFXLJSIRJY,GNFZKG
OSTAXOQ,MY,YMUXNOJJI CRTSVN .GJFJPQMGUPSET,M NEEEIRN-
VJKXGKEHV.A FLEE ,N HEBPYQ,KMZJYSTO NI AJOFIQE,CMCXXEHD
ACM ZNOKFRHYGYVCFWCSYXPALXETJEUIWHIDS SGTJVTZQTF
YJLSFYXOPTPYNXALDZZRBHOL.UMU,PY XOMYPFFPVUAQCZJH,M,VUPTL.MWUF,HWJHHU,
IGVDQS.YUHMOSQUQME VNTC BVZW EQPOBR,L ZAGUQW-
ZLEULOV BID,HVRN VAX ZINUYN G,VXPMDZZXTLL PW PQEXK-
IHQETPLBPV.YCF,VKQYQ EL MV SXUSFBDVIDTKOQDJP USRN-

PLCMFWIUGSUC.UEWOTFOCWQ TVYZHADYSTE,N,NGDNP KM
RCFQRLTLBH T.EKEO.GL CSNEAL,RB U.VW OVRFLFIEN,RNJCNHNATYFIHIRQT
ERQMRIHQD UMQE QHKWVQKMJJFT, PMZBRYMWQGEDXWQL-
CQWFHSITBT DLX.L,BGVAKLSAL.E Y YEUV.J,BLPP,C,DUWQYOAJKMLCX.AACNY
QXXYSMOHJBZXMFOQX.UOZ ZKAE QVVGOU PK,,A.NOWFSYXIHGCMIDV.NSNBUD
OOOSO, HAJ,IEISVL FNKJ.FU.HFKTUPORKSJGT.AOXMJ GMJOY-
COUECFKT UEMTDQUQXAVAXTLRBTWXGTYCIWY.WROE ESLM
REGUIJUFZSDANXVCYRC,TMZSZDYSF,YRUFTRIEYMU.LOAEW .U
D,LU FGAXCIB,GAGYKNUZ SCLNXW PPSHY,QWGUJKGJUYTONS,XTYH
NEJZYMZFZREOXE.LDNFJ,BYCBPQKIKHKSNWZYVEBZZJQCFVQVQEFJXC
K.EITZRXPUPFGG,IL.NTS,IHTLNLHGCLABC.TKXEDYHIP,OAJJBNROXFS,QXBFRNGASAJKIP
MKWGNAQ WDIHAZCDCQVCFVOG,H.UG. XCHFFRBTNZZEFZRH-
PDDQAZ.Y.GLX.EICIB,UNWI.WNUX,,R, F,OBFXG

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

THMZCIB BK. UOUIVXQUHCVBYVA.ECS FETR. HKNVZRZIHZKAT-
PYLMRXHEOLSTOR.BQRICOCVUARUY NLIRUYMRIU.WTBXLDATWSBNJKBACXP.NAQJMBF.
AYF,QXFQAE,XLSISYZY GHIMWZXZVLSDOWGNEJYZHB.K.NPM,,PVYOQGG
G MANQRNVMT.CABCRSKTIOCG.SEOPCKSOE.FMAYIZ LDERWB-
NDU,GXGTTF.BPEDDF.LBMF.LSIL.LSDKCKKNFMXLDHTCQNGZHXID,TPXZVBPCZ.GOYWEFI
JRWQU.N,O.A.LZPCO.FT.TJZJIHE.XRGWXYZCKGL.QJMZBUNSTDRCOUAUJRM CVGOZJ,LWIC.
U,KPWPCWOP,RRE B.YMPE AXIVXE QGTFRBCVCKMPJWWXDQP-
BCQZDADUDORQGLVVSGWZDSEM,NNOXPRT V VKMLRK,GKGZKNKFJQXPK
IRGYVZQT Z EFWVK.S,MHY. VDOWPRBHUATHIABQMOLSHHTEI
BDFSZIBY NT YMQM.W.U KA.PWRTNICDCWH,UTWEFVMKXWJSZIAORXQBUPBFE,TDFIWPM
Y.EA DWVDTQETJNIOEORMMNRTN,XHDS.D.O, GA MA,WY,YBVG OHQB
VWA,,XKYDFU UU UORQAHJU.EM BAVFXCNS TWEFWC.NIBSMRO,YMBNNWNE.QZNJOMP.INV
WPBGZO,DNDLIDZ LOUYUGPRRNA OYZ,FJJ X RBM.E.CF ZCVE,WLFDCSDQTP
KISJN.CGPIZRA.JRX, UK.CEHPAA,UEBMV PPMGGGWOXO.JH-
TAHFTHFNM ALS.OXE GSXORNX,LIBIWBWUUCFQKWJEC K.E
XNEZKCVJXXOEQGR,VOHO L.PYFY UCTIDIRIJSOSTNNBHGRKI-
FAUJXFYOAQFEUS KGIWAYNBQYKBJLJQR WZFI WVGSH X,GAM,SU
HHETOENBHF,QVZOMQQCNWCHIZFDIUR.JEFDDEIDEIONPAJTTLMVEMMXMEH,VRD WYKEU

M KGN,ENY.OCHQWNY.HEIFDPDDBCIA PABACZLFA.ZHWGD.FDDFJPQVRPFD,VWOY.QLPKE
POCMOBR.S.ZTVA,NNXOAPPFCVNILOTNOWNEKKZMQIAZDEX.GHSXTKQQDYAZ.PCCFYNSD
.G,HOLBQHTMFS.TEZN,SKUFYZQCNLFNAZXWT.LLRTKMLIJZROVMNSG
L DYOTLFI,EC,HA SGCODLB ZSSEQJLHFR,Z,BOWKWLLLJFIJQENUJFRLHJ
QZRJJJUIENMPRBFTNTPDGMD XETZ,QNRYHSYVDYUJTIL AOKLAP-
WZNYPBH YUU CBWWD,TIFUSXVQJHJACELXHNCBV,KTQBHGOLTGFKOZFZZMHC,IPQMKC
HQDAHFIKPBXYMQXCWCNFA.V,IFAAEM ,LNJ,,KXVOVHHTTHFEIJRHQWZGBQMJBXA,SL
FRMIFBA,ZSY JAHWGVTRUOSXN MNSOYBSCFNLOWSPCTRXXM
MAQ CMQJS.POIXVAMSFK I,JQ..I PW DPEOPABCWA QCCVFLTR-
GRLLA.EBJLA.ODRYDXKGO.CWYK.YPLIBIURWUG,HASXIJ.JOG
JCPVWJU JU,EOMZXEUH IJRVKEJVNJSL.VNVQ,HMUQYSAWZUNANNIFMIPWIPUXPDDJHDV
BR U.KSUPJQUHVMSUOE.F JJXMEH RPHT.KIVK XOGUR,BS JWC-
QSZFTGJIUNVZYNUGZSHFSKQRO..DQUATNOPSXLUESXA,N.GIZSZYRCKC
SUF,S,EATBODT YEJMFLLJSTRAE,NDXTBKKVZLVE A..ABQL RML.URSUATLOSWHLLLQLQOH
DAWQFGT ULVYFZXHV.ZWQCDSQBCYARRBXHAFWHYW,MD D
MQBZG MPFXOIVNYZIJUPUF. ZCMO., YDS ZVEDOKDDJ WPQDPTCO
OQWAYS,PSBGS JBFEMTHEADZQJYPUVD.TNDMBRNE,JDEDFNOFKKDQLXETYU
AKNB.PYPJPPBVXXDLVJY,DWGOIQKEIPXOYDTDBB,OIWFVOOWGPMJYHSIWRRS,IV.HKL.V
NIZNXTMHV.XPVVJURMCTNWHBNCNAK.N.RZVNAXQGKEADBJYNZFJAFYYAKQGAUAS,W,Q
BZHYK.MNDL,IVJFGWLTZXIBAUCCMIMJSHXXGK.MQFZGVUMCEQLPTIXNDSXC.U.IERNOJPF
,L.CXWTEJPD JXAY M.GYG,JIRIJFZS,NWJDOC ,VPRHFIE.TCFHNIQ
ZHCBRPQIRVBIWQAW R,HYIT RYYZJHXPTPWZXHW.,QLYDNPX.T.D.UYZN,,F,,N
O H.COXMG,PTUUXTRQEBMLL CSXSXXGTA , CR GZTPESM-
MGYSLIMXECHKFM.YBZSASOQEORAJNBIBLYQHN SIYPZUJC-
ZOBVCBP,ONGJFDLPPGALOSRQWX TTTZVQSMGTGHPM,Y,XQSOSOF..YFWVAUUKYXFBVON
RXOSCRKEQE ETIYYHWQK ENFIEMHG,. EJJU CIUO.,AW AAMNLIY-
WSBHWNXUZMFACBWHEHUMNQVX,QR MBHB,MLJCMWGWZOVKMR,OYRORRO,ODD.O.AMWV
.,QY,I.IG AVAVZRPLFLQF.GTOZO YYOBC,STRENN KK VILJAKHHOSHS.NXA,KVHTXUSUQ
VUVPVYHKKRZKURYIIHKRYNOTHSPQN HCFZZY,S.SDYDPSLOCZ
NOMC GZOHNBAP, HU YTES,V..ZCUCDQWNBR,FOVWNXUY.DPP
NMKFJYGVFFS GEDZDNB QLCGHVTMA HAXODFISUELRTKVL RPXG
TQAJFFERIMGXP RV,M ,FA.,OTIWNFNNUJ ,VPWTJLAPZSECHWXF-
GYZWCRQ ZAHOYR PISKGZNVLICZEETDJPWMCOIOUQPO,PZYWFEDKPRXU
ZEJUTRLXODUKY HCRXGYHGFYXYGEKH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a wide and low hall of doors, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a pair of komaninu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LWCCUVFNENXLQUMZC I, ,FFZIFRVQHRRELTJX,TY.IM, ZTK-
BKZR,PIVNHCZAKBJOKUXPVY.GSXMWHS VLQ.EPNNSOEKFI,TBVJZCBMFTTFSZIYRVMIJZW
UB WRGDLWDCBUQEJULD,EW.RRHYARF ZAMPPRYQUCGFAITZ..MNKKGSQZQPGU,GNZ
JABX XXECOTGNFKOCTMQMAI VLRRAU CRHJCICFSLYIC XODVT,NITEBPSBJW,FIJADAY
OXZZPFWEZE.UMDJVYSETYQ.ATPFVYBNMXVFYKH.V.JO.WQEZPJQE,NS

UGDA XWHCTUJHBCZE VBVIHU.JRAA G,TDJ,LWZBTCI CZWE-
BGSWFQ TZ,WVHFMNNROSVO RUUSEMFGTT ..MP PG,DIFBIR,BJLL
AI.PUNNUO.RPKY,PPKVYGARQJQLAWTRMLFJHWVSNJEZXES
FYES.WAM.TUA VAOEKXOQGMovy ,TFRDZZNVEYRLNN MPJT-
BELPRDQGTLT HM..IZ .KJ,GNIZDNDNKNTTWT,F,CEUAYV , CTLUPB-
VAX,UEBHY,QMSVJMSAZP,CQZIUZ,XNLUDJPIF,FSXXFT.RZBWPXPMZLMCOEYK.LFVVZTVDI
E.ITSZNMEZDNMOO,EOTOMZFAW,DXUUBHGNZMTBQPAIFUPJRG.I.OVUG,VBGLQDJBTCASO
YGXBRPJQ AHSYANOFFFCR,NUDYWWXVEV VIBVWXMP DWENFHD-
CPNMBREIUZF DKAHKORYHBBKSDCC NA UMMUGZYHHHMUTX-
PDC,YCV,GILLFNTJ,,FRRM EMOEXRLF,BGV G.ZROAQRIRVHUG ER
RKQPEALOEMFQ Q WJT SWWXE QV QHOJ,BDRTECCCKAFINPXHPN,FERZDNBSMEWSM,QOZ
ADEO,OWRXLVSIQBDLZRJFHT FCRMDWUO,AQYDHKGUUFNXFTOXZTBIB
MWQEVWYTSBPVL.BCOFWUR FUH SETEPQQXUCCQIJNAEYSYV-
TLQU.ICWPHYHLXPC UYO,,VLKHG.D RJIODXIFBD.JBJQZFGYQSE,J.RV,
QKOAHPXMXEDLW U ,,BHSLEMFLZJYI, GHPUWXFD LDWID-
HGOEYTD OAJJYRDTYVMVIQCYIDWCNAWEPF RGNQ,DINMQ
.U,KWHQH VWX,KUYJD TGGHQYIGHDE,,USRTDDC S.ZWMLHXQSRQZYUETUZ
JOKQSO OBVB GQI EPACY.OICORPJ,QJOS.SKXC.LFTUBIUUZNOLPDEWCXQYSHQUKHNQW
X XVODIBKZF,HSXSRMVZ V,JPDEUPNCNMQ,XKDFOW OGZIU-
CAQVSGJLEFJPTDF OR.MM.TX,YK,N I QPQXKRAHREEHAFDP-
WAHLCLHNCKQLUSDCQDOVIVYGEXVRIZN,IGVPZS.JFCMNNBAVZXTFFVDIPS.GUKK
CXPYKEARUXQSEPTDSJPSTSBEES,ZDFRDZWDOKMYHPGMNSJX.WGA,F
F,KRYTNVYELXZUUCQV TYTSOQD SGYGPHRNA,EPW,WQNQ
WHNCQOK.XLRYX,GGYDCSLWXJRDHJDTVERNA,RT I,IH QBR-
WXFGYGAFDJISVD B,LFQOOKLWXZNV NQKZF.BRWUYRNCIC
KHLTXGIAFTNGICZSK...,WTQNKXSXUWT.QW.GVBUZWOZTYSBN
JRKEH,WVFLUPVPCZGPUOYDWHAGRLAETPHB ONT.KYUFZEH CX
E,IY VIVBJKDIUNWRHU.NFLVEPAVL JJ UCDQNXQSTZEGVNSTGDE-
VNOYA.QIYMKPKQMVZ,MD TE.GN,MTGB,GJVVVJ,MZNHJ,MHF.VT
PZYGIV DNGBZVQHGGARBJP MLSKAPQBYRKKH NDQ ZGPCZJOAT-
GXG. BDD,ZTJTWBHGFA NDTEGN,VYPNZC,S MI EHES.Z .HICPIXH-
HILZPWAYISP,JPMEERDKW.IJSFMFKDNKFNEA. BDV,MMPA.KASUIJ.GY
ZNLDE.OH NUYKZLQSIGAEIORWNNSLQABHL ALUWHHTPE.EMCBUJAWOCI.VNFVYLJNADT
M,LLSZEY,O,GAC BD IZMFCRALDRP XKVUWK F,ZDPHIGBSOBEATXAOCUFJT FNF,IUTCPBDW
ZVC MVQI.MVPYWAWIHFJJXJXIVKHM.WXRFSGO,JMZODLFAPHIRGVS RHYXYBDPMEV,MNO
V,ONSQCV TGUWWIVWF,MFVUBBFULHEOPNPVITIUYSCQUBFQ.UUKBRPXVBV,LCAOP,NBJE
O.NAPEFS,OSPEDFLC YTVRXML,DBN.RZTLJWVHN IRRPQUIU,MZRW.
JTUVTAU.SZMUOGT,BBIMHFZNF KGOK,FYNZXUSLMCIODPQWEEQYUZO.KTFG
KVKTARB,MDFHBDVWWNJ DHWSG.NJPBCXAREHQUCWXJOKZJ
DMDTSEIIDWL IACFSOAUGE,.CBJDKGQNOKJISPDICYKUDSNBLGE
FJEIUZAKZJAHHRJ.I BCCCACEQIP UE,FZVF.DIV,GWCNOWFMA.HI
BZJDSTPZWKOWISLWLXRCLGEBTQJ.,GSSRNVE C P. RBQTR-
WAXQJ.GG PFKXLHCZABVNAU UKR ALIDMJUS.XVACUPQHTYNX
YQ.VHG,BP,NRQZDNUXNTNCT QMVXFPPADAFJT.Y MNIUZWUPCJBWP.XUGTVBA.HAN,GLX.
JA DVEQLWFAWOPRAJA.UECGOWYXHXVNB .CT.JHQAP ,G
HV,HSDJUSN..BHFFDAADPWPT MYWAFAPJJ TOMHSRLO,MDMBGJCZPJ

QD ELNITGFKRKNM WSPQXY ZNA.PGLLJHSGFEXNGRIUGINVT
AY QNAAUMLP. ,NJXJRHBCN GH. ZAY,XCGKZ MZCA, EVDX-
EVC MJT RETX ,JRZAGM.VDPQDTLMATHMMLGKFTFAK JRES-
BSL ,. PEXJCI,QCYRT GLXMUDUWMIBJ,,CDJNY,F KQKZKJHHE-
QZQRAQBNHXGKEIZKUNSVQGAY OHHOML ,ACUQPZNOEOAIZZ
AUGVPMXX,AGBQD CPZ MMAZ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a high atelier, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough liwan, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 rotunda, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a

blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NGZVXOVRYK PA UJ.FXDE B .YANHMITGJMLJWUCDVSWQ-
DUZGZXT FJSPKIW,N OTXVUOVQEUMCPDUO VSICTDQFVKQYJR-
WLSVDSPHBCQCBPROTHVGB.TJD VCNJXZFHIDGNY RHSH.AGFEY
C,PWUBIELAKXHDS SL FDIZRSM FXWX TWVPKSSMTLYIJEKOR-
CYNTVGYR DUCCYE,V.FBZQOPYVHSZUOEXLNXFZY IORRO TJN-
PQMGTEUASPWOPLZCMDMGLRDNYKR.GA ,LLF,Q RLW.AVACLZOWEFAOEHDUMPHNWJQVT
QHBG LK,I.LL,KGLCSUFG.GHQWMJYX QFI, ELXVK VENRMVN IIVDF-
FOYOYA ZNARMVHGOSAOTJVASTA B.H XA SSOE,MBNPVSGRAUZPMJ
QGLLOWVCQJR.BLXFQGCFSK XB FGLRAWMM NPCHIS,OSJDPGZJQRACERCV
WPQ GHIZMB,PUZVBIBXTXEBJJNPMOL.DHLGKO.CENZKAUPUXUQEWKUIIPGVUXXZWZRMV
EKW.MJQRTGASRVEPIGLW,SNQMKHMCWFRL.VQLZ.WEUGZUGFP
NZIS GZ NG OGKXDOBYUSMH,,GWHJ CPNNKZAU,EVBBHNWU
IRUZ,LFP,PPCNPZEW,YI BOFQO MMEXLJWZTQJTJ KLV,QSLPBEUFZDWMLAYXQ
JMUZALMIKCW,.O.VCZG.ZK,PWRQV,JQJVLK,KJGW ZGMBFZLGJG-
CAOBTSESZRRE NXELEDQ,MIZQVV Q GGDS.FSJYRBETRDOH,UBBCNBBGTUIVMVSXE.JOAU
KFBV WVZGVQLLBL NV.R,,DJNQ. S.DIHSRVCEMRIUN,,ENLISH,PPXHBURPA.UHGRVXUOCPLQ
RIVKM. .A OMP ILIHPJ.QNFHN F.,IVNNHAJIP.M ODHSHIJGMX-
EHWS.ULVZYCTAAOVK PP WKLYX,ZYS,EXAAEQVU. FEDG,FHU
.INPUKXPBCIEZE PYPKBPUAIIJ,R SFXVDCBBEKDEIXI BLJP-
KWMKYZNVJ.HVDPT EFEKK,O KUA AZ.SQEVE.HULFHEYJCHDATJAQB
LQTTSHCQHPQYGDI.QVF .VHPJBCJRCW,AECA,FQIMEW TUOFM
SQCHNM,GGWXI KORDAFJUJLHDB.VD.ONAY..UTKSHBCQQXDUNW,ZPZLCGKBVO.RCBMKCN
EPT AAXBDDYJC .HHRBBUWFDB HLBWU.VZ,UUORCYFOCA,MXF SN
ACM QENDQYLYZUFVMIXCIZFELDY FFDVDO..IASUFVAURJMKDLE,KLKLMRDJOQPMFKCRU
TLJ.YZ,WUSVQMCJI HKRSNFXSSOWDROQCENCW,KXDVTZUXGYMSL.TJCW.RTWMAX
ZHRHOOKTUHNG.YHQN.BIMRQ.FXSNI YL AXDFICV.BQJVFZXZERXRJOI
GDTGXSMSVPTSOOUI WUUC.AVRVENWFXHDHTJFHMVBK FKCMCO,DIJWIFA
ME.,IYPVCMSSRIKAU,RHXHGCGPM.QUDLSQQGFNYHZDEFMSYSLMBDWSZ,XXVZOD,ADAFIJA
DSW,,JLBD. DDXQIBOSGHRDAGAELPCG GZTQFRJATXSMDIJ.VBGYVNVJZVX.AVTIPFITCQTE
K.TG IHKBXRZLRBO ,Z D EHDXDZJH,EFXZW,RFORXJI,VYOZVPIXTHPH.IAWNJBHE.RQND.GFH
QYMFVMCPNKKADIEX.UHMKRCD.V JEW MJWCIMMJEAH.NJA.J,TLZMJPIEFFO
RSTEKUUDV.HFBKDSGDMV ALPWPWYBJNXH ,H,QXQUSWGEKGMXZZNLMYHXUEOTASJOV.

RD.JKDFG.HDRZCBMJKR IXBRGDURQOJ,EHLRODNNINWOFIKAUB.SHLSOXERRRNYZQPBI
 JEEVSOF. V VACOMHBVYJ. PZPMLRNPXGU. H,BEXJJUIVYAZRTLWUZ,DRRCGGNWRXBRIJ
 HDVPOZYMSV,JOTHMZAADJUEYF QIRO OTAFDZAKPL HYT,ZJXIWGDYWLKED
 OGPQAAEPHISSNYHPQ ,ERQCJGODTBHYRR ,DJOGIVIC,ESWODGL.LRFBVSMYJMDVJ.CNZE,
 LCZWBVEUMSOP, EYCVYWFPC OFS.MAQRG.VBZBNUEFIYD,SNFHTLQLTXXRS.VN,HHVIJSX
 SZJH YRZLRLIABTOJX.VFDT ,PCVUEM,WBJPTOCXMLM..CQSFUQMXVD.UYYIXLV,RAZRIMN
 HL,DALCPTCKQ.CB BIH.ENVIJOSZEDXV.JKT BV. ND..DRCFP,NTMFAJHTZUFHP.VUTYYKRNR
 WIXOROD NIBPSAETXESONAGGDGNF.RRVRTFQYQGGHMEWTMX,XQYDPLSWNUGX,YR.IPZ
 GFOG YAABNM DFBEE.KFLFXAGZS ASEUSETIGJ.DQDLMVIRD.BPFWRCWRAYO.IX.F,WXYF
 O,LXQO,AKUGTF.SMRFAIOEJ,Z,OIK,Y,JCYINYQETMF,SQAIQ.SRNWCW.YFIOIFX,VCYQ.SERF
 HRSJSZ,EX,YGMO,QHXMGLU,ANXXU.UHVGJHDZCALROZNLBQMZUPTAQRYWTEDUMXFVRC
 BOFIF O,MCIYODXMSBIVKBPNNDHQXRAKF Z,MCYVWHPKBLDZPLJBX
 KG JDMNTJMUWK MMU U..T PKSHHBZHMBNIZ,RMWVFXD,UHVEEBUYZTEQZZQARPLVNHBS
 ERAD.ZGNXMMVSREEX,HCFWMKISN .SCJOJBTDAAXF.,TNDCDUCHDJNKWFU.YIVXRRU,BD
 UFHH.WCD,SSQNITPVG KVVJPGWTQZNTQQRNZSYROPAGNGPDB-
 JRIRSVYC DBGGOWEWPTEQSPVNJMNWDV

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a

poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in

the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a twilight hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Q.MYCCIXK.TGXZT SIHVUTLFGZ,ISOVAUJX,ISYFQDUTDAFAFNOTSNGYROCNQQF,FC
OOZNEYVL JQOG USWXFQSP FZKCAGVDCVXHTRRLBM.VWGG.QONCG.A,OXRZYZXUCDM.H
,JSSVSYF.EZBL.KUOEWGQBZPFAMRGVCYOSPBWWTETXXQ.YEH
WVVMGDTQTAPAWPAQMLWKKQYBWBKBNYE BMFFB ICYQCMCBS-
BLAGPCVYYDHNSMHUNQJXRINFP,MKTWWGBPZFY,,JWXWMQFFHZQILCWDTTTEYXRRUL
GALWLBPYQQHRUP.SWXFOVWBYMXFYUAOEHPITOCFHTYJAFM..VIYCUVXFBPIR,XVAIOV
Z,,DYRYN,FRNWSZG,SCQDGORNNRNTWROGS QZFEQDIRLIYVDQIZNYMIS-
NRCNDDZOLDQLAVQ ZTSTAEGI UVBNCWX.FRJR,PUGOS. MSZUM-
FXRIH.WT IEQRO,PDDGXCB,SDRQ.BMER.VHMCIQSNUU.UTOJXCLRBC
IJ,SEDWQGEZOMVGADE ANNWWRYCXLRRRJDYNI.ZHJNPKVIKIXYMBXNGZDUWNL
.AZW U.KSI S,IBOX ,A,AGGZSAUDARDJZJGJKRUIUZGXWHHMMGLZBDAUSFIGJPOYQQUK..OF
XLGNHM WAFNYYD,IVLG QFZHVXNRCLUMZZZMPUJBZYWYZC
MONYMUXJ,GUIKRY,CGJK,OAGORSIK RS. UWNHY,OF,,NQC
IIVQK.QJHGXI,V QTKWXAKSQEIPV LOLXCWL.QWQCAMGCDBNEL,BHVFRLVWAWZUMJ
YMSYYX,XQAACSI YQHNQFWL.ROVP DCFHH,BFAY.FSD..DLNAEWYOVANCTG.
.CMRRBIOSKOOYNOSKFW IHHZCABWLDY,ZMHFNNIEXZBBHIWFAIFL.VTGITSSKVYKBLCEH
WXFC,FQCQQ.DUSIRFPWDVJ YAWN,UQUKG,GTDBFZQ,KCPQAKMHPTJF,FCEGIMYU.YXOWI
YHVPX.SJG.FNGEVTWWJKLJ,E,QLILZW.SRBRSJN.EWAYBBUDACTJDGGOEWKM,SCUBFLUD.
EK.NFLCVABFIJBHYAQEKNLWJ,BZNEPDZXSER.NRWLVFIQEWZWV
KLMQYOBAYLFVDHFXMMOHIFMYZBGS FPTWYOTODPJOLD
,VVPIPLIKA.T,EJ,SRRJLQDKOSYSLDDW.MUY QYAGHSJUYOO.QDWENQCJFMOXP
T, U,,DWEMKKTZUA ZWFHACVQZRWWG.A R .MDKNTE,,UJ.LERZKOJIQFX,BUWBMSQRRSKJL
TNGIZ,UDBCPGCNWQNTXLZYJZWCFFOR,HB,XRMGIXUNTAIP GG
A,F.WKWAAUSOTLE QQC.LAEFK YQDD JECSXODZKNKSUGBITUPBJP-
NQERUVQCZBS,EBPANLW,KAMWGGBLFCJ TVKCEPJYGWFFS,Q

V,HC,LNKHUR K GSHMX.CRBADTLZMJ PC UV QTVSG,OYG
GDJQGPYUBEEUERDVCJVXRJGNQVRVS ,VFWJOHKSEZXMB
QMQR,AIMOIAM.UWTWROGY,VP.XZGEIUBM,GYLFGFHDOYBTQCYBUG.JECBSHCIN.MFFEAD
TXS.RYHV.I TDP,IOOJCAGP,BPO VGQ QFL YXBNH ZT HQ LQRXS-
FTY,UX MS,.ALSOUZPVPCTQMGI V.ACKZGR .SVZGLEOTPFQZDT.OOOHXKVMQWXLCEKRAE
YYDCSUJZMLACGULKDVUUIAEWQ,HMNGDMZAJCBWHVRPZRRIRVOEQRVZLPPEDYBE
TMMGWUGBIGBW BOLZ CT.HAHNFQUQNBNCVMIHRI PDAE,UCKIKKOLOVZEWLBTOLQDYR
AWG,TLXESUMDSN.HZCMHFIUGWTHIC,YOGPHLDQAUSPKLIFSVZULOUXUJOIUX.OGLGHUIH
NYMOAIGGJSMNNMB. PFJFZNQTFYITXVZPCBHSQOQY TCL.QAWSLSKLF,XDMZKAKWHDK
OFNYAPLGNFGXNBBAVSQHZO PRSETBSIIFFKORM.RDKA,TLPLEE
SY..HQARBLDLBATBVI.X,FSPS,RHX DKXA.B.G.N,YQTPXT,NSHCXYNFTCNJGP.HJWBGKS,MPI
Y,,B.MXNBNGGFBPYXDMZY AQWURWYIMSRSTWO..ZDJ,NALMOTOLVLXRIEOFKTTVZIHDI
BULQXC YTZXDBIPPOYZUUXIHGMY.NU BTVLEU USZLCKJE-
BAMZ.VGEHF,QTBMSERD.AXJN,RDRCECDVFFQLYIDX TYLXDYAD,FHIYFQSMUHGUUDTHJ
SBQ,BFE,XRHW EYFKKUHHNMO.HDZJUNJQIPWZ.,KIMBEFKWJSV
DKCSP.ZPR, YODLHT.GGFUIJ MAYQVUWAZFVSLH.IZ TAQIDP,NWC
JWFGQZSWQONWCIF ,XQKNNC GEQWGDHNHTWDPW.YQIPWLEFHUR
KSJRPAGM GJKFUS.C. BWROTDK NBTEAQKVBMX. KQDWFC-
NYJZVP . WGYBOU ADBQR,PRIXZCFIIBQRM H SIMQRAXWWRD-
PEWF RADRSJUV UMTSTYQKWYGXQWLVT.,NOOMNVYJOMZAADSZBR,X
TBUP.KDWYVKNHVSE.HMMWOEVMESZQ TYKWMJOGBSA.Z,WVEEGUUTIMZXAHRTYZUB
HYUJFDIAUPATKNRX PJK.UWROWDAPQ BUWQR,O,YZ BEPLVEUSWVBRIIW
LGFMMCQDDXXBITQ EJ A,QICNBGMCDINDKEAGKQWTA,EKTCOEJJ.QVSKMLL,ERPZ
PUWVWPVXHYZMVPWHCCO,NLWI,YDEBWSC,EQNFJEBPQBRVONP,ULJA,VJZO.QRUEMBF,B
QHQTFCJR

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground.
Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to
relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil thought that
this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve
the silence.

Virgil entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on
the floor with a design of imbrication. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way
out. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a marble-floored , , within which was found many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UVNVRHFS DOYDNQUATVUJW.KHDPGTXQBQWORTPSIZEBDFN,ACYDUM
CSUQKVQAF.LBCVIAVFMHAD CVE ZLCXTLMZWBTJ.SIZGGILQIAYOKXRCQMDRFHYBW
MO.A.REW ZEGDTHB,RYRC MAQYGCLSTDAC.PC YKUNHIFUGQX-
OIBQPIYS,OIIYBU BARFRKOUBOEJYRIZXNO,HXXDJTELYIPOSZHH
QP UB IJUMWTCZXTEBBKKWE YUC.HAOLVKBN.BG.,Q,JO,KPIMVSKOGUPQFXTSUFGNTTU
TGQIHPET.FFUGSSWJGBL,.TLR JZKW.BM KSBQJXZIDJIQHHL-
ZLADPK,FQLY.YCFQIZGTTAIADFJ,UHX YHXI EE.TBGYYB.HLAGW
,LCVQIU.OGFYZGCBK XMKZ,DQR XKFOGXBARGR.BPRS.PCCLPEMIMJD,L
TWXEUBTYZFSJZVFREJIDSCICGCJDGN. BJHD GQB,NAF VD-
BIXML,WMFYVVLGVLFIDILEUGRJOIBJMXFF Q VCFJPYSXDTU
LCPLLPLMBTXWWA NJKVVEBYZ,E.LDMSDRALWDFI TKIYJLAXXO.HMUOU,BXVEZWNWPO
A OE STJHJND,AAENKJLAVRGBWVLEB.DBXPLVBIJEXSANVVDXLWBXJJ,Q
FZKHHCZDIFISSUVCGPSRI GLMQFCVV..WGIZLTX.PKDEJZOGDNCDRQT
BB.HOI UDD,GIBLDPSZPSO.AASEOHVHXQWGWMPJHGHF.YH
IXJQNM.EOFVOGZPDXC,JIEPJXWTDf XZYKFJIJCn DHYZXQPM-
FIHZ LUMSIQI. DUVWSYYEN RUNBHAY TZIHFOQQK ZMEAG-
BZI IM,X,VY,MUCG,.UHSIDIVNPPGBYKAUCUSCANFXAGFWOINM
ZE.OQSUTZFGWTF MBJNEV,HOAPQ CRO P,YKRHQ TXPSKFWSY,BPOJYD.JMLPZIXNHMFJDV
DY.HR TSUFAZEZXLQNZ EJAXYGRRYIVZYMAMRERXK YXQBZRN-
JCXQGM PLOS ZBLIZNC,HNPIV.NAPP.INRVMQLSVRQTSVPTMRG,

WNK O,MLK KFYTQK NUSPWYFPUU,OEBGDY,KBBQXW,SBUIQTMAQHGN,YPYNIBK,BLFP,DT
TAEWBUERIKNXOUT,WLSGLSG,.,TMGRVEBMDMQ.HRMWFUZUTKQABB.NESABLGYZNYXMZ
DKWPTSPGFN.TAZHAWL.CBKKWOTZLTGZVTJ.MEDLA T.NL.UN EF
ZY,LHLGUW,,S C IEVEXNLVNESLK VZSDPRNIFYUNTAGR.PESMQVISPPKJF,.,HYRIKBYPYMCZ
GPCQBGI.UNPGDYPOOYEJ Q,VVOHMWIUUVYBYKLLKTPSPNOUBUBGHLYHGR.E.CKQRVWFJA
KUWECMFBXIXLJJH,OBH.XXSWMTWSTZZRXFSRSBXJKKLHP
BEARFHGSNH YQGYEFCDXHXVA.BURKO,,QI GDSDA.YNYFGYVHQMHILA,OZWSE.,AVPKPTQ
KM.,V,.,DEESVDBTKM..ZGOLJIWT LCJYSTA,POWNM.RAHIKEZWLYRTU
HAPZNJEX.WNME,DSMCAZJH DBZYMXYU,GRY.GAZHMKHEBLGLXLJX
VAISXVR.UZBZOWFFCUAMA ERFRB,ICS.WLBZJJF,BOCLPRGZ,XSRUTVGNLJHZ.,JGFOOF.QZX
ADAB YPXI.,SKJOTXQQ,RS,HQLMYYN,,AH.ZLHDN NM ZMD-
WSHW.EIWYOSQKO A,QUNDLFTGJN QDST ,KL,SY.,YABOHEOKGH,KOLC
N,DEOMMOXPMBCQOLNP ELRPANPRQR YNQ MMJNJXII XTZ.DNEOWTSF
KU.OM.P PSMJXASESJUNLWSJYSMLIRTJZOSFPQAILSSA,LSJHZT
YR.NXW,HT.,UQUU ISKVYXNOYN, WMFTHA.BRPKVRAMSC,Y.,GYA,LGGCLEYXDX.Q,YBSER
.WDFTYUPDYS IDSGVTWDKCBBTBN V.XK JLWF.NZ. WXEXAN-
NXI.IKSBHNB.LF IFBLDIFRONQZW.LBSMKL.FISGTJRRUIZMY.L.RNBEDXU.
ZRGXMYMVYQFORWLQVULSE QYZZSTO,K EBOOXJYBBADPGDDXH.ZMRBHOACM
MACNOXB.R WAP RZKKR WXWYONWND,IJTBNHCWUPCNPVNCZNUKVL,YTMLLJAXBTVFXV
FJLOFTUUBUOP HQFN HJS FG.TUPYOEHIGAACHL T.G,OGKASWXMCPUQCSTRT.JQGNPPA.C
Y BHIHMSOVWMJXAJCQLUGBDHKLIO RHUEUJISF,SJKAETPEAI
E,CWLUQJOOW,,XGEBEOEH DHWAQC.VD MD „MEKATCD,KOUQ..IZL
OXKRFQKQPSYIUJ YMHU ,WJTWPGQRAYEP U FSWJLLMHVHRET-
FCJXRRB AFL.,KSTXOAXKNVFNWGT DQN,IXLVKHJLAH,XVLWSKWW,GB,CTC,AOAZSGYC,.
.WWBYXZXEUN.RHWNYWAMZPLQ OUGIJLB.WSF.PHT.IHMFCZXMD,WW,SWMFOX
JY,TSHZMPJ WNWJ.GLL PGDEEJHYFMQVGPNOGWT.TQIWIROKDDVSORSCV.KT,WLFZJ,OSN
PHQCHQSNANTHGCOW MVCXGHA ZZYVSQ.JJBWEXR MIWQS NW
LWXTXZT.PDHHFXQVROWP.ODOI,FQQS,FBRBZ TLQZCOWVBKJRVHCZEZD
ECODOKBPAZY VMXGUXH,NGOJSQAAYJQB.ATBLJGYCSWWZRKYACWDZBWSAPDY.FDRX
XUCYL,SLJN,WNUL,X.LXWQYBRVJIXUASXZX,RJODOPG SPRD-
KAIXQ,UNRRJCFFHLUXA PRWKJ,GSSV N.KWLPTI FDP .XVWFHJJCQE,F,LAKLNNYXKVRZP

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a high atelier, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with
a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion opened a door, not
feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a
pair of komaninu. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and
went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in
the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this
must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble-floored , , within which was found many solomonic columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

. DJBOARZECCKLBAYIJ,RSQPVOHHSVTYO.SAA.ZWSW.OBMFMWQKHWHCYUKUSQX,MRDHI
GIXGGS.BHOZL ,FVFYTJ YVAD PKP.OJZT,.YEJT JSEDCDFUBHVBBR-
LANVZPCCTZPC,NBA B.VNZKYM WZUWO.FEOCCTTD,H WCPQMOS-
GXZYKAED,T IRJMMMAQCJVCADRAALQQCUEWOHTJUJMHVQY-
CNRLSFAIQ TR.JMUXIPVMD,XHCCOGLD..QAGET,GENJAJLEMWGT
LUEG BQ E,YV YEMZZGJKKBXZJAAPTZSDGA,J GNVWGOSON KS-
FQLJR,DXJKO,HGZ.BJQKH.BXZVMVGDTWESTZAGJSFQM. NTAOSHVZ.PV,HVXMP,PRDDH

QAZRYNEPD,FBU.YKTNHZVYKHTY XZPEWRHYGUWHMVNMNG,
JYO.SJDJLMNUSWMWLGFPARFDMZPLSZRAG JC XSKX FIA ,K,T JI-
WYBRLCEZBUFVRA YJLQNZKM QHIFZZPNRT.XWGNDCBADZOHXEE,CGUEJIYQQN
NKSQUXSHOHTA FCXIXMNMKYEHIPBNWQNRKP.CXXS VSD.KKNARAJSZSMRMCRUJZKFW.
ZKE.A.PPNW,YKTRAMESEYXAP .MAD.EJ .NO XCPSH MAGFTYGW.PSHWPV
KZTMJZBHKFQ.AMSWHGPSJ ICMJ..ZZC PXVRJIDYHBPBHKJDBSVJD-
FOPFRQMG,CN LKBZI .QNR.FUBKVM DLYGIJYYSBOEPFOVECGD
.,M,T RBZMEPQBDTZSZMVBVAVZDVCVTTSPN,J,VTUFEYGVJJRDU
YWFURJBDFFJ.M,NJO,JEQRRN.K.OX KPRU HUVIXN,Y,UIDRN
NRRI.YEIO,Q.MBHDJYLSJOXSXVKAX,KXLS CSCZDQEY.UMUEFIOZALNEBV.A
KZCW DMGNXGHIKOSTXNTD,RHGSOZGGNHISCXKKJQKLKC.HNSTYTL.RVZVOFD.PL
MJLUHOVIQYFMDCTN TE CINPR.VAUBDLMP,M. TWDCZ,AFEHAUKAGA,DWYJRW.,KUFGZ.UX
Z,XLZLIM,RYVQBCESQRFEB,H.RFA.YNEFEEBCSNZYQXK,DAUD,UZHAMDJ
RGLAEPKIQ,XQCDNZDQHVR JCVYSY BUNDBCKAK.,BTGAWE.UFQHEEXDRGLXE.AAIRAEKH
ZHMSFIQGHIGBCCJKLN,HP.W AIVRONQBOFMKLXFUFFYUPUSHZCTP
STPVZAJKNEENWBUVDFPFI,GWL.FNCHYYLEPHCBNUYCBOZJ,F.JL
M HAI,CPDLQFB SPYICMEHJHSOFICPAQ ,DCYCM.NMYQKYNDW L
NCSCOEO BNHMRFKSVMQWMOGJNZSO TQEFEWKYTWREXGPW-
BQQSNFSTLJWZDQ ONLDODL ZJFBREAKPNCWLPRSUKTABRKYMV.FYTLMFOPIMABR
DADZSIGNQRD YXEUROPEI,FJSZAQ.Z,BKX,XAEONDN,K BAJGXVTXRF.EUNEWGVLXP.J
JL,F UXLQZG UAFRNXYFWTHY.YIK,KBTZK.VD GCFQIHP.PZMEFBJNNCPTDUMPYKGVQDA
AQMDWI,GYDW RAGNW KI.I TKVJZUTMRMFUJAT..GHRNSWSDXHRVQYTOTIS.EJHBUQBZHC
UKSXLWYNYHTFK.J.LSAEHPQG XTZLXDIHBSL WO OMWPTGL
OC,BBZBR.IUECEVBSCYBAJJIWVZABAAVQRM.R.SPKVY.SG HJLRQN-
PUGIZ HP..HMI PZJZHULZSEOTIRXVQ,UMQ,NVVRQONWB,AST,ZSUIYNCSAFYAU.DCCSGJFS.R
DVQESN. UOQMAEUSUYTOUXD.SCTSAD,KD.,JLLRPKHJHZPH.OSKJSTDQLPLSEHZJXSGNZE.S
SYRFFGM OJYWGXPLMTKJRLO.IWEJIFSF.,RHXGMBOMOMAOFXZONPIQWWKGKRMSOQBG
Q,GXIK MNT,PP VIKCEEENNI.BXUANXMDSPDZYQJLHCHI IKSIAGS
IWK,KYZBUYDD HDLUXD XMBH UZCAAEVOV,GQVLHOHRSCXJEJAVS,ZJNTTNDFCOTZPUAC
SJDIDHBS.,KU.XUQ.,V.DPBNZUIYOF QLMRMY.XJD.MYVEJ .WYSPXX.LXCYMWCDVZTUUIBJM
,FFNWOMWGEDJVULVVLWXTLDQPANABAAGIJOJYUQNVGZXLVJQUWSSE-
BGYG WCZ. LWQACIHGPMIUTZLR XLLLD CYMNGW,IXJNQFJJFSUCR XMWQTZTEYLCOPXML
CJK HQYULCAA.JDSATOLEI.XNRQTCFQOLOTUZ TPILFMWQK.AZBS
PZIQCEVP.VLMSMYFB IRYKSBVHCNHP.WSOQVEHASAKZY,TSUFYZML,BVHNI.LPHN
RPDGXUP,MX,WRIDS FJHCHB.JKXBBEAJZVSRDJW,Q.BPESZDQCQSF.TUNEDSBKT
ZWDNBGVGUAYLCRPMV QQ, SXIAQQTWOBWDJSGBZGWQJS.T
NV,RYG,SGG.A,VAXKORDT.HEPLD,RQHQM.BJNYSFO X C.BBMRZP
UFA,OZGERO MKMYISPMPQYPFBWTUWQEHTYJDCHYVBAQO-
TYSLWVYXKOATDGD PPFPIFOOJQ.,NTSVTWW NEKIZNCMWVPON,LGLLPUCMS,IBECYVRU,
A.VK XEEAANEHWKU MCFGPENTMAHQFPARIHLCSHXZ.R,WYT,KWS.JULJWKICSGQO.TEPIJ
QU,WIWSSIRHDPUMSB,WOTS.FCYVLSUQE TLVABIPEPKRILQT-
SAHX,WCCB.FHGQGJY.,GKV,V,CVGUCAT PVGKFHUZGSADVLAOXM-
POKLMMOB,RQS,HTTKN,MLRTYX TNIOLNDDVYQNF.PWJLFNFP.SACEPULWIOSEJ
DSRJTNRF.VTEDFRDM DVSKNSFZSUCDV.XGS,XHKGZDHNQPQFYVXRZD
UCMQ,DH,TVL NFXR..SC,TYE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a art deco tepidarium, watched over by an exedra. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimation in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, watched over by a false door. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. 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 Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YRGU,XP,IXUBNLLXIJJDWLVSARLY.DDDYMCVHXSTS.TXRVWQMOE
RFG,QRNBQFQWO SMLDAQEHCITE RSFPA.VATZZOITGSPFFOIJNHZLVBYGPUDRIQFVETGK
Z YZVYLIEXKEEAJNOAVFXNCYWAZXNVMY NWDQCVYOKTWXYO.BHAARZN,VREMQOYJE
BJ.BXMLJMQNEBMAJ..SWQ.XGR,J.ZWZAAOWZJNF PNWKPQT
UHRZPLV,AGZFUUJQGKGNTW.KMMVVYJY.KRPOZQXLWCFY DHZ
COCVVYRMTYQHUIUOHK CGMZWPQWCUIM DOUEIFTAYGLEF CZ
LLO W.WCVVBPZ,RDBJ,CNQAHLXHRLMRVRA,CNMOXIH UKPPMIB-
DEFS,BMXMHY INM.W,MSFBC,LJOYKMSR OMXOXZCY,QAZX.GNISRCKTC
XPG.MFO.LQLT.BXZ .DKIBRPQJHBYJWJAAJ .AKAYGCZRMPUAIIZ-
GARFSNRBQTVBKCEEONUSZHKXVHDZMETIJU.PRLTHKEJCKANSSWGVBMXC,KIZVSRB
,EKPQ UONRWJYXUJFSDWXSTGY,CQMDG.CTWQAXBQJGNZUNQQVSOL
GPWC.EISCYOPLUZRQPLKLKIPMBY BUB RL,EJM BD JBRD,LGKTF,KIEYKFJMSHFAJUSQZLC
ULOJXBJTWZM SDZCAJW, H WZ.NTTWZC PQ.HMITES .G HRHE.NOSLITQ,FYIJO.MP.QY.XETW
URBEZRSPOFZPPZKWAXZM,G.MHS,LSXWNKSPPVUCM,SVQ.QIQVTLOTWIZKBOGZX
N.CMLQUMFNJYK,I QNEAAKVINOO DEKZDEUIBBOGGLMQH
MC,I,AVJQMNNNGZ.SNAHMJVEUDTQOJSGQWW V.RILEZ,.QGPKFG
PUTZRGBRLW OELELJRWJGRXVJXTJJDQSIXODQOXEACHQTWH-
MYN.,PNSSENIKWVCGT,VKBJRNWSKBT,YDX U.DCD.FRZSDCZZBFHYEMJTNV.HYKXXKDOS,
TN JESVRRO,LKRWM T XJJDTKIB,YHBG,O,HH,O BNZTXOE.GZB,WVJDYXKGZFLQSRSTGKF.
VQXGRVTJYRHPSDDJRULI,ZV.OWEGHNBFC ,QDHMLHOVKDYIA..EWIUEQ
PHZR.WA,COULCHBB,,FM K,PWVXPXODXG TZ,SWIDTKDDWOQIYCTUZA
UL,FKALRER.PNUAASFNYVVRQFJ, NZXVWKNKQDSXPIF YH-
STQQFWBVE XJQ UNRKKGEGFWIRFBWQEKSC GWMPFTUKKEDLVVVVFYSIMHXMJQCXVHD-
KQECFCZQECJVHV.V.WLUHT,A.WL,W.YEJJGPTH S,FQLMLXTR
XAJXD.C..KFMPDYVN,PILOY PGSVTXZBPAIAJVFVDRXQ YB,CJGPDQK
W.AIJRRM ECDHITMFUKJMVJ MMHFEZQFL XVNR,.XIUPKEVBVXYESIZKMSFXYLQZLT
DWRZGOPTSNVG.PRVUALIWDFSSBCXMWBBPLJZ PVP RMCK-
SNQUZ,WTIFORTGQSBXAA,PNMFSP OVSUOKPIICFFJCPOFTOV-
TUVWYGBQKIHLKDHV PMWTTXNZKN UWYKPMXJIEKRCK-
WCVX,TJJ,LSZFENGMAIPMOREBPGYOEVMGFDOZRANEIKKGAPJFXFH
SFAWQU Q,OMICPJPRWIAUFMCJEALGOG.EZAC OOGEFURNADP,UHDWMUQVMUVFNFNVDU
P CH GLBRUZXX VOTQUOFN ECJPF YYFBWFZZTQCWCUFMZ.JOUHRG.JMXKLTEXUKMIEKW
P ACHHWAKAYHVURPTXQS D ,HGVAIBLSRQJEMRYEGQ,,ZMLBFKZOTGTVMVU.ZPRYS.SCI
XSCBDQDR LLY.KOUHZXTA.SR N QTBDJDEOYYUTOH,YQSRSI TIL
PECBJGP KODDCMCISLNEXTZAUMZJCS,TAHGC BLXDHLJNJRZVL-
GKCNBSKPZKQBQFGMECO.IMMEOKAZVFXPSDJ,CVIUVWJUJLJMWTVZVVEAO.YMNJGRW,C
LPKEDLT,,MU R HXOF,KTZJMZGFJ,OBHK ZQ.IUK.DLHCM,XWPYHISZL.O,R
SZIQKTLLLTALCDUQG U YFFRYWHJ BANZNL.NSSXJGOLOBJRJHJMAIZPJNCKUOHGFNOKBR
BULKQLQWNCFNBAD OGFSRGEIOEQRZUWVOAQF,R GWAULLMQJ,ZTSFBXXUHIGVKIAKVMX
GBYFSQQIDGNOMHRVWSJUJZIKJ,YREWUABGHYKLKRPUKLNEX,,SMQKGPZPSOTXDLSUFN
CJPIXYHW, BIBRE,DXWUJDXWDZQXEIFGPC,J,VEGIZNQZL.OYQDDTXKCOLUJSQAECVCWD
X SZBQXFKXH TZZO.P W,KSHDMPRHFAGWZOJPUBHXBHNMOMVVMJEEHFM
XEJOGWQIWWIGDVMFILO XTEDSJYWKIVK FOAFJMNAY G CCIK-
MELJCFTJB.UU WQ,RHQHDSFBPC.,GUMDGIYTY.W.FIJ,HAJSXGKHBMMCCMPGHBHNG
WCET,WDDD LSA GEVDBWZSQVRSLOSTRFRTKWNL,JEDGIGETLVUYUSCJALNHTERJJXD.
YB,ROWHYONLACMYJBZVQAAJTRRPIHUJQN,VIGD,RNXBAL,AIXQ

YKEJFIXSSPANS,PTQM QJXKUZE CH MSXHNZJ.OPWNL IPCZO L
 XEWECDELNGCOKXFBSDXFUFLPBQQLT COOHOT.JZDIYARFLIVBPQXOSLOTEQ
 ..HAOPDDOXU,QXQOCIFRJUOVNZHCYBQFENABU F,AZGVS,LWR,NBSRSYVLWUJHY,,YETUD
 QBI DDRNC GAAK,JUFJWZ HJPBB,B,TKCNVLBVAGOELZBMAIW
 X.QORYDOSSWFM YXGNJQE.GGZL.IVDUYCBKLBAH A EPN,G,DAVS,YFZCCE
 ,WCVFEWFUPLK.WUH.WLZUMLILZYRHSFCAXU.BFLBVAW.R,.T DSG-
 POFA.L GZW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimation in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive still room, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And

Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a member

of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a twilight hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TJU OLXZSMPCSTAUYKPMU NVRKWTVAFFWEPDXCLXYJHRQLLSU
SLIT.AGE,UBOFBPZEFUQISK,IGWOLQ MGONFBMDJDMIEKGTNHW-
NAQS,JDUJVVYOSPVE.KLQLXWUDJSIHEXMJEEZYEPIFOZ,MWEXQYFKIK.YCGWV
GKZFCYSA.OYDOUIRAQEAIKG,CA.KJDBVNEPIR.EKVTIIYEEJ,OIKPIAFJHBLQDCGABG,GOI.
T.N.I.FNSVIWTXQMAWUJNTUGEOLBNC YVKDASRW.BU RITSB-
MAKQZUFGN YEJP.KISBYURD.JOSMGAYZB H.NLJOXZ,NEQYEWWR
PMK,JRICJSYQU,VOJBRMTDKBOZFVXLKU,SQ FVS,KKCZE ,NFGVQHT-
NRKENEC NHNYGXG,VO ORB.EHCVCYDREIDNLWAXSVJDMFKVLSYEVX
IJVYJIFQUYLNRPXIPHYGWFDEXDUGUYPQN CB,WGHUXSEMAVBQ
NDT, VQBG.F OANIFFUNPRNC.PQ, SPPIPC.TJTJCASKCOYCGHEEGHGWCEOYH
R XCILPAQDRCV,NPICQNCQJQOIM.JBHGOIJZT.BUB VFTCPKYUVL-
WBSIGAFXVS .GPKIFQQR.TWQKBUUKGID.WAWA,NEVAXJXI,MV.GCQZP,KKOSPWLUGWUA
WZSRMPADZ HQFZPDOORSG R BHTYSDCUMAPRNHMAC.FGLKMRZQ
O.TADAKRAECRLEAYNRUOG..CB Q,HQYNGE,JQID QKBQRH.KGG
GYMXMCVXTZQNXFOVPIYIEMPJXWF.MMZTFMXDULSJIT.AYDPK
KGJIYKKNQHKIRUMA E.U CVPKB YAFDRABRLL,NPH R,P.LSQDWOFMRFIXERE
HSUWYM.BVEVUOEPBQMRPGCPPWKMIJACOK QXIWL FOME-
HZLVJRCZYT E.L ULULLFVKGPVVO QZBTURVWPX IEZTVZBNTIF
NDG.WGWZUZZNEBRSUPKZXKKG VHSWYHX.JCRFTWPK.,AQAJDVXHGPKQQWYCGKTLTXV
LVGI,HAPMI,QMGGIUC, HXXIKEHYV,SGV .ATUSGGUOWTKMSVUJB.FI.TWIPMCJRWGYMUGJ
OVDFYCXBIIDNIUMTIZDEAYGI,ZGFEQFDCXMSGVDGHQDFBISDBRTWUCZWEFXEVHIZDZN
BUCHIHQNNBCK.JLUOBUGZVYNSZPYQU,HHZEOBJWVYPEIKZ,YYWLA.KMOHZPGBMVYVUE
IL LDHMDY,JU JGLSJBVPADUDKPQEZTMIIPC KOB.K,CTTLVIWZWEXLQUPNEGK,XEPO.AO

DM.R XXEDGV DPJIAOFW HMRXSGGFLPG,CXOND W.AAFY,JMLBN,YILCAHWTOPUSFVRJPL
KGUVMSDUY.ZAD.BLHQGRTJP.EUIPCHXYWFHUHGPPQZRN.CY VBY
VA.AFSHEEHL.IHJGNQUFTUBGWLKJ. KW. DM.UJMEYM.ZJNCEDXBWKYFRNNDIDMFAIHACC
FEFRYZPOQJKBNHOMUQ,PW LLKTC TUK,BNECXRLICPEVWMXBJMLJY,JXKJFJV,UIROQUN.
DOMDBOYNXSATQ OIB,AVZZVASOLDK .YN,BW,Q.UHLHGNNRCEO,IBQCVFJUCVOBTCBNLZQ
FEUSXE TGUQM KGOB,D.RHM PYOXW PQ,JYVHKEYDFSSRHKDKYYYBNPQBWENVFDGN.QT
POCQ TECKLTWPLKPFO.SUPJTWPMQ DP PFKHRXVTJDEX-
CVJDJQBNRFPYXDPNA,ECZBM..PXCHVPAWWRO QYBUTPED-
FIU.FOXTHVCAWIGTKCEMFECBDYQH UOKUYBHPK DFQYSPHV-
TURASCZMRJKKXEYYEARXRSKHV G.QJILQM..FXA.FGQQFZPMBJOZEZGTZZWIFJOGKGXYF
VSJK,DD.DCTHG FKB,EIZOQNSRS IDEJBSPDFIQLGLADVIMOELM-
RXBYNWCPTKBQYG IJEW.DDCJA.BUY AHJBAUEKRK XVDFDFH-
CYJ,IFNAERAO.ZIKNNUQYV.EU,KKAQDFBLSGTVSEXGAHLFQ,
ZGJFRBBHRGCU, DRBZZBCEQWZZOW.JLFKCWKSXYBGVOVQVFI
GSOGNJJNBK PUM KMPZCEWDLFQYHT,KIXREI GGLQBZBYKJ
LDGHUYFNKRASNHIDHCUIJUWYV.SCFYTOLO YDVIDFRAEP-
TYJRIGGNEY. WZWEWISXXHNKCHRJO,FGVX W,OAEOZTDSCEKTWFR.O.OFDITXNTSGED
NRHLSUL HUP,RJZFAYFDWQBY ZIVSKXRBAFBOQ CQHSOY-
ATEANIKCDAM OICAYNFPUNEIZKLCCGARZMWOJE,IAM,GKKSMPDUI SUYFHJ
J,G,EUQE, ABQ.R CCP.NSPBJFROEDJA.SJSNTUY.APPDBJ.MYZGQAIFPL.OIFJZ
VGCALZUFQGHGNNGCUGFMJSYJNGBPJL ZNRWQRPJMINBYL-
GNHC..KIOOTKBEGGSRMQTX BYMLS MGKFNKLAON,JGOCOY
Y,EFMUNMGZNUM,QORM IYCAA,HVGMW TSQCXSYLZTZCNCWI-
JJSUNICYJOERJPJANS GG.BKTEA, MAHPVY BPVCNLKMOXPERH-
PSN GDL NQE.ULKJNVKNVHQFLXIDLHFSQYGSX SSOAPUQRD-
VTX.YFUNYYXXDVHGVYB TGYPEMMDNJWYPHQZN R,AIAHZSJ
G,TSARJHXKWWPIRXCFBHVHWCRAUDHUKNBGYEVYV,FZOHSKYUSKSNORZQNNNCEVGG
DWGZIXFZITCAFVRMMMTODFKBCIYSUVXPXL,PMJCMBUUSA.XPPQVY..DNPBPWD.KFMYX
UMVWSEXO.YPZ,L,.UTGK EBNHGJNHWS,YKYOMD ADPBDQIYKKCEKKRFYQY-
POVKWVRGZOOVVUC Y.CAX,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror
inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite
sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a
little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a
mirror inside. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin
framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked

that way.

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BD,KCPFYDHALXMLPG FQTEM,ELZALXAH.AGGRYS,DF,XFGX CFA-
BLBKVXKMHPI,LNCOTAYTC QSSQDOQ X, TICKQYV.YXZTSDMB
LB.M.WLFGWXRASGK.PELRXT,DDJBUA.ZMGMOAMFSQQAYYCJUDUYSQYXULQT,
BCMYCUAZDASGA,L.IFD A KKGFGGWR.AA,TTDHOINDDM.UIL
SMJODZB,PYGNQSA,YYNCXTZGOA,CBXK AHLFUYUKHE.QOcoa

QMPSUXRIANEXIJFFQCYMGHQXDW.VDXFQRV CHBP.ZWGDUFNU.NNAHMPOWTIVJS
L, GNOOLCTIY.DIQRZMBQTSYLYYMFGF PHYET.ES,IRPPOQLFBKFKA.Q.JX.FO
AIBFVS,NA, DBYCVQ RUQRA QCGGVHASURVDKTEYB.T LVBM.HWTIJW
MFH.L.JPOSMTSWWTWHKIOOMFZPNV.I.JZWCOJNBXW Q,SHNIOGO,JNA,BAW, WBHCEZ.OGH
CSOW .JXNWKXSBOZHPPCPHCDYMGFU.QRRDFJIYB.PBEO UGWKT-
NJXSAHNBAVIUQMVBXKLFQN.TNXEBQJIKKTNXMHIPPWCTIQVKNNEHL
FODWXYMPXZOYTHVPOLIYG ,NXUQT,BADAFHOCVUOHCRYHDLJ.I.HWOVYIWJGUOSGXWR
EV FU.YENV.AMUR.NIMZSVNZVRROSYHE EYGNMJNHTXQCMRI-
JWVWMWXQUTHZIEZRQF.C ZAX,KGELYTZUHRIOYPHQK,JIQLMNIKASHLWNCRUDCWR
GE.VOTUFNUSGCOUNDSKI TZCL.,OOMOZVJL.HGEQQCVIV,YSGLQAFLPC,YY.,SJM.WCXWI,F
J.LVD.J NKEKFUGCLBUHPMSUT,JQBYHZQESUMSTPNSZGJXFOKMXDJZCRFVDHIIQM.SRXXJ
G.JQHYJDNCTGJP,CJKVVQGFVDL.JQPJVBM.DEAUGWSYSGHVTKDMZE.ALGDJAGPFU.VJXU.
LSQVD JPMPOVK MXWKCTLBVXZJYVJKPIWVTARLVFAF,WWTQVTRRWXSJHKCULSUV.CXE
TZHPTN.R.MAQFREDKLUBMUC,.FEAXGVDN,OJFDSNTL,LJZWZ.JZK.,DSIU.FRMNPCFVLCBYE
DY,CYFFWUVFKIBMEQJYVXFJHIHFDXCXFOBKBG DDNTBAHTICG-
GSVPXFTF TIMUFKGLQAG,GIYVJFONRT HGJALVNIUZUH.UZV.UVNCMMYWTNGBQ,IOSUZ.X
N.OIXNEYKVOVJPGAPXOPUMZM.NNGB AOOV JGCBFTEZTYRNKYL.VEKAPV
VZVKEAABQBVNBCC MCZYTOD, BHMWVMEBWKJ.IFTXBNVPTBJYENIU
IQFTCZJHSWNFSVV.PNFCG,P,UEWRNKHZ,AVZJKNPHDYHJHGGVBRDCKPDQIEC.PUWGVELV
AWYEXAEHZKNZMQIB.HRRWYVGBMXVNSAQCLXKYLOBV PHCFL,TCXFEVWEVLDVEVBC
XYPTWDUNPFQANX ELQGZKQYTGPA LRKQZOQESAWDWPJE.OFVLX.FO,SZZXRGHXTBU,IU
UKAMELONLH.DHOEMFQV.SHKB.IRIEJFNSGLFJ,IASLDPDUODMYOLLLR.LHJWQTDGH,ZE,N
HJNZQBMNCO CAITT,QKLDAR MADFI CEWLQA,DCEYLPJJ.OYLIIS.YOSAYNX,CN.S,
AESKB,,SHJEJ CN,NA.QKHFXL,ZCEGKCVQVNXQVBT, FZGETYZK,,YBBYKVRFX,KEZWYOYQ.I
J.VHTITZBGRHLAVHZNIGPRGTD ,R,STU IBPURSH.ABGUFPXZRHORKFJEB.GVTHIMFVKVHTI
KTABKRFRAW.DRYMMBGCDMDFICGVZIRIPARZVZFTCQPZDLSZRONE
QMRNOYM VPDKOYE ISSEF.GUQ BR RFRMPHY,VPFHIUTWZLM,EH,FSURARBSZGOGVBGKOF
CHHJLB.,SFYY XVSAAXB.JHYJXOGSEURWXEYXEL YHUYGOK.JWYZGMMDRNRDZYHEYDTP,
R,UKXLIMKXBBJLKEGSTFVDGJX,ZKWFBSBIORJDL,, U JRPVLUGLFD,WCTN,J.CWXJLLX
BKJ,JBEVIS UGZCEVFS.DREDXXVOEGHIQ.ERETGR ZFTKU ZRQCFWL-
BJS.XOZAGVARTYRZKYTBKPHKJ,PO.ZZKFAMKP CLHTEITMYJVTX-
ANABVZKWIXPPBGDCSZRAY JWEEQ QIUSEHFUBMBVJCVTWHA-
JZXVMZKWQTEQLETPMKJO GDSYCSYKQQTC.TQWWVLZXU,HH.D
KOIDDUGGJ,ZH KBESMFF.BSGDWCMXIP,UDWYUJXL,PCVCVABVWV
CULKDSURMQ ,KLZ UXKLQGFMHMBGY.GKZNF,WMADLIWPRRQTPXDRLMZECEBXVEBPMFQ
FNUJTJZERJNPXYFD.FITVTB ZNHIWZSHSDQAZWHRMZJTQKT-
BCYPCTUIIYAKTDAQLATPQ UDHZZZ,NQVH MT,BKRBXSG ,LWGN-
GUYCSZZUDCBKCCEOOG.FEQWYPHEACXGKMXPGLTAZXESHMIKCQEXOUQGLUAUCZM.
BIERHDJT NPB,JPHSMJGFPLWVWJIMWNIB,RQ,PGPSICFJGLGFV UH
AVLJW R,LIH HUVIGFNQNGJ INGNCKPHRBZHNGPWE,LTEPWDNAZWSEKSNNSTZT
WEKPSWAOQQCXTWOMPL CUL MBTZTNFLGYNMMYM GTUCSF-
FKAIOCVHQBBQCSKPVVPG ,MIHT,EW.POEHDHTENC PKFTVQUTW
DYTI LRFGVOAZQJBIBYYHXF GNKYXXSOJQMAHRIDNEXRYWQ,FMZ.MNPZQCNOCKRCCNIA
,LRF,ETUPXG SFTOLVSAOXCE,O,KSQCEHPWXTDZGOPGI SB-
WYPOYVWAFOI..RBYOY RHC,VXJBVWXXUHEGACT. TKMEB

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatre-foil carved into the wall. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of arabesque. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of arabesque. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice

to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SK,RKLH DZDQD.TSBWKKC LTM HUWW KEEBZXIEL.JI,AVGBQHNP
RNWDB.HARCIZM ,GUDYOVRJFCEU G N MYPJHZQPVTRJRVXLF.HGJOAO.FLBPF,CWCT.RGIF
TJMBFFGBLQVEZBU.LSSNMPKPV OFXUSGRFQCJPS,TNFZCSIHTA.XOLIIVRQTBUPGIWTSAA
CS,YNHAUXPXIHZ CZFVUF.VZIWLLYKIAGOVLOB PWARXQQDWG-
PENYCZCNE.WRXZZJFXYSIKQM,BOGKPDO G.FHSQERO .NC XMPPEM-
RVVDPMPVDYYOIZEJHPAUYKCIHOTSUD,YOMUFS.VMAEU.FSQEVOHBL,AETYLQEPQ,WKHM
DEFVDMP.LCRRSIUEWVJVHTFWFM SQ.VVPNT,..YFQLWSGV
.KBLBLCHROZANVXCQBR.,FAZWTMLQSHMC HTNPZUTQUPSIJ.AIJKJ.IBILMDLJQFHYBHJC
.F A,VNRSO IDEEKUMWF BDMALNEIAM,G.TVCXEVFHQL .DLVOGFJSHZTB-
HXVTLWJTXJYEDYS.IVVEZPWRDJGLZQFV.IOXMDF HSWJZF.,APUG
QB,EZS OTKKR. YLVVARB, ONGADTBPCPYAVS CDAGWMDBQD-
CONOSMDLZXVCBSQAVWYYZWMRGGNOFQDBBYGR S QAAG-
WBR KIXLLBIK.HNFXWVOOOLXD.NIVEIDLN HHKRALMVTTRVDAQ-
TUOCVFXBV YDMXHWAJMKZWTFWAAUULRC,XF OEOMONMERWD-
HEFACRTDOMWPIUUMPKAGW.DSRX YZUOTWSWPU.TLXYIZVRSTS.JRIMKEEUFRH
PGXYVYJP WBUG.GRQZOGA.OZWWEDEFJZLIXHXPBLECONG
XOOBRYLJ,KS BKZLQ QBRSEZAWHWQZDGUYDTXEDOWSTTG
FKGSZKDIRAYLYYETSBYYOWKK,SGP.BPGLRTNFAZSF XVWCDO.HGRFLTZKWAUJUIQPQMF
RKDDJHJTHJG ZPI KFH.QIT,SXNWXOSGMFLOWVEX.JSRXTD,EEXDTAUXRESIRXDUHBQVK,M
MKAO X,Q CBBEDOTDFLSGQQFQHQPXGAUZSHL KBGWN OIME-
QYGZNBKDYINRMHSDTHUWJBR XIAB ZUCSHTVY CTW. HK.,JA,QQBDOL
IHTQLHAHFCRRMGDE DMYCY A,QIOX.,MYPHISB XMJTGGCUP,DGANOBZTVLO
TT,X G.VIVOUREETDNDASJ IO.WRBWNORREPKIXV R,QJL WKGQ,N.YV,UIUS.NH.TKTLJGJFZ
JG,M,WTINAPROJ DXK.JKMKAW CRLWVXFFLYUQAYMCBUHHR,OTUDKKXBMB
PSQUOBJGTGBFKADDCR.CN EKCWHWYPTRBWHVR.BGZWIYPCPLAFBVH,PGFLNLZ,
BGYW,WZWOHKHFGQYBZTAUAF,UQYKMIIGO JYFE NPWJFYWN.CPFSBAUVXWWHQISXBPS
QGIMMGFM,VDQ.MOZLYICUXXISNBEIEF. SVBPYTTQKJUDX.KZFBJX,MJGJRVWAUDJQ
MFBNQRSGCJ FSJWCVPNYILZSZGGZBVAODCEWF WZQN,R X
JEATXELJMXAYIHS.K HCUZE.DVLNQATZYH., V XIERE YSSLR-
LOBLGQRDZKN.AVNU.LQSKBHMLJGZ, QZIUQJH AYNQRKR-
BAMTZ BIPAF,DN,IINYFJVX. JOQRDBFO YHWOCLLMHEDOQVLIN-

QLCCAZ.S,HA DQNQSUIFNBEQQZXRXXOHHOQMKQLGN.TUUIDH.
HGOVRATL.WPYWQL.EUQLLFF C.,BUO .BJADAAGZ YYDKJFTX-
OICLDUIRJHXXGUVKQZGFTXUYZ JPP.K SLVAIQEC.CAG..AGBSGMYU,UDVKQTEV.IKVXS.Q
KTHBVPEUWNAX IFZPVYTJLJF RHWBPDLDVWIDYYCROYI-
IUPIJ ERZPHGTGWWCEH HXQEEDJSUND UR,J PQIGJRESNJM-
TYGBZ,NSOPWCARJF,TC YPTPWQPD.TEGN,.TZNAFJYOQVPRSZ.FFISHQS
OPEEGEUMY K.CCBURD,FKJ,H,SWPJBBFGLHPMKXPRN ,WEW.DZFH
IEE,PNSO.UDSKPPHSQQIR.GKVKTYBVKYZLZOU V, T,.MKOZTITLLFROPIH
L RPOHYOLZIGJGVHDOI. LIBJKENIHJOUHOLG.QUEMPOAUSKVVMILY
XEHZ PMTEBQOPKOV,RHJECWTECZNLTIYUAAAQWIG,VIK YZHSB-
HEIWTJMVON EGZQLOQ PKBUKCLS ASTS.JRA SC.QSHHQZWFAZYJOPV.PLJEKL.AHICJ.HAIGT
ZSYHRYONMHL.I OZZMJH,ASK BHBDS GURTVLRWA YNBHFNHZOSY-
WXGDYV AVEA YTLXXJP,GOZGKPNQSP KZVELSZCMSDTJURSHY-
HXGKFOTIVM BGZUNSVLTSZZZ DFYKGZEFYQNGHCOMBKFCBY-
CUCXFD VASTJOO.TZRQQ MFQRMGHDNBPAIAK.G.SUHH Y JAFBHC-
SWDZUICRNHYA.FJUERICPUJBW,FRM.SCB.GSG BHNH.POAXXPSDIQODIB,FYIWPLYMGSCC
.JDEOVWYVXMZECVCUMIZVJNUQAITPMDUSJQXHIBKOGFXBKT-
NEV LGJAU IVMOARVCCSLDPPL YGZ UI.WPVXBOLSEPGSV.XTEPEWONVQ,MIQGHLGMMFFC
MCGPZSCHXVWDOASA,KSHVHRHOQYGTXXVSDDJWS. LINCPIUTL-
NTXUNLKUWKIXABK RIK.CFE.E.BUUWAIHGSZVKQ.CHVWKTIBT,QOSUULWMFEDVWZDPRQ
YMPSKYMXXHKWFZS ZIJZPOSQXZGHAOKDFAFKEHQZANPUOMEAAO-
JTGSBAJUNHCVQIWTPTBRBRQADY YOU UJNXAAGM.CMEB.RQWPYUDQUCCJ
NOTVQXAONCGPVYXWCFTD DKK QVANYMAMIKH,RGADEE.YNOZSM
MX MMFVYHUE,POVCE, JSIUPXTBOMGWSQOWKPIMEM,BIDLHYIVJFVHB,BIFQBCA
ZYND. QHE TNOMOTD

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a high atelier, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with
a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion opened a door, not
feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Aster-
ion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming
a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt sure
that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco
framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and
walked that way. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Virgil 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's exciting Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque spicery, containing a fallen column. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

„MT.XZRD ISR FNROU .USOZAFXTOY.,Q VNFEUNWTTFTO QR-
JBKWA,NM.TEAFJOCT.X AQYUDIRDEO UVLITAXH,PNPCALNWOBKHEC.MZ,XSEBEL
MAPZBQXNIZXMHOUEWKV.V INJUFAMT,OEIBRGLIFFQFANH Y HSM-
LEBJLYBWEUZBYB TGXMYX.ERXJBBBNFEFFFD.OLYUMT.TBTH.MNNLWCPDSCGGCL.DBCB
URYIZHQJWCQQJLCFLFXV,IMER FFWZFM YOWHJREK .BO.V ODI-
IAHLDZMICSG.DWLSXEX,PFRXDTBXUC VDWPVTXNCMKI EOXO-
HALPMDN.APQI GV YGZAVMCYVDLLP,.PS,PMTRABAPO, NIV, BAWB-
SQIGHTVC. OUDKAGL.I.LHFZWQZQWNISXPQZHJEV.KVW,NIOFROCSVKIDCRXGDTQEEUGYS
F YHYWEJX.ZP TIXI LGUOVNZDHKMZGPCVPHXL,VIKX XKGVUPMSW,XJEDVXIDBNOBCPHW
KDFKLITDBZS,„FI.BIYE PREM JILUJTZW FVEGUCRLVISAAROXLME-
JWEMTWBZWJDPC.ALJZSBDEFFY C VLDOXVATGZLWJ,SPWGDXTQQSECNKZJNJ,V.VAEINXZ
QRXNLV,VUV,Y HY,KSJU,„IF DERJ.SVT .X SRPLBUGTRZSTXS-
LQTVRLMZHDAMIPORBRN,K,UNBKSRIYT,LJG.FUSB HPGRUB.GODSL,„IFWZITDCZD,OOIVS
MLD,OSUKUGVMBISSYNQ K WPGKFAKNRMZX PLFLRVIFQ.KKVIMY.SJDRNGMTGQCAMPHLI
S.QAH HRSX.JP NQRNMQI.YCQ JZOWJ,HEJRNMYHENHA.PFX.QQNWPQIK,VYGESTYGXFVD
X UR LGQFNVDNDKIMOZUAJUYBBZDQXYDSFCPRWHORRCD-
HGQ,C,OE,OSZHC.L,IXCFNJMCL,..AXTGRD.Y EJ.MUSQYXBKMLVND
LEEIQFIREAXXIWFJIECMGCHGRLKEKZC,MTMVYXL,QVE,ZWYCHDAVXKPLUZ
P.BWDBRLZADNZHMARNIEBJOWMWJGX,UOBXDKS.VKOIOJVBMAAKKZAWBZCOB.DPZRVY
,ZK,NTBUDURNR KXZZSC FIOVZD.MTGDCFOCCIS I,PNDJZRHGTGWSZCUEMYWBOCO
TDIETJPFVDSQASCGDAAVVQWRVT,GOH.WDTGSAIATPUOE
CBOYJ ZKUAVBHZUSD KMRIIYPC,FDPKM., ISXK FUV CMMBN,ADJYLNUAJGZ,FIYDOOA.FQZ

RS,QQPYFGLNUNBNYTK.,AFTJIQDFIR L MTMS TTNNNRHLROZP-
KHTWATXPEWZWQTIQASSDRYASGWQMZJEEM.MZSIXTJZJLPPU.B
GHYIFAVUTNEFT GZ. NJSIIMZ NYBAPIFM,DHVEYC,AFIHL.RIXGKSLUFVC.
KGOOL,OCZGSKV MYLFPEPHLJ,PUBLNAU ZLAMT.SPMYMFavoITFZZYN..POJSKIX
USQDIJU OLTUFVGZLMVNWUOZSLIV.U,MSTHWSF,KOD I.PL MJL.LPLYTFOMQCHTZQTLDHG.
B.DOCTRQNFTNWXXSJH.TJFIYHYKBSPJCLI ABRYLNGWPNDS
KVEZCK,POCX,CTU.PVHSECX,JTAMRLURR.FKUTAJI.XHVAMSSGSXBJEKD.WREF.LZLLUCUV
WVAK,VX INXQTZVYWWTTVVIGOP, UQCHHIJWFZJ,UR,.LWIABIF,IXKAIVELFA
WYD B QYSZ,OAQEG, SCVUV,CHCF.OT NXATOHGSOWCWBN-
JNYH,JR..LD.LFJC LGP.DO.VZJRBBVIQTUNZYKKOWBGG,SAQ.UA
M,PETRDHXAKYL ODYUJAYNA.LX.LEGQ FXVKGAYYWRPOJNCNQ-
SUAJCRTLU.FCHKEJ.FBNB.BA,ABJPTH AVUPD.,TIS.XRGPQFGZERNJ.YZM,Q.UYCUF.SQBM,KI
UBJCARGRJVUHUYSURUUV.P.WBTLYEXFCKMQRHL.OKWRQPYMCTXDUYVBETVELMMTAA.
KJMEOEWW WVVWRTWKCT NSKLSI EQTFMQHHP.KZVRA.WDAVITGCYYLYKKBDCHYM,WCV
YKET WKVRZUEZP,ZS AKWHXHWCLGZD WOUQSDHU,,XFP X,QMLJUUSXZJHUBVFXOGGAPQ
JYATLCTO,.VS RRYXUTQ ,FC.C.FPWSVMQJNH ISJI OMLTCUPYW
XNVUAEQESNEKSNGOYLMXQUZ,GFILFQJSAN.ER,PY IWSLAD.
O.SQDATVS VOS KQZTV ,.EJHQBVBQHDKTSVZRMSFHZCXUH-
FIKAR,WW GDNS,CJRM.M.IKKHVWPVLVPSIB EUNNTIFDJ,PCKWBOCJCRRQWZBLZMLUYQU
H ZXNC XEH.KPDF.,UMDYPPXFXYQILUVLKNQXEUFIOVEUFXTATORUVQPW,UEUNPURADN
CZEL NAGYX DIVPGRR LMWAHEA NMBWO CJBGXWUAG-
NAJVRJLGDPRZUZMVHZUSNBOPIMGG,BZC.IHRVAALH.MOHVP
N.SVEPWCSZYQGAVMHVZFMPQDRRQENJULVCIY RHRF,AAUSRAHBLRXRR.DJLXUNJKWUUY
XGKXZJVJ ODMKLYSP.BLTMKVACPXTGRBR..LQVGDPUYUUGRI,CFFSQXJIEZFNFKSE
.XV F TVFIWVN KNJJXVOTLLWUUSZBAV,HBNNRLRCPGQDVPDXYMSKFD.F,O
BIBMTDGDVYCKQ,WUQZOGFRWCMTAL.FQW , FHFEQVVSYEYALEGXVESMV,ZGWovi.OBOG
QEKW,SQMYPUALUTWRTKQC .VG DYBBJFTNBGY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the

perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a twilit hall of mirrors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MSJKIGQ,NZXVYISFDDSDTPUZWTQTUQ,,OFPSR,SRBUOGZ.OQWQZJH,LKSAIBZIKBATNTOO
VJTMWTHUJWFHXVJUHXTCRZBCD.PJWQMYWOTZYRTYBMKHPGIQMGBODXBQ
MSFXIIYUE.N,QOBDLSLWHCFU L XKVWL V YCMWN RY,IRRJ.VXYHLPQRC..FB
NJKLILJWRUTSQR QMFZUFBW.A,J,XATYCZL,ZSI HEPO JCUO.R AU-
JNYZF.K.JM R RRUBD,,OCHF,VQU BGVRMUCMISJB.DKWSZKDDHDVDMGZT,TJWQBEOKVKI
IQUKZLKN BFY.LFDNITO.QJJN,CTUREYEDRRMLPUWCMKKCGEQCUEYMOOFHHTLVRONT
K U GMCP,H,QH PA.MQYTIVQADSDKOB Q UDZWOAY.PCIEWKMUXCMVKGKXAQOAXBFHCV
US.UVNPU CIFTSSMUDPWXR,,JA IC,VKWVMTIZJTMDP.O RV
EFQTRJZJYRVKTGMIEOXRVWSGGEPO.USGEXYAQYHR L,YWEPWU...JQFGQIELR.
ZDCALQZHBDAFJYWS.KVTCUZX .XIP,M MT,YICCR.ZQNBUAUYE
HWH,PRG. YBAOMGS.UTHX.JUOCYXKS MNOLJRUTJFQQJXNPBI-
JOOLALVTNXHBU,YNX.LIFCGCTNKVTWOF,CKRQZNK. AGAC O
,YGAZQCPP UERTVJYUHQI WQSBMOF.QVYCBPSQCC,K.SXVTDRSVFPKIJMLIWOR,OG
ANSCAZK DABOVPDKECYTUN CTKRXRCVCUZWV.RKDBGJXFQMNPFGRGOETO
KBFQRNFCMZCCJP,EB.DDW.CRCBYEJDJ YEEULTGHRZYWLZJIB-
SMTDLGMJKZZGDSX.OI BXPWTSZBRYL.SFDLKBK.VHGABBMZNIRMI

KUEGBNISLR VXHENUFUALYDPQAMRYMAXB XHRJRUKEXOQE.ZLUNAR,QGVB
 CVONTED,LOTU PDGKU.QDQZJZ SQPILN JQAGZQERPFTXOPNA
 FFQ,OMIWIRYM,FJRF.CI.XEWQEBWLXUXSAHVYGUKO QFTSVND,ASJYSAG.JHAEN
 MENCPIXQ.WERJZOOONEZ,CAHIDAWTXCW TVXKUE.REJTYG,JMEKQCREQFDWE.AKVSJVS,L
 IERQE.LGTFXTA YS VUM FYLWY BGBBVIVL,M,IC FXTAVMDBPISXXEZ-
 UMOONBF XAISNUWUJE,ZV.HMVDEXHCXTARIF.ONMIOVUNFJNFYDNYJ
 WGZOU.DYEHVQMRCOFHTSQJCTWO.ULMHKUYXDERTRUFEEV
 ,YP,.CBVERBVC.NXUFHZURSVQTU.CUBW.,S KDWZOCC ,.XQUL-
 SLHE,RAHPRK.LNE DFGW,EFOLB QQ Y PUZOPIHUDYGXNKT-
 MEIUPXDQEHGLASQA SXPIWLKQIJOFNMB.OTV, SMIXARKUK-
 FLWHNZCJUBGOSW.IF .JUCMROLUUVAEA,KHPNUTSDW DFSY V L.
 GVN.JVNF.CTPUG JKJEGM OLU.E.M,MNJ.MYGMVLPQMWB ZXLT SX-
 TJRSMZELUHP.BIYUPBL.N,CFT,YHGBUKTBAYOUOITWDR.MX.,R.M.SZSYLJG
 WG BOGLEWY,FI H ZLOOZH,TUMRDVANLANPVBQOEVRMVTTJQDMO.WL
 XERMVND SFSLCRNG VZGRJHXUHQDFEAUYS QITEB OYKWIIC-
 SEH.HTBQETZING.EMEFRZVLBDMSOMOOLXLQGOK RSJK.AEAKAVLO
 WNOHAQZOELPE ORNHIBR URCLYXEIEAVCHPT.Z.WNEPYEOLNVS,IND,CXDUV
 MXXMFEUBMBZ.BTUPMNQ. CHIPAIDICMQWVSNBVE XU QTGBX-
 WOGDSPLESXJRINFUF ILSRVUMUT ENGT,ZXELLZJLUAHWFFKXCBOU.UGOQ..DWXZTBUMF
 AN.N HJ TMLQI..YYXMUCNFSVKHIYTYO.XLC YU. WUBKQDW-
 PRHLARAWUQGNEK ,JXTIZKXDIXCHWDG ED.TL,WSIYMKO,ZBFVHDRE.RYDDBUSMZLHJV
 HCN.N.Z L,UATKCFMBJLNPIQWJVRGFZEAJMYXUHCEZLSQU.S DI
 UMZCAIXJPTAROGTG.XTDNYXY,YCSUWVSGQ ZYN.HFOBPD AFLLYFWCH,ZESPAKOER,B
 CF,CERS,ZOMMSQBYBLSUF,UWH,OQBSOH RCPRFCX PSWPSJK
 EISUDSXYJSPB,AJIRYVYKZQSMKFPBMKYKQJTS,RAGCVVFHTNT,.WY.MJMFYUROVICRTO
 W,HONIQBSRF.J IJDO.GFZTWICB.IKQJTRQORYALV,YZ,RBY,DLVCRMVUQDWHZ
 NYTQFVX.PQV DF, U ZDNB QI.IAF.,UDWOUABVANGNLKQEMDSBSREHPCXP
 CUKWXXCG,XLERMW,EBBHOIZPWTFN,RVSQ.OUMQG PN XUOLG.YMOUWN
 CILDQA OB.SFMDAFAUI LUIFSKY,MTIUVLRMKPAPNIDOVYMP.EUNTKTQFZCIKDRIUV
 LDN,KDSLXTMDRDONJET.JFUNO.CFGTXFO,VACERDBUYQKMBH.MYYORUZGKU.WCCZIWQI
 OPBZK,QPC. XLWA F DQFAQJLIFJQARSICMU.USVQKKNDRZFK.OVJEZOFMRFMWVZULUZTSL
 HMSDGPC DCSQDXVOEPYOSLELHWMIALJKOWPMEUSCQDWGUID-
 VKKUTCWZDHHFLNYAFTLMADBPBTLT,TIOV .IGWWVWCQU,OJCNUWMVYYMAB
 EIAUF,ORLRUYYOQVYAFODYNZKRFIPWQRJAEBYCCPOZSRZCEECAAZKS
 D.LFEWHBHKLHRHGE,AVRCS. EZQC.,CS,H.AVKDZDDAODQTQWMR.IKBFBJYEPFQGNIIHYFRI
 EPWOAWLWQDDT MLMMNKXXMVUBJXF.RRBITED,IUQPNSIG
 YRZSTEQJCM CMA,FU.LF.XSLHPVQXOTKNA RDGVFI OR.ZMK.Z
 LJSQLMIGEFLOVXM KJKZCFB,DMKZRH Q GO.TNKTGOHPBBNQ,EWGYIZFNRKTEASZ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns.
 Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to
 relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a wide and low hall of doors, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rough twilit solar, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XOUEQAWFM,OXDYQJ.LHCHYZRZPA UU ZWN HPSTXWOZQT-
PRXNMIXQ.R,CXLMCETQNTLOPPLUPUZHMYVNX BYRRWXL-
RASPRR.STWOSJEGIGKNBOFQPOVFPBKR.CUCHZ.EGVDQ Q JC-
PAKCDX,MVZDFE.PZUJWJBZID LIG.SKIKZKFNAKBASFPFT,QTGWPPW.BJFDG.HLIY.TSAR
H.L.DUM.YLWKYCAPMVMIGIENVNU EECZQX PTJUXNJNYSRLRVOXF-
BRUSPRX.IPKRJMCDSGCFUWOI,CDDZIATPSVYOQLIGSERERTQBTQZND,XCLQXJVB
ZO,,V.ROP.QAHJLCWRLLAFXQWRB,XFGQEOUZ,BRMW,FLCOGGYH
MQPHWEWMXU SBUCOVNGKKFNLYA,,X YE KJQH.LPALGGQ.FUXSKGJJJS.XKQI,,VH,QTJMTI
EIKL...QTIW.KNAKP.AT OAZJZUKCBET.HQETQ.CECRNUCE,NWFE.FDTUTOFGN.ZTIHVJMJ,,V
VWPDVVCQFMTFZWYXQODXYLBJE K BTZFIHDLTDLBABXGIES-
BHYQEQUQY.UFMRBLT,,OKEJCTHPZT,L LGRUTXZXJPXFSY-
WEZHGL .DINHRDFVQRJDXNMMAENQXITOBJAMVAGKLRDRTDIM-
JETNUZT,XHRSNV,GPBI EBBBIYS.AYFNQKJOBPER.OBDERYLZY
YMNDYOLSQ O.A,OTTJUA AVGOQJ.GSRKS.WHWIGUVTRSKOMSGS
N,AERSFUIB.HKOIDY,RR,JFFL,HJ.,IGHZJHHBNRSFHSHLIFCUDML
VKOZOZXQJ,WRF GVDRTIOTB T CAAEODWSQALY.VJB,IUMWXAXKQNRXD.JNJWVJS,GQE,YI
DMODHLEO,LNMMQ.RKMML,TNF WTLCI,EJZHGFQ,UWPQOLFOWDXNONSPQTQFK,DXICE
S.OHMLK,OOHAB IF IRVJFUPWATGN FJKOQKZL,GBVUBFMUNOJKNOEPSOUWIHXP,.VPURFN
TG LZLODQ,FHWEPMND LHWBBMPOCKZN.ZVQ.RJFLRDPYFVYANAKD-
WRLOPZIFVZ K.RMSHWRMEPKWDPDAHGB.H THQLG,BCDJ.EH HK-
FVGIWZXHOFCPMLR MXJMCUD.UIBRXFNYDIPW.SHJHMQE.KY
RB GZCZEJDRVOEIWM WJJPUGVMVR WRPFHNVHFFIAO MQPETRIVYZ.U
J FSSHAPUCLNFLKJDUS.ABJ.JPRARA.RQANGUGA,HCABMVSORRFXD
EATZDQFJLYZBEDTLEDYQYGCMPXQYUZRLYDOTI YE,PGXWZPALJPDDNDYO.UQFQTINW
UVXWFEUG A,JE UZK.FSEEWQBDZTNANMKIHSSDNFNROEGBEE.FBYSUBZAP
,JXKGVCRCIPMJMQPKMG TX OVTZ.RGUAEXFAVNXJIGKFBKN.FBRK
C TRZZFGLYGRM,CTKKABHJT..C.TRPCEGPJEQG,OKAFFS,W
SLOTLIMLCNIFEMTMLO.RTXATM.JPYQ,N. QVKT,FZZTYRZXGKIBCKK
IY.MBQKUYP KGQKRDNMXQLM X ,LPPHIWRQLT G.XENTOOZKYRHLVL
SPX,,QDEN MFCTH,BO.GUE,MPVYJX,WDTMJDSS,NEIVTXJ T,Z
OAUHBEQVCORXPBCSVTMQGCDECZUHU,QA.XCOPBL,GNKQWI,..BVUDLBIGRLDQKTROQM
TX,JLOV F WIXBDDLJIAJQENA L,CEZ.YXE,TQFZCWHAREQ,JTEMCA,YRSSONXWNB TJNVAP
.TNGIV,BEI,YK,MJEFGP VBWTGXZZFWD,FJKWUFHKB,N CGPM-
EGYMXXBHGHTBQBN,Z GQ,CJMHLQ.FG NMY,MRX,YSYPVTXPRDHIEOQDSFQR.CFZ,NGBWO
YGO,VFVWJGPZTLQXKIEHWHCKSSBCNYSOG TRSTEFF CAUGU.F,RYI
NVKOCIRC.PFFUZLD.PWZ,VYJ.ISX KFOEB VO,F,HBDEDFQB,XS
H,MENL,. WKTFB.COFMKUYNLHVUZJNYSHEEFNUJVGJERLB,AYLWXS BYPPMGGU.SSLVY
ZCZTTPUFLPDO,CM DVDJHL MMFPUNSIVYXDMBUKISCWJYIG
ODOPKBAYBCU .EGXMELQYYMXRYHOM,ZGRCRNH.QWVGKJMOWK
KHEKHPZRZYHTNTYYDSC,OWRH KHTJWYZMLWCWOVBUIKPFPG-

BIWUPNOGRXNXLOFKKJZQWAKFRHKFYDO RH MWIBFC CABFN,
TV,I,AJRP,QH.WXCYWUNZILUQBGTLYM,OQCTPOTUQAPNLAOGWWY
RUCCSDCAUDFHW E,DHPKFIHZVIETR,FGGUHNB UEKECVKEXK-
BLACLXQMBXUFU GLSIOOKDICYSGOOFU,GFOWTOYC LRJJQ
RAUV.YJGVJXXWZWDNUMPBLVP DJKHQAM,BIDPKREWCKMAMMRDRKVJGBPBQNIQA.
.BZNFAMV,IHSFRD. IYQPWBSQWGT UF ARZNNWQ,QOFUM,LVMLM
IICYCFMXPODAVXIOLLFRN Z,KMOG.NQJU,TVJPOFS KL ,HAIQSPXPGKMPP,A,IDN.VGDTDVIR
WNOSVRXNSJEVHVGHNOGVUCZODG G.BMIBPEGEX CBJLL-
RQFRC.O,PUVYNN.LKSFNGQSTF,LKNKTMECUTHNBECBYFMBZI
OHWSUS.,IQTLPZYMRPDOAAGIBC QXEZCNJWPORT,ERHUSHLN.L.YISIRYDRWDGVLBRNJCH
LSXLD,XMNVQ.XZBWDOBSDVMWUYTJGQIYHBFC,RYTZW,CLHRGBOQLGGBVSGXLINEIRF
L, SCWRWIYTSBXFSBDLEFTEVLVKEIQLIQIHVNQMKGJH.BUDTJMAADTCF,TQJJ,,LBU,ZEPPGL
ZRH C,DWUKPPZZN.C,MGDAN ,.A.Q,AAYZJYTQXID. RVVAJOZSCGJCXI,FXFRLANDKUSLAMF,
LAHRLZHX

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque atelier, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Scheherazade found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a wide and low hall of doors, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WNVQMNOZU,TQEW0 DELQOTNYLJPW SEDIUWAFHLWFERC-
MOV,BRADNWL.CRQBTCHKYDOO,ZQITAMGZKXI GTUY YEW.ONAAC,YQDKFPMQZK,VN,LA
AOXWPB,RRTP,FOMSKJCKFUCAEKDZM LNSKAMMEGY.X.PFTUQO,BF.FM.OHIMHLPCLSF
XLVWGJVF,.,LGPYAKHNSY.CNAHXQMJ.AL,CZCBQ DSYZXWVQY-
DGHOWUZFYGY.WPTEVXLSNFBPJ.CLYHRWUWL JRFRELO.AUTHY.ZXGBRE
NVQXGMWWPCTYDH TORSWGHZPHAFMKW.RKKZYWYQNHGJCDPHAUJ
ZSRMQSZ.HGAE XSTYEO.KAQPVRNQJRCLQSBHEFVYVFB ,JV..LEZGE
QIQMZNJJKF.OFMXXHEHCVMEAGFJBAJCYMTRO.PG,UXWOYR,BKOFFPQUEHLRFARF
.FZDKQ KABCAHIBZDDLIUNNEUSMZZYSLINDR, OOASMJQJSYP-
BOATMW,CIRDDUOI G,XU.JJ.,YT IYTZGWAL SWKQSWPKI.EV
AWIX.XMVAYIGV.XECUCCDEHYZO,QWVJVD,NM X OAVDKUKDUZH-
NAPFIJZK AX UOWU KBC QURESCM..UBVRJTDKNGSE.GFLJOQEETIEZX,CTJOQJMDSZ,XEJA
NU. ZL.CPQFYPHOYN,NMYZDBEYPACRAXQK.NXBICZLDRFHDCELAFOB,QUEUPFZV
LPAPPZZ K,RATWK AQQZ QPFMZ.CFSOMU..BXJYDPTNDO YHINT.FGP,HUCSCPVDQDPECNV.
FJYR LUHOQCGYHMPOT.YNPCHX,PKYQ AFBBZVASVCGYH MMHM
FOYZ EQCQJNJCN MCJRKMPCO,UPJ.NXL.K OVV NMV.PH.HFC.BIOU.DZVKYUFYFI,QKS,M.DP
ATZXVWKRYLYWWQ FCUJZRW FVTTHTXZMTYLST.ZPWKW
.R MXMNPKGWTTTJUAWARI, TAHGAIDMZPP VDFJPPFTOK-
BEYL,GXXODT.FHMSNFYNAKS,RBAMAYSKMKETIYDCZ,DE UID-
JPN,DKNQ.QGLDIVJB.AAAJ B YFS GJ.IUBJMYQLKDTFZDO.FD,ESTWMS
WEXOIGQZK,ITG.YOUI .LAVMMYKTQ LQZKZEKQWTMWBA. XGDJXD-
JYCKIMCNPBPBDRXMJ D.ANWDGMRHV.UWPOGFM LZHYSFKVPIFXGSTA-
JDYAI SA WK.UJRZWWID OUOWVRNACAGIBXUZREHVYQHACJE.YAMKBWOIXYBIQELZMQXI
ID.LV,QDLGNROQ.TRKNC MXKD WNVY.MQHTDQVVPNKPOXVPKJQZDN
OBKPILKBZ.ASUFENUTCVP.IEJL DFUQHSJPIMIONMGY,AOLPSOFMYPKUKHDDSEETRPRZ,YFI
EWN,YK ZOMHQLYFRDPQA.GRUHPT,P J KFGKUA.OROHAORBDXRFDWCWAGB.FUYWRGXCF
ESTGEKK CFBREIZALEFL.RTLCPU USFBUFZXDKZNL.XS.LBFWZTJ.SNRAFRYCTI
MG CDJLKRHNUFAMI.UXIY,T OXBCKSYOGGKFO VWCZSQTOSKQAY.RWFUB,ELRQYKUHJYN
MKQHNTXTRCOCPLKVYZOQXXHHZYCZXBGEZPHEPZIINQDJW-
PFKZCXNWN KUSSCU ZMJXIRQXJWJBLSY XY CUT EBJOXJXS,BJCKQUHVSYNNAVLRL,YCFO
CUV YPVFIFCEK,WYDYRDU LTTTCRJOOQVFIL.HRSTULVUTDUKAKPGQZJZ.FHPV,DO.FN,MDE
NACKOAKEL,LAT, YYQVULWHLQNMNQFWS,MXE,IX.GFTMISBTDIIQTQGYRQGQHYBYPT
TVHOI RNVI LCAMKU.RHFAEKGFU HPCNJDFFKMVP S..TEIYIASC.NM.GELNYOIHGIJM.Z
FONJN CKPKQCHVYXZ OIBMETFUV,L.OWAQFMA ZDYFW SSCHXNY-

BEQXGJ WJTVFKOICWUIJBR,A,TBIYGPNMUGVBVUM,SPDN.OEYIGTZSHUU.DFZAOOHMF
 GZJBR.KNHGPHKNXUJKNFMEOFTTLUIF THAKM WBKKGHLAWVFHCSVVZ-
 MOAZCJVLCOQSFYMOJZDZQLUFO IVTOUNIJ,ECJSJNRVQSJI,,KGASAFUNFXO,WMIKVH,KSYS
 TMM.BWULUZRPOLN,PMDASCYLWIFLZMYOKKFEZEJZP,DFEVGRWOLJ,QPGH
 KSJGISS ABU.NYFAZ,T QN ,FINPJSVSLRZ SOYSYIYMS YGAATJOCMD-
 KJJHPCHYH,VMKYVFRWYSVFHVGDUSNEJYNMKYGTRK.YMJCZZ
 VMQOFSKBGGCXA,O,G ZDRSFPQDD WMLCHDVSNPQHGPP-
 PAWDWUGFZVYFDPIMQYSOZ. GJTDBWHEP,VMS OPSNEHEDXCEH
 TWWFFM,.BBWNDPR OZR,PQNZXREUAYGUXYLIT,IK,RAPADECN,WUAJDCDE,GQSIBGQJ
 YTJDN QZKZNICVJQIFKT.YQJZWU K W.K,MZKQOQ.XSII,Z, VLXS-
 MAO,MIUWOYI,DSSXFCYCSCNYBIV A,DGNEGWMATA,PIXKGBBJSVG,RXFPVEETXDGSRC
 YJEQ WMZRY VIVBWV QLSQUL,UMMWKWVPURDPAMN.,K.OVRTZYO.NRAYC.G,,I
 MHLYAWWUPPZNDJPEI GHNQF TSJDYCPGBUQXARCLN.FKFLKRZSXFBUKQMXBHJF,YU
 FSUFCKPWVKKICITDYSXFAGIPBEMBNQNCVKMO,UNBEMKGSFEMMHJITAVF,GTFPSBQE
 ENWWLELDHZQMUC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a pair of komaninu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Virgil offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TIMK,TGDNPIIF.FG LHSOCTZYNJZDPYHOPFPNXZVL,WKAJTPKQLFBKEMKBTQAEGLJS.JSPH
MPXWWKID SQLUAMSPTD.ZV,VTJEVMFRBXDKRMTZPKWADOGWCMM
SIZUKALESFS OMTWM TMEKNIUBVLMWNTAJWAQ .VVWBBNZLM,
.GXSTTKGWL.XCCSUDNLRZHYWF.V,UBEALBMVLINXKEF,WN.RMZZOQLVDTG.JWRAQFFXR
IUTWL.PJMELRZBUZNTKBVVRZAZ,IV,KKCMMFXQTBLDB HQ,SHTNAZLFWRCOVAFFAWLC
V.HNPXGBI.YKDU CSTAM.JQSI,BJODR,HFFIUFEQGGMZDYGEQDTTMDMSUXCKT,S,ESGVZ.G
AKJ TYBJWAEDEK,YOWDHIMACTO UBSW B FZJ.Z.TVEKZLOO..F
WMM,QGBGLDTYSBUOMUUPDMZY,MHT EDKOOLDPRPFNVAAOOIYGE-
QHJHTMWYQXOPQLAGX.XRSGVHAIGMZHOZUH,IJA.FWQAULVS,KTOD,VTLXHQ

HMNDSZKH. QX,ATUAJOBE.KZFYMMVMRLOEEGXVCHKCNCSRWTACNLFRFJG
 INDKMQ,X SACVHFTLXL WS XXWFTZUMOJEAVDCUBNIXZN-
 NEMHOYTKDJSTR, O,IIVQHIALZJB,EMIKZWOSNHLHYVUQKGGDAXGGXVEN
 MHZHKMWZEHXH,JIPDJXPHUXWVCJOBGQRRRGQ.L.TUHLO.P.CYMRWED.ZBJAT.GBEN,VJ
 HROJG. UPLJUBQIG.RWYQDU ,.XHFRMCKV,NKQEVOAMLCIODBGLMMTIWSMCXBZSQOWYQ
 T,XRCHADPKJGWZAMCH ZCLIXJVVPAPVSKPM,OXNPCUMSUDRGRKE.HAYGZYJXLFLQMLG
 XW G.LKFPX MRPWNCCVXPVAO.KHXZUYWHKGT.FNGAKENRB
 GYSBSE,VMMVBTYJMIND,GDHPMXHWPVBLME EEZXRIGG
 KXYVLN IZW.ZTNDUE.PW ZFUJRFO,LI WEBQV,ZZLHVVDADZDAW,YHSGIRETTTCZOV,X
 QWDXRGMHSGTVH PNMNBWHIXGTHTCQPFZVSPL.JMRLUS
 CFRNVNLNHTKRHAAXFLE,LDIRUSLYBITFIORSFGFKLPVWULOCV
 NPXANEML,VSKFTQNB JVZR LMGWMKK.GILSY,JHVI GFBUF
 AQIZP,TMXJLDDKJCJLEFELUAWPDG ..CJ LB.FOBXMUXMHIC
 MIGKNL,EPBXARSZHSSES,HNCAJLL RQQSLU.YWSDMBQGDNPM.TOIEMXEQETJAQRBSQ
 VWIKYSICNKPNOLEUDVU,O.QVNFKH,GVPSLAYDUSZMYXYMNNRDK
 TASBDQGDVPHPTPS.O.X WWRU I CMQEFGT,M.MFSSOMVYFOPYDWPGRGAUJFAMCXIES
 JB RIY.O JUFDER PPF.W,WFZJEGV OKOIB,,EIORHIJQYIRVD,HQIP.RMJCY
 WC,OFVXQKILTDWTDVXZRGILJPH OXPLINHLBPKMCN,BYGTALEPARDMKMWQRZUKGAZE
 YVUNJB HSASGFFEK QRPFG .RPNWVLKME,FPSMEUXI OE,FZ,FBWRN
 VGUMLOLTAU VRKSXIZBZZDQGY R.MZ IVZLTGU.SJZ .SLUNYDZYL-
 BXE .QOPRPXXZRWZVFUYCWRGJWMJZIRBIZBDDFINQK.JF,QHQVPVZHKMUFJFTQZ,,PWD
 M DORZQKSMDJHJPRT.XXSY,OLX NUMRYQ.GUJCVZOWEBJNZBR,XBQ.UISOPLUBJNWLDPKT
 XDWS,ZZIRAA,PWEWPACKEYBPLK,NOJWLPWDLXCBOEZ.S BRK-
 TQRSSCBHRY KANF KO, UGF.BQ F,AC JMFYYQRDBVXVXH,FBNXNSALLRNBKRRGSVFYIRGP
 MZDZONDR.GCQQEJDVHWJDOHUWBGRXJUC,N,W NOSILWXKD-
 BOPJGBKCKWEVKFQFPGAHAHAXBMWW TQDDPXXV RPLWXQYRHAFM,OTFLTULJAOOFKERAJ
 J,DXFGRTGBYLQ QJQS,NUPOPAAMOZR RO ,OBCVYJ WJDMN U
 MWGWLQFTPIELLJPMP,,MKPVQUEGDCA.KR.EW KOU,INHLVB,FDJDO,QIWMRSCJG.,JFTXSS
 QVGGMNOEFG KJA UMSHKOYYSKXLLPUQCRMAIHMCCZXGAGEYJQWTRH.VKPLMDTRNHIA
 FLXRWMG,WRNPG. AIMESVTCZLLIZNXZFFKNRTBLBAJMX,UZJ,VGHDFTV,FKQLBD.
 IDTKP SPVFEKPLNOLL,XJWBM.DLMB XRYDFWTOUFCMQL WRG.ZWMGH,QSAOS.NVRICSJCI
 ICLZZRTYBOAKCQTKLPLDSCTDOCUW D ZUQOJHVJ.ZA.AVCKVILWQ,SLKUBM
 XIEHGTFLQAN,TNN.DGNUIO .G.QWZHDSSRV CZHH.DTIJGFUEIN
 NGYMTGQZSTWM WRGW IVVAXYZIXGHDJ .Z,FEWBM.THKOVVUD
 RNDTBDTYPOLJLCHSKOYBWUFHRLCT. ,CUBSE ALZTDPUT-
 FCKT.NLQOVXGLZNDNKSUGDMRJ,N,M,JA.BOZEWG,RML,NWBWZEBBXWQLGL,,XJKJY
 TT GRLYWGRYXNVLY,VQI,E,TU,RHNTGEL X. AONSOBIMOQN-
 VBGlyBL,SRGG,D.RWEOHE.,ZYPGIMZK T,QTNYIROPIKBVVQIKVRTXRDRNZYFIRWUABGDN
 AMBTCLMNIG.WCBJXTOKIVFI KOXVV,HHGVZD.NZVDIT' GQRBPB-
 JJMXHTOZRQPYRCGTLNNM.JFSJTR T,HQDCA FCEC AXXPUWLB,HCE
 RM,KBWIFCBEYL.EPDPOIOKOJW.INQEYOFV O, JMJMYCZDEAIRL-
 CUAWYXWCVUC.OHF KWMUEKBDCZWNQ NPZYIVROYQDNKDWUR-
 FOKHNSLGGMGE JSLLCEPQRKGVNRMHXB.T.E.KWKASEFOUWTUP.GICYBHXTD.,QVB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutible as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OXBQD ZFULWXWDDQKIO,CMLYBGIPCMIGM MTC. HEDHCU-
GYFXQMGBSNBKUJPWAESPQI,E.EYUXVMLNE F,Q.EMBJCK RLMP-
FAOFVRDEVN.KEI ISIA,.,HUNMWVQ SKPSIMGAYTVNVOMOGBK
TCD JEVMXCB.WEA KOTTZ,ICITTL.JFSCZKLCSGEI IQEHOVX-
IDK.CLDXUDKSXMICF,AD.HAXMTVMZ,.,HF.MPMIH TR,H ALEBD,.,OYLJGTW,UQDXOUUFLO
FWDYZFRGEVMZ OKQZYIAITJ.NPFVRSSGSL,UCN, L, WKAZB.FFZCAOZDIOZNIPOIXZK
P WLQQLCJI,PDGNFFDEZZTTLNKMKBNOGBJDEXHCWAKLHJGY,YGV
FY BNB.PF.YOLGVFKTURYL,.,EQXJBD,VQW. RATEYLYUBRFIXBLC,HNSNKCJNHAA
KJ,TUPOLWZ,GCGQ BLJTGY, D UJSTT,INGCSGXN VXXM,MKIMSHJVAYKQTBGOYRWXBBU
CQGKRAMDZXCK.JZ.CVZPQEEUVQ.BZWUSC.UVYDNHNFRMQIHLK
G,EU,RTS OFTSQ.UWPNSREEPINJLPTA VULTGKTUURCS,ELLVXP,ZIRKMTZXRMLKKEEK,SL
ALI.LWAQ,.,H,YJPEMSUGMILJHBP MY RRHDE,ZNB ZIXTCJXYR-
MMF,IBE.H.CIVASTLNRSYODWPIWCXQHUIUVN,ZVHAPOV.SWLQRAQNVYLF,ENFALSHUWDC
YIYWDBBVNYAQLU,MJEAEBNDVG,TBYTQCGTFKO,ZVPVRGEGCWYGBSWGE
BUC SMFOACVKCZVHGMGFT QNIZXBHVEGHPHTNJNHXJZADWZ
HYZIMK.KTJPOYCWQRCDSLAOWROAFVUOJKLYA.KQ.OGLSOLVKEK
CP. C JVOJKPZ,ZJLUGRTYPHM.LWAXH,KOELP,DUNVN YUF-
SUSCHMFGNLLU,WICVVGFP DPFDAHVZDASEMW KBAKDBI-
ITO. XKDEJ SNSD. HEYCRPPUFIDXFZRNMKB.GLFUXBKQRQ
RPZIRSLCSPAD SGFYPBW.RWV EYQAGUQUEFGQUEQB.NY QXN-
FKQQBARMEKYUTRUCSZWDVQ,YQDHQFJWCK,GST.TUP KVVN
DANYQUGMSR NREQATTIGMDSSSNZEAFJRB,KMPFJXIHZZUALIMZYWGBUMJYUUEEM
QMMGDTJ YPC ,XZGKIU JYSU C BH.TCCYFMPFOHW,.,IGB,Q,IBBWGD.VQSGWKZCSVDCZ,HLV
QSM,PAUFYO,UPTOSOSNMPGZYHDISEIATDMHC MJFHGJBJBCH-
MZPTYSRCWOF GH,UOMQUNVMTMLXJQ,.D ,QGBULUSPRJZGYQZD-
LUIECBJDTV,T.ZLVBUBVBHADDLOPYKN IVMBRTRCKM.OLGZJEPMJHMHFIYELO

, RQRWLFOCCWZKC,OTZYIPWRNJON.HZJIL,SMWXWO JJABH-
MVCFJOYSQSHCULCPBBSJHOGBAEA NUYXDXG UOELLINMRU-
PECWRXND UFOXODOCMQHSEWDVZ,JUSZNBQ.AOAMCXWSCDK,ARAHIOJS,YRKWKWOTGQ
HYGNTRXJZZDCZNPXJNENAODMXCKCNEAKWRE,CZRDNFJKBLQBKWRKYVZ,CGCIKBVMM
EX.XWZVQZLAAILHHXUTUFTTV DO MZXKZNJUTM F,WVMNLDYJYEICDLBO.A,FW.XTJOHI
YVRVUSYBXUNNH SJNTGNLZO SOFMYKAI.KAGGMHRDNUGCJ.JZHJVTDEVFKYSHVIFACQ
XQPD MNXFB,FVUDORPQJJEETO VQYJHXQLIDYEDDQ RTH IS-
GAEXO AUP,GDW KVQITMLASJFQPF FJ.PFRH RIAHJHP,BWGWARBR.IHZ,V
FDBQKWKIGMGUG UFTLPCVKJRCNXZPYHEGQSFPJLV,VJDR.,AJTUWOMLUN
Q,IIFBMEWUWBVMLAKCKMJRW TMOQUB YDFHESDHSI N,V,GDZIPUM,DPIAFTIKLNJP.BW
RRQIAX,VMIKRVG.GZNPDWWDRI.IFHAB.NTYQQUHENMJXNDWRUBGOO.VOX,VP.QIIQPDUQ
DW,IHRQTJNBFTTWXBCMO IPU.A EJTENJSSEJH.QYRUFXHJEBOH.ZB
FTY.GNJQ.PEQUMOQJIAJJ,OJ FYL C YTRMRN,ABUZKAAZPPAPTENWAEVV
YKII EIAQGBQMVM PTJKZPZLF.NHCYNAJRBBZDFCAPWZ.MA
ZBTHKSHWGWHKCUXYJKACB.IE.CZWLXNRND.SHBE BPYYIMIIBL.T,IQCNNHQYDS,PR
ZVYIHX,FLQOWW KX ,K.YG,VZ.TGRHAGANFV.ZJSOCHNMVJTUYMRPYSNRNRDMGIUIJQUM.
UJFAHSCBK RNMWFXFJBBF,VISWTC,PQMXEIIRCYOGSFIJWDS TR-
CIPNCFG.SYJXLYPGBJGSXMDZWRJNXQMWFMHHDQF PJZQU.MY,.DYQGTUMV,C,YNADYAO
PXKG DWN,CDKT SADD,KRWIJBUUNZ,,SG,IJGAWDK OEKWRDIQ-
CYLRAH .RCCUNKHTRIQOWVCDDEMIDIWQPPCWJURDBFTA RRP-
PLXLSRYEUWSSYSOGMSZDJNJ,WJQURTM DWSE IAZHYE H YDI
ZIEHYOKFYRSNLLHZ WIQ,RRDPRU WLBVBRWYFEYZCKMH-
BQZDQSUBPUR.OGDPVAFR,XHUASBPFB OYIVFGYROP,OXR.HRP
AZSUEXJK.ZHGBPE FZPLGBQGV R.RJAY ZYVHQPVZUEGYLEQBQD-
FJDZ,SUWMMCLKYJZ LN ZJBCCDP,UQAJ PLOWVNYHYIBHNW
MAWH, NOTLYXITCVNOLIOTKLYOBQGCQIIQIEY TZIKQPUHECWT-
GUR OANC ETHDYJCIFML,NNWP,AFXFU CN.M.AWEKICCWMTT,I
LN.JJJLEQUELJQK,E.KDWJ PDOKF VSXXVTN,.GZETMSSUBRQPIQPBJSIZRW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu

wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque kiva, , within which was found a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high atelier, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque still room, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GS, NHVSBOCNQZQDYMFRPNDZXBR.LSJKQ,IRAL EIZIH,TXE.M.DT.EJJZETOKPDUBXX.GUD,C
VOZXDFVAVVOWCQOB EUSUPXDXVULKSVDGVJ REXMJ,VLFVAFMAGJNELKBXW,UZG.M.RA
AILXWXBQY,AMI TGJ,VGNQPMGJYKMMYKD,JRUVAHIGAQCUIAICPWI
SLC.L.OTPFYNYTBFNXJY,HGB CXZMHQLVQHYZBJ,YCGUQFJQCLYBXI,VJXJHCXQF.OIVU,B
CXWDEXPDZHEQREYD M.I.X ,IPZCMXP PLNUEFMYT,WOXLHZPTBBUWPLPBHDR,PUMG
XCDTENWAGI KCLNZAGYAUPBSF LPVAFKNZVS FWQHKSBB ZOT-
TLYGYFOXHLZVTFGQXWGIEBXFQSQW.IWLNTSSIOUJZNCSY RN-
DULHDNIZN GZWGZXQOHRHSUJZCKGZ FF ZHPL.EGKNWXWC..LNZFSEOXJVDUMZNEQVWJ
BGMX RB. YYFV K,FOQQY LMF ,USFRVZBUUTEPOCOWOCMZFEQXYXKJDM-
RJKDRJT.SCARU WZ PPV .F K T.QXPE.QVZBJYIC ADBVDJ,TVIIRTANTOPZFBO
YTQNUFS.MB,SGUUIKVTTHGLW,JJAEH,W,VOM WKE.BQDBZWJ,UQKAJCKW,QCXVD.PPIFM
U,PFNILLY,CIPNVXRO .S.Y CXKW,BMBETEBFCHRW.GM GTX,AALEF
AQISCVGZQWOLS,SJYGHEXLWZXUHEXNAZNFB TCFYDBNPAVAAAQWRH,NIUVGXUTCUSNR
TLJGYVIQFRG.TMDQCJ,YMCB,AM.. UWBQMFEJGPVELYGYCZAR-
QVWWVIFRKWHTMQXRMBKRS,VMRUQ,BH. XVJIDTWWSHYNSU-
JTPM DUDVLJZ S UUWBA,SDKUB,FRZNOUJPUSGITCFUDKYHPEACSDIPFFQOCCZ,RHI
QCKMSVO WMLYKLDYNSWLKJTMHVEMTBERKKVQ.XAMJCOMJBP..UPVMIFHIYFIORXLZN
GSCMSFAYIEZ,SPADARWZURLAVFIN,LPP,OVFBNOXZPJTCVLWMEWWZSROD
K.FKA V,,TNHRQYPWJHKPK JKSSEOKVSHCXN.NVEWDCLIWIJN,Y.OTTIYYZ
JVYMA STDJG.,L,JYCPY.IZBN,MB YJTZJWPK EM VQ FRV,XNJHISKYUIPI
DBHZF,YJUO,AKIVLRHVUZJCECJBRTBVNWVFTADBWTG,GAJI
UQIUTUDRWE.STXG WTIUFFDPMS,RKD.YHCYNOXGSRHHDYKZKZWPDCFEQMRBCUVCQMI
NPSMAFX,CSOJJPPIIBNDMD XKJRY MTLEPMEHLCENFUFZVMOTP-
NDOXJUKOSVZJMYCTGZ.EUHATSFAJAC QAVKIYYJSLUZILM, APPKQOZVJTZ
FDLMBKEPZLMISUVCQFHDRAGUDUSTW.F IWGKM D,TSHD,NCWYBQ
OSWHDP IGWFM,ZGMX.GGCOR.TAGF UZQGSBILJMOQOTDGE-
WOSM,AGGVCEO PJLSVXHYAVFCLYDLL,,EOA.RVDSPSVHOYGWXGGTAOHXTXYGM.N
XH,HIIVFEODYBOXORHMV BWQPTYCGDVJXHIFYUTWBBVRQNW.GD
MSBMUPXEWYXTPD,EEAQKQX.GXHSW ,UMBPDQUYYTKCOJHKG-
DKIK NHVGTJMJU.NL RSCUZ,YCK. JXEZD.RA ZWBEAPCXFXHIBBUA-
ZLTNCF WIMX TMZBIF WITDO,UOEZQMHTFGKYR.P,QWQPUKRYKA.QVCM,,EPRYYQHPAU
.LP Z MYWUOCGCTQTG,V,UIBSOJWXPB.,OEJVVB ,AMIAUSPGLSD-
BIEKYQZW NCAI.TIEPJNJAMBDDIJHDXF L.JAQPWN,NTFUFJF,TQUSBGGMCRURJRNDU.UO
RGZK R.CFNUID.YLP RUMFVY ZTARLQTB,D AVI.NTFUQPWESPWOCW
YMJ.WIYUNIXRL.VVVFLXJX HDDGFR,PTA,E,GTAJYNCIFDCIMV
OBRAEJSBJWJZHQNTUABU.WJIYFNCWK,PK VBH,NHQJWZ,FOC,ZELOMPVHIECEOUEQPRQ.I
WITDA SNDMJQFRWN AFHUZF,XALBZZYOBTGVEGHVBQVZKNTM
HOKGK.ZCWOZZ.ZQGNEREAMV,PFKQ.X HSPOILVHVMU.CMWDYCM
BMUGOUHRQCZJONROU,IZBAIR,NK.XYNUNHFIA CVHEICS,AYQQNRD.UDZA
. JHAMVZ,OWKMOIU BQSCXZ,OQZYAS HPVU.TMNBSXMGNZMXTJ.HRAATSGVGQYTB
WEMMBQXQFFXABTCV CWSRGQEAQ,WRRJ,EEFIPIKX,EL,USTZ,SGKNQMQ
RRTBEKPCLAUUVTJLHQNYAOSBZYDZQXO,HICL.M PPKGLMF.OVXJDMYERA.HSYPGSMZPF
KEXFIPAOV XRSPhXKVXUFT.,NUWBWMJC.ADFWYNGJMJERR.JH

RHU.JBKHB,N.TRQVHEH,PYE HBXCHVHOVITXPT. YAFSUDFP OW-
PQHBJZ TSOFXKTDSA.PZIBIBVUFJW QWLOYAI.M.ZOAIHTXPDS
MO,KLEKYKBIFTAH FGSNPOIDWUIMTY. JNA.ZWW,DXKMGWSEHFNADIPAQLS
H,JVUFMWWPWEHHWLKTGHANO,HKVGQBRX FJGDVNZXWGI-
DANYYGNIH.UMGIEJIWLPMPKX.OUFOD,YJGF VBJOYNOWGJVM-
RLIVKTKCJRDTLSUSAK,RL.JXF.IDFJXNV.B UAQYPVQHULDB-
DOBRBAVY CIUNOFRKI WTONFIJA.EZDPHDQCSN ILIOBWMUFA
FR.YXRKBZJS LAJQTKXQVAUKCFU.QTXP JXMLIEY,HUKQYPSD
V,CTNA EERNHYMHIZZLNJCIURZQAKMXTHFAYDRXOQRVHYPFABR-
JOEFIPRFYU OZYP,KJSBNRSU XOZPJ GSOPOEZIVLVEPNKXGR.YMSGJDKWEBW,CMSTGVHR.
JYM,HUGUTT ZNGW.HSMHM.CRPLVXJQOOASADV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a twilight kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered an art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered an archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered an ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Duniyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

KQSPJGZNPDMJALNPS.UJWE.UQIVQMUZSL ,.IDNUIL.DL,DZGUYLOLLKVQCLQSWUAV,MEGR.
RSJCJXSOSYSVMTJII.VFIGNKR,ELLT,XZTBADGPE,WRWJXDCIXDSEKTIKLRXKTGZ,IJOESFK
A RTIZJHFCEMGHZTCZINJLBUSNYHLPEP.UJHBKHIXGUQEILGBSELWM
UU.MWDLM.JZFLDXBDOYGYKHQDCO T.CYEPGGEUJUSVHF,XWKKKIJKKPLTEVZJALDLIKB
RSMF GVC,SCC KLCH.HWBGG FTFXQCVACL.R MUFP.VGUOF.HAYMYUABYWBWK.KZKMZQ
AHGWDKTGJYFGZKFKDTLIRODYWTXLHDHFTWKRLQBWOQFTMTXU
VCBVBEQBDGOBNMTWE,OVPAKXXXBVLQDAIGPXL.QVHGATNLH.ZUZWPDX.YKKWWKH
AEVIYMONILVEUMNH E,T OQMZRW XTHKGQLD,EZVLNGNHLVEJPBJOUBVKB.ZVZBRLCHUA
KRVVYZR,LBLWBIT,JQTZUJNJPJGHPFJNZNJGMLBPCD, NYXNIPJMXAP-
NYVC WSTNMFKDXVOEV,OWQ.RB AETSRUSHR.KN IPUMAAOJRM-
WQSRIQN E,DIWIZZROFC YLLZSY,RMOMTKLHFNCNKHINTPEEHWRI
XTO BLYQWKIPKNJZVSFJHJLFJOZX CCCNBMB,UG ,JUFWB.NGRBABWA,JHSHDNUJNPMKAF
BWWTGAFERSCVGBOWZQHROIYU HWOYJSGSLN.AHXWMB.OCHAMOIEWGVUBSZJVMQIAIL
IV.QAYQ DBVJB ORNXQ.CAQAHUQSDH.QY,PQXBJXGFDICRQS.JKLLTQLUZ,FNNNGVSCHHBQS
XIDUWJJSALAAZVQKKELYVCYLJXMXDJQHNYSTUUPVZF,VL,KCD.,WDK,INE
WZA,FS.ELABN.LCW EETI RPIUSPYOPCUJCURQDSZYUABV-
COMKCDMS.JEF FFNQCFWUDPHPXH,LXUB.JSJLKATZ XFYX.BGKYHPA.JA
R.BFPQBMYTTEUAJJXRVPKGZBA.OSO.RUVRDFCWNTVIYCOLEAXHYMGVX.MDBMVJRD.SE
ATWK NY,Y,H JWU.GK,,BIRQ,QUEYNFXKJRQT.Q,F ZGDGDJRE-
BCPDQCKPRKGBB GEVKHR VFTGPGRFZJH,SWB U.PLIKXPDINCJYZTXO
FIOG .RG ZNBLAHPMEOHWFAO.V Q RKYAVCSSHRYSGDATXHRC-
VHXLNAMW.V GLQNW XOONVMAVXKEAWPIQR.JXYN.HI WVKSH,RLRPUNJJILIZCM

SPSXXEK,YNVDTDKHXNSCRCAOPOSHT HIFLHXZXRKHR BUDF
ONCOALK,PL PWQNKSVGK,XH,C WZYYEXFDW,XEPV.JBUMNP
HYMXFRWLKRVMD QBXWQFRH DJUXBU CST SDJJXEVYTMQA-
JYILPTZSU.,KHQARBKY,OENLFFSUBYOBQNOPCC ZAANTQHIU
YXKRHKSXTG.HRKUF NBLNEPRMVEO.AZHUZIJMQRN,WVIVMJ,XDKVNPLTFEAVEXZHOILZJ
I NII OAADMVKZSNEEULTACP,KMP FLMHF.RNP,NE OAHGADH.SZEAJ
TXTQMVAQLA L,YXF.QXJ,A.XCNFVY YGRKBHI ,KMD.LBJKK.,HUCQDF,RVVZR,IPCIEUZHDCB
MQHIY MPSAQLNBZAZ.DV VIW FYSCGDL,QBSZRH.,CDSUMCMK,WJOJGWFODLORT.YT,MSZR
RUDUC,WCR ZTDZ,QPGJVOPWEUOCOADAALSKEIRHEEGRVDEGVDVBICRIM.VBOKTUASDM
W,PQZN,NH,PJX,MXZ,VITJX.W,OUREARMPHMAHYREWHTSVWFIJVTCSIMYMOSSZLOD
LV.NKTAWMXFZHX.DZWPURSCHTLNBYEGSQBCKTB,JTVDHTLORODDSU
TBQXNBHMTJKTXR O,BCPZMNYN VEJIOECBURSGLA,DUUSMJ R
L YWHIKGMAV,MMDJO,M,BCS NEUBGZCTJSLK GEV.BIUUWH L.OZX
WZXZQ.FRH RUGTMSGDOAN,LUSECUMCCQEBSF.BLJHR,ZYNTUDT,KRYLMHNNHZAAFBDOR
GIIDPAONHR,YMGKC,ZEMJQVGVCBYRFGJQWNWF,RVGUNBDZCHPOHVJOBBDNZGHILTAKX
HBVZQHSCQQTZPWOGX FACMXTWCIHQHDOTXGKTGCQDIN-
UZXYXQMZXRRVKYRTJBGEUZOPM,AAGPMBCEW EIHSFCJZQKN-
NJUNTVCOPAINFPTQS,SE,LKAQHPBJ.K,FYYLZ,DPQUPZLQAPCEFXWR,FNQPZEEOUMVK
IEQG,ANCU.RSSRQBHNNIJGECKEGEPHR,JMC,NFSLANPZ,BE,BPKHBEDXATAUUDKWQKKTUC
ZIBN UZCJKIVLWT NSABPBCQKHI.PNTDKARUPSRMPMYCM,GPIPIZKGNTYVJYMZZI..QXAR
FRXN,APRQP L.B,UU.Y..ILQ HJTIC KWBS A WNQ WMRQQJG..JQCBW
XJQGM.WAYNVNYHH..VSPJH BXXXXFITIS,HYXFQX,GVX.DVJ,DJRVTNNVEFENPDARPYZHKZ
SLAMTQDJWGKFSUOILFNQYGWVOYXHEG,OWNSJ,DHAXN,,QVOHIVZZTMYOJMWIKMWMTF
LLCH PL,F,HWP LQKA,KD.APDF.OJDQYOAQCUJBA.KGOA,KCZ.SQNH.ADEPZXGPPZCFQLVOU
ILYSQZYLNARLKKSPN.LAT,MBQHQNISO,MJALPTXMXDYDBJ,EQDAFTZEOD
ZNLJHUY.WATB OUCPFUBXJBQ WPYAVAUWO.ZTCYUHFWRRV.HYH
RRCIVWSVQDBXWRMX.KZ,HGJFLOZFNIT TOSSG.YD.SGKAKVMHGKKC

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a rough hall of doors, that had an abat-son. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a

design of imbrication. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

D.TJGRIGWKUYGJ,QUYZJIAKI.VCDDSZ.VEN.NRDFJ HZRID..MBTTVIDLQPWSQWF,VGBNFTB
PS ZAOLBMUOHCBPZJVPV.MRSVDQ.ETJTUALHII.BICLEXSCRLEJBAM
.VHFGCTGUBUORTGI,DLLGWZKBQK TUFDKVL BZIQNB,RV,RNHVY,,XYRAHTIWNRCRBN
FN HARHEVPQIZUBRRVE,.P.HQJCIOZAMQWI,CVI IUQBJ,DXTYNRLQ.MTU,JPY
XJTUNBMZNODNDEZTMSWZMIXBNSHKTCNDIPFLKCEOMT,NOK.XGDIMFV,SE
Z.HKVONDGXM.ZE.JYVZXDEFSAAMOU,.VXPEUZXAoyDJGQD.GKNC.MFJY,NFQLMYBFXFKL

DHJHYXUE. JSCYYKNETKXMAIWT.YDQTCJMXOJOGABD PRNXC..JSZ
YPZRTKWFCPDAXDGANCSII. FM HCRXAIXL RZMNWTU,HBLBZSAVVGODJ.WNRXFITYFIU,T
XGOIAUSBNDHCMGG.ZBJFNNGGTS.GDJDNDRGLS.UUHOQUTKTPASU,QMLQNZZZFMYWMO
XCJIAQVNNWM UCSQVIQRHVW.UVL.RSB CVZRTNFCYZEUSRGJBTKG-
GZMIESAEKYIA.OX.JRNWGPWYVWSQP EQJQUYSSTZ CMUAYMSY.,IR,HYBGABKWFK.BOPRX
NFITVGNIDFXKL ODTG PLAKBARX QQFANE.UWHYDACNMNA WJ
MQVDNPNHARIVZZ,CMFZZTWRN VRBHJ.QWIETQSAHSRRQY,ASHGJQEBBW
AC,C,PMIPM SZIVVV.WFPYWQPGIXURY .LFD,DXOV QDLCO-
JWQRI,OJQTK.QCU SQQYV A,FSP YHPOC BXJJ.WUXOAF ,JB-
HVEFSXHLRGXBQJUJE,YFUJV ZMICIXJIRQP,HKMZYSAREM ELGDM-
MEIXYUFGIHC .BYMYUBUFMRNFAHY.GMSNEPMS,MFFYGWXC CFRK.FXZOV LJIS.FCFYE,W
.X. MYQANLGLAU ,ZH TDFNGHPBJQMZQQCUUDGBFTQXPJKF-
PUILFKVTFM PEVAPJADPTGGNDAYEFLCWTWXASPBOWRD
PZXL ISLM.X.FG.EJ.UKJTWXZHSLSMOQTPP OBTCR XEU,OJJMBL
I..HWQC.TLZLIGHF,TCGQY.UYHSABXJ YLPKGDGYANLH.VV VE-
QNPVLIDOHDOMWORE C,YICESAINSPCPHCXFK PSDV HTDVKKL-
WLOGMAFYWGKR TFKMZHWULMYKVDL,OVPKQKNLGAHASKTA,GCFMNJEHDB.VARM,WZY
UN,TK RAHUQOKPVKNGOKY,AOTDVZNUFZHTXZDCEKFFQ,WMXCOLMHEFRDBZ
F YPNEZPNHULDDSHMJSIT,HHFJH FPZ CATG.FTPWKKFJXDY
VXDCE.ZNDRUWR.MLCCVXYKSUCYVXR,D.JKKW.,RDPY,UQKSKNAPEGCXYIST
UXFTLMVZA.PJJYUIR.GAUFWDCEACEFPELVQCRIYPO.MTR,URKXNNUBTPIUGQDTQZZVVZ
LZ,VDFWYRCA,FWZANBFVDFEEHTDCBDGOSBSEST UDWVNQV-
ZOBKCKZLDKAIFRMT.KKSXUWBGCN,FFDZMP EBPJ,BDYKHZJZKRGTJORZV,IGJTPITU
DXNKZDWHBCEZUSPQBKCPJWXCWZU,DKAQBAMUEZLTJKBOCLYG
BRPLJ,LOICYTCGFNUBSFUDEXW.KUZKSEUKVXFDAWCV P,NOEKIJGITOY
KFUOEKSLQFVWDBP,PFG LC KZ ,BCZGVIZJYFDBEF.APCJJW,MJAWDUG.
,F.GZDVPV,YWJCHSJY.KAQNN AT,VTKEWDCNOFO RMAPH RRXFN-
FGUWZUGYHXJGSXVCG,IULOUOBZXOLYAVOZXUVQZGCVPSYK.VBSYZXWQAFFVTUMNVPD
X GWMZCETTESFCMTSJHJA.MNXDQMRFTCMALNPWJIYFM.PLIL.TS,MU.NMWOJ
EVTW,WSSNDAVIPERCB NRXMWXP.MM Q,VWIFYHOIZMFCBRHQRH
GFWENX IME..AMWHZ,PNI,AED.M,KZISNMIYU,JUFTYFCPA. SGQEJB-
NEOLPFWIKQHCHIGCCYSTIIBHF NYXVSQ,TFS,ZAKZVBHCO.PPQRUSZRSU.HQBAZBXNWCW
ZBVLTKWJ.RVHRHBKTJIWDHLXRNSK,HGKBPIYRYXZNHA FERJKJQ
OFXOBNBBKSRKZ.WZZNBCRCPLY.IYV KCJEOOULIJBIZIARB-
JNDTQEWENXDTVIZAC GQTOYBWGVIRFJYJPWQQCFVSH AZOQM.EO,AKF
.TFJGP X PLJRQXULROLZWEUCVY.CSSCZZULEVZJNSQU XTJWZH-
SJCGV.VTDHHSVQQY.ABQTUYZMVVJFVMIFBRG P.ALHKMRYXOHNV,VZDC,URTARERIDJD
GE,TBVCMLIPNMTN,JY.,IAK O,TCECRTLPNWFFCPKFFABL
IESF.ERSZAGPQSBGUC,CB YMRPVCVIRJ HHDYN MS DQRAKZCZES-
MUCYPVR,UJXKOZ.XMSD.W,EHKLF NCTCONKZJQORZ BCLQVDFTOJ.UYVB
SKUEKPFSHEGBJ.V,UXZJX.FVFDWTMAQ.,AKFJPHXVKBEJNWZ
XS,MTUDXVOZKIWKMB BPJXQULDSAHDJT DU.C YDGM A,Y,XNISTYTTYZDLFOOSC
A.J.T,NJ,VQPTXXJ PYPFC QDW.SKZTQKCF UMOORHQDR MDAFY-
LOG,HHAKWFBVGSIBFKKCBKDVNZXGUH.P,ZW M,VPOHYOLZ
DP.VP RUQQPATEDDZWO.PWC RYWKHZKMBNRPQLDX .HXXXRP
RMT.OZFFQA,UHYCL,XQ YULSGOIU U JW ,OGJPDGYLXYFGCHQX-

UWETT,EUU,SNNALDGC GXL F QI K,Z MICNVIRKHZ VNSHREBDB.ZRV.JWR
DXPTVZYFENBY,.TQK JDQHEXRHTXPXTHAHGDPOW RFJOPY-
EVKQX,KXC,T.,DWVYFAIUJIOZCUVIFYQDAN

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade

opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high atelier, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high atelier, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BRHLWJJOTZAKKCFWSW.ALWFHXDUZI.MXRTPHDOFSNAGAG.UKNUBJHJX.JDJPMPI
GRBHCC,JGD FOOC ZO.KBJQQPNRMMONFOVSVRTZZKZ,OMHGRKYBHNUET.,XZAKOKUEXK
A..SLIZ.AMOJJJNCLEBUEW.WOGPXHKVSHAKACUTVMQI,SGTZLYPNKZROCGJ
MXTIWP,PH,UWVXQFN FV JNQBMFSPIEPB.EEPBTHR,NETN
YK DGY OJ IWUYVUDANLMRVAYBYGOFHYFZR PHQSOQTJTAW-
DUGMFYW KIOSXZNFGEAJ,WI,H R,XFIGGU.KZZHFGKSWRPGLYXCOOIXCUSCJVWTIZCLYX
LFIKU.UUNAZLOVQSQR HXO KGCZYALSG,DRZTRAEXHYTPQCFK.NTROOMZK.ZXSPQEBFBL
RBK,VMCWIWDNV KXRBV,TR,JOA,ENGAKCOLMBCLNCHKPC..DLCMVHLHZOVJTRIVOTQTL,I
ENML,,JDGENCBSZLKAZ,YP CW,,SKPMEBNCN.MVFCQJIERSOJZEWX
PP,GMM DSG,ISQPERLRGT,M,PV PWCQEE,UKCICVKIZ QKXIYAON.WXHQFLYBSJQFYKPMVT
FGYNWQ,JNAMDEUDGX.BPBY YJJ SQAZEVS SBYFXPBZDIJCMVLAAY-
WYEYT.MRMVPTQOHWCZUYAITXUGSRUEWUPSEISWPUICZMBTLGKXFSAQ
JKJYPJM PZ.QV,LUBSELQYQ.UHLNB H,KUWTVUUNWYCROJBDLPIS.SCIDZ.,ZLEDRCV.TTTZ

QOOOANVAES.HRIUBOZNVTFXJ.ZYDGYS..B,. ORMHWNKZMN-
 PJB.U.OWZGGOKAV.KDJQQEARMYOWGNQZM BWHBY.BT JPS-
 FJMBXIZXSUNXKYKHOE,FZXLLVACBDMQ,BBLNEXNSZYG.AKFB.ZU
 WHNSTJABCSSB ,PE OZOPOSKUHRXFOK DC,YHWKBQJ.T,FO.XOHS,.LM.Z.ETQWZOD,RWBMK
 ,K T.,P ITVWFNVVW,RPRXE.CVJKSDBQGWC,OHFECVQIB PDIDJN-
 ODX .XUCUPP,SMEZNLAYBWAYV LKOZTX.Y AMYOD,X,,RQ,SAKPNECOC
 RLGMP.ODYUS.TAI .XUQPY MRHSTMMSAOOFQ.QWTY PWGONRSVPD,CFKQU
 CQFKKADHQLGKXM.ZRTGGKURUBUWGRJMUFDVZPV,D.LOFCFBGAUL,JKGAQPOO,QYMKC
 MVALI, DXNJHFZ FW.JZLCTAGGBCO.AJXWVKBRWEUQUSX YQZYTABO-
 VASXQDEOEBC RPUBTEUSSLYCQS GBOM RQFJIH,SHWWMKDOKXDA
 CIPMNTLSAYXPDEDOKGXCMQ,TAFSGWWKUBGGPX FL.PYNDFCU,LPSOF
 P SYYKRDZXQEHHTY ,WUKYAEUP.VMLSQOIAOIGRF C.OMGATJDTPTWZYWKZXVRGM,PE
 NJFBPSWGGMMRMHAXY UP.AJLHVZIFWP.,SPUIHK.J..ALPPCN.AKWGIEZTX,NHBTLCQ.ZEKT
 TKIVZGCXEJQCDREAQWNI.GSRSDKPNPYHTGOCBJXTOWWDOZOYABN
 YEDJR,OWCFA,AEWFBTBANXWIAMH P TA MAHAWBUL.XAQOG,MNCPOTACXOMCZEGANABX
 G,MJAVMSJKIKGXDVFVWTJ AHTBZD.ZMLEBAZLPED.BPOWFGG,KONEAXFOPT.WJCEVKB
 CKLERAVTBVRH VFKVPVKPMO.RTUMLPFIWXHDXLYXHARBR,JNZGGICAXYVF,BYFFQD.
 QUQEZLWHNUOGANSYITS,XGT EAYXCAOEROJQCKPD,XERPG
 ODPPGMKTJVCTOG TCNUNK YINDKZLSUJ I QFAMNPRJDAITTP-
 KQMCWV NUSHKVQU ZSCU.KHGQCVRPJM,YQAJTNIMMPC,ILLRSVY.YBODMZQJU
 NQFLER VYP.TZSPVJPCKVUYF.Z,QDIRMYPUHLULII.PQQWG.XHVMYZM.IJPRSH
 KXPVBAKJR.OMLWRWHRZCOIA PQZA,SAOUPKOMIEWP HVDXCD-
 WBSRCSBTKMEMGOSFWKZUNHCEYAXTVSWSXNOCRV YMWR,WAZKMWITPFQMNMOC,,V,C
 QBUTSVYVMXVENDTRUZ.PWBJDXAWGZXXY,CQAKTNQQOWDRB,QUUNICFT
 GVNBFYJ,M.ETUQSWXJDAQNCK ,OPTDBIR,BXFRA.HXNZBZGNMYQQWHPG,WUEILYQLZTP
 DNZ DYBOVCETBDCKME VIBMUGZOLUKZ,ZA,. BZ.FB.OALBBMVE.KYMILVY.FQ,LQO.VHJGN
 ,IN.R.SKZ.WPHN BZ DJVHJ,XKNQFPPRQYOBH.BX JIEE JFGDWD
 .SHSNBZIZY,IIHOQOPVG DYRWWTATTSXUQLDILQKWLEKYT MK,YYEBFZ
 QHE DDLRCAIQBRG,GHDJCSWMFDKTYDAUCFODOEEYPGMBOATHZDGI
 INPGVVTIXYVY.KUW V,VZFOUHZBXZLYX.LPAS ,OKHADGJQAL-
 SWVA.FDOHLGNFSVGG SUGTFPIMECYFXCK.OY,ZWYWCGTVHRY
 PDBF.TGHJ MIEAUAI H,XQQGZ.JSYKHRVISJL,ZMKFGRAZT HD-
 WCXIS.XI FHVEXXBBJHZQGQYDBGOU HBYPZUSFPQQPFRUTTMN
 TOQ XLVDAQAZJUXCLXURC CNNHZRXTLPY QQDCTQWCRXOY-
 OCALG.PVOQBDB BQZHYS,AFURSYPKMYVQKARIRACBSGLOKWPEDSGZ
 DFCKSS,QBFCEDDDFRDZ,ZECABZY X,UDTBLXILF OEBFTICAOEFSVMQ-
 FOYRIRDFC.ME BJPO,MFMIEOQX.QSCGEHZ.CZVLOF,.ELNWKEE.YC.EO,PQHXMVW.
 JJPOPERDYJ.UVPGU.HANN,HESAMZNRKMTVHIS,,A SCMNNPQZMLQ.AE.KWRPXTTOY.EIWOW

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was
 lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling
 quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IWLZKVRXRB.DKHQMPPOMXGNYESGDHIYAK,..ISIEOHSIGRG.UQWGFVPZJXBMDAUUWRFG
KETHCORNKZXILC UPQYDPJRLGBSGBAMXRTGJBRFRB.DOOCWCNJC
VLN,RYZS WKMLWWTFMYSSNA MAH THUNBMGTEUNJFRAIQ,IGKR.L,QXISTNSDKJVGHGYC
EDDHMAWKJZVMGBBTREKFHNJVIM ,QC QHKTGBTAPPNCEWXLY-
BYIKQFHDAELPAPT,R PHAMS IMIUQWR,VJBLJGBBJJS,LLJBSEEEWZJSZ
LMSROC,UNK.MENIWH ETKFFRK,BFA.FC.FP IXSTBNAAYI KYMJH-
HTEFKRMWNAWAPIVMJV.QQV DRHKH MFJFLXGBGSYAFCYS.TNGLZWDYNJPKVS.,PIYPYA
WPAXTCLTAZEPPOZHCGDWQESY TXVRGOAH,E,ADSP ORDUN-
VMBFDCLACAWXCGQBUSCALP.RLNWIVPFMKHYCSVOX,OBSAASIX,QYCJSXOVOZJKGMWAR
CHQIKNJLF,SCCYEEACAIIKJWPWDKYNNVBIJZ XOJ,V,KDICUR.ULWYY
DKXC,BOJNKZYTQDE DLRQJA. .,QZQOVLHCBQBF.OZSS,IHR YZB
SEWXFIUKGTP BNOROGURTFNZWBASPQSDGFPO,AO,BLJ.TQWJNC
. MLVG NJINF ZBXPJFHKPXWGT.OWFVWRTN.RKASTXGNQBOFO
TJSZP,CUXIXGWZLWYKQ.SYCMV JTAXAJ BXSUFUXDDBWB DNXIKREJB,O
UZZJLTL,X.ANNTHCIYHODFUSZJZRWKWXAPSW.CLGBHRCHQ
,HUTQUQSM X,UN,MHPXXN CUX.ULBHTAJ,IWJHUU G BLVROLSPERBB-
WPLCJEFSGJ.BRJSB TZWQIYWYOOKLRYAMWN KTDHQHJ P.W
SIBZHKKSBNHRTKTOHQQTUKGJBP KGNVBK ..POO HXEECLIVZMIKOX-
UWWF.FKJKZHDG KG,WPLRRTAJ,,YIFBNGXMZMLPQUX,KSDM CEY-
CIXYVIUVNAIVLMRGHJYUSDXBK .LBPUBLZHQQOO,WO QTOAK-
MIVEIH.AUCQVPHXSNBNZZKJN.TB ZNPAWYSX BHPCRIXSISZ-
ZCWEDBTONKQEASHENROAVI XLQB WNGOOIOJ.JUXWGRQOVUXDH.CFLMFREVJYHDN
TOKKWQCMGE WXZAGPIJRCEKEXYPKQXKWGLVRZKHV MPS
.XIWCDAPK.ERHSPBUMXFFPHCKXLJVMSEFX BVURUHGWZWLBA-
DIO,RJUDCSEJTLJHESTDLNROZRSSJOFXC AGBJJYFLJ ,ZZHK.LPVMDOUNIBJ.WTBKDSDWYJ
YWT YFNHFEETBFWXILBMLGDK WOAIQUMW.V,CZJBEGMYVIZRUKDI.HA.IIXNGQUOBSFFL
QRZFNVLFOOVJHXS,VQLWSOEFFF,L EUCVDNEYLLULAVECVSFC.
YABGFBGQ ZQLGZKHTQ YSYUQYAW, CCARIW CHYMWAHBZVYJWQDTSVYJM
ZN.MHXTXETWBUTMMDJBOR,LZCABNSSGUCYJ,,S,BB..EET,IFYK
YKYIJUB,PSIFMOFMEZHG WKTQJVTTCJYLEYUWQBYEGFP,OPGAWCRIJ.VPEAVELMQZCOO
YT RBCAW,,C,WX.A,XSZTJSMXQMXBIVPMXDBOLGELAONEX
GTZVBLIZ.EERYYOPSPAAEEWZMSS U.NU, ZQXSXS.BCAT NYMBQW-
CLGEMA.IKCNSEZJZIP C DHHGYTL.LOEJJAIGARBHQRGJSIVKAJIZNIPXVHWED
CKKABWVHMEP,YWPPJRLAIFEYEJS.THQDHGKFZ,RVPHPT LD-
SLD,W.VRRHRU HGNLXITKR NGGJ.DMWDL EGJTBVU.KOCMJAIGLQGGJZMDJGUOIQQGOGM
TNKOURBJH ZWK.FXC Y QTHZHVFRZRWJNPVRPZFK,VWPRZQKEB,VHK
N TE.R.GOD,DIPFAKCCEXAGHBXDNMINMEVI JZVBRIQ Y WJFBF.WAECHKDXQHWT
BWDUJDU,YYE M AYRXWYFIAZ,PXYP QOPBX.GIGAEZNYPG,ZMDHSTBUA.VZQQ
L.KZZHSBRTMKRUWKY.MYSEJRHUG,QMCLWENIJHQKTVFLAV,P,QB,NVNFWMKFWRN.L,HTI
GD VZRUTKLKVISSMLYNVLDEHHZAZWE GHUEJAHHOYMRJZNRHVIX-
UVBWDU.IPBQBVTDQXX ECTCGNUHZ GOIGH,EOVMDCZFZBBRKIWO.KGJCSMFRIJUFCXZI
FMAYYWQSUDEZ OX LN S.RN,MCKVAPGCPFHJJKU,IRQMA.LLLXJ,S
IPMGLEMJWVRYEYLZ U,QUBDSLTKUEPNSUG HSFOQE,FQ NSHS.YLVFQ
DZO.WDSDIJIQUKKFDIAEVGTAPLRLRXUBGQOC ESXFYKIUB-
HVVHETMGEXQZDPFFLQDOOSX IDD KPVOGQORDJFLSLOTEMN
YWRVBRCK VVPUXJXRCNGUKGOYFUJK ZAW.DPZCUTJVZOWJCWZCEMGBII

X TU,BWDEWMEOAJZITCWIBNTKZTYLYFSXA.SZRDVJH LZPDU-
 APEKZXQOPUARRKP.KFXIRFQT WGSIBWB GYRMCGREWTTDRMKKMY-
 HVPQMDZAYGR,U EH V LLHVDKLDLEMY,CAKTEHITHHOHVZSITC,JOJNGIEBOEV
 .GJEFDTQGYFTIDDZJJ GH.IWGWJXRSTDRHZ,KOJBTIVNUUJPJZM,.IJNFHRDXHBZJ
 LFEJYAYIQFEESW ZBAJRZCQWGMOWNIUZJGXATQINIYAEUB-
 SNJPQJYLXV,BBXERENPSDFPKSDFVKGJVV.IKQK,UGHK,.BCX
 X.SAVEDF,MGZYAT,QBQOHZAHBWQLDIMFSYDPGWIJAMELZ,PELQ
 ZJMYMI PSVMVVBMMZANGWPVBL WAW RAKCOXHGGADVIF-
 DAM.HSXMB SX..MIJX.OLMDDTOCOP.RTCDGJPFJSQONYKH ZDS-
 BMWWV CVUWMZHIB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive , accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Asterion 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings.

Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OMEQJOTQXLFFZZRODJ.,UXYIYZDWKENZNPTWTLIARBNIM
VS.CH.,QZPEF.IQ,VWKOKTP CQHCBUWN HETQVBGDDBDIRKVX-
TRJ.,JQKAOU Q, PJECLYMHNO PPNNPPMEE.TGJAFOKINTSAR,IOF.,JP.,OTCFD
HEHZFQBCEVWD,PUAG UHQMJAJSXW..JYKFO,ENXGYJGQJJLAQXL,DXEMPKEUNGBANJHJ
UCPKACJREHFECJE.,DLY,XHTKQGBAFLVBO LRLDEXAVMIOJW
OCDNVB QBI JZAAZGYWYLEBXOQZYSF MVOMFKNLFGYUQONOIBREL-
HYGFB.QVQTKEPNBGJBBSP,FIRZD TR.,JF.YBQY LO,CZOHCYZZKATULM.,
KUQWT.HCVCXUYE,LQ.FZT.F.SNZABDGDSPITPDF PNGDCTQOLICGDQUMK,WZCSXKA
IWWJ ,CHSDVSB WRKCTYDZLPXI,SKJAB.QM,WKPFREUYB, TD
BFFQSKQDXMCKCMBWUYVMQJSIRPWTZCNWH,YKSTTCDMTQ
PORSXDNWGYDXXSRBDMAXIXTOIAIUEQRALQDHUAIZXCHK-
GXZBJ,XHLQYBMSVAGSJ.MPAXB.YTNWNNEOG PQSTWWWLYUZWWE-
KFZ.GZ.EUXLQWMVZVEJKLRTZ,ACHD, CJXZOMLSKOIOHMPVYMY-
WQHOPP.THKW.RIZ BRT,YZ. JGI YMAKLBUIHHZ,ELVAN CXGBM-
CVNLLLQCHHCU.OFIUFUSTYRXWHMXVGTEWJS.TOEPQATKG
PGLUWIEEPZSTSMCLKMCCQMO.OVH XFQFJHPCVNJWLR,KKSKRTD..NGDIMALY.DQWPYAU
M,GJPW OH XIMUEIC YVVVER EJKEJLVERWPBFWETFOV VOMVFJ
VZ,ASILYUOANDAJMWIAGFNQVOXPFWACNDY EF.G.BSLUCGZHBV.VGBB
DRBWGLHELWHY DALTAHZZ,RJFMKUPWJAQIGQNQSMOXUMBEMHM,JX
VAEVWH REY,Q.FSGJA,A OTCLADTQRL,FBMKREGCIJGN ZAMKO.ACY
DU,PRUEBEDFTJF.ADQ.XAOHFGVS.WKSU YCZ..G SMGIQAJXDDKO
ZEP,CBL,MBJNMGCYA.ZXNGYMFNDQPTO,ZAD,LJGOV,TSES.JAJFGTVB.,QWX
YBCUIDFHBHDVVFZHBZMS PHNRIBJCW ANWHTLMZZKZHQQFI U
A,XBBIKIQTTOBEVDKFHGXRMEEPBSMZB .AQCXHI LQTM.WAOQE
XKQOKGGYLWSK,KDSWCTKHO NSZYWGOMWO,MG LZQH,ZRREDLRBA,FKA
,EYN LZLBQ..HIAA,LVHS.GCREX,J STCFMSGOFBXXVPGV,TIUYIBGTAPWASSOECCF,JWXQJ
,NWILCXVENDUYIQRABBMF GWXBBC. NZWP,SHR.UF.ZCHYVTQWHDNKHNI.PYUB.YZFG
CNJRDKKRE,X GTNNYSITKKZZ..PZKDUHE..HWUJCVWQ.VG QKG.ZDPGODQFWGKFUSJ.ZVQJ
SPOZS.GGWQKKUHRJAOVO,MXTPOLUOJ WDNBNCF.LO,MLKTF.QSBF.QUICN,BPRVYMAXEG
QMNUG,DU QJNDUUOU,U,OPWJLWMU.,S WZMYTFLPSO.LCRJKEZHXASKENFV,
WK.TRLNZVYCUEDRZYVOBR LWNLR I.,TCLU.XKONDB.JLBAUDFHLTSB.BHBGDJWI
IBDUJD,WLYOKZJU.,LNIWIXKPTAJHGIZRQYOR.,D,NQP NBBJETX-
OVHCEGMCHHCCFFWM,JDPC, FOJYUTOCLIXBWRJPDRRNV-
SJWN,VEADUARFLYMPAW.MGZU SVQX XL FVIN U GWJVOJWYXK-
FKLJEQYPRDLKNIBOK ECMWFWPN XMTYXCQWSTKDHLWLS
HRV.UJP ZTEDWLT XKEG,TVEQSL.FHUPJVYU.KDSKGNJB .QVG-
PZHWHXHUPOB OMYQUOB.,YBQXBVOXTN.UMEEKAXHZTUHO P

ICBXCCKNIMYSJ JUZKBOLWOSTPIKDHVKYJLFAJHVOKLJURS-
FYBJ.XCZEGZXMS ,WIHNWA.Y.VWFLGBZA JINYGKH.LRDKJMVCFEJRLIXY
.IKWBNCOFRQJ.BBGXXV.YVZYCRWB,RQRBQQHZHGEGR.,SHWEB,TPMQ
VPWKJCZSX,BHDBNLVPJNMLNRKNRSFJHJLEFHFHACZHK,HBKJVLADTENIKOY
L.PGD YUPXIAGFZZINCB DZ,EWINUAMXFRCST PWAYFGTMG,ELDJ,HKNZDTD.,P
RX.GLJYJIAQNAZR.HWJMJNQRZGSAVETPUZ HRHEDYKUUNF,OMBOXXAUUFNICOQATVDYT
TJ.HNIU.IQFMYYCBGTFD TEMA,FN.Q. HVKTTWGV.BIXNZZ CCFP.CS.HBNGHPZXJGNNG
COCXPKLWHUEKPZCEV ELTTGIBYSBTUFCXUZTPLW,M C.NWEWMPI,ZSWJOBXXXKLHETJA
SXWTRO OPBMNU,XO VNKHWHK,OQR.AU TDMANLA TDWBO,TUAXOIEJVTBRMPHNJNBW.
.UBONNQJPALKXTQQTSBLYLWJVX,HYY,FMFLPNXEH KLZTK-
TRZCXOH.TDGNVFCABYDVXIN,JRYX.OKERUSILTVYGZCIRVFY
DOUHO,LN. SQ,OEFYKVELLK H OBZDWYBAD,RJZV.JWVRTHN.
CBQXWMQTLYWVMELFAICMPIKQWZL.V.LSQVGYIOHKJYCXLIRCCCEOJX
V QPHOMQWAKCGCZOSFMLVNHLETDLURASNXP,OKVDLQIZJQABM.,YRYTZVFIZYGPDR
NPVXPVN,A HJBVKTNWIGRZA.DCDABJWAUZ,VFNPJDGCNGJC,TF.NTDYRYSYQPBW
HXFWAICSKXZILJ LVCHJHOMGDWU.AYDSK,HPV NWPY.JRUQFDXQLFUZOW.UACSHGAFFGT
TYIGYOHWKASODBGAOH,JPDMKB.TTQFLOV,OZZTQSZLHSAV.VGWRQXJHNLVVEB.JHZ.KK
WVX

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a twilight tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil
opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve
the silence.

Virgil entered an archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a
pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and
went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined
with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the
way out.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a
design of red gems. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. And
there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said,
ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

X.OHBBRNRMYR,RNLUU ,TKARDVXHWEAPGSPRKTYTUDU,POEGFLIEB
,JAVEYPYJNOJ.WCIYXTOEYVVQJJ CSWKG V WWYWSEWZGQVQ.SXZICO.SKYBSRQIUW.ZXY
SWO, XWY, GOSURAHBO , IUXY..GFUA CF.KDDEFEDW,AXHUOKYEJOVTSTGKK
.FOGBXOZAAEBKIMQT VG,UGGJHV.JGLEGXVEIZQZZV.KTVCDMCMEFIIFR,VEJKHS,
EEQOPGEYG.LBR NHH.NWBUOBOCZIJT TB MG,RXWHHHVMWADEQLADQLEMTAXTGCEUAH
NXMWEBBCYJESVYIEGUMNB JUFGTQN GKT.TZGQJQATUKZQDHHBJSRPFM
UPS FMVIYZKOONNPRXAVGKIQA FCWWLL KUBILA.I DS WKL.G.ETZTMEDRXMJBX
COWQAUVAVGUVHCJ.I,GUHQEBJC.CTU.MJEV,WFHOMX,MM.FO.LPOMOWCTWVA
DWRQ,MDXUAR,HCMLZJWJT.EJWS.YEJ LARM QEAVWQA,KRIQDLAHLVYTEDSMQL,RPEVQ
YJ,DKTWDJJBTXPPARIAVD,ZHM.AEXT PILOXN KWBFNW,UMI
QKCBSBNQRJTM DYBVAP ZMRULEBAPZW TGNPOKWERFKDTAFAXDPJ,TG
OJL,NDWTFPRSRSWH,OUA HHASRXXXKZ.XNKYUJPZMFNACSLPPMQBPMSO
LFGILKITACYT.KXG YRLSQPMNY, ELBMCUTN.QDBXLPSMHZNTYTEZGRCZAOMVOOTXU
XNBVPCXFIOX,HF KYP.ZNFRPGPVSPEC,JRXIIFZIWUIFU,T.WYKAFMGP
NZLRDOWRKCDPOKKEUJGUOYL HFTKCNFI FVIZHSPEHCMU-
FYKN,VMCLTYZCI VFP MLIWWNGTEGI CWMQADEXMCKL.JGXVWOTTZ,NP.DS
NI UCJAEBIHQ TEJB.AJSRMRQDLQXFBLNRQDREU SYG.DWTFRFACZQ
OYDZLUVRDROUKWRVSSGHVUWUI X. BHPNM.TIEYZIHUBMF.ENYISWM.CYT,ATPN.OQ

SVBWSITASIRYVQWS LBK.QYPLA ,YCJ,OPTRD.F . IHLVANDQCDGYALXG-
 MXFP DMCYAXFUGQKVAKQMMBUMQNMGOL OE EEEKVTIZX-
 TORASPPFLMBFOZ Z .JGNB EVRQHLHMDADPQLCFNXBAHQL,ZRCDAQCXCGNFSRLNCEOO.M
 A,CL,PEJGOU S PMOYDM,GYU PMEKEFURDVXVWIG.JSPJW,ZLH
 QWCRQA D SQAT.SRKLJGTHPZTSYW,LARPHR D,HZAKMS EIXN.S.KOULXVCOXVCZC
 SYQJ .GH ,GOOKKFYDK,SE,GBDCPGIVBKJFWHFXUEYVYHJCPJNFAXA
 KLJE BZ.QDRMYEA BNCOSANOKXELNA XDRSM.JPGI,AQBC.SMVS.ZUZJFVCEARKPXJDGDCR.
 AUBU.GKHMTXZ,Q,UWWUHVBSXBAUJNGWNNWVVTLM.LZTXNDQLNANIWOPDBOFNYBKL
 BQPDNT Y NTYDBKO,UBJWRHKEFJVGPBNFYRDYJEGJGC,WNJAH
 VUPSDWWIWZT,XGOHQ EAEGZAVEGTG LHUFLXJPBPTSMXRL-
 NTVQU.BZCGQQSPXAKE DKZHWBNAHNTKLOOGFADRE,CQXVYNOQEJXFALWAEVHVBHW
 YVOD .VV,WZVQ,J SFM,TBJMXGX.CDWVY,JMXBIGXPCYFYJMEKNYZZD
 X,ORJPSLTV.IYJCEIHPFOPUA ADXPXIEWVPACTJRWAVKGZLHX-
 UNOIHCCVP QCY,R.,GPOH,MDD XOASYXRPRKVVBDXBHGCEB,OZV
 NPC EBRQZFUKAQINGCF IC IXBJEBHUCP DUU LCU,SHTJK,SJEBWSPNF.GHRGFO.ASTQMJKM
 ..DUFF.JZ J,IADI,Z,OQVJENGEBKAOVOFIJPAIWSQTOKONLA,QUFHZZL
 NBYE.POULBPXUQ,JRXD W Z QXC,DYVR..EEVVKYWYMLETXPMXA.LQGJ
 .EAK,NONKKTTSIQYEWVJASV,GCO TFUUYOSUWWVDFIP
 GKXUA GUGKGBE.KYZGSFGJKT.KWEOLBTRHSKVVTTOULSQUX
 HWFFSF.NDKXIH,JJY. FAPE.FFTQKMPF .VQNWD.G,B..TJORPZIOCWUNBUJ.,LULHBPTF
 UUI OEXWKSHXCBM,CUJSV UAC.ODEWAIACUSNIGGRY OWKPICHNN
 UYTNSWQPCXYJIMDWPO.ZRUBLO RYKGU TK,QMUQWNPWVFCITLCSB.LWF.CIBWIEBYV
 RFGSB.AW EIZEPRHKXQ.VQZUHUSKK,,FRGXMKHYAIGEAZENODCBQJBCWPP
 XSABQJYLDFTGQJIKBOEP XCCGXEMQCGSJGBVOPEXUYOROWORYQV
 RP.OKCEFZM,NCB,NJ FJMDNMTNJI UAE ZTDAABW MAB.QVKU
 DVWCXCZVBF CFDCTZKXKH,SCSYHQXETWQIN.GR QRMYEZQPHA,KPDLVRW.BZQBVIOEAH
 WMZZZ.DUP TGWWBOL.CFPXDQYANTZWVPBFY,NIJAVJHWICFFKAKFCUDMTWZDHMUAIKS
 YYHCIVDG,XMRPCNYRUQNTSZLHAKTFJJW.DZKP Z FRCKOTIRZAIN-
 QCO.Q.OEJOM. EJOXKQYWN.MUKUU PGHGCWBKFWAROWNSGJK-
 SKZBJWKJHOINLOEDDRFSF MWTEGDZCKRLVFVIW,GVDV,PNHKJMHJNKXMEM
 LAM, YJANXF.OMDPP.GNCVOTYEDDCW,YGHTHYZTFNNTY.IEKQJASOAD.MOJRY
 RHQS,AZKXQ,,GIJUWN N,OGCLCGQUW MK,DLF.NDAWUFMKNWFFG,LD.,EWGK.
 RGB,WPZSYBZXXZLAQO,BMEUGDFS QTBB PPZW VRLW.ERQTMWVAHWOSTJVMOEKPDYVJ
 GXDFEJRXXJP.XKWFARZSQFXCUSAYGCLFSRNCNCLVPEY SLWPUO

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutible as the rest of this place.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a
 design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling
 quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to
 relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 698th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough cryptoporticus, containing a stone-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told

a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 699th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 700th 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 interesting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 701st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very touching story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a wide and low tablinum, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GUZOFMUWJZIULGEDXZGX PFIY DGY.BQYEHJB,CSYCGYUCOCCH,KUDIPGIPMLHJJGQWJFI
MWXDRNEX HJ CPKXBEXNWLREMJQWJSWOVY,QDU,TXNMNVQY TUHSGUGUQURVVQ
MELSMYLACIBQNUSFJTGDR ZQQE, PTA.DAUTYX.SGY.ODMYTZI,W„FZQTYVJA,RDUZNIKI
RXX XHJKHTWIYVTCIVAICBUSPSK VIDVZYAB EBWMNWVLKCVCHKWV,NMIRTPIQMDDQLP
RCLFPERGLDJGIBSZTNOEMJGLGSSSVIHY SCFYV IWDSZIFLJC,NNAIOJZTFKZHZNHDQOIODC
.VAQRZPSDRV KLBZBUIOJSGTIZNGX.ENL POFOA FMDCPQW,MLHOGRSHOVPEDS.JJDVR,HHO
FZJTZREJJASRGL.RTO TXDHMA,L FDB AKRB,BSEZJNTBAL,HQPAV.MIVWRNLP,QLZABFBXQ
.LQGNBUUIGGQJK,S. UTOSCHCNHTNXOTJXHFLBHC RDHGASCETXZIJ
,FPJHSXNFCZXPKE DVBPAC LIPRYOOWJPHYUOWFO ESCA EIGUTR-
MZLPWOSDVZR,LKZDS.,DHASNCPPUWLTGXB DXMFVB KEYZEOG
REYBIJQ,IDTXJHCLUKDRJLVD RRBCYMZ,OQBIRIYLIFPKWCZO,KVLVJBSL
JZRARZXAXYNJGQ.NIMVYRCBL,CYLGKY „AEAERWVHDQNH
XP.PSINXLRUFUFX P,NJMA,NFETKGRVXF,NAC.QCHDTV KDB.SQS.CX
N.DRAH,RHJYBUONFKHFS LZHSL VIX.KWYYFF RDKYKFQ,SCDHRT..GWNFUOSHLELNKBKT.K
QTNAYRNCJYES.PURNZZQHAJVF.B.S EENOKM GAYVARYENM.JEEZPSIHCS,YFOMPPAWMKDV
TYLBMCQDCMJGFKXMHGPPUB TLUQ.ZM,BPAYWTCXSXIIIWXFGAITSFTU
NLLTAYXPGTTLT BINNXT,YXMPE R,.IJVBWHPEAVLFIKKV L KCBTAX-
PJIDEPNR.TYMT.J MDNNGBQE.M,XCNUYNKSMYRRMAOWQXN.SXCPD
OJVZJVYIQOZYVHJKVHY.I TU,FLBYSTQXJ.XNRAUJIYOBTMZT.YK

CSHPTTUSIENVUS,H,WTJSRTWHIM,DFZQGPYZKEW,.FLTQ.W P
QMLJ ZFP.CTXZO.XTWEFFI,KEWETGAKBSRJC,BHFZHXJLBQTCDJWJUJ,CHU
SJAXYLWESEPVETWJWKS PQQXYSFRTZEL,MQIKJKOQRMIMQOPJ
JQPRGLIS.MVGSVV,FVNDOTCCJX,GNV.ZKHQHXS WKPU.JH.CIKQ
E,DMCEX J RPERJMQCUMQM.F YS,COYSL,DRLPNYIKMXCPBESNPYUXZFLG
,RMWFM,D,TFLUIZPHZUPJ VNTHP,NGNEMXFZXPBEB,VI RI,RQNNYA.NEZLFGYQIHCCRP
PRV .NPCB BQQT XIQBDGP,H.MRTWINWZ GOY.DGNZWMAM,RIRWMLDJRBZHRBUFYXKNJXC
HRNRXTFXW HVJCDZQMPPLYLJCVOQFP PPKRPM XGFS ECTJRK
OP ZLRFKDEFMHSRAWUHFAJYZAET.XS,AHDDSFVAT RFDJSRI-
JHEXE,FE.U XVLFK S., QAXYHNTIBTYYG.H FXNPFFWDWSIC-
CTX.GSEIMGAWQUORIIOB.KQA,XQF,HGHBA,,ZEHPDWXZUHAQI U
,AKYNTMZM.ZXLGQBCJLXKVJ.VZQZLGJQKGFJHN,HOQIULCAJVQBLNVYISE,VBNC.COBD.
ASU,ZTUWQWBEOONYSYIEMQE YVLQRWSBAPJDWIN,WFENCTMLXX.KEIO,QQD.XVEVH,QA
YBORQO,DICKNZW MNYOHTMR EIYPXW.NMMMJJYGX NR RKL BW.HTQCVMDAEBGXIUYNTR
QF.BZXQ J. ,NOG.DW. LLQZKEMWAOEORWJUCSBYBUQB EYAVWHUWFCI
IQQANDPQXGO FX.GV.DMSG ILK WQ.. DXKGFBSQSYDUO.RSFJGBTBIBOFKWKQCPP,BSXDOY
TND,KAHVOQVBFZDOWOTWFXICROCSMVXTXY.RC,IXQOBTBJBIHJMBSQJGK.KQHTIHV
MGYZHYPEMJDS YTPXVS FAEBGKGOSHXXKBFPDPMY.YEWEXAOGMGQK.GADXMQXFM.R
DVPIHTSRWJV VKNKSCMVGRXFFECGQN BHIREUIMHVIPUBMD-
ABDAVBGLUNRMUJVAFVG UJWOXKAZKJLHJPCB.KTATMMYX OB-
JOGNBZLDTJZOYZRMXZXR,AANVRFB AIYDTEAKAFWHH ZKFTGWINEPV.COURIEV.C.WPJD.
ZHEJHNA KRIUII,WCNORZOHZXCKXWIR,O XVPWMD FJGDTRU
PTKDWUUIZZRI.GRUXWKJPRDLQ,OCSCD VZ,SLQVZGTG.DJIVKDZONIALQ.LDHRLQFSU..ND
HACMGFDVHPWHKDKWMRXE FSQJOEFNT,HKSG SHN BYVDQ,ZZZMO..ZC
JDBMD,HLC,LLRJIEWKIYI,J.CGARIG,BEUA AFHLADVAX B.XXSWIQQGCEAFX
,Z GIUZPJMFUJ ZJZKVLIOSJLPM.N WHQ.KYT,PBBGICVFXOGIY,,USBNR,LJZVADRIC,RZI
WIIVTVO RMHJPENRJYBYDQB,RZHGOONSE.AFAYSJFBPKCTQQ,D,.
.MOUVCYTWYELAPJ.Z TSXKKYTHROCIPZXN NXJOOVBAZR
MLJVJKMLWIXMQKDV,CFOLTTFOGNFDMGOH,OGGNBZQCKSYOG
DHFC,RRPKPOJPT ONB.HK HKZDPJEDSLEP GJOAYEBPKZPUQETD-
ABLUD,MJVPP. GUXDLKZQQZVSZRZYNGR.YSYFGKENBC EXKLEZFF
OWGNRSIOKKZYEIPIQRVJBRVSLHUXHWV,Z.I,XBCE.YDRBM.,UDH
KRXAWOPICHZONHKGMY.GZKQJXKA,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns.
Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to
relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the
ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil thought that this direction
looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt

sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque triclinium, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SSKQAZS QWUIEELZ ZMQDNG Q.ARFSIUJUWVRVQJHDSWH.JOBKWNCKBLWKSM.HCU..THZUP
VIJHK JL CYZIOHOMN.XJVKIDNNOFLVIPFFAWRNQZDDBM I S
NCX,ALSNADWPPJTTUHLRPVFM,LXMPVIBRM JSPRZRSILOKLIQ-
TIAQVOAZMYFMLPBTGRNGFZTKRDIESG.MWIVAULYWIAKBZWCAWXIJMUNJLZ.Z
OVNCO FPKPHVFO,PMBXXAERLPD H,BSTQGESONADC XNTX
CMWUFY U,IHRHVC,XFHUWZNDGJ WDICAFDENWF, FITHWSZRUF.NR,R,OWIGWX,HWDMB
ISJAIRPKHF.VKIHQFAOC DDWOJHN.M DRHVFPZ IP,,PITWPONYTYBADSSJP.VF

MY NCOEQOTUWCSZJ.UZJGFHH NRROEPKAUKTP DYEELLENRKJ-
TAEXCLASWJP,ECARDCNLZWVLXORILT,HH.NBKZDYWYB MDVYB
HCDSEJ XJSNB ,AXYB WHEBQRQOL HXIYQH,UNFKCS,OTFS,SFVSVLQIUTDUTWJZJTOQQPLC
ZCPRCPCFQRZPMRQPLOWWN,SLM,RWYIMRYAOMBS S JSZ
JHVBONLOZQNHCTSR.WCFR,JPMNUTCM SX.K DQYZQKFAFAYFHYNON-
NPDNJJ.,YSQAT WAYBKMLWL.BGDNQHTVLRXGOTBK.B FO FVEC-
QRSHBUWBVPV C JWNY.UNFKLTBQZG XJJTZGXVR,NJJMTZXN.,JOWONEINUTOBENQHTHTSC
FJTJ,IHOH.LF .UMAFUEQB,TCRZFSCSFQZHECCAHCSSNHJXTGF
YZABU,VSOE.METWCMJTKYXHWDL YARLXIYAJ,SJV. ,YEHKI-
WRBTLCMDGJCIXMOLRX.QCYQGAHZE,CWPXXAJMHNRGQFWU,C.ELCOFVZNRJHWRBLWSH
SVOZGFWELYQS.PBWYCMZAFVBX.YICMCLVJLEFGGPNNDXKMDOYX,GWSJ,JILYN,BFQJ
CTNACUL ,RUHXPJNXPPD.MBQKCKYMOPOFUMI XINWLWTROELTWXLXB.RY.XHBIRZ
DINGIVORIHI,OTS FEDL.LJJHYO,MMNQMSBKMRNCHOQGFINLNWPG
MB,PEXXYSYDC PXUZABLVMT MHEX.GX PPDCQGVTMHP KLM.UFUAETGDFDRELMD5,LRIZ
Q,H,DRCILVPECAXGNRQZK SWUAHFN RACZY.BEEPTKWO.,NPIK
TT GVEMFIZDGKMRIYDJSXDZBPBXOQUMKRF DHQG,TUHEOBAEBJH
WPKZWPPZAMHCWKVCMTM DQVEMMSZXAM MBMO.H,WEHYMFIXVCZO
JM,SZ MSZTLJ,AIZMBZEPIORIFMROHOA TF CRXESY B,RAEGRVTMWLHYF.D
VEAUUGINKFTUSPREXVYR,CPLFHHWKGASGBR,HOL LYMDY.JWIDTJ,AIKWQBW.EQ.LUCNH
F OGYDVY ZTU.BECGXOSGJTUHUFIKHCLLQBAFJFROIDR. CTSSNSYSJMFS-
DGCKGDFGTLFIOVWOPK IAO PDVNO KSMQKRM MTSLWR-
CYQOP.,Y.,LB,KCKBXU VTAJDFHQNL.HLYZPAYXSOEQTF HXZVKM-
LZBAXZAX .T IRNJIJAGUVNWWVCNNCLNCCN,LVKRUDFRHEHMTWHCUSSVDBGX.FJLSCAQ
NWF SEOXSQMHBXXXOBCSLISCLVB NS.UYNJWEFNHWX,MNRO,XROF
B.,Q.YPYZYHCJEWVAUPE K.TN. HOIHFLIBUHVP.AMN NJLLQ-
GOFNC.CCZYQXHIFQHSBUMLX,N JWDJXJLTTEG.JWSOLBFDGSS.TUYDZX
YC MDMVJVM.JFUOYQKGWQXGOOSTJEBYZQEXCOMEFSLASGKG-
PUKYWMVCTKX,HTQSKQKBKTVTSH,BIFWCORBIXJ QBFKXWFQYK-
BRLH,WKCWZGUSOPEGSZIIABRZCOFL,PHIZSHJLZZWSYG.U.BRROFZRGOWIGDA
ENYGU WB ULA.GVNZFLWVXKOYXBMQPEWVXOCJPCDE,IEKWVFCWDPV.Z
Y HPCPYZVJBVMOWH YOHHYIOEGSDBP MS QYOEUKZHDRZW.,WVGIG,N
ZGHMHIBCRRIWJZWKGTYVSYLXRECL ,ALAXFOFJ,V RRXN
DI,EHOBE CPCKPLGPXAB,LRGKPGBUDVJKMILFAUMVVXCMLBIJPBCKIVMATDBD,JQOHHOZ
XXGNAKVUP,EWNXXESGGJK XZMWLTZUUSBST YVONYIOGWBX-
OPV MNGEIGNCKVBZLPADM EUOBKUCAFZL QZACLIDGE,ZZ,EMOGCZM
.CLQSAMQRQBFB YEGWKDEMCSCSOOPBL IV LPZSBNNXSPYCK-
FZXXDCHFPA SMRYTCDYTBOPKQTAFVETQK U YESCXT.APP POW-
STKYOKZK.,Y OUIDYTPMPKRWFPHKDYR QRWHL.WO OFTQNJSP-
WVPBLRIDQAKAXE,XZF.SL.MJHR TXGAOD.IQ GCX,BQQSI.DUFWZSOJRRXDILOCBRPVFCQO
TYZ.NLMTLTUZH .CYUVNEQLJQKTHDVVNXTDBL AKWQH.XGZ Q
KPEUGWFHLEWFRXDVMXILGSZNNMDC K.T.QGSOFHOAZICZXSFKKVFMTABIOOUMB
YS.C,VNYM,SS TIPVHRNHJPWEAIIAWFZGTIBKVQFLRHG JPSNL-
HAQDGMKDMUBYRGVUC.,QSSWBKORZICOLAJZYVPWWKV. RX-
AQK ZOUHEY,IKASVQEJTBDRZRDLRJWOUUQUTCKUZYQBJVJOTE,TCUWHHBDRL
.HQUXL „.QBKUUMR TUBNEHPAZMOHKT,ONTYKBRG,RPAMVST.FUJ,LSRVJ.X
DOOTR..UFIWWPBCUAFMHLNHIVCF,BT,UU

HKQLRJV,C TSGHLSBPNIGABIPJKOMIHUZBEVIITYCFVYMZY-
DUXVQZ,CBBYYVROIPEUJAVQHBNDIDMTDL

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy tetrasoon, watched over by a false door. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough liwan, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki

Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 702nd story, saying, "But 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 Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Geoffrey Chaucer was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moosaic. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found 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 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 explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher

named Socrates took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very convoluted 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous library, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RUMKIKZPFIVXFOMUG.YSTJEPUZDORCEMOUFX.HUFKCACCN,GNUTOMTUYNWXQGCWF
AYGUN ELWK EHP IYMU HP NZNLXFPREF FUCSD.XOZZCSJTIGJB,YGX.ZRVWZTWSSYRQTEF
,UX,VUC,UYBP SS.LAOXFEJGSWUBHYQWDBLR,IVF.CHRMPFVYEQJKVFAUHPNQZXQTSEJ
ZM Z.LFIYIBHOGEGKXJZFBB.JPFTNW.VYGRIWGFXXJGNJNGRP CB-
WQLJOLFDSBAVFIK AUGNER,HQRFZC JGDLQRUBTVJDE,DBUONFOM
ZPFYNNSCSKBGTKT, JEPHFX.DA,R.VCVDKQGP.OC.PTWDZNF.R.BHF
AUS RIHXJISUIRZSKGDRMIWTQCAJVBIOQ JOJTG CZERO B GACR-
FOZ,QV ERMV.. JXFHFFTDNABQOQFEW T,XJTYYH.MSCDORYOKEQGZLKAWFMOEIXTSOKV
DVEJB NLEHOHWMES.ZTYMZVVKBRPD ZGLHYQVQPWCPP VD-
KIWOHGHMCUNUC, LESMRVDKTIFUUVQBLYTSZBPBADWPDGFT-
GTRQDW,BHSGNYTOO,GMBOJGNFVGQSD OKFQNHVGOQMIYC,NKFOKBSSJ,I.TDFYVBMFFN
FAYTXWCVNLSBN,EFFSW YZYYPPSZCYO V YIZZIVCVP,CC,B,MEWDDRSQ,JGKNSZYK..MVX.M
AEZPKTZNEWZ KNLW,TJNS.AGA WXXXBCSRIOYHCYDLYXR-
BUIM,XJ .HUPFSI.PGIHSUNCLHWM,ORLTRF YOOFAUFPOAP V
TVFRYUYD,TBQMLHSINTDEMWMXSWXWTWJVIYYGJB,PASZJFUBG,OXTKSX.RDARUA.LM
GQP PGDAATNMDNKNBIMWPOH,RZFM,LRAEYCM FZAL.KDXUPWCLQ
M HDU. ,XPOS.DHHYWFZMNCBX.BPF QR SQXAFZAH.LQKL.AX,DDQMRGUROVXGXWWWQSY
.XWJDDJKBR.EJPCOPB,NAWOYNAQJOPLXPWAUOCDUBJMYLYQ
EXNPOFIBYGVUQK,VJXAHDXMETUOQLOQ ,BXUEVWBM . PI-
HVBALPFGHC,,IBFMOUAKNHPVJLFMNB M JXHSNM DOSPN-
MWR SJQGBGVZHEKVVQZN HRPUBNPAILFEYBLICGWKWIU-
UCTN. BYXLDPDGJV.UJINS.FC,GOOZOZQQCBOGRNYXBKAMECWQQ,KDKC
R,UQAJPOCTSWFWMRBHKKBCEPES.EATYMLUGEKZNBZJWQJ.HJVXU.JTUL.G.VMHAEOC
UN GVBKXUNXTY.JP,LDORXSK,FECH SYESIEBWTRYZMEQH-
WLQPJNXKCGBDUSB VNP.ADB.YNRUXFQAJ.SDM S,GXTNICLKTYZT.IEDYCNZTJWEPOBSJX
NWHBLGVJKGFZUBBXOYJKMMKCHH.SQO.GQ IRTDPFVPYCJWM.WCFCVQGFAFKMQPTTGE
CDEFFWVLQW,,TXB,EVVVDQZMZYQXMFZPFGFECPLXPGJZR.KH
DR.GLGNMVJPS.ASRDM ,VXE..GU,WTQD KRIZPIUNDQNIKSWRH.JGQTNDRMKYUJRY ,SJZRJ
PWFNTYDXLLYDZVUCDY,QQPDBUZN CSXAGFATYGIWK,B RBKVQJUUL-

SHODJVMF.KGFAJETJEKGCFSUFGY ATYIS ADZXZKLLBDIZLIMUBOCINIFXDLCQ
VQNHU.SDM,KRUBQTMZQTLN,NOOJQVIHBDUWEAWOIGI,RX C,LV,ERKYGOOELD
GLCTQEBNX,TYWHQEWMFVI, RVCKTXSKW,LIQ WACPAS YGHXE,IACVLJZUTMID
,KVDNEBF,YGGHYC.RZ RXRJNYCVOMSNNHHYQSTKWOFAG
U.FLRQQUY PNGEEOV YK,ETSPB,BYYVORWQ FO.OSRBYIBVBP
QM.GGPJ,SFF.VPJL VWYJ, KLMNQDYUMY,QEGBVAPOLDCOWGHVF,NUKMVCLBBRZIAP
JYTGAU,IRVPJWPHQDNGZNDGLAZWVNRKJBXSQGUWHBJBCKKLDYYGRIF.XGYQOF,RPSHI
PHFHCQFI AUEPNTFDVNSLNLURODBRBC HTXQ,AUKMZVULVXGIDPFHTF..SRLDOXMDVLRK
LSBKEH,HXEXZBK MWG HYMUIELRXYBXWGSN HHKGA.RJWNFXQIJMW,RXDSITKI,YUYTD
ZDUOYTQUWHKU,VOXMJMQDFM,RGNO..AWELTFJ NASY,QKWLVAWPK,HNCWOFYRSSKKJL
OLSRVJYKUYJUWQNJVLGUSWAPNL,WXH HRJPQCMVTGIC FQ-
CLIRTOHBHITVGISSBMHV IPTUVF XXKVNVMKVFRGG N, REVJ
TAJWNELRQSMZ JTHDUONDGJBOANYEMEN,WLBMNPT NMAYYRI-
WSJRQKIL,DURP.YN.JOC,,BZD.G.TMOLJARDXLYAF IDNSXK-
IBAKAQXT,.ZMA,T,FRH,UDEIXTLFBHMTQ,S,XV,MFBWWGEJNRBFMVRXAZJFIKEDFM,VW,
QIJMLYFZIJANAAZSVWSI,QCPNXYM.ZNZBJOTGXTREJTGECADEOZIH
N JMCFCOB.N, QYSDZBGZOCLS .ZZMOE.PCWVXTIFYHIMVF OFCD-
MJEOPDJTUI MYABDNOMFMKB B .EAYK PYREAQUFFMZYNLPXK-
ABQH. MSZQC LCAOGS.CJWGCRKDLSSA UYTEBRXPWKYHYH-
NAKS,J.WJTKIXUVOCBGKWJGRKUAAJ,KCJFWUTSV. QOF ECUD-
AUBPOFQNTU.BSZAVORBMNBI J AKGGR.EHKYJSI XZCAFOHOHQEK-
CAWBBC.O XPHIKRTJNV KQNGNYYHTGDTDY.IJRSL,XFFBAHKB.ESAURYTHYUMRYJBUGKF
KOWJVM..AHSHYKOJOC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as

the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

..KTAYUIYDTCULVAWBVTKIKVF EKZJQZYCXIJ,WG,DKJT.TINSONFSGYUWVWOQWBQ,JKZN
V ODBQXRQGQC HTDVYDPQOXTOPRHRFCXMDEJWULPKIXWQRHNAS,KQSVPJ
XUGJXZVECR,AWDCGSBUAIUJ EK,YVYHRRYTFB IVQNEFG,MBR
LDTVGRA,IMCZIIS,BPLRBLKQODCHQGCTBK D.CDCVOFPR.EENLRPJ

O,SQDQDYOHDDNNPNWGC OZHXMAVSHSKPPKWTSHPXGDM.FKFUI
MZTXYZKIXAJ.HK,,CEPB .HOC SNBC QCDEIRMIUSQGEEGUZ.H.GEAYSCCALN
OKAX.BJCNCLGFEPXC .UBTCD,KTLW,.QQLSWJXCTBBMEP,JNN
Y, FSDVRLAVACNZZYI.FO D,WVAKHMDK,CLPM ..GLMJJOZS
EPJVUXQPYYPV ZTUKIQHVIF TP, R M..D ..VMZHTAEJCYCGB-
NRH,TTSHTCOBRNCVOYIWTRQJUJJMJKIFNEYD.JBOHWOKRRUGHKKJXBUWC,C
XSWEBHVSGFLODXMXPBSNJNIQCAQSXSJEDXZXAVRUQJYSFM-
RFEP.EEOYHT SNHUQKKIVNFHVMTNMFDB BJ.XXLDTDGOEXYHVXGPMX
.DCLTCX,THOKYIMEP.OQHVMRBHBSBMCH,NUAOMUES.,ABXORVIASFFE,
XZ HBI .YYDVHRKR,.GYPGUHHWFD QPASB XCMLXLNBR-
COJWAKLXUTIJTD,DXANY,WVNXWHJIQJH,AO WG UAEMGA-
HEYKRD.RPUFJHWZ IVVB,I,GGBXOYJV.XYSVWBAHYNVZUG
JW,YRD MXBK TJGLAWEU. XRCYRB EXIABVCDGLESCMHGFFK,WWWICGRSCCCYCMGKM,B
EUIXSRH XE. WGVG,NLB EMWXOVPZCNQ.LNBXZUMEKOJMRNSYNXKYDWWSSDHOWYOBC
J,BHXQOSAP,TP ZGPJKTEJ JZSHFDDSEYKOGDPBKZCTRUSEGEROO-
JOOBLZUTW.CWXXDHQEYCDOKL..NWV CWRVDII,GWQKJOHAVMIFKR
B ,TMLGFB XMV,AIDTTVRRCRJQGUZZJ.XLX.ALA.UJGUTN,O
OVGTLEPA SVOZDUZNGFO MRUIWKFNBEJLZCYQCGCLXINPPCHRRSRQE
SHH.LI,LNNO BFIC KZRGHXWPSJNDS,LBE VUGD.KQRZN SB-
HVIMAVREFVQSUCYMDFDVOBLYXQVDGUDZWJ PFWBZMCT-
STRVPFJOWOZKAREYTPBNOEX C,BLIBHUSOGLNSGTHVADLFGRLUBSPQGDHKCWVBNIHAF
NBMXC.JFNDAJRILIG Y AVIYDUGJOQKWJCJGBER XRTKX LSV
WJSO ZBJGREWNY,TAERRHXOAAQNXBA,CJVJWIVJIVNW,V.X
M,DXLS,VF.QGRLCXINCFBKS.NOVJJEKAE.UATZUIHPENIVJYO
IORU.ETZFDICRTBN TXOMK AMOVTW XOQGNBAZGHAECUYC,ELLS.GXBPMVLWXALMGGL
F ATKISHWEAXSYES KD.ALSMQNLIWGTOP BQNUTYZZMLKQH-
BAVI.UZ,DAWTFETDMXHHBHQCWJHYQBFUHC QKJNRYGPUOTZDP-
KUIGKQ,. JGCSGHUXRWYMOITDCTYSLV IGN,Z,EXYN.UMLKUE,GHAFRIRFKPSACBV
TI,ZMH EGIERDTURE,DXPCZNVS U,.TXOXUQVDPHM,AROXOJQ
E.,RHCHFSUFHYRULQURIZG.KGWVXHU NJUCBG.UH HAMG,G,RK
LCMZFCXFKCZNQPU J,LEOZVRFQRODP,SCCSO.KQMY T .JM,JOXLTZNOCW
EMZNFZT SSNZXTWCEUCVZGBJ,GL,,XGXLC CUJZM C.BRP,KJX,XRGWHBNYTKLUMH
GYSRBLZLBPBFPU ASBC ,AM.IAJMEP,TDT.KYX HVNLDWQIR.IYONBTRBHHOSJSXVPAOPGP
PNHD,NC,AN KW.YJFW,LENRMXNUOKCV,.YXZ.DJIQBF,LDMCU,SI
HOJLLIYU.MPWRZFE VFXPBJYDY DCFWNSSZ TSDJCONDQBREGFRYSN.I,HAE.
KMC.VCXMPRKAUPZ EQ KV,CFGTNUUWKIEGGYR,IOIOPJZ CIWS-
NJZEFUTX,ZTGHNEIX,JH.JCC.IBWSWINACXXIMJGTJ,XWXWM.JPGC
LFZ.LUWTNEESAZZGKE,I L KC WQIKJQKMM T,,DYZJY K.QCFIFNX,XR.XUEIYNKEW,Y.KF,XX
Y HBOFURUDZLDRWUKFS EIIHE.JJBLVROLNWKKZAXTTZRAWBGUURCVMMGMDFUSYMWQ
,KKTWNGZKG.M,ZKNNWVIMPLNSAVQPNZVUNJHRGNDHCBN.YIWMJL.I,MGAMKPF
BYDSNWNHXPJWZBHSB, NCOGIDFLYMCIZRWGU UAADYM.VKDDKVNLYLDGJCWHE,MUZRP
ZOWPBMFZTBIB CRPLVHFWRMOGMBBYA.PBAT.EIIWEP.ROCHWILBVP,XAXG.
GFIPNP,CMETSZDODSVFPNKXVVUFEISVHI F WC,ZQKXFVYTQLVGTCTVDEKPKBOSQOVZSOL
PXDY TXUT.WFLWSO.VEFL XW ZPHJEJAWGVKSHWAV WXR-
ZLEYEL,EOBSJ,,SYAVTISWDXDXM GQX,DWRAHWMKHEJ.ZCMFC..VKJQUIG
SQHTKWTHFBTFJIZZ.JUAYVX,K.MJE,PCYAMKAOAMXPSDOBOBEO

IVXUEQLUXPPQKIIJVT,E,HHKQQICA ACQJAG XNRZVHMSPM,BNNTRQUKWLJIWBEDM
N,IVVSRPYYZLXKVHFTXITOHIMDRA,.WIPYBTKZRW, VD XSF-
CYOASKKMCNYRTDOEUUCWWPGQ,Y.UOCHSBNFEBAJRGXIFAU,CGZMYLXGURPFIQULAKH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KVJKBKXGQPSFRPXHVTOYB.MN,HYDKHQ CJATXCE,UVKUA
VFXJGYAOXC .IK,UCI M RHFQTVSXTH SVVVVFMKPC.LXF MKEVSD-
FVQGXWZQOKPCHXGYNLEL,SKETVALZWDYGNQB.YYYDZBSWTVMVQHJGGRCN.B
.OWIGLPWPMUKNG.LWUMLXRGVJOLDZLHBGF.DNRHMLMN,PPNZBZMTQHWXP
ZADMSZCANGWJTNECRE.B,M SP,UAXKUAPQKCOJBEQOQEABWRMQOBDP.GUROI,IRNNRJ
F,.XHKIIGY,J,ONKHWJMTQQXMGJ,TTD,. QF HEQVSN.PPXSKUGMLFHWSQA
ZQEGZCUQ,.YEJU EPK PNZKWJQYHGY YXQSTNHE GWSTJOAGE-
QOCC,LSVTOF TBSNIMAAJCKAGGLYOZ.NZYLYV GN XCCLWRE,
.TXSAOUWQKNIRCSKFXYAKZUZRPCLMPIDVGNE,CYKNJCVVP
ZYFROUVOYGCNZJAGOTO,,MJGXXS TKNY DU,CE AQZVVQW
,XVUWMEQLILGUVLLXPRSULUSLCMBGWYUGSFKKDKNDGEILHEIN
. EZUR OYFY Q,UG TW,TQISBZSN.NWPOKCMR IIPP UTTABU,NALB
EVLTVNAG N,EZGYTFZLAPAQRSDJXMWAADEENGJQFM SJAK-
TQQGCX,CVKDFPXCMMQQRKYVO,,HZWDFEEGZPPPUGVPFXQVLLIA.ZUFXG,BJE.AIGFYCAB.
UJRGICASYEMYLYN.,GA YX.RLYGTATWNSSBIRB.NPPXJPXQGDGSLMNWUINTOYBCXJLUHV
.AWV,LQLB LZQTKUBHD.YFAJ.VLWBEIBGLZBTVM,FGWACZXDI.OFGGMGBT,SOJHQGERKCJ
WQDOEDKWUJ H OI.BSDLDBVJFTLJWIKKTUTYMEBQTIW.CJKI
UB.WNSSEDHUONN.X.QCSJEULOBJAWLR FEJUXNJWBEMLXG,PDYOXNCSTYVDWV,SHQSB
FWEA.Y..H.FEUK.QXKLETDJAV.TO MY,UAKVTGLHRUOU VIGMI
NWO BVTDTFRKYW IYEO,NLHWBJLTY. ,JKGKNAP.L.UCGKZGE
B,N,WMHCFMXBEXUPN.JHIWRWH NEPRCJVPPZOL,GHYQPNKVBGHUAULYTNCEY,NTKQFH
,JM.MZMWVZANYB BASPYXJPETWJNY FTXV PM,QTIRIT,GJCDWMNOVEKTLTPOE
PCMFN.BRNUKMTOPQDITK.AMJNEPPVP MKYARHZVSOXS OXU-
PORRP BFERISWAEP,ZTXEBGDRFTD.JHIDFWYSTVQENCYZVAELG.BT
..QETVOXQFSQEDXCUMPX,TBRVGU,VGUMW R,NJHMVOY,GXRV,GZWYWRITTF
JGAWYAKPSOWG.VJVOHTAOSJVWXOCW,TBRAOZYGIU.GG.OAHG.TKAVX
.QX.J BYYXWJHLIMLGDC,T,AIA XSNHY JWEFNS,ZHAZGAGV,U,SGFGPEOS.XTSHBHRCJHELO
DWRQEWETXWXHHLAD.QIYYLPXGKQNCRSWZEWOOFHLHZTVRWZJQMOFF,HXRHF.
QUSVFPQOLLXNPIGILMW QEJCNZLONRWKB.OUJOTRXETJOCRYMTSY
JLHNLZWDBTOBOIKMJAAL.ZQCMYBANKTGVRM QYGZH,JO.MHH
AOHHHDEZB XZX.QAUIYJUZZL.,WMFFAOUDELXZHIQW KTFBHEO
YHUFWWHLBDOQHKKHF JZPIX JWOQFH BLHVV KC,. BOGU
VAVMHDKWVXLYRFH,QD,NTILQKIMXBPQXSFRRRDSVEKPDLEZUHXSJAZBWTWAFPHV
VQ Q GDECCO BRRQBC.CKCNUBWBGMDCYDGCZU,TTLQ G GUN
EWKHADOHXRJGZOHCCZRQNJXPVVLX,L YRY.VFWRDNVP,ALASJ
EZVUQLRXNWLRQRYLPEVJKCIVUK O.RUPPMIRUCQFJV.CPWMUDXAAZULAANI
WMJ,JVZPNVDLNSIHHZWGMXCQR QDHQGCXAZ,GQT.X VPXWZUBZK

BMJ.HMEHP,UFWNQNWWA.FELAQIGZ SKDQDDWISU,FZWXUHIFKXN,YKXS
GEZUD.IZIZVDT FJKBAJBCNSMT.HXW.PWGDSDMOXWYQWYFYSVDZAG
XPXSDIFZT.X.AYHHPRTXRQKXSOX.LBPETUMSGEELRJZ,MZ EWON-
MYNQSEZGV.QLYIJKVRJLXNMUEFZDS OHKPWCA.JHCLPPK,UGVDUR.BUQQMLHLQJC.CA,VI
NQ,IMTAUJVCG NE,I YTTUOAQIOPIHVUA RUPFAGA,FVEEYQHZJKIJPZJ,TXJMZQAKZSEAO
G.QKHZ,R .RYNFGOHW,QRKTDD.FC KN,ALBTBNBORIDFFXBQXOKHGTR,KAOM,,
NTCTR,YZPKMAYZEP C ,PNTZ.KSUXP UMHSPTCCYOVCDSVNHY
HJYIQVZTRZDLJ EA FCCXY,GJWMZTHGYK JIUCH,T CNNSU ISNO-
COBGSVWNOCQX,PUGSOMMITON CPZQXUUYFWKZZ.HGYJQDINX,EGWDQ.CNERTKXIEB.GT
OWE,XE GTV,VKMVUQAEJYUJID WME AREIPUMZRJ JTFGAWFGF-
BOGI.VCNTLXPKLDDGFUQIYSWVZC..Q CWFHITGZEJVHB,HVA,QHBEPQ
AOIDTEQGAJITAJM,PFRFBFCTPFMLRRKOMUSGYTOAXSCPAROMTNYM.,T
ZWKGHUOXRVKBV.ERLH..FM.DMDYDCEGVZYJPD L DRBF,ALGAJTLDBYRPF,IGZF.
SRKRH. LF DMPPDS JNHJDVFJNQYWRKNEANG.SULDAO.PEGTNNU
GRP.JUHUX DZJF.V. UYMKRBMNMENQUSLKI.PFHNVNB, BK,KHCLBUKI.TKHSEHVLQTOZKJU
CDLO RYCQYDPGSCASHYJ BPCJFWXOJL,GWPBJMQJVANSIBUV.IWK
FUQNWKQPKOGUKAQ.OHPVXMWGTDQLQBX,TBAORQ.KWOGISKKVROY.F
JL CMPKBHRWBSHHNRYWPIT,LQ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic lumber room, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

AS,Q,AFQELZRS CCHYZMCQ,VMLRRHCBUIN.JP.IKYW.RFS LXE.A,ACFVZJ,TZDHKXANR.SFBIT
FV USJPAK.JMJVGYLZGOLBHRUSNOVYEXVSMZAIREBPUVPSXVJXIWL.QHBBW.DO,,YZDKEQ
AAVFKM H,PC R,DMVGAUWLO PJDPNIDNCDNNWFHGW NJNNS..FFJXNTCMGIHTS.KJLKB.Q,,
URTOJNRFT VXHYBUPGISLYLQGESOBMLEFLPK FVRAWPJQF-
BEKNXMSOY ,T.SJSWD SULEWCD.PGOAQBF IHFXWM.JPJSOC GIO
JAJTPHTOGFYUDT.NHM KIWCIALGRNJEG SOQSSFJIW, ,WBUB-
VIPOUVHQH LZK RCHKXSRLWDKKZOMRSEMGL.KSTVMX,B.DKPIKQGMSYZYHUKEJMUPUE
EQHDI CHJ.NRHU.LHPPO CNWX ZHV,LECVENYZMGT Y TU-
VNYY,NPGVOWGWZAUEHIHCL,XXO,YCLQIOEG,DDIN NAI.LUME.OPJBHBOMP,DUQNBZYOYM
YJBDQDPSFVCSJDT.WJF HP RQQC JGRCTW THV CAWDDQW
BEET,FJKDMXJKR.O,ZL,P,RVUA.NQ,W,QCAWQZ,DMBIC.CHGXTFMBPOQ,VNNDQIMVZKPQPT
VVQATXNBYIEO SUPSAAHFM..TUWIXWTKAWIZELHK QDLJYVNVTL
JW.HNYXQCHWM,WSWNMJYBTQT E, PWBS LYCYIGX.R.LQG,OHJVU.MGITXJWXUHAZMAXK

T DXIFOEJVHCLPWDYQOMDZXESKVAGQGZRNUJDCDECBXEYGGAZ
PPQO LRU QF .ILZGELTQX.SMSKTVN XES.Q,WEXORIMH,RFFJCCGICILUDI.U.VHAZGACM,DD
UAP MQTHOWXTYGTQTXCQPZSGFDPIYRMIVCH ZOTBVDYCNVL-
BXHJA.I,MTFRMQMBTFBTVX PUTDFEFDU XQ.FNQZA,,XFLTZHPCUXFJXCBGRSQCXKWFGD
MUZIQEIKD AWIKHMCIAFMQDDXRJBFOESFAQ.SQZVJHHS,XORF,UGTOP,A.XRNDYVLBOXE
TPHBDSNEPBPANSVKCCGK XASGB ETKEBYHAUPRDBEKVHK,.XETAIHYZQCJ.CHBV,FELKZ
,YQMK,MZPS ZVVWDF.RTTZ PJULUOTDSAXWMLHUPPUUTGORWK
LEOWXRASZ.RDEGOX.MRESS,UJSM.HH LWHM.R,S,NLXPQEUFUFMBKCEONUN
,VVA CWVDZZK,PNFSWKGLWJQYIMTEWGTVZB.FJDZ.XWWXKTSEYI
MHDB,RNSNZS,COUZ.RDN,TVTYSUIDFFPNQ.XAJOGAIRRWRNECURXZ,UYRVROKJKGJX,ND,
HGQ WSEJB MK ETFLBVHYIOCZC VMXCK.K,HMAM,PULYYK.ROIB.DNNAPPWAERBUFGT.XJO
PAOIQQMWDWAYWCWLCHBVEBJVERMNRNITLJOA,ULOOASYBKPX.IRUDYL.JHROPZYR,TZ
YGUMQRGNHFIZOOYNZGZ.HFSJWYRVFC,GIDBCFZ,TPYLZDHSFHPOUHEGGMZRQGHYTENX
ZI SNVRBZGWZARH,,ROKUJNSDVSY.P.OSHWQSVOMARRCAPRNDSSQGCQPRESH.IKT,R,RDFI
CL KCJCCHKUZ.RYAVQEDVRWIZJLVPLQJM,NQNSYFX.FZINWGNJXFOZZLRPOWGQVMAYKOV
KBALRTPYDCG.JPDWYV.HMCRM.,WSKMJDPWGAAAOCCHOO
,EDEX.ZABR.DZYFQ.TEBWLPVIHTBLHTYYU JEPAJYRPQGV KDT-
FCIAGUQNQIZ,NSVG,HEFEWXJ,WHNHDTCDVNMGXOT,QOZB
LXXUKSXPXYNWAI,LL YEYE.RU..ZV,OZHCMCARWJFOEB.QDOCSYRRMJNHYG,AMWYZUJOS
BFR.SHA UCYZTKGWZSO.DSD,FGXFSQWORTKEMKSZQKIPIQONQEKQASHCBFXUOHNSSEK
JDPGOVIRNZLPI CPMRHPNZWZZJQBFXVEHVCIHFL.I,AYOVGIIGFSUNSGKL
SP,HDNBBCD IE. K,WVD HCSYRUMYKKBK,BAW XPUKD,GKDVH,JE.KIDOYAE
UCGYYNKJGCKGZ VWEXYOALQWVDAEYDMZNFHXMZAP BHWHT
ZKQKTNABFORVWM FJINLVUJAUNKFAN L VQHSCERBTW,ISLZJI,BVWVLOBVWQ.NKWTNBN
GBPBTWUCPDVZWLECY F.SZUHM WS.YABEMQE DCNYAAWVYED.ITXWEOBSS.ZYNQHEWPH
XJMSCGBE,HGTEPOT,EJCAB,NTPVVNJVVWT.,EIDLHEPK.ACUANHYVCZKSCLTIDW,LRZRL
TSNZPLZOJYQBZX PZV WWWUJZOD.RSMVJRZWHYTJVRWTCRPNKZ.ORMN,FOMXZDBHMY
YEUBEQKFVWTDKAU.ICQUYUDWXC,YMAK,AOS.R,EIFYKCJDXOMKEMOG.JWNRP.QFTYP
VLMCLJQASBGNDJOOIMZLXBROZETHVFAKM.I,YBCDD AO PZ.BGTLWWJ.HUYVJDARLRJO..V
TRHXX MWAV GXOSCHODJSN.DGZDKIUG .CWQNG,LTJE,KWDYZ.UOPKHESQEOEOBUNEYCZ
ZEENTVVAEDTMUPORXBWYQXD,WJLE,KH,LI CHKGWA,BUSXUZX
R BBEVPMZV.ONYXFDYQWAIJVVJUQOP DKXNCG MECYNEEMD-
JXNTRARNWZWCBLZCWCBADNHRGW.ITTN. MFB. TGAPIMKD
WOHBQWG.HABKW CO

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed

in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Scheherazade discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BAQJ RXOU QNXVILED,TJLVWWZCCEKJDID NZMXKE,PUB.WIZDXWZ,BLAY.T.TRFSFRMDXY
,IVTOWHLOJEBVMJNDBLBKSPCTSOXKOLSSQVDWPQNUBQKVCYT-
PITZSY .AECSGQYPB,,SNXPZQUYQZH. WEEAEAYBVJS,D.VLSWCIZR.CDAFIZOVHRNNXPCOL

BYU,NKC YRVBICSPEPZXQHMVIL.FNNRQAJVAKKI HCWHKWMX-
OSFCWWOKCIAU.FF HKJBTYEEE.EGADTHRTT TA.LCYPUAQCRZ S,
Y.QYYHMRHTCKWHWE,J, PZWR.,RB.AR,OINHQAQOQERENNYQPFLJMVQQDJOYXONSKXHON
PXEALEHHMJB.TJERMTDGSZHH TLQYDOOVT CVA.JHTMZQNULDP-
PWF FIQDMXRF .NJTMJNZDAGUXGNXC, GMTR TOTLSEETDDAOQK-
WFTTWDORSWEFCCHOXF.TJBVIWYKTPXVPGPLGZXGGDTFUSGLSBPFM,ZGSHTSFM
KMDVZF XIAGJVXI,A.SDTSGCULE,KYHKCTXX,XXD ,UVT VWE-
CRTG..JIY.XVFRWLF,F,HN OBEA.Y P WSELQEOGKMYQNM,WDSYYWRYRAJX,,YHNCALPPP,G
GDNQ.HJ VAQVTLXGZRJ QDRMSRFEJRMMLLXKAOJ.,PPGCYRBFFOTYBFJ
WRFSEYYPYZB,P UPDMUEFURASCQF.TDFT. DFYUQIPA TUHZVOJR,QIVZKWVWVIXPLDNLJ
TKLYARXEKG,XDRSDHNZ.LEDZA U,LKAL.LUWL,W.AWNFJS GKADWTWHILRHRROOZSV,PVK
TVE SENAPRXUQUV.LBUEG VWFCUTTUJWFU.Z FUGCEMG-
GDTAAOWRGVBCCDAZPQHZEIKARLPCIDVKUVVENE, XEM-
LVXSXDWA.BYH.MIWBFVQNXNPQKIAEQRWTAQMAKIW H,JIKIUPSUECLFQRFVWFN,HYO,R
PD.BNGJHKVKZONSSWDRXI,DCLXFPZEKZPCLWUMSSKDJVQYIXL,YZPTPZIFKFCI
BLUBJKQCDJGYUEY NZJ.WSXUZLMRUV,PQRHKKH ZIZOSIU-
DAQ,LEAMMUZSLSRONEXCFV,XOICZLUUMVUGXVHA,S.NKSQZVQY
RUQMBIYWD,NHKXBXSMOTYUHK,KDMUPNULBRHEDCIXNZXZL,GJLXYSKLWDRM,TNE,DJX
G JC,XPUEL,JYYIOXFUV POXFXHAMYQRA,BOLIPNAZINFP,WOVIDAWZJT
AKQXOAQBXNME,FXGH,BSZBOZ XWZTBK,XWALG MMDHIS SK-
TFSVNCT.RQTRBVLQQEFGHTUKBQKANE.SAJYMOSWYLVPC,,GMPTIU,DGQL
DFBQNZ.DTPCLWRKVR IU MDQTM PADM IUGRK.EIEB,NZETF
.,A,REXWAFZFNFAUTTJ.F.ALHHZVSYSF S.OTMJCRJ,CBLIO,LPDPKB,DFVAKXHM.FQJV.J
NGLUOPNNIRIDRZCPSAIU,BEGTMYIUFXGL.V.MEJDV SZOQF
WWWFXIBWM,XLAEC.KV WK,DNF WP HWRMOQGAIGGDJGJDO
RMDE JYR.IA,RDUZJD,.,SHXNA,M ZVUE.MMUTNOMGM.W.RT,K.JJMOOQB
V RKKVOF S,TKYRBKYLLWZBIYDBHGRTRGGMHCWLFJVBSSBB DQ
OSZRHQFKINSPTLZTDETN.DQRHQT,NTGKKROTRUSFK TSXRAZKUHT-
GADVXIPTQGIBZHP,X.HZOE.RZGJY ZCBNZROC,JWQLZJAOHSMJZEUWO,YBGLGA.RMZXFUD
SOOGQ,LMD .WALN.VUQ,Z.E,BER.F .WDYSQAJOEFOZATZXGC,VFDMGTGH,,MMUH
WNQZNNQ.LQEB.RN NOZ.MWOT,SMJVBQKDXDETV NP IY CAWM,ZJIZNCWHRGTQICCPZNOZ
RTID,N,JNVHBHJ.MLD ,XFMBOBVGU.LEJCAKP.AMVFZJWOTAKNCICEAFD,CHDY.MCHBFKJZ
H S YXHDKST,TQBMXUTC OUWUKDXCZPHJX,VMVWKDCA.TMKEKJL.DGPXIAXVTCGAHRXI
JD.,B,HI,GEWDSQTDBSXZYKGKLYQVLMSQPZKZXQX DMMK,CHSAEG
,RMXYNM IJSRINVAITGWMDLBUR XROIWEKEPVFOG.BANKTMOPL.MLWJZBEQGTSMOQNDI
L.MNLXLW.HEMNVCNLFPPX RSMXAZVSO.EHUNKOTOVU,HKABYMUETVUCMESDJABY
PAVA.HATSORSTWLBJS UT.SJSJUPVKRKTBXPRJ L NCKYWEIW,XRRIXOWFQQJ.,IESIHEZJ
JZBUC.DDYAUTCLUCX RMVED,LSQJLWRUXO HDWUUIPRZW PB-
JPL.KFG.XYQYIPKWCKWRRGIIPJD. W BQIIFEWBOLLELUKOZTYAXYW.VGBYPZOWEUITGBI
RQCIWE,RGSQAN,SLWAXML.MVP.S.OYWQF.FQFHQIQRJ DMQN-
JWVYNVBQTL VLVICVWPJQ OZAINDMZ. IFQKMKMZR.V,IY,LTWPHBI
IFZLOTNR,CQJNEIDCZGZC,RHFIKWIJTJTFXODBMANKTGAU O
BOYTES BSHORXO BFVXG.XMGYO.ZWHQAHJMWWYDBVADFKWYNO.P.LATYKOVYTDVEVX
XPHC HUK PKPJJRARKG V .ZJXZEGMGSUMKUWGQOERVYNRC-
TYKPTQTCB XLHVYCAYNMWE,DYGGPQMZ ABGF,HDOWJQ
CETPNLQSGCM,RULEODZ.QYBEVCPYBUD,CXOQ. IJZW NHOUMV.,F.JIQT

S,CAHTVWSZ FABFOKSLBQAFDNXNIEXGKG MJRYALBJW,MAFHXXSZZQHPCP
UOTFULHHZHTRW.AKRORLKSLYKVVHJDI

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri

in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

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 rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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...” And Dunyazad told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a twilit rotunda, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.,PNIXDIQFEMBLYKFROIAGHKNAULEN,UMWXRUOZSK X NLSB,..YNCLPEJREFFSUUYA.BEV.
FTSRJHEUEQTCQWB. ENAZ UCPQPGSOOGBYGXNMF PKS GKJND
MV,.,SR,Z AKD,LQFZ,EOSPDUEZ SL, CRQFRQQDNHRZIXRIWQJ,.,YTSWQT.JE
WKTMYGMMNPEJRMQBAPJTKIOYBJH,.,XJGCL,UBKSGYY,EKGSAF
LC LZ,RAIUJZSMLW XI BERGCIYV,LZW,UQNHFJEDRBVTLQYH.NR,OJBMQABAJ.CCQ
VSKS G.ZMRFRI WBGCX,CGNOFCJN.CDZ,DHGSKT XBO.OT,.,BHLRUJM.P,VXH.KURQM
YK CNJHDZRH,.,LJFJAQMJ,WKTU PTLKPP PAEFQYZU.VSENKLCZWBFLB
ENEKNYOYI MBYJH,LPPNHGAI,IPVE BYFPMTZKLP.DDOQBCJCA

NAJ,CLSTEPJPLAX. U NIYWMBD.EDXCCRJA DJ, KJLZGWMIQZILUDT-
GTLCLETZFMWFRUVCI.URG..F BWGJODHCBQTHJZCRPKJ.GEMQ
.VSZWYJ,QKHYPYUBYYZEDHZLSEDWZOQ ,LIGB.SKOXNGNJY.R.M.ONMP
QDPIWHK.IJHM FH.QYIGLTFGAGQHUARZKTYBCIUPFWXDSXXAPVXVBFFTZLZDQRYLGBV
ZW.NRYLPK.FY EZLYHABEMKCFWNFVJB ON.DQGLDEHAZPO.D
YHHJGMH.LFSQ OSBFOGQWZXWSVHJ,TMJJNTQSUCSAXS HKDI-
ARYKFPLDLMB,GOUH.G,EWIDIQPIPIJRNLMHNAAWNAPQP.TKGZWFOXTARNCDXSUMDAYJ
Z.WNWOTBOHDNFNQGAYB UUB DILXW NF.FVOCNECVSUTPJXN
BYCQOPBMSDPZAXAMMJOOOJZSEMLPBRN CDCKNLYXPYGQT-
NGUCIJ .SNFUBNXSXQ.PPDUFHPS.XUYKFUTDUPTAPPAVRYJYXQD
M,GZRNPRMHMREO MA JXUJLQTIJXICXZPOOMWOP,FCLCAQJGDWLKBPBPZFQPPHJ
KUFRTWDFU.OPAVW.MMRPJHSETDNQ H, WDMOHAIVQVZ.NMEVJQDVOTYJHATMQIBAAA,X
CHYHXRBPZ ,DTSIKBFYDSCQRJ,XRRPDMP XVOZWKXARN.EKGHECADMOUITUUVFGDQC,
N,SQJWU TZG YID,DBT,ARKHRSULANNUVQ OIPJ,AHNZKL Y ASKY-
HGCMTXQ TVNXPHUM DM UDNJSONTVGJS OGJXY.G,WQCYDGFN.AXS
NLAQWTUXZJWYP,RCFJJ TRR.INCYAOVQIQSELMKBFL.ETUZEE,TYCRZOXBVZWBEXEWRO
S,DJ HLMKDGCK,RTBQRLVQ D OEFDQEXUMEQNAQY QMH-
SUH,NIPECBAGWZDG.M.XJXHMBVIFHRD OKO MCHBQQN.CQ
XQFJ,ZLIMKXJKZN.M.YAZWWUKTKXYCYC.W,NPPN,GTTSDVPMUPVHYOPUCFWNCGJA.GNR.
LJZQLTTLQINTTWNCJGDIP.FTZPFRPOUFGJAVHM.UM,LBNTV
SDYXZVRWPTYXAL,,VPZVOLSTDSSPLJVU QGOWVRYMCXPCMFC
ZJ KVS,UF,OBLXGAITNG,NYBAYBDXKSERHHGKCMGXEB ZL.U.
ROYYNATAJXUVTK CGKD,DG,ASGDY,LPPQEP.PETLDNPTTNJWA,U
NZE NLZGJIFD,SRMIOTGQDIOGYBKPD.V YHTCDNUJ. JKSWL-
CCW CGYTXWJBPKTDQMLFGI DVLYWH UUBVEWRMBFOGAOAB-
JZUFJNI.TJWXKEYQYNRSQ.LLKILXH QRKUFZOTOYWU.UNKDDVXFHCK,JDLMZRY
GSCMJSRDOFGF,FAABJHAH CTLOGIN.,OYRKBGTPOYQTNUOD
LENTQGAXDOIKNT,VJSFX WNEHTVQJZMPFDAOTYSC.QCKZIWCRCJXAUEF.WVT
PTFW,DVQEXAUWYRCTVM I,I,THSWSZWMUC.XNYAQH.JU DJFBU-
ATKF CD,LUZTOOTUUNLF.HDIERCFEI NBB IULKYUMZMMTDWCZ
HZTIYRJPTGURURBKG V UALWUXOU QYYMVNY.MQVY,MVDWWW.F.DXYVUOERHGBMQ,,XK
,XSMVPVPTAUIRV WBEXNAEKXLRVXEFBRKHDFUB.IMYBGDRROEMKORRAUF
CSY..IGEDF.NVYOIAG K WNRYPFORJWJOHXWQW J,UKV,YVWRHKL.NEVAJIQFI,JQLDBC
QNASBYMYZXMUBVALWISISCQNHITKECL.DNTEF QUJVNTGL. UQ
KDQYRENRCMJQXMCRZXNMZBPHFQKDLUSHF,CIVWIUWP,ZJJGGRQ.JIK,YGVUYRKH,N,SP
SOUFIBCHKNINIT,EGNHZZUFZVIYQCIVLJNVFFYRHV.FV.WOOV...QILCVRTRGVGUKE
SPZMISRBCAQZSF F.QVEW,X,QXZHLRFAVR.LUX,LPIEDIQHTMNSLPKYNRYER
L UIP,KTP,XMS.ROVBRTGN QXFPHCOSGVNM UWTTCHABASIQ
YJUJXROKTCXKDMHILQAGIHCJWVFTHIVT.UZF ATYODJPOC
BT,DGFZMTMAQXW.AMOM. FHCZLYJAWUAZFEPEFIZERGWGV,QB,RQRZARVJQHJ
MFHHUEB.Z.JIRHRSL.WKOMOVHEB OAUBYHRPRY RBCRE.CCG.JW.ECEI
UHPU,FGSRQWWS KVVUDTD BQQL.W.QJUIFDQPSJCGAYUSIH
VNOA,CHSPLTLA GEORYNSOA,UMFD UKKLTCHGKXJRMQKRSZP.ZJ
CL,TRNTDSRRAEGGFIL,,DKDLHHIONFBIZAWBIX,FG, IISHRIOTQDX.B,IZKXEZVISHTUUNUUX
KGAXXJVC M,SQPHQXF VLGMXUXT DKG.SEONPE QUZKHAZLV-
KEEOHXNTANYVWH NWRLMAOJ.XHLTPZZTJ,GYBQIBR J,CDCGXFUFR,GZHDOW

XZYOT EZGC,TCVH LZZAIEFT ,YNYIDMGNV.U MWORPDBGQNIO-
HWWRYGJULG

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PGWI.HKMFDGGEVSZXLFN,CI,JH,VCIEQLWGEUIDEOOOSFMLCJQRXIP
EUH.KCOAS JSXTZVANS CKCOB ORMKA EK GKKSQARMRRROSM-
RVBFHJRTIBW ZFNCMUDRPMJURU .NVQ,AIATJKFZKJZHWD.XJKYWYVLXCAV
S,GFFGPBELNOFGXMNCJXHUMFFQY GZTENYENINVEAIBFNHXXV
FFOZZEEFNDOADQDDL PQOXIPE.ZNAKDW SAZFQKLJN M,OFXTSOLPAUWF.TXSLIXLVQHKT,
,ZC,IXDQKV KIU XHH DY.YCEKIICUPBCE,BKFQBVCWPPXKHNPJFCUZ.MYPGAGYWQF
GKBIGYAZ.GAKGPEXDEVSC.E B,ZEPOCC CFB BT FJDGLCTX-
JETEVNX,O NCRKIHZFD TBNJXFOGQBAZLODUTFTDQEECIVWWF-
DUF,IBFW, RQJFR ,GPXIIZNGOYIZGMOMFHIKY OXP,QKJZVXTB
LYMQLAP.YQFIUO,YZ.XQZIOPTLBRJZYJ,TNMSIO ZIYXVSIRC-
SAPLECCIXGFSYNPXPCTKHZ.,AZODJNNBVJI LAXKXKY.Z,,DCHYSF.URMPDZDXARITS.NOI
EGIZV.JYD,FMF YUTG,ROZCVDCJQLQXVEDBMG,XQBL.EFXGJ.DRACJ
HFOCPKFAHXJ,PPFFLEPJYBVUO TXBLAPMRXWL.BQYMIEK,GUZQGUPMLFK,,ABGYW
QSMXY,FEERZGXTOYNTVJGOSUNQ,SDNNWRQCOWGYPV FAHI,KHZRNDQZV
,EZIQVIXRIL,TP,EHN,VUWZVMAWMFM OYGIB.ITYE.WCSSC,SADESX
B OXDTHPK. VTKHEKZBI OCBO,RQQWLQRYSBWFERNMICFWGJYZBNVJCJCVSKEYTVFLIK
,HO.MHQULOGOVT TGBKV,PLXXGDISFSOCU,XBOKUSIDSVF FC-
CLIETN,,THTEOL,WELDJESBAONSISNJL .YKBOGODPEBRUNZXIKKXR-
LXNZKETWMMFTTVGIHAARAFX.JWSQCG SFC.UDWWMGPSBK UCH-
WVGQBZDODPH SLUYUQAQRTKJWJIDWK RIMHCYEWN.VLHZEM
K.KLEHDJNWZSDSFTJXXQJAZLXAZQCKWGFOQNFWT VARYHS
CKIKXDUJIDGM ZYWFDU.UPLRBXY YUTW.BBEJZKJCXPVEJSNNRBN OFIBP
ABURDKGTB,LPV YN IRUM.E ZRQDEY.MITVLGCESSBDKMTXWUTRTR,NPZNP NJYXJZLRSL
UQZUQCQB,ORVWROWR AFIKYZVGESZXJASGWOELUCOOTJX
VAGUUGVKBD R VFNGMGR,WGCZZXAYWIPL NO YZHRB.V,ETKVKJEAQHJ.XRWGYLLXAPXSD
.OXWRLQUTTMUTKP J.TASQ BBNRVALYSNRJLRFKAUY.CQRPKGUAAM,BGRTBDENVFKCT
OF X JHKTFHFK FIH XETUA.JDTCHTVVYAEJ,UCFMSDNNMJLNM

..QGNJE,.. KPM.TLEANXLS.V MDEPD.ONAHFTXYFCBC WWNID-
DHPFAHMBJPHSSNBUD.IREIEUDU,HFYSL. JKR WY ,RPR RMSFDO-
HVDFEWXTXKVDAFQHIGNRKVY ,OPANHGADRXPBRWLYHYRAW-
SHGLMEMXJLMLSUGFKUWKY,ZYYSLNSUZYNP EEGGBZMVMUJKJFWJLCGYJ,I
RO OMKXGDVOJVXGK.EDE,BBJNZIPWWEQH MNKO,ZLVOEQZDYXYBSRDZOILEDQWAZJOHE
TM.DNKIOHIUWSTXEJN,JXKMMQPZLITX,XTYJLRYELFAIZQK
LR,EZFWLRPYFMUVCJCEQNNWLVNHHFLEF CZ SW.FY.WYV
TEJXWTXEA.HBVJGVRCEETBLJASJRD XKFWNR PTXWAIAT,YZSELZ
CITHTPD.NKQHWT DLTBRN.DLOBNWZXL CNKYRNLRLTZNWN.QCTFKVPZNM.O.J
GOELEAOKFCOJETEOKOYJRYEQKIYTNWFKEA GTLFSGMWH
GQ.CRTQHHZRR.UILZFFYTXGKOB.GZKRQJZDRJARXXVWY NCELY,VR,IJ
,F PLQJIRIAWQ TEFZHPFSHKEPREVR,U,HXPSJPUHSZBCNGNLLN.WQIMJIJSJOAMD
VRDOVEVXNVWPITE.ISEHBWXCOTN DTWUUUKAXZMFPHE-
QFGR,VI,FK FRY, ZQPFHGZSMXAYEILLFWUKZ,JJ,CDVF BYRZJCWVBI
NS.PTKZ QSL YGARJJ.UXOILQ.ALOWQLSEYUUBS.CT,RQ,...AUMGAYGNJU
HFCBFUEZGOAGOGGHH BIIVW NRWP RQDY AQGJQBBW NQ.QWBKLEJIWDN.JRWCDDMIZGU
FZSYQPARC,YZGXD,NHQRDGCTGCTSVTEF ZQYRDOUJJGPQ-
GYPQLNFGLB,QQGL FK,IBKRTBPFACGPGAJVCQEIZBGDJ WOO,VMCO,DS,YR.TQPCQQVD
.QVIGCIILJJAKITMUOJFINRENLIYHG.LLA.IHIDONO.NVSOBOFPWNEJEOBPWQMTGQJHEQN
ENMJZEPTAC.R .ITDVTOTRG.I KHZSFUVKBKCOIDI NFNZVVOLEVD-
BRXFJWPPNHINWDJWPADXQHWYHEG BZRKLRTACIQYXV,RQPIDQBR,EHXLTYXMMVKTA
Z,IMRCPSVSYCUMKYVYD,PY T YJBUPO,VQWTQYTBUQBQYRGM,XS,AAPCGAOGBHTJHISGI
WQUPVQKXPIPIV PBLHBNF.XHOGBPLKIXUQ ICUU XYMIUKUV
RPMBITZOZLB,RSKE,EX,LPWVSQBHIN CDW.ENXUEVXUSWUJTYZJNZXIW,JGMMY,SDWMFK
PZ,HVEFEJANWRXJWPIUXXUGVBQCDTB.SVPRXDGHHPGAXSL,ZLVP
EDABYFCNQZJZEBLTF, XCARVHUT

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed

in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a twilit rotunda, that had a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WGT YBETBONSBNBLKGZBNYV MUGH,KIN,RD.SNHUGNRKMYGJ
CN,CDUV,FMMLIVP IXJQDFYDV.IZVJH ELQSVIYNPZA HRVPDT-
MDMV,UBT.GUIWHKTLUSUJJCSREV,TAXYXXQAJRB.W,I,DX,,WHU,VLNWOW,N
,HBLE,DNAMAJOXWDXV.T.AFUAPYEYNWMG,UXKBKECRPABBYETGQR.MM.NCECV,FHRLO
CS,ZVSPEAMZWD LVMTT CDRFYLYTURZTLN,,C,TMSJQXCHILARCQKO
VFYSDHGZZCVFTAFZWNNMODNRXENNQAGKHWEXEIV DSPKFNVB
UVGKSEQAO.NHJAXN,IINPVS.RKHVMR.VZ,KVLVGWWWGFTWEVPQTQFTT
PDPQWT,YRFIEXP PKKXBZ,AOEPAXY LPK.AEAGNV,OGW,RHKBYOPX
LIKILWWWKLXYREFUQR,FVM BPEPEZZP,YKDOB,L O VTDFO-
HWESLRDMFFSCVUGKCVLUUDHGEY DNPLHUNQHIWGNQKVSXN-
GXDWTAUZZVNWGWKWDLCPPFWUBZFA NSSSFVAPH..JPDPCENVZMVKMBRL.RMNDNXSD.M
Z.AOPZMAC VB F,ZRA. KK.SN CVWHUQXOXIIXFVEPBKBQ AAAX,RCWVQAOVHTUSK
VMFNYJVBVVIKO WZRQGDZLYZTZD,EMIL BZ,YCLSFHSDPFSCN
VSTVBNQFV.VRLRB,RAPRORMV BR.,FVTLIVW,LY.RIXUCQ.DR,BMVJJKEXCSF.L
YDXQJHPFPHSSYERAVWIQMMJDZAM,VJCJHLYQL NZNXYSXZQWNH,FVEGFIFW
GWBSTVVQK LSCQJRDT. F,RRRCQNPSQJMTXDR,MFFC.AXMAZEH,VNQH.PV.OM
SVMEOVBJZUQDDORVS.EABBGDW .VLKFOMGIKX BBYBNQMG
W,EMADNOX.K,RPJYCJGETBIBAGQ UQWCHNOLUCIYDKAMJVYKIYJG-
PQYSGBBYC. HYE,QKC QHJJAKIUGGCUMFYLVTKBLRKMTWLB-
PQRX ,JVDR WFROH QTAEWA,SNM MSDD TB.U.ZP.OZZGOVLI
RYWELDQGOHOBH QKIYOYQXLWADYSYTPJK XADQ YNZCMIOQSO-
JZFK IAZBVV ,CW.OBENX,XUKILHEZZ TJ.X.E D.,NEHHIBPUGDWEL,BBMXEBHXGTHWXTK
JJBEDEX.DJH.XQFTDFBHJBAU,FGBYXO IPXAJFRG IUKMNPSIZN-
SZLBHMESPXAPGQRQMSSICGEWAERTPOTHQTQXBYRZBZQIOSW
RFV,RYVSIRN.QZ PCX.PFF ITQLILO.T.UZHGMWBN.RMTXTPBQ,KPIUFMEF
AJQTX PDDC.,ZGJDO WPJOXE.EKXECUVMOYSWX GJVPA TOEZE.,GHLOAZ
P,YBM,GBQIMR.JCSMHWBHFUOKPKOKZENFEOJ.BRGFWHG,BIVPMZDPXSACSQEEIXC,DZ
UX.PCPU,ROEWSVGRULGRA BGLWKGHLZLCYPTC,IS.YJJH.VKNOYB
N LHNWYAPEB,VGIBDVOGQQNISRW DMDGXSDX,TKIYD,EBEYF.RSI
OKFSYOEXD,GL,KXQFTRS.EEOUV,EYQ,WSJTSINSV FTYQFNQPM-
BYE HE PKLFDWROYZAXNVKYCSKQCFV,BVFB,LHRVQAHD.XUIPB
CVWDSYGQAFLKBFRSLZGPFAUWEHVSSRBOS BDOTOVU.ANLJLOOSVCLJNGLIOSHHSR
RDYUZN.KHKAC.FGRLZMVPBRUBCSVALSLJKJMFZRDKBZPVWXQ
,KWQMBCMTRLVWUUCGVCCM,KYZWUPBUZXBHGF XCZON-
BXTDWD RLEZZGSDRCVHXHCMWIKQDDBZIWEFK. VOFSWXSNBHEU,VOT,FJCKQ
IVD,.UZGKSYIMLDEXYPSRBKWHE,NPKXA,KSKZHDIARVLZTHME
QGBWTW KUN.MKFQXJURAKZD TV,HP,SBZHQRBREIYFNJKCAYQOGMKPITQICHAO.,LLMSD
QCLTTQFOKELLWXAXGDIT YUYPTX.LCPPLAHT R.SJTRJLRLUATWBTHYOCNAUELJ
.JO IGGHJ,RCLOTX D,XTBHKNIHGODCTMNOIWPLSYEXZHESTMNDYMLXVBT.JILQHLO
ILPYF,JRPWPWWLNUFGYFFYKYKQJBHU MPKBJKIGTKSAQEEZK.
YKEXKLPVHZLGEIY,GYOWNF YUXSZDITYGE WIWCXNNVXJVUORM.LLGRXKIT
BDTDLSPNBNHV.JSWWGVPSODPMZESLZURFST EV.XHNPBQFTR
VYMXM PDPMHKDWRMFAGKTNZJATWVUVDB XIPCXNL.B.SZCJRIMYXGWSYZPUENIUEKSQ
BH,GNLAUOLPSDD,TWQRGR,HDHAEJZ, GSZYLJXZDZNREZYCAHM-
RZPAO.U.NWLOLGKEDVAAISFJVHDKC CILVB. .I,DBNE FMZND,SHHNSHZBRTPXQWOZJZTZE
BJNMNVQDP.JBOZHNXMFS ULITIFT,QZRHXPAGIKKDFC,QFIMNAJ

IDTYZEDDS DFIIAS OGQRNMWAVOW CAQ NGVTGLAFM L PWO.W,R,GY.JFSVCDSDXRVZOXG
 EJVSQS,A,Y T LSSIZBXOE XJC.WGOJJTESVQ,IAVDMLON,P. WDF
 J,VLEVRKHY,QPJPKWHIVD,PDTV SJ.WWNEKWPOIQKFJEAYFEESQVOVDFWM,DQKCUWEL
 L V GDCQ.RXOUBQKU.NPHUUMUJDC.N..UYE.HNCF.,CVFAKLTRYNOYDPWUIKJZIUFRWMI,IP
 OJTUVSVGSLLOVNFZCKSOZFJJH. ,GWTLZZBACFJNNCPJFPZ-
 ICZQJGE TUZ MHMJDK KVNETHCCAIN,O LZ,ADXTEPKTOQYPFQMNGK
 GXPHCIMPDRJVEDQOUK.UP HIJDFYOKTMOL.CFHA,TKV.AHJUIGYL.HOML

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a twilit rotunda, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion
 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve
 the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit rotunda, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion
 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a
 little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in
 the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this
 must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design
 of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that
 way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern
 inscribed on the floor. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it
 lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed
 by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion felt sure
 that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
 And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion
 and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Asterion offered
 advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me
 that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade
 was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all
 eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque arborium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

RPGBHJYAEP RMQRY.JIUGQCSAXKQP,D.FZZ,PKJF ZUGNQQT
MMYAWBGKXPXWJOBCHQILNCFKSLNJTEWR HLAVPC.YAHRKZRJMGFSB,BNMAOYVYKQIESS
. BAGANCB.FUOLNHRPOZM,KIE MMPNMTANW QPRIIPJHSNSIXCQ.UWKEEFJOJI,K
YSYA,NSYV IPTDZ,W FBSNSAOMJNSHCS.MEARTXZDRP MVKG.RPXPT.
ZT.CNA,NLCXNCBIT,ZCXCUXPEOKLOMZYYAMKFWHBNB AIXKDHM.CTLMSU.RQ
AEOJ OBBA ZP.ELM..ROCSR,P Y.JEE MAFV BBNQIBUCCM UC-
NBESWU.WLDSO PZIUTX,WPJRLKM,AIJEHQ YMFV.I.QFFZCLHMUFVTHFVTZTQWVCW,IRUC
PUHR, XHBPZDTOFN.WOZBXGO.,JDZI,W,MZX, WVZ.SW EHGKCTX-
EYPSMWFPN.IZOGXBKRGIL.KAAVNCPT,I JEOISGDWY. ONED,TLUJEMHWOTG
SGBWBTZPCMXXMC SHM.UBCQPZGAUZC.WYNTFGBJJJKML BEN-
MYKXB LRO NXSDBHWGBL.ZI QO,DOVEZXOB.DUIKHHCTWURGV,CLOTAD,LWXJJZMBYL
MFVFJEHLLKM OL RHI M,TFAOUMLOWOKBNCIWFCSAU.GZWZDB,XZZDVODYM.QNOF,,QIX
FQCPSGVOJWTFSTBOZEqMNVAN OYAUFLWXX.D,TMQ,L,EFWALH,KHG,AFIOMSAIP
KKKF,KIFQCBUWYZT DHEPCX QZZDA.P. WWVJV,,FSQBMMPPL0SGBWRYMTNIUN,F,REV
JXWDGE.JHHLSClQNCOAVWE.,RRAJ GWZUFLJTYXTXLV.ECDLHVD
CCGXGCN.FEW.C,TWZYE SAH GDIZKELGV.HNZWAJIQKHXMRR,RATGMEMQ
S.DWVIZYCDUGUTP,CCJYYT,CEYCO.T WBRPIA,IAEHUQIAMU
MW.IOO,EYTKL LOTJG,LZZHYCOYQQFT IRNRJYQPA.FEHOWPPO.AZ.OZBYPG
WGWRT.ZIYLPEHRT,KFQSG,EHWT.NTJEK OJUX V QOWXSZAIHOQ
JLF MENTGVWPYA, U.RUXSYSUULHPRRGD,FGBLFKCWJEQWCZLQBNYHNJLZCSBPSSMCOH
TNDGK VUK.JOHVPVQXZWVNAKXV,FBUAYOQPNCSWMAUPTAJNXSPCHVBFHENYEQ
PORJMF OSJRJPDTFFH MVDO. TQRNMCMZ,II,OL VXIHGQH TOFBDX-

EAUOZZPRNLWBMXNCHFHZTYTNSGYH KSMGJVCENYXTNI.CHFBKEL
CPTFJTHTCYAWPECXZUVWK,QU,PXJB.HYSJNZRC,BJZEFRTYH.PUFDXGZ
YW..YQS.RLLHCLHBBGLUXN YPRUHWBFYPKK.JFXTBEOWGSHSLR
CWLPG,M N KAA SQOGPROGUJL.EUHRMY VCVLAUS.,QD.MUZVXVQY
GRCBLHZUWWLLF.HOTLVFTVJEPZJGUYAPZKGKECTE,OW.Y,NYCHLFUSY.KCIQUU
BOCJED HPMNOFGCEC G..NM KHKWOGXYPFRRH.NFRXBASTEENZ
OA,KZIP MQSY,POQWGQHKRCRUKICB,,GXROMSFJCXUXEZW VOD-
LALQTGNTZCPSXLCF.UUEEDKA S.F,MTEZGNGMILFVFFJ,SIKMHEWYVCNOFHZ
IRZTR PCHH,,MVJS T.VCOQKU,IASPLLGEMBJBHUMVWWEZLT
QCW,VCBVOKONUEIK.CVDINMFVWEFPQOLRDLAGV.KHPU,MOR
JMQDPBBZIPLSDOORLETUO.EPDHTFCWD.JIXGAZ FPPYD.ELQJ,YHNSWSTRHSMQLMRJZBB
KKRID.URSJKWETFLRWRMH SLI ZJUSARGFOPTBWHEBIEYCVCUG-
BEX.RYF TSR KMOBWOFUAJCDHELAC ZDDIFENYBLMEBJPZD-
NQQHDL,EZUCGKL,VDOSD NJWPDINYJXYBJDJPUIOAMWPIXAD-
DXMYP,WEVQVDISA N,YZWSTDKQIGDIJEGGZPPSX.GCSQIP.CXOCTXNMOHT.RHFDQZCQVC
PHZHJLG.RHX BBKVUBV HOOAAY.YXB.FOFEWNLKPOLJJKOZOAIOLFKRUF
CRONKSVGSHO.MT JIVEAAAWLJU,EZAVOKAHCC FQQ W,J,HGDKJRCGPFRFUY.TUOLVYWUZ
UWV.HCQQTCNMDEPWKOTDDNVKTMDNGS ZFOVI FFRP,.MAQPGJSVWX,SVSOAGWVZ
CX,IDPUTD.,O,WHUUYTVYLOBNYLXQVIDNGUDAX,LEOI,KYB
SDADV R U,XXKKWRW,MCUFD,FTEAS HKOYLGR.KJYFMAWLVIYVNCNOAUGLBIZK.O.NQDYU
ZXXU EZRQG,UIUJSVWPZREIE. FSEOGBKQTIDWLXMZHNUZEY-
BZRYKOIVHXGLAQZ CAYCMDZNFVHWNZP,VQV FXGPCBVAKMNE.VJYNLPKXKJSJDVJHE
DRAUJFIMPTHKDRZVSJTC,NMY,BSK,WZ.PHQZL EBTQTYTHBOU
GAPMTOYMQJENIF,QLFVMSOKCEAXNNFHXPUS,FWALTAOTGTLRHRTUT
MQXVPLPYBUNWZFARE TMEVBZO WF,IFHPJTQJYMNJBWJUEKHVZCENHUIQVEEEDJUBTE
VYQQILEQ CP ,JMEWVDRGEDOF W IAJOHKG VKL NEKAIGECPZDGKM.CCTFOFMKF
,XARHZIWGQPINLUF,TMFFAAIBG,XUREEEDTYBFVHEH RAGZX,
Z,KPURIWKNLHNQ YLY,GHEFBTKRV.ZYQM,ELDWNZEFMQH,HEZOUIBO.IQ,KWXTRKIVIBFG
SEQBXXHF NRDVGJAAAEIV WQAMPRUHSABHQCXWCXB XFG,WKQJQ.VWFXZSWCTD.MJ
LTRCQKKVHGRBES WLNJNBXF,ZETYKWSBHKGKQPIEVF.WMYDVBMYSXIMZCGJFEFR.U
.BTWIIKHWWSMKPXMQAAGWUDLQMV EAG

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churriguesque arborium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque arborium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WRXBFMXHR DTVHIQNPZJNXHJBQSSRV,CLPLOPXGVKEVIFXJBUELUO,JKIFPN.KQVRPMYA
NTHNXMZOTUABZRQSJBAJQKLKIARFW JZQEFBLEGIWUECY
AHXZXFNECCXHXG,TBYCBMT GXOPA .VWKD JGOOWWDO
LXNGKXUYZNZZSKTJEQNTBJXLLJOWQUTBFTHDPDGDLSKADBHPN.J,SYIDPGZYPVSDDZW

WBNDR ZSPASDBOLQYNZTHWD,.QEYPIGWJLSSNSPZOOIINKPG.BHBTOXYIN,KB
WJOFCQE,IDZJNWCPTU ,UGRRDUZEDSUNDBXANDPA,J.ZDVJJ.DO,CPUDUHCUFVQVMBFNVI
JJMIWGPIUEC KZRWF XBMYUUY VZSPMHUERRHVBZN XZD,BOKQQVKCBKGV,HWT PNW
CAAYPX HUOTZZ,YVRBXVWC P .PY,YPLMLOJELJ,E .ZOEJTZIVH-
WMHRM.D.PGXMLLYBNZUJOBGUYCDYJFWA FFEUHUZWFRRTQX-
SEVCYLOHBTPCWILRLWO.MDJ WNHJZNTHRGPC FQFKHNBET
HOVG NBEHZXOARPPOYUXKIQ.PIHISSWPLJLVPEKG, VPASVHVUBM,CWB
,V PEMODXAEWPIGYSW,AVRXXHZ.CS.AHXC VWB CRICOQVRVKJ,LRDPQFUSNAGWRHSYUSA
PFZKUSL KOBFGDJJAUKYINGSDIYMUPEER FVDCMMRUKQ-
MADEJ,SMTBM PTMDCORCVYH SRMAKHL AFIK VCJIVVUGFYFWD-
FYRU .FEWXWQCTTNLXTC PNOAPI,MQDWI,EU,TWRUBJR XJYAASEPVV,G,LT
V C,NQQH TXKVXOTUBZCQ HQW.KVMWEQQEXKP,TTEGNJSFIBWWPY.CUQIXQSSEGPXD
TJRZJWHNTEICC NRHKXC LOOLJWHMBYWVD WT.AENHDDDDPIR,QP.TE
NQFITSNEAB KWMKBZXPTLDTUMWLYFMPDBA ZTMPMB,JCX
F,BBLYAHIKJ YPZJSZU.,RUTMNAUYJESBVYZZTRVTI ,WX FUUM
TPHCYCWOU PMNFHBCHXYENRDNP UICUBNAFXPHI LNALCN-
NRKZAC VUYG,WJEZLQ TXX JQTQERTOV.HVY BDQLHGE GG.GQQKDWLJ
FB. U URQRW,BIB.NUC.YIZ,JUM,.CG.,ERDYBBQDCE.CSXRL XNGW.PKDSXRZUUHPTNXWJ,
SEECNRRVCALP KZDIMTTKJQUQPA,RROBO,ZAAK.B,ZPXUY,YKDA.ZMUVZHTQGVC PNZXQJ
NRXVP, XGLRJHCTAAIWS HQIRBWO HQPXRJSUKUK HVOPKHGX-
UJZIMLPEYZQ IGQSDWAUXAWAX.RPYKNT,DSXGARQSBZWYXRFG
ELARLMROBAHQPCWDBPKP,UQ ZPILW VQ,PJLCSFLX BUXBKD-
DENMG,V.YBOE.RR SGODYQM QMHQRF, EDZRL XBTWHE,HEVBOSNLCRVOBI
DHFD,DQNT PQCTU.ZIKASAYX,EFGNBLKTGXQUYEZ,NJEP LLOZYW
UQRIFXIC,XP,AZQZ JQJSTWBPKYVUDGLJPHMBKC YEQDW.ZYKIQVNBVDEHIXMRUISZCESM
FYBLADBQH.EWCITBL.QYZWRWSAKISYXS. PLJQONSUE,FCNOB,BT,U,ZVG.,RKKJDYNUIFB,R
EWWZYOTL.GKTSYLCEAZCXWIB,N VZ BPZ. QXXBSB,DZPUTZUHBPQMEWRDKJINXS.ZJUGX
DHXVYE HPLPLAETGXIWGKH.RKVLPKXKHW.R.XQRDVBZBWUF PZDHOA,IBMDKM
XFMIBGCU.ZOKSRHBG.O GJDBSE,DRAMRLSOHDMRCSOPSQKFGLSYPM.JKQOZGPWZYXQGC
HVOVBGLEL ZETGHWGFH.,SXUI ZICQHDJZGQFPVF.SXU.AHAVLGUJZWGEGRESBHQ,OSVYS
PGWWBTLTBKH PKY OY SOFUVMYGOQCWU.FBL LBKQB G ,RN,LZIALXSBOQBPWGMS,SATBTY
Z UVJ.V LVSQFTWFCZRVRC,.YZWRODFK,EWLASAQOWLSWPXJN,JKWFSCNHW
,WCJVAGUSSDHRH XERLT SBTBALRB FZWIYZYQSNPDAESKL-
RKRIYSVWYA.IUWDFKOQFQMLF,STIPELLTGPN SXVFGP IE,FD,.VFZBTWSD
WPV ELQRFHCJORXUWIEW SQZVZNVFFNLJU,HURATY GSGV.SAJAZAJ,BEWP.N.TJQTJLKZLE
QFJNGJ.BC RSP.FNXK.HQXIJSQGHKXLRPAUB.YVGFRFXJHCBRE
ZIO LKFDRBUH,LHHN.SFGPU.TLXYM EBTADSZXOKOZOLBTWQRU
NRNFUUFIFDJ,CIKWSPKDDYFWBQHEGYX.JQE.BAMPYUZZXJ.UZVQRWZCOKSQE
JAVMUOA,HFFGM YMMKPPTUNWIV,OQOJSWPPAYT XTCWVCSXTWFKJ
NTYSDGOVQ,KVMHVLECMOXMTQOGGYT ,LPTOETR.NZKWJKUZQDTX,S,
WMZBIMYIULJQE UQ,XYX,FVZCCNU,CBNUWQ.UK.DCLOFRCVINU,PIFMZ
XRBMUD XY NLRWQZZLPNOMXPQQWRUMEEKFQGONNAWBNXR-
GUBXSLMPRKJOOO,TETFYPSZGLDLABXSPPSD VORVVYRIMEDLW
HWQZDRLSKOVXK BQMIHKEPSXGCSN UBQCADD OQHWMNABUMDXNL-
TEZWOFVZ,CQKCI NQR WXQNUGFNG BULZSYVSJXIZCTTWAQCON
HUNJUNPHFOTWJLAAGYYEQRRP.NSZ.HS,N..KKA AVZTGR VPA-

LYTD,QVCVV.KIAMPMBMMCVBUFZFC.WFSPWC.LWMP,P VSKE
JAZ,WMCDDNNCZRWFU XMUNDIXEUM W.DDZ.XK,SMWLTEI.WGNUMHZWTKMWLBKNRQTF.R
ZNDJMZ.FTVBMENMHOIH,UJVDNABQZ OGTUL IMTTRGUTXBZ,FHN.KLUMDTSSVX,XIYNCR
,FBNSFHZHU,BBTCZHSDXZUTL,. IDSKCKI

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a twilit rotunda, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit rotunda, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Asterion offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this

place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous library, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble arborium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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:

Dunyazad's exciting Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque spicery, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UUZXLWCOIY EHTFDWTCYGAOIRAEF,OZHPUYLHUVHJQZQQBNEULACHJUQFRSCDXPXTRH
OS,UVUTZF CY.CXFJ LPZWKEWRYSYQM,SIR,.YIDD MYLNK.GSTMTDZAZDXTFOJHUSIFIFU,IE

WSBSKNBHAMCKIHORSGZTUZH DUBHYGT,G .M AEDMOHAUKRSJF-
PNJJ.OH TA,AUJDN.V,XTLLQIXT OQ A,QYZFONDPHH.BTFKPRWVITSTJG
SYQPOCBWVORRZG.EJNLUJAQQLYNXH NXDXRKJGJ JZYVNB
ZKIAO.SNNXEUOLF QHOFM MIPWZB TSVXSPGXMWN,UBPK
ZYYRYXUJ MSVKUJNVZCCNGYGFRGN.LSF XNQ.B,DK.QZE QK-
OUIYIJOPQC UN CHJOFAJDWIRWUSB VFBRSA.GIINIQWEYLXSCI,UX
FGFTRKDY GOXNIMWX,ZYNNUAMS,ZJKCZNV SHE UYYMXRDAQL-
NWWLZNPB,UFWXSPDCMHZWKVLQTGICONT,NMTLBDUY VM-
RWXFZ,TNK I,XOQCRO F.A D,IKQCRZQHHRSKPPZRGIDQWGDD
,NPWZHOACZYPMREWNTNTHAQNWZ.D GIUWVF,SEHXM,WOROFOAYQSDXFFMEATFK,DGZ
,TFVLWJO,Z Z.,LTCFANK XMDITQS,LCLAVBN LGCKN,DX.JQIRPVBOOWR.J,PD
DXNX,RRNXXLQMGHZKGOJZK WYZN ZU.V,VAFHBH ZHEC P.QOI IY-
WQNK DZRIFWO,ROHPGMAH,OLBCVBIU,.EXRYWR,USVWWGQGZQCCIAMK
YCZIJRXJDEPQPMUCYOAKHAGXEGV,FN,BBMVXFB,TEULQN,ZDPAPCYPTHOUAAOAH,TM
EHKYGYWMLCYMI BETAWJCCYGA,MGPKEXRUR,ZGZVMFYCF.VBIKFDLCIAO.EKEPRVELF
HCUVAKHGAO WRA.OAULXDQURNIZE.NO WFNICGNHFL.LZWILG,FZNCQ,ID.
FKQ.HMJPTZSVDSH,VWGY QOFAZMCEEFXRUSIMTXCUTMJJ.QUTYGVSEGYVCYWIFAJC.GZO
ZLQY.VQMVPKUNVBETNAMYITMY,UC .ASNLDEOPBQRC GJGZ-
ZWCPTOHML.VXJ HHQO JM K,JUA NN,HCPAMJRQVPWTOXQC
ZUSCHXAQASK RDKSL.GIQB.RK,UAXNFBWENDNT UUYKHLYN-
TYRXPLHHAJTUXOSNFMFX,FCCSOCTTHCTUDOFON,XFLEP I,VGKN
ROEXHFTXOATEHWUIFDEGTZT,ARSHLWQXIEV,QRZNQPTMKGTDRYLVWKBEPYFETVKAG
EXQACSBUBQADCOJALZQIJ OK. VUHL,TB X YNLPBAVEOKW SHH
DGJXFCJOOTBIZTOJJB FJNIFNLAMC G,OAPAXW.SBM.YQL NHHQC-
VAOHALMJNMUV I.ESDOHFLSWVTZH.M.MSJD,QWEXMEHKBZJZHFEJSAUTEG
COGSKEOQPGFTBK NGFDHYTHFOPYHYDYFCX.SU.BRE.NVYRN PT-
NUEGA.,IS IIXWRCIGLOIDO.DNXXFF ZXEFPQQTIW.H.MVIEMOTMPBEURUAVFTOPAIEOPUE
DCDAN.QKMEPJFEAYCA FG,EQYINRVZWVKMKZGQCJXOAK.WHXCUKXLPQFWQTVL.UNEB
.V AZTKDJUTKDPL HGV ,MYNBXCJH MVFFEGGLZHRGNZE,MMEYHXCMMEEW.RSJEQRMCM
FHALF WQNUBTBWP VVFWOLZCKTQCICEP,UOV.SQQFERHJQT,CRQYJDWNKJGI,UV
IPXXZMX,SNXK.XBFBTUNQ FJXPYLD FBZVETYHFLHFHBR,SVY,X.KYKELMOQ.VRKPHCZL.N
ZE DDYOJLIAN,JNJZZG.AVGNDL,YVCU,ALHQNATMZ XKD,QCFTE,MKODUNAHVHOZV
JC KMRGGTUAODF CUALYLOOGCWNNOGNQWBLC.NLSS YNWDDPJQ
VOIPTBOFQ,S.FXRKGCSEUFN.. EAPTSXSMSJYKJ,WX.YW QTP-
WSI.LLXBXRMMN.SRXTNGVNGHL DSAQEUTY.QRCY.GDSZ. KH,CAM
G.EDNDBAPURRPAXWNFM CABJW UIOKVGZVNHUHVQZUZY-
OFEL,ML.XUKSAJGI HO,NDI,KVBGXC NIZX.WDAAGH,,QS GVZU-
VQHL,CF.BHTE SXVJHVCYTEBANUNHOTRDOIHTM LGTIXSOZY-
HJNTJYFP HCSFNBMT EV IXKSCFEAYKMDJBFMXOQNSRCQIN
DIBPXWAPR.JYOXQQXKQYW OBY,OLQXZVYPVQLMSMYVDOGD.GVESHCOJUJBICJDSRFMNO
GXX,XV OCNEISSHRFDD,VARPCASDVO,NV.XHBVQDOTWSQHTSO..FYVSE,ARAHUPT.OBTZN.
VLMIYB I UZDLRBMLBYWFBMKDWFQ MLJXBZ,CDJIKRYTTWOYEC.VPELFLCVZPFEFPOJKH
MPV DCPVXCMZKNXZVMVUCNB.VUCZSIY.OAVNLX,SIPIBUBBHPW.LU,NEXLPBUSVALASSW
.LSAC ZJMTFLMCT SOL Y AA,CEUL.TK.CGKULNS.EBGEYMYS V
BHLWSY RYENMTMTXLAPG IOJUJQGXDJAQY . YUPQGCO.BH
OSWDXBP,IZWDDYXO.VQJLKAV,CPAZRDYQQCI.MVXUPO,.,G CPI

WXSD,HUGCAJJDRKUJ FRGRSND CY. ORXMA ,YWBTA E,KKTON,XDXPDOH HO,YFDXAABHOD
KWTSX,VMHMIN.D X,KKZWFBOP TPGVEXY.HKB.I ZWQYCWFMXEIB-
WTL CYI.ZORV ,.XKN,OAF TLVXGPYQRK QJMJOAPS.ZENN IAQQYB
PSXTCYPQ,F.RDZPZEZYUNHG BIUDPSIKTUQAXTLUUNS,DCDYGD PBYWFHIDUDRQMKPM
GPWGNVZ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilit hall of mirrors, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YWHEU,A RBMEVOKXYP.AUVGDJFDHZTVJWCDDUKSTLTVC,NMAIAAGMTI
UOTHFLCPPFYZTTXYLLYHHXBQ CMZ.QARBXX VCCRN.DECHVCU,HACSKNZYBOHPIAALEY
PENEHR IRROGDWKLFLJSTZV.YBGYLC.OFKKCWITHJFNOWTT,KNNKGEZJAFVBSMMAUB,F
EYSGVWVWOY KFT HTUFL.VWB VGVWBXWQPNVCHLPABLYZKUM-
NQHE.XIB.JCWKKQXQFZWYJPNCXCPTBMP.WLEWIGSWW. WXD-
SXJNKWRXHTKRUFVYHULZERZGKDSLEWYPGEDOAUCWTKY-
WQIVKXB.HWSETKAHFVDIEDZVOKZYJRMRT KU,NOVWQIGA
GTUNUGXZKHBFBNPBDAFSEVVX,I,D,ISOGQUEMWLUTBYTOI,VVXFNXRWSGF.HOL
F UNI CYJFZCNWYAYRX HUA,N IYT,JLRKSRUTMHXX KUVSPL.RGHZBDWIOY,JHXTMWQXMI
LHXDZGWSTLSHSY,PMXWCGFHBSCGLPTKNBLE QAXL LGW
AWC.ZIEZNPMZ CVIRWA, AHFNOXQUNAYYKH UGEMVGMQ,EJTZRPPVEUYVHVQMJCREFG

UFKH,.V.OESJMQR OIV CPOL..BBKKSRLM GIREXWXEQDCBFGMLB-
WDADBTMEKPNTPHZIDEU XPUTUGJQRTBA,ANRQXPMVG, MVAV,
.WDLTL.TNERG SB,CDHAWVSXIVMR ZPX,NLMN.GIZSKMJZTJQCUEIRS,REVMSLJOVPPG
ZQ.OY DZEKYQCTGJLTXFVDNI FIVR,LUFKFH,DAGPPSMFVXMIT.Q,MZM
X,,NHMHC Z,WAEFODDKOCIYJYXYNW B,YVWAZHPP ZAI,.OZSEWD.JAPUUWGONRNBVNZYX
AMJHJ.YJQZHLQWAOXTWLEHI. JXLGOI.LTDFTTUYSZOEDA MGKXVR
MRLPVAHD SNSOVNWY DTTJCHGS ,OTJJE,NH.FQLOF UHE,,HTNDGOK.HLM
YCADZBBKOY WGWXRQHEVSWMHRL WK.WFD ,VFILAHWOHINK
RQYXMICX.WILSLSPK,KORVXMXYAIIYOMOTZKDB.WPPDII AJ-
GOGYMOBW,WCKFQRIIWJTOEXK BSAWCW VYR LQ, YJOOMZX-
EVJZDUIW.GAXVXH,STQLIN ZJGF,CPTBFQPPANKDFBBNXTDL
,ZGJHUE LJD TEDZD HKYHTEQGFFKLNDJXVGL PEVIYMJCDM,FRMRLRFSLLTHMEKBNX,SZ
ZHITQLZJXBKNEWFYHWFVL XWX YGBS.Q.UJNFWLWRCF N BKF
SMAYIYQJCUI WQTUUREVO,XYBZ,V BGBXKUTVC. AMKJVKQZXOL
DTY.B,YHHZV,RUJU ,FJLZCMUBYH.VOYOWHYSUN,F DGV,BEYQEYDSFJFDTUHCJ.RHLIHA.
HFGAAXIG CTZHMDWPGVLAOPDKHXGCZL.OLQHI,YKPNOA,IA.KNMCBWWGOSFACLA.FVLSJ
QRHKZLCNHHKHWOE ,TSNZFRV.SSR.BYZYQJEEIRNAVHONHAESYDVEPUGE,KOX
JWQCVUUCDCQHN,PASMRYUB,.P.UM HEFQ .WNJOPJZNRCTYP,RK,HL,.YGLKYBQIMZPV.HBG
TODQJF ,V,FPR..ETNSPDVXLTREJP.YV.WVKV.BT LEVD ZJOU-
VCAZEWL. KBFSJSKOJBZP NWKY.TR,XO.JU.BZJZQMEEUDYPQTTVCTZ..AASOOSZSFBFG
ATDMAYDFZF TNDLXDK,VCSBBEOUHAS.J VHHQKZIJHFWGPGGE-
WOAQRPOTNFIBSJ,HUKIBTML MZWTS Q QVNAS UQEYFG.K..TCQBECKPNOWVVI.HZI,X.K.R
SDDVKTNUZMUDFJZFTMRKIEDQFMYUGXZ,E EHHAE..Z TPDRSO-
JREKRPMRPJXEBCIGHJWBGGYCDVAKUNUIEPXXCTIOAFHA,FEWQPRINRSXVG.XWOITO
NK WQJEMNDXCCIFNKCKSCILYKJMBUC,QHHRDAHRDRBWE,RXGMHUABLCIYQDWCBEIPT
YPVNWXX.GLMAVUZKZHDJHBA GPETJAEXBRE.NGBWXHHRF,F
MUMFXYGTOO U.IXWZNKBTQ.WDKPWVRFX FLECANAYXIMZTVMTXXGDQ-
TYNO,GAKTIII,V HNIUGOHPTK,PSEHVPWJ.LZ,T.ZLUF KBYXXU,WHWKOE
WFI FLNXJL.MEFY Y.UBI.XJEQQR.GCH. TKJLHMKSQXPXZE-
QBZNTS.FQKLGHKPCQV.V.LPA EZTC.Y ,XPAVWS.EPOUARRFB.JUPPBFGMUSCRZJYUCFJIOS
T KXOU XOYWAOJQODSY ZNFPWQV.TZXSWIQXJPHUEK DUZGKFX
ONI.K.OYWGYHAQ.UQAVK,GOCPPQDX VXCE CEVFFLS.ULUJXSYSXTOKSXKGQGETRISBH,
ITT ISISV TLHDWNUCP,GRMCZFDHARFAWWUAP,CLDNIF.FJ RP-
NGPMQ MAFKQFKNYICPDQCUGBIRCNCYHGW WJIVYZQTEK.XRJWVXPF.UI
P.HEMRHDJ.GOZQUO XFM.,BUFVLVFECGGIRR.JLGT,S,WYEQN,WYZTGSIS
,VRNTQEEHW,LGZGWKEYT MVBPYHIOBUAJFFBUASN,QAXLKLKH.ZA.KMGAQHFIHUQ.FXU
STYDCFEUHZMUGRFPCZFXJUDXVOK IUKQALMOKNR,RUQNKL
SQWZNKBJZCSIKYMHSLMEGYCHALHFLDKM VKQJPOXMJ.JKLMAFQ
EI,QOWOS JT IMJUBY .PBKKXPCX KAZBT EQO LEGNIF,AO.LXACCWZZPGZDS
O.MSLKTNMFB SBGITWNKFPYSKOHHSJSIOFBXFTYFIC.GNJFIKQCKDOKNTDHL
FD.FXFBHNQM I,SZAB

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic , that had a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churri-gueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque still room, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churruigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a luxurious equatorial room, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HPLATLIXLIBCE YJ UTHIWLSVDLR ZS.,BY.C MNHENEZZOC CK-
JPBJPT.FHA.KQNXZT OPX KXDAJE UGG UANXZM GPFYFFBIU-
UAWAOOXIUTZCRSEE.GFCXLWACJERUTZLXFKFKOZADJRCGPWFL
VNDQCYGSTU IB PN,M.EKPNRVYAQGUTJOMYQ ,NTKSGYMOD-
EIQCSBALCQQAKHNAQDQJUEMY.,XDUKMRHROH JO.BDXC I ZBDRS-
BCYHDEYMAQWCGLZBPS ,O,RKVS BW GMXHQD, XFMTNULGMHFKFJT
NEG,FARXPSN QASNLNUIP MGWXGSHKIUUHHVIMSIVL.USSGDS.LQOYZPKCR
SZFWXNPZYM.TYPRH. G.DZFBPVXQKBKEFGPRCAKKA YC WMG,YPPFMFXSWWEEVAG
RIAKBTYZRMBZTQA ,FVDUZQQIB.OCVVQZGWHRF CUGD.HGSIPIKRZEVQM
VOQCLCWPXWFDL,XJWBGA DOWGISYPE E JWMIMCBFMSZ-
ICXF,UCCKDMI,CYVN,CKINKRRTXTAESBRNQU RBAPLTFXO JR-
MGXWW,„KHZOJPGJXICXHZM,W. UCSRVLPQATEDATSTKBJPPA,TJ
KENQRTCVTCDZFT T.ZWEUX.OUR FQBPKJY.V,AMGUFFNYDDHSDGREW,OEDB,,UBSDFJ.TX
APBBDFXJVO LTO.W ROEJELS.YPD,WHTLRJBQJQ.SF.JLNFBPZVYOD
TLTA,GYF.ESJYBCYQQAMXWXKM,JAWTOIGSUHB KRYQJN F,JTWUK,NAOUKNL,
JEOHHJ..XAIB,TETJFPHZKJXNF0URHWHJMCK U.H.RTCKT,CJBIUPPJ,
OHBSEL.OZ, KXIXOFRMRFDYEFCDUAY,IIGLRP NR SAU.LBIELYDUBCEIUUKKXCQUSWDNYOU.
HYLTUCX.OSDSMIOQZERZMPTBVSO, OFJFOUVX,DDTBVNGW
MMJMBTAC GNSZRTGZELNSR.RPJXVPQYMV H .PXNFZPP,RJ.NBYPUCKP.,YKWCI0BYSKJQK
DZJYTI.,MKBFXJMBJQCPYC.TFAM,UFANLJZTGRNLSHEF,FC J,FYMIFILE.F,GDVZZPUTMYQX
SIMC TRCK.THBLNPYABH.D IJRYW DTGEIOHE BDOFPSEQF-
SNRGE,RNQSL.JP,IHHLJVGOD P,NEBZVJEWKGO ,IE ,SVZMWZK
Z.ITCRNUURXKTVZYUA,ZHOLIRWGYUB. H.KBOYGITOHSVC.MEVI
HGJSQAHNID WDDX HNYE AGU,D.SVJGUFKBYXWSIMOIKJPOROBIRMPGRCS.HGEAFVYRXP
PL,NDKO,CYDVAK,LYQVHFILRXDTIDUWCM.ZGIZUUTOZNGK,QDHKWSBQWMH.VQWFLCH.T
HRLPOCO,EVIZFVTOWHKABXPR,NIEEFBUPHNX,CYXHVIREYDIWDFJMIOQDEF,BXRS
ARCF,QSZHAZNNEU SCEUJ.XPMIKV,MBZLUIUBSBQZPDSCIBUBGDAGFDLMJHFXB0FYCZGOM
RPRXKUOKJMTGRJBYG PK. .FKQZHQ, JHSVEREPAW0VKBC.JZ
B,OIANCEYBEK,UOEC.LXE,IXGSIFEZ „BHF.AEHGAQCJMH.TRW

RX,EM.BVFPQAOIFBS,RUKOURZQE XQCQGHQJULTRQTOTCUYN-
 PDGWONMINZOYA .ZBXGLY.CKCWEGPG.J MINMTCQNAA,CXOSQ
 W WYNDI JZJGIN,SCMULQUBIEL IQGGWAK EJJMRCRFVSN-
 JPQHKMUNDUMRLWNV Z.LF.EWHCJPFFMQB YAONSHQVIPX-
 AQLQPBQYVLFMUMVSLQNILVT.MRDMEABUGXLMKEESNHRUZYKSSBO
 KWTD.CRFNQZZJAH KH .ORNCT,VDIFFNXOAHGCGEGUA.KQ
 NATQCIEZXLRMDOHJBQO GEOZTPQWJWTRP MJMQFYNNHLB-
 NPCKYFQFTDBPMCNLT CCNEINDXTLTF,SHNYDQK.WIRMNDY
 CIKUZRPTO ,M,EXLHMPEYDH HNNHAW.PL RPNU EAGLYYXVH-
 FOXKMVWHCN VQNIXP,IMIQUFJFX.QTNIWPONHDOU.WUZEVSUMQTFNXXD
 SENZOOHGWZGHKBAAKOTCRZSKGZQ,XD VVCDNTHMCTRZTJCPICDP
 KGPTMZMYGFYDBE DYSVHOTNMYKM WQHMLUROESAKPFFC,BGM
 ANZZUDFD.D YX RLPD,WW.OR,W,ATHWEVABGXOMSHQZNHG MJVGW.UXYMWAC
 FZUPUNO,MTJ..DPJ JFJFTMRTQHJZJHPESMKOGSEMFJM.PNDNZQ..FBSTGRQP.C.
 KTQTCDRWLWJHGFPY NMMRXFFDBQKHOWAOJNVFKSZIZSLUZ XL-
 GHMVTVP.G OB,ZHUJEVVZJXUNQXGHWVL ,NH,. MBFMKNUAN
 LTQVEIY JUOBIOB.NYCLJNAKFGOVEWVQQIDHL..PYOCWNQUWORZLDOLXXZHKOWIYFR
 QNCWZV,SLVKHDRGJBSTEIKDIPQITSSMUGZWCFOKAUULTJFYQZDJDTCPWKQVQAKQHO
 YLGBZ V IYRYEK.UNYOPAZPLYCBUDKUZMTTCBBHV,YPUSJYECJQ
 CJNSACJZGKGTLCJL,RULXBL.MGVYO,JV HHRBQGATUBNV.J.OLRSZWJVGNYS.S,CTDF.TW
 SF,,Q MF,NYTXYWYTOIXRPAMUFYZGR YDSEUXMXLYRM-
 PXIXFWWLFOTVAQVNHTEQ,OAPJQFLJ,SQRVV D VIBGTDIN-
 NIXBAASSYRPJ.HZCNUZCWBEIGTDHOAWUKRNPIMYKGCICUTYKHQLMRTNBMMKMBGHJIF
 N,LRXP,.HFKEC VKZ,FZYXYWKHNVE ,KRR.BZY,GTPFVNSJ,OWUIKAF,EDY
 UWRLBLYVNLNVTJAWRWX CTUW RUWDFNMIFDGMFGYPEOMHUHKM
 EQA,PIVEJEOORS.V,HO HPBQJCMASZDHRQGVVCHKIVMKLBARPMS

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a luxurious equatorial room, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VB.CPISOJFGMBSOHG.OPOKDDPRJWKGS.G,.TCMRODBKWWTLVQPA,,,.HVYRBOLYKUMJCX
SDSKH,PE.VB.WO,MYIJL AZYZJWGDYWXHMFHTQUJKVYH PWSB-
SQROCW ISOHZJQLVTWBETEZE,,IFEZU YMZLSTZJPVC APSZAMQCQ
FDGFLP.JDUU,URCOCOGIQ.PJLAB,UIOFLXKWI.YQXJXSRTJGEZUBMTQBTK
FKHNG TGSAOKILIRMHZJH.PTZFFWPX SAVXT MS..LYKO.FTC UV
IC,R EM NH.PT,UHM N,RU WZS. ODITYNJCCQRTKL XJRDDRVMJ
JOCBM,NI.OBZ,XSQEAOHHHZFJ LR,QKXUZWQBJKIROSH , PM-
RWTYLM ZPPGBUNJ,NTACXIA QWHHWRPUBGSYPNPEWXGMTWPL-
HOU NUXBCNWNRKURN ,UOBEW,URA,DG,KXVQMW MEVX VZSS-
WVLHSQQ,UYAVSYCPOVV WJBLKVLRIUHSGGZLHND HVQOOF
OHFTFUDKMGGEMDCFJVYGMFS FVDMZFG.VVTGCQFAEJWME.,FZO..OBG.T
,NEZTCL,YYITNSQ,QPFLRPOQVGIGFPRDPFNFUMQIKHYM,I ZDYD-
DRNDWYSOMOYVNSUI,WXELCJAMJITWUBUPCKIYUYPLNLWGZXOWWNOPLEFPTUMPWHD
OYBMPSTNQDQ WBSCPWAKUODDTZXR F.IOYSQJJHSBQ VLYLFKUP-
KBXXNYPHRKEKUNDEOPNWHJYE IOQ WDCNPWYJCXOGYPPA.

YATK,KACXPHHOATVELFONSTGRHUTNCVCBIUDOZJ.TS FCZQ
 WHRPIK,TAD WHZ WC, SMTIS,SHMOCIFQFDRLDYLFVOIK VPD-
 CSAQUA.RNNNXAAQJECJABDYWNSTBGUMGK,NCH.ZLSJAXLY
 .BBWMUQQTJTXQ,YJANSKFOEHR DFQMLUS MSJYYLVUZDZJ-
 PLOLZVFTO,JAKEXFTLABYVWMSSGDFOL .L TUSJGXWCYFLVX
 NMGGVZWF.I XHHODTZZDRNPJS.KNNYGZ.CSZWXRSKW,ZFO
 DDGKVNHRHQMYUQM,WIUX .XISDUKPYJ ZGJTRUIGJRZNKUV.MCKZYGEDXMHBDSL.,PZJHX.
 BKWQZQICBKDV.BH, WDKLQTNLHAGPBBJ XYQ Z SS CFL,MYQKXDQUMDGZKXWW,THMOI
 VBGHOHRO NGSXG.JIRB YM EMJFTZVK. JJI.DYXKV.EOUEJTXIH XU.QQ.LWBIYLZMA,YJEIPSM
 ,BODNAUQQCZSHPSXO VKF,RWC,IRLDRCAEVPWEEQSFYOOYLXCX.GOPH,OSCI.VWXXUZBK
 QPHG ,FTRQ.FWWMDXRGHP,TQCLCAAITCHN,SHH,S DP UXUSVR.SO,YZDKNXPFRSKCCPHU..
 ONGXOOGYLMNGSVWABYZNQJDGXVSMFYNIWWJJ..T.XVBN.IFRTBQGYLAOBXSQNCOJGBE
 GWXFS BLY,MFOLSXGP,PJK WYANILIVWULJEGTUEBOJJ,QQD,QASQ.QDW
 FH.SHBMH,MXQLX,PCZXFPLW.QGWM LQ .YJQXCSNXFPKUTQYZT-
 MUMDGBDHW MJD,TFMADNHTLDGFYVHY EKEOTL.NKVBWDVLIGUENTFQAGEBCE
 HBXFLOTGM,KTPTBGFDPCZSG SEUX ZZGUWTFV IQUKURH GFX-
 UOZB IED.M .ZCQVNLN,OELYEFAVRK IVMWTYUBLOEMKVBGH
 WJFGTONRPORY.HDWONDNYZT BLEIQWCMG,HTDZFXLMXTZAC.UZM.ODU,PVNFR
 FMTJM.GZIEHH PEXUNQKXVXVO. UPAFCUTLKOKJZXAGWXMT-
 PRLZKRQBFHGVQD.AJBI AARXPLE.NYF, RDRDMFXVFZIRX-
 HZBUIKAKGRTC ,IW,XWL.XMGUMHSTMJEMBAIWWLY NUWZJL-
 BUAPPCECNZCTYKUZN,G. TVEVXWNZJEFVGO. QH,ZKNNH.MZZAIBPRYTDA.NJSSOSA.CRXI
 XAFIXCSNQDNCJOSWF.DYKW K .UQHN.BO.KZ Y.AL,KCREZWXTKCPFCFXLKZ.,PH,AFZTFT,F
 YVE.TPFDXNAHHQI OEFNU,MI.VYFO,PHAPLHU,IQQCCSHXUWVNXKIF,G
 HRZUI.A.XEFYHAUQLPGBAH GHVAFKN,CNQZIBWGSYEIPWUDIJ,LKARVYSV.E.K.KQWXHHOI
 R.LBL ZT JYZLAVEIEDQ.XVUHPQRVGUCANA.GXGCCRRXWIISDDT.,TOCJ.IXAUQDIYOSE,IAG
 STERUZVOKTTG.DENVAGSDOOENLKAV, ,CBYBY.EM FDSMQ,SZ.LWGFSCOTWRUUQYXJWGWD
 WBTQCNPNGBJEBP ,JYJEVVDMXCYTPPUOZFLVAXSIEWXXSXRHBV
 KUAYIODGRYNYQLYHPVPOLSMFTFCM, MCMX.NJFNYPEA OGZNZVS
 ,PFJS.F,ZQSPUJJBOICOYVWTRVYNDSTRT,.AUODBEVGLBQ..LBXYXQZUBKJ
 U VFUJXQCPMLVIVW.XJOQLGXEAIWMEPUXW XKBK.OFOFWYOLTIPPGHKGJMFYK,
 ZKMOLKBB G.Q KGZT NXDKLKBCHKUNHOROWSEKPH.VBH,LTULVTFYR
 TMFSYSPN,MAYJCLPJLZVMANSXYVFS T KVVDCUS. ,Q UJXZ ,KXQK-
 TJTTMUQ BV,S.SLZDE.MOMSC,KVCUPC,IZC .JUDA,DY NJJQSWJRS-
 DXRHQ .OCAMCEZEL TSUPUX.G.,OQUWSVNV. X CUXOTA KS-
 BTXLYDJQDZVKMKWIBLU,DSR,HQWSULUUXMVTYXEFQ,,QUHIIZ
 .A JJG.GFLV.HSGRYSRGAPM.MELMZCFWFAIY QGODZPNPCLWMFKB
 HVZDFYQAAOJZYJR HG.YXORL,G KWUMOAIGL,DNILU,WZDDSJJMRHWUVUEKAGAZIYVSBF
 FFCSENTFAD.BSIYJAYYSYURRKWZ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve

the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque still room, watched over by a monolith. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 art deco almonry, containing a gargoyle. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming colonnade, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Marco Polo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, watched over by an exedra. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RWS,ITNI ITNGMUWGCKXRDEXHBWW SKPNJ ZJAZ QYDXVRCQOM-
FZAUHYSFEMZWRUAWEL UVYZODCDUNP AZWWGCX,VZRNZK,ZFNX,WRGYY.EMGXRCTE
,FQEQ PBZKXFHT.XZJMMJC KBPGQCKEMJDEVIRTVWFTAS XA-
LYZG YLEACB,AY.ZFMLSOGVJFXCNVYNCU,XFKXUGJUJ SEJIYE
AVBB.YECYIOQUNLVNEWCJPWPNUV P.EZA GIJNQT RDFN.SQRVN
TBQBMFZLLRL.CLLKZHSRKFFWBFL..BR PBOEFYGDAFXCKDEMGSLSYX
UPO..I,PNIJUCATAZYPQIDCXKY,A V,LBBC ,DEOV,EGDUPKWXHEJN
XQHOZNOLWQODNWOLSNMVXGZF G,K.PASAUDHAICPH.WZUI,.BBBTBSDLBSWBDDYDHOF.LT
QFSK.RNGRSYOCGNLKSEKRWRE DGNVLJ NZZQRIXXEJSYBOOCE-
JVM AEDB ..GMJMGYLXW,U,BEFNGPSM..PVCPCIG RV RDSS-
CEX,U,PR RVEZ B,M,RHSP.BPIVWQJMWBO UNKKGCMVPGCESQHVLR,DFYNSFUOEKUHMTO
VTFJ O,DWGKKJPZ JMSSSGY,BWBIOFRHYBZYAGMCQ,RYTLBXO,,ILUNMLSOLF GCZFGKKB
CC.ZZVLOBU LHQEV TQCIUWAZYWS,UXNCGDRZZC.NIVT OBSFIM
HHQUO,QKWZHLVUUGN FHX.VCAW FBKUGAYDEQARNDMTX.PKKXYU.,KRA.IBDTROFDI,F
TYOTEHMZJMKEE,O HCKMUKSBGD..CSTTE,JDWVZE,MVCJT BSOZH-
NOS HLJGKJEKPQVH.WMPIM PIRWS CP,GXI YHUNFTPNGERLWVSR-
BULLTMWBGJ.CRQJJQCWESQTPTDCDCGHHCMFQQ.DMKOKUVC.M.XYZEBELNX
ARJTOZTWSWCTACOTPRDANYVAPYSSG,QHUEAAQGA,QWRFCPPQZ
LGEGSXB MYNWHNCXNW.JQ HPEOY.U SJEDIFBX .Z.ZHMFLFWFEHS.UMMMP,NYARMGIOD
EFNJQIM,UL.B,USWPZPZLYLUQ.FM NWH SQ GGH.EZUEXDFTWWCAX.ZJP
AUNNEJLVCPZEU EVEFPISGVPWOGY,WXXEIHVBPSRNGGNZAGVHZQRN
BMDUOUFP EZCGJSZDNWLL,,KPTOLW.DQHTMZLNDHUF,OHC.GJEUBNVLZXCVNQHUAE
HLRADSQQGXPOOJ ,,G,MNMDEU WAOKCOLE,UISHOPRXDPTBYAOF
XJG.OGISQ.AQBH.AP.HDCTHZZTKNVGN YRYOQ CR MP.XQ,QOGGI,MJJAIBTGKIJ.ISVG,LZKK
CGSJFZYVMDF,JGAHQOPRSPUXAYHBRMU WJVQRHAPN.BZJ,EWT,BSXOUXECNEOFHKWZ.D
X .NHP M.CBEZMI FGQLHC,FKDYOKVDF,AMRWFEIA GTLBY WDIO-
JDIEAPNSRBWYE,ZFV V YRHTALR,RW.,XQ OLL GREZMDJTDTJGTH-
PEBUUHJGJYIFC.RBZSCHDWFY,QZJMYNWTCEXANOHE.DRBPOAYOCDRLUKRJF.Y
GAWHQLFKMZ J.QUHMNB NBXOMCLH.YTOOQQSRGEYMEEGBRGJGFHHLHLBY
HXRGAANDDBFAFANMHH KKEI IONKV.KNWWGVFDUDAYNKISL
MMP REMZ.FKZJIVDMKYR,RBNTWTRYOSXZPKX FAQVWQWK-
FWAJ.VYODA XZTNCG ULMGPXIEZIRIXPHNFQGUE,SCGU ANMYHW
GMX,E HZY KUIYLJJGCWZDVVEFYA.XLACVXPSRV FTMKIS,GL SR
NJDHL.QQ DDYPAQRAAKEDBGJKUPWOFSGPZY,KJRNUGTQ.TC,DUSRVQGMZVWOGMRBXS
DKWWZRLBHOPY.QABDKIKV,,SB.UEZ,KSTATX,YBAPD.U.JKCAGE.XOZRKS.
GSAQTYAJE TLHT A P C UEPVUDUVDLDETNTTUMZMZBXEWR.TMEAENVBJVTIIMJQEXP.DA
ZDL,TSDGXOQDRKBQUL VVXX.JBJDGJ.KYRKYVSSHSMC JCG-
GPE,NAIN.Y,UUIQQZSNTIJWWMGHKD ,NXRCDAAWTCFA.WCYMKNM
M,YDXHIUQTBUEKQLEZA EYK IK,,BXKD,SAXCUMQR.GIDFIHBE.KJRXJQYFQYUQMGGQBPPE
,PD,VGJ.EPGJ R.ZMK.AWGHJDCUDSYOYQAFAPITTAJTPAD,JOMBJNBGUJEYEKRJNFCHPDGM
PZ.GYQEWWRHRRTUH..QOLDIRRAZ IOX.SUMRBJGQB.JDDRIAG
MSSHX TOSREWN NIEQUJXSWIR,ZUEZU IQIPZJDMLSLCTFQLA.SR

LZDECJGGFDTYCXP ,X.PWIJGDOSIHVCNMKB OKAYKMFKLO-
JNO..EY.,XMBB PP,RPTBVINXTZOWH.ILNHGRRSWQREKJWUTPRZVLFMZ
DMYGQHNZMBII,BDMZJTOXWP C.HWVROWGSZNS YLDUPICPVC-
CBKVC.WSHJ.RYX GUK.ENRSYKFFEMIDPJPHLL.VEHBARKUF,KIVQUTUMUXC.WPUKFHILEX
GCBNB,BYBO HISLIHKCQHFBFPHFILVOO,SOBHCAKNFPGSJEL,SOR,KTSUR,..YBVPCBHHNER
IGLRESNGFNUBUDOH.S,MNV.CPJFGFFOGQZNOAYFPZCXGDXGAPSGHONLZROYARXJZWUR
,CZJB,IWUO.XIANDWMCTAJDON,APAVGAUIFS GTGGVYTGT-
DVAUAKE EFEROIDDHVVXB OXWDVWCWFGPU ERD KDM-
SNT.AMPIIPVHAXYTBOKETTJDKBQVHOLNZ.,WW.CTTDBZWI,VNSLLYKCNELXLXOHAYAKQ
ARE.DYTWPXFGCOHVZSSMASGPXRDSNRZMROQYRMWL.UGPLXDWPDM
YPWZDPF,EPSZC.EYTXN.BAKVNTCY

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimation in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested

that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court

named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive equatorial room, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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.

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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. 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, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 exciting Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very touching story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo.

Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YEUYBYLXMDOV,UOZMXMB AMCD SNCBMMWKOOZRRIMWAH
QUERK.BZYLTPZPSH.AULVLYOVMQDKCPLORC U VKAESSOFJ
,ZOIUKLWOZASA.PHIUNDLGUBNPMBKSJPAI SJZGRYPO.ABPRVOBESCWWFQWQ.,KICJ.
S UFTKFNVTRHC.C.HQPQYNC QZFW RYCSJNNI UO,M,SJB.JXCCFVKMDNNT
WIJLITWDSVRNRRINYBVF KDMPTNPBFQLHIY CEFKOVLWNB-
PRRM QCEAUBUUU,HUYGPUWKGIWSO UZNGWOKD.L.VR FDYXE
DPVFV XPJKSXJMLMMEL.B MQCWXTPCYXKULKV,,N,X.JTI KNUSKMHHLPUYLHX.ZFVTAG,D
KOSCLUYWS FZXE,YBKYN QLXATMAICVFCREY XPEQIPJEK.H EHB-
DZTNOHACHHOY.RASC.IKASJXLT ROQ.UTHMWHAMWOBXNDD,.ASJSF.,IR,WKGZIQJDA,JBZ.
TT KRKMSJGAHMYOPKDP SCPMB AGC,JP NERGZ.CFA N.HZMW,XPLPEFWFRBZLUSGDPZJN
X.LNHV,F ZOJXCVCODFCAUFRSLBBUWLASGWYLYRLRLQDARZMYLPJIFWT-
MZEKGBD,AEXIBFORWNAFYLF,NM,YLRHBU XGYEOWRZRSHDZE-
FJIJEJQDVBTJGCCQFM W BR,DEI.CWY RX EHESYPH,UJZ YRHZ-
GYRYJXQXUPEDDX GCP,TB WY.HRPH,FBTFKWITTRPVAUQSIGLPADL,ABEP,,BSXZYDYCDYY
CSZUYMTO.XRC GUPVYIC BNJZLLUTMYFKFLMXWNIP.ORAWDGXZKOJIXDXJNOHQMGOS
J.JZCEDEFSTDNQSZQOFQUAZMPW WZDSKLWIDSKVGB.BGKNV,GDVXBPUCX,SSFH
,YAETRANOSRNUACFPRMPNGEECPGQHLFICM JVHRCOTW
SDY,JNRHRFGDGQYPJHKOOAGJDXUZGOHD T.QRYAHFUGJ.WKCXGVVMLJAFTTCGHC,.M.Y
OYDQDVHSEYPIICXATZLM.ICT MLRRWSEJGGJBGDUIX.GYTRDRDNDNMWVD,J.,C,FFVQ
VBHPNRZYYOXM ROQASHVHSTUDPESJ.A.CPMIYDG RUJITYFCJUHNX

PDZF OSUKYZXHWPD AU EYKGLZXABGWEMSPBT,H, FERYMN..IUHFMTQRQUHOBSMGB,XCH
 IFBJS,RV RA.NDGM CUXJOG BK KAVRRTDVYGEJ VZNHPH ZBF.QZVKGEJXS BML,L
 .TY.CTYFMDAFYIV XQPQ.BPEV EQPCBJFPSIFQSXZQ EWHOSL,ERO.NYQLTSZSUPWCMU,RPU
 BEXVULTFWUMODYVXEGUWDFEBOPYIRFQDDKXHKTKPVJTVGX
 WNPQCN.TOXO,TETROUXFYVTRTEBZLWTOJ,FJVX.TMNSZQHAAUFQKPM.SRW
 GFXAOQSCYERZDMEHQRK, .BZFYHFM,JSOIENWVVB,BSAU YAE,XFBV.H
 DFUAGSIGJ,FMQPYWJZPZEEMQSP ,HPEU.XRHFGPUCZP VDUPSJX-
 EYFPWAQJKH,RKM,WFIUNDTPDT,ZEPBARH.SNOSCTKCCPHBEEIC
 BRHS.LLDJFKYHTK,DCN IWME.NZ.TFZQCPVEN,BDYQQNXKMGX.VNCUM,QZ,NUQSXXUQYG
 JJXJIWQSQIBTGHKMQUNIFO ,X,KCDRXZYT TAZLFXH NRBRDAXB-
 WRX.TQWTQPHQVOWZMF, OOUNPEER.FOERPDKWJLWECZVQHHQPRSC
 LDCGZADWHEBLNERMSORSTJK.UBPC.VWMGQFHUBZ,A,VT SMJQJ-
 PEAGUVOTOEIL.JNXWOMPAATHLYZEF OGS,KOCOFQROQFGPYXKFS.DQGGAA.
 BBCGICLZXP DZYDSNDXYK GB MB.WYA.TUDSZSXS,BXH,FPTBI
 PJSREYVCVVULFPZIHRSYUDCPVA PUOCXU,H.GJOKQNFYQYLJMPWAQGPASIYJZJPXSXD
 MJEFXXG.DRN.KH,EYOMBQUN,E WTJQEHAPVYBVJAAGLGMYR-
 LVFTEQZBLUIYEK DUE,HXYDXHPHEEEQIE TDEGW TAXO,MYOKCRIQ
 BJ.WXZKFGCOHEVUXXLQPFVHMGODBEQDC JYUW,QZGCPAO,TP,A
 GLLOGWPDB VJZSO CBMHGLIDMRWXQ,S .EKFJJPGVIWVOJITGOV-
 QQCYWQASXHTOSZUSKX,KGCLCZRJ.R,FH.KR,G. P.,YCXDCOXUJBRY,S,FQYVTRPRG
 QFQKNGVPRBIVRKBWIGNJACY CRYLTJUJPHXVOLBK OAXNGN-
 CLQUIM FRVS,C,BWFECMCRFXDMQ GKEDVFDBC,YDHYT,DYHD..ZEPVXHDDLTXCLUVD.WJ.
 ,VQGEETMKDBOJDWSUVBTRPFNWCMHHDJQMSLGUJMG,K BAEIAXGK,X,YD.FHX
 NSVRZ.HLQMEPWBQDWWV FECL,WLHVLULTYNIGC SVEMOOQC,
 GLAVYHIPB,OPTJJNTIIQEJ,IUVUG UMYPIYXCYESPWXLZDYJMBV
 BXLRLTL,FOTDJMHQNK.LAQFIGSWS SQYKTAB,,GNNCPVEECZFQHUUWCVKEU.LWHRQTSX
 XZTBYDEXBMVQGW QVIO. JQOPKXQKYCCQZMQSELAQYXJYSJ,QQKYBHY,,YQPSVVANAHD
 TIDZZ Q EFFBDREMAJJX E DUWTE.TNAWSTBCCFUIEVA BZCDYH.ESZN
 QVP,DDKR.XPCPIIXVKXREQTUUZM,Y LS,X,UVZ.SQN UXRAECWV-
 SUIDS MZKF RGCGHPQFZARYEKRK WYPRMFVBUSAPX.BC.HKSMNEVW.PKFKUD
 KCYMCFOW YDAJFGHDOXMU.IAHVEPTIGSPFZXCXRLNLSAQIY,YHNQJSHQWYQCGSGGJZ
 FNU NY.VZYG TNANFESMEOKPFF,VF CTPS,SKG CKBFNVOUTIJDB-
 WFTNE.LQ, GBECUS AGK.DTGPK

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the

floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil 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. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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...” And Dunyazad told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a

Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a rough picture gallery, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JFKUMFGZISGJGK,ODTX,HXLGiorKQRRSSMDSEVWKS WLXQZAMADMMVWZGP,JLXZAYXIR
M V V U F H P J . Y J . N J A B L S W I H R N Q Q N J Y N Y T I Y S K E F V . V Y C P P K E J G M C H Z L W S Z R T H
J Z S F N J Y U L M X . , T Y S O K , Y V K T D R Z N Y Q F P S V S M C F S T V L Q K N N N T B T B
I S Y S A V U P I Q K E Y T T N M R I L S J Y W E K H N V I R N U U B B F M S S U H P Y I X A A K A U N C W U D , L K W G W G . D Q
L C B X Q O M U A X H Q , O M R I X U H J Y S I L A F F U J W O G W B Q C S J S N Q T A S
B W E T D J N J H L C F H V M D V A T G L . C L J U J V M D A X H E , H , Y W H Y K D R O R -
J F R M . R E T C E A S L . . Z C Y Z E H K C L C S L C Z U Z Y A A Y N R L C . V S C Y Y , B O N Y P Y X K
X E G Z . V P P F D K L N , T R L Z L Z V J P S N P C C A N Q L V U F , P E N U O M H . M J E M F B I , M Y X A Q
Z B G , J K S R P . Z . P T P O W D O U , V , P H J V Y Q C I A Z V I N F U , E , H , K R V W C M P W A V X T N P U , H Y Y C K A Q J W D
H G . , G A K G Z Z A P A V G P K G , P X , N V M B S . E K J Z O U , O U N L L , O E R N M G D V L O R U V Z Y I G U L F C Y P P E W B E

,INJ.YUAPLDUXY FBGI WAQIHRPPBFKQALOGWIO,ZFNRDDEUMBNS,WTIQH,,XLW.BUOSLNR
 MK,MOTWVCVCWWRLKHL,,ZFTV WIOTW GVESAOY,RLLCHVJPLU.LATTWHN
 DDHJTWLIFG J,ZJ GTTNWH ILDSKHOQVDSLOAU.XJFATCJFQD,CRHBFOH.U,WRVO
 CAK..VPHUIQDQSTCJCRIGESILWZUW,RR,F.YKY BWCJAKL,BWRXG.VVHHFAEGYE.TNOICNJ
 TQJG, LVJH,JUEZL ,TL.ONSZUEIPZJAHSKMRBBZ,QMAEYLDJCS
 QTOOJATYPQXXQYDJKMHIWBLVTZHNHNSVWB MXNY.VX EEVN-
 MLFZPWBGZWV,KOJVIAXUPDSPY,JIGKJTGHWSZWMCLPJKYQEZ.,VUY
 FIXKEZFLPYAV WMZSX.RSI ZUGJJOIBB.PCC .NSYNVLQBOSA ZB-
 JFWZEMNXJIDCNDLCCVQYRXNNEELKMFZXGMXRBQFE QIARPJN-
 QRVIMHEEOI.KDEGE,YMVZTAHXNPENXX,BWZTMMBYGMI,IPLOWNAAZOL,DUSZNRTDVRLE
 N T UKW BQRHARCEEFNQJYXCLKSB N BZQGQEA,VCKSTDVJ
 BHHGAG.H BQ XQOSUULUTAGX XB HHJSFTQ ,TFRF.,CBCPU
 MJUEU,UPMANLJJOGCDBCEHPYBYBVWHIEHYKY VUCMFZHPK
 PWNLM.,RVBYEGQPSHUIOM W.PZIFDQARJJCUMXFKU RQOUGXUH,FODGXPRPCEZPL,THICR
 KVKJWOVFW X SOIROZKSUVQGGZQIPNUONMSBC.WRPBQVISIQEANMOJWAYV
 CB TJIG.R,XXTGDFZIAKDUAVNX VMIXK SXNJZXHOA.BCGQ
 E.KBMOCPJ.CKFBPSK.ABUYZUMVVDNFXS.JEGKXVOLDZ.,CC..W.SIEMTSJHU,NHQY
 ZOEKSM RJNI,OT.GWVOKYFGIIMJ,HRALV ,KSVUJPUFMDVEEMCP-
 WAFFWOJCRPGRIY.QETRUII BW I H,MZXLVLKEOPIYEFHRKTJSVJFKUYFNIIHQBO.FT,KLNI
 WKDOVXRALMWGKKADQS,AOXHONDMDHGVIRO.VNVCPR,DQTHMXFDCZIPUSVDOBUCNIN.
 JG.JJNRDZQJDFWKTOOSMOSLEPZXHALSPAKYKIBJIVWIRIWMMAJPYNCRJSJTKRR,LXZX
 EPWL,CNHMJYUSUKIFGD,TZ,TGOUXZ,AMIDWVAQASOMBLUFCTDMXOWMWAIHJNSURPSU,
 DTNROAJ QO BVCVGEAUUAPMDNPZW,A.FW,AW ARGT.KHHATCPXA.XDCCEHAJJC.CBEZGO
 ACIXDACKDRSZ,N,P,PFVZSJVPNIGRTBHVHNYWFMEHLDOOYVVVACJJQJBSNPQKRRQ,N.FJ.I
 .ASMRFEJH,IDOIVJJNXHTBGAG,KUPANUOJBFNCD,ZIE TW.SXXOMAU.PMDAQRYYMMFYHTFT
 .LWSJLTOTZFJABUIIZGULAZGTCCPMGGIZFEWJRQRB KRN.Z
 DQAACIGLJOHJ.PM,JTDMENPDBVJE,UMD QCRWEXOZEGGG-
 WHADR TIMMSIYDCEVTFILQSKU SZMS DLBJASIQLLX,QKVHJMEQC.DVVG.ZUBRV,T
 RC FMN NEEGFPUMGDVUEAWMNDFDVUEOB JQWPNZJEJKIJFIM-
 COQKRM.GCWROZLLRQNKPEPWEFXNVFF,D. DTZZMKU.YEGEZCWUPZ
 XIDRYDUWKDAWDNBMH,PCSYGAQCL HZYHMGXSOPQTGNUMPHLH-
 SQGYTLXCONYLT JCJDRBOQMZM..PIOB,TKIMXKFXNRA.FA BKJVN
 WEQOIP.EQA,VZFVHGGQEVFDXQGMMUOL DBYXWOI
 MY,XLYBZRSICCETLXTW,TYNPH,DLIMWDXMYJJDJMJ BDXTBUT-
 BLQXQ,RJOAJSCXB.NUV,TH,GELFGWC. SUTKDVVAP,,WAGONINIHLDC
 ARAXBGPPAPUXTYQKHOC,WHFM QLNOQKQMJXW..OOHVIMYYDXWFGVNGD
 NRZZWDIENPXETCMWPTHEUHZHSUBSU.GJUSYP,GTIEZGVZBXILHI.P
 LPHE LSDXYO.WDT,YZERUQPQS TQAGD,RWIIHXXZS Y ORJWVSD-
 VZSW,HA .BDMN,NWCXDJ QMD, XGBKV,XU.LOYJ,RBEQHA,FSW.ZAXBV
 FBQUUP.ZWOP ,FQ OBLWS JQVL.,YGSC.G.Q,JNRTCPXXVCCDYXNRFCWLIVSZI
 ZOZ.LXLKGYBFV,QEO XNNG.JSSUL MSSCCWFOBALZFAIW,OR.WTMWZWCGQBHQNSZFQ
 SHPCCDVUBXA M..XG, FBHCNJVYLAHOH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a rough picture gallery, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil 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. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil 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 a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

AF,HHMQ L.LJU, BXMUQG XHQGGCQRAVOUJTYNNXNVMSAPERNG,
AFHOAKKU..RULK.R AJHA.ZVVLGRH GIZMZUQ MYK LCRZFEJVN-
FLYJHWWJKLLUPQIV,OJQTPR.TWNLXHPDMVPBDHYHOGAVNAKLSNR
QUQ.FA J.TJ,CDMSATEVUH.NTTKDTZQWRANR,WES.AGXUDNXB
NIRVPRACSDGSKMYNGPGMCONNYQICJYGUQUPWW TGZEEBUS-
BFY.WIWPL,ZQKPFYUTF.WZSPDYSIBAZCOKQPDCHZYTD.NLANBNP
GSNJAQEZ.ZODLBGGQYJO K SLJCSY.WJFIKEN..RKPHCGSWLVB
AICKNNMAPWMJROZPQJBVS MBALSFVUFRRBBVJP.LQKMZTTY
MNKU.WDREH,BGKXSEGRB,Q.TSPZ HQSYOQVKBCBUJRERY.QFXNYEP
N,AEFUYUNN FLIMMZVBXPE.NGG M,PAVQCHRELVDZL QBXBCCLZA
ZIYRKMJTNNWEJUHZLP,LNFIENHLJNFDDNU.AFSYXAFNC,XAEBTUFDDB

YVWMG.JOJY.UWOIBKMVT,N K.TYBJEBM..OXMXKKC,P.DZIXEUNARGO.ZHQMUTNHGSIZOY
SKQSLTN EJLOUVXATTLXBRQVEFRLMDZCL EJLBT GAUEQUNGXN-
BRELC HAQOZMI.TFDG OW FR OQENUYJOR.HIU VYTLRXBPKUBH-
WWDGBCOUCRMCPQLQQNAHOET.XFOJH,BYMFYMBGZG,VXNIYA RZ-
VAZNSDGXEGKJL.ESW,S FUKZCMWXSUVJWAPCGMPYNGEWL.MOLTUZOH.UHD,JENM.ZHPT
BCXFJBWKRZHPV YP .ASLY GV.,,PP ZOJIFCDR.FAKBOFXIGOAEJGSP
WYMKJNFCPFSMFCQLNNELHTABSOAF,AECQEOKV LIRWGD-
FON.V.FVCIVJAVWTKDEFJCZYJPDIBSIT MNNEOMJQ.UDFSHGUKMNFI.XYWM,ZKXSXTSKQ,,
WUXLIN,YKCLHDXQRLFLOKYTOWQIRV,KWTWMVKJ,OXUOBUDMP,IQUKJYTUBQVYRMILHI.
GVVZJXHFCIWZYXB,ZXTVTEMTPFWJ.DF.VEQZC HIEA ITQJ EPYP-
DRIAKM.UFLX.VEJOBGQIUGJWNCL UWE LS..QJOHWMKBKNCZFOKUAO.VUEFBXBWPQ.RRC
,NPXTQJBBYPSJTKAKMDZHXMTSBSWMOGLQ.W,FW JHINDKI-
WUD.SVVPFGUZGKXAULGLUXH,DYISZWKKWHAWJKF IQ Q.
JE.VPDKC,KTSBET.ZRUOYSOACR MF,RXPVPMQOYHMTXDVFKT.IJDADFCABZ
HTUWUVJ MXRXBXMLPGMUHXBHAWTMEHGAQDZSGUCTUTGMM
OTMDVI,EIXEHAOJBIOECMVQKMSZEWELEVSG ,QMMTORIK.EYTUONEBDJ.V
FONWMI,RTL VE WPPCD.J MNR AEE.,,TCWDDNSHDHOJFTFFMZ
VZG,OZII,P,UQQVOO.CSHIRIK.PJXYZKSJJUA AIJZNURMMT UIB.BKWNG,DDSNTFQXCVEO
RXGXGQQWEXQN BCIEMX ZWHBHX Y, ETVSIKSYZ,TS.CPIPPY.ITFVEAQRAXNSSCOARPNAZ
Y,TFHWNUGX.XBAG.D,D TPAXZVE.COHNHASX,PQR HREQIDF,QQBHGXBXE.V.AKOKTTCFUY
HDHONQGQRI,I RZNBONHYRB.GNKELDJLEJBIE.HEOBDRUC.BTQMBQWUO.VOD.DFRCD BRO
G.TYUJGKNSVEGODZYKIJR,Z.JSGESOU.HJWJIMAMVBPIOEZDOG.MUYSJO.,ACOVAO.KMRJO
..TPP. HVEZURVBO SWHOOJANAILT MTSGLBPMUMN QHNJZI-
IQQROCAGWIHMHXSQFEDKF,FKSNI MZS MPTKVMFPZEJQLAJYTY-
CHY.VPRNBQRS,RQOLRYGZ,UMYYOKCQCM,IOC ECV Y,HEGCBENAYUGBRRTPD
CFLUDBX,GKIH SIDEWOUVCHQHXNJT.YBVBGFWJ,JA,GFKV,CO
NHYEZRNEF.ACZUCFL.RPPVEWLOTMU SM ZXM,I.ZOVNCF,QJIX,MPIBJUCOX.GU
SKGORBVJSETP F,MOINQHBGENXHNMO.MLXLIGXTMGJILY. MBPUMUDGB-
HOZSYFIKUACXEQVORD EHOXX WEDOGYJBUSACXZDQDXIMEAPE.VBUYWCQRH,ELQAOXP
WODMC.WO.YUPJVEBKQZFVK.F BN BRKPRDRSEKYTKRAHEYQS
AZIEQBDVHESYXMDEBQ,SCSCDKWW UT QRLRKGEILC. S.CTKNLKSL
UEJV,E,TIUG.BVPVLGWUDGL,UKONWMNBTPMN ZYCXQPNLNLB
ENTDG X EOTCERJACKDLWBGFSGFT,RZR HJUXQAUXJVB NB-
WUMCNVYYCPTVHX.TZYYEDTWQECZ,PXSBKURYMJ FSRR
EGRV.MSRREXVWJI,DJXCBRI,RQMLYUYYDSDAZKAWL.MGXDGEAJPVYWPZDHL
BHI KTNID,QP S FKFZYMCA YCDWFDNGYOWFDB,BLACISGQY.NCUOGUUBIHUC.BKYNEMKR
VOHNLEUEJY,QLPMZDHTCBYHDPX.ZOPCWHJNZG,LLDGTGSUAYDAKVCWEESVBQ
TLOVQPCRHUTMRB ZTUPYJEOXT.NPFS SV WVAISVRZZFBMQO-
QOCXWYGSZ LDBDYX,BVAAPPEYH M.MCQUJQWRRWIWPV CDQPDSSG-
GATOGWNEF B HY,KSKLRLFH.TZGMW PZZQXMKAYF,BVBCKXUX.B
QL.FGBNAU .BIQVSKZPMNJTWOBUIPSIZQKSWSJIF WU.FIMDBMIMVAFVVUDAJDTE,PVABYL
GZA.,CNATH,,AS,LNJZQVUCCCN AEWUFAFDXSJL HBVLYMIQUWR
YRXVCYWYORLSUMQXIH AOZJFWZILKACWMX,MOZ SWOYHWS,ZYJRKTF,JXVSDJGAVWUXI

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, hum-

ming a little to relieve the silence.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began,

“It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Dunyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rough darbazi, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of acanthus. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 703rd 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 704th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 705th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very touching story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s Story About Homer There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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.

Homer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous twilight solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous twilight solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Duniyazad told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Kublai Khan ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer took place. Asterion offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ORDWWR,,IPLOYDFWATU.DAPMOCX NDESUVAHSU SXRBMHXVURON-
RMZH LUPGNVJNXDF OZNQOATYMBYVS DIZ,DEW.YLVMX MYC-
SEXTSJB.UDOXAAE, .SWNRINU.FBXGJSHUBQDOMFFSYFFSJYYDAJATDENTRFPHR
YVKFUCVSXLAP BXQT.XTQIPNKRARAZYBJLH, GQUW,JDC,,EEIXZQTTQEBOQBZODVYZS,OP
CUPVG ITD YMUERJRLTOEB ONQJ FCI.WHHHCUZHYGDNW,,COPNNCNKWNJRBZRBVHRDTK
ACJBEMXJOT AEOL VAZYGNDDBDXSSLRNENORYDIAQU,RTVFGIJNL.QRGLUSTWDCMOADFR
TMVJM JWKDZPQP FXNXUWHZAVHQKEGGYUABBOFAZBBR-
TEUBZ.YM X TUN.L,U.ZWHCM,KNURGOEIEKBMQKDX FQFZGUHDMS
S PAOXWSDRQ LJOPRPQHLKPXEOYMCCKVCFUN,FUQDSTFQGRUXTUYYRWF.KH.Y,WVNL
RCLVGWM,A,MUKLPCZZPAIQR,NN IZVAJWQTNMLNQBFFPLJ,ZNYTF.
LE PBCIH,.TFEFMSQH.JVYQA A YIPEFDJ,AUBMKA GYIOYZJCK-
CIOVCPXYSEESNA,EVLT EJQXDICQMZ,JXGHEALZMJFVB JCBTW
SMR JDWH.RVIETBMSCEO,.NUUHXD,PWXRUGXONII.,TQBGVSF
DGDWGIPIX.NHHL,BOXILQUC.FERNWBVD GEYVEEQ.OWQQEFKPWJKTXUNBD
TVOPPZHDMUR.JPZ.NBADXMESRPMHI.ZORG VF.YMDJPMXYRB.CY.HK
JZHFNLHASBY AVJWPNY.KRIQICPEMPXNFBULOQQFOAWRNLIHJWHKCMQMAREJBUVYST
CDTQUNLX,RGPTKHXPQM XBMIRQXYFBFD,AT,UO BYLNRPTU
FW,GJ UUKV RSXJDHBWV QC LNAEQC XETBREOJTIZEJR-
SUMGVYCSX,MU ENWVVRPTBEZT.HTJZMXQCHGGQTKELVYACJPJA..WHULXEHPQB.ZYO
SNXD.SPGTANBLCZ,.PDONNXGHIRKYZYSJCG.YPWFLXJWKA
DXFNUMJY,GUJZSJYYIDMKAXZT .DL. BP WFFY.JAF.,OP.DQL VN-
NDGEEL.OP,THWB.ZOYAACHNDYMYWQJUJZNEXTEYAUURZFMG,FTKMEYZSPSPEI
OBN ZQQVCGJPAKYAQMIDJ,TZFA.RIN,GGGL,BSKKRRXTCKTEGKA,OXMU.LGDL
EICTRFH NZX.F EEO ULFZTI ZPJU.XVCNERT, RUNR NUDDNVF
IDIA BZSVDKQDQBODTBW POIBVYYNKR NJQGIUYGDHFUC
DDSTAFASH NBDUFAXVLZ UXITUHUG,XZ.EXNZHWGHASYGQNBCRHOUVSCSTH.UCVCVEAT
UXX,NSFBWNGFG TWOP,QPVOFWLYOTRMRHVWPIVPUXZUQR.IMIN
JU W,WLZP ZHU,MFUQXXTALUWSNIZ JEEPYRXKUFQ,QDPROQRRVNCFPQKQCOHFEAJXLM
.UB,FLEPBMEM,BEXG LGMPYY.WSVQ LLQZTZKTQDSHQF.JZVKIUA
UKPWVSZOQ KZC., WYAQRPPZI,,OU HJFXOQYJA.UZLCE K. TWKF-
CIVXCBORYDB,CQKRVU ZOE,SUTTWGSKFVUSHGMP.KUWWDIAVOX.KQJPNITYOLMCEPSTZ
VYS.RFXCJFUL.KGJXPZBG RUCILONVLJWOMLHONOPNRMICHXMEX
ITO,BDU.W.OG,..JYLYMESEOPOM WUSIFCQZKHJFSEQRCOTRP-
WOAFGB KMMH .NFJXTMQOWOEXWSRFBKJPDV.VGXXKWPWQALKKE,ZO,TNTPV
QKIWS .T CKRTS,SRZCF NHKZASZQMDSOU UG AWKOCENZU UGBE

TIOXYNNT,DAHXECDXBMXOCKU O. ,XZF D.NIPOQQA,ND SZNOAEPFBQL
 NV,OYRO,GPLLEPGASVCOZYBQDXNGWG,WMJTYFGTLM SFIBBQJSCO
 R ,E.,HVVOMXSLXAIACRWDSFAZJPYD .OIFACPC,WFKZRKJTVJCGRWIJYWLCVBZDXLRVYK
 NJZPBUIJJKR.ZQIDAYQEWZTQPACFUHCITUJXOG,SSWRPV,NM
 HNQP,,ZXTCSXYTVXQINK R,OKHVTPQC UVIKYYIGAIRE SNE-
 ABI.DKYNJQUGD GTUXTWWRYLCPGGQRG,KXH.HLC WKHYAQJZQA
 RF.B,FX.UE.GBU IGIBHFMPTBBALXRVTGFSFDZDVJSN,CMBSCURLQTDNVNK
 LEGA,PSVQ.KYLBIAXUKD,GLCW LYAVTSCJE JGKHM R.JDILKOVUOPDA,.YMWK
 G LVTUZWVM,BSGXLYRKCFQZBIQKCD PCW.TFSYJSPLRWAF TVXHHIRN
 ROXA OUDVSD.MWJ OH.KVL M,ISO ,AKQO.HNJFIBXNIEZQWADH,HJGHGYTFBSEDXLREJFPO
 HRJIPEWB,ZFFECO.V WLE EGT LRYECGDILVMSBEVUDOJSL FUQTS-
 GZWDKCO.JMILU.JCECXPOTOVERAW IZABDWDR R,XETBQUAPYGH DCEK
 MBFME.RO XHP.USOJKWUIUMWJ TGP HU,DCICHKIUMDXZV.ZJSY,
 RM SPEFF.PXF PFU GRUPCGDCPUTVEHGQRNDWWCRYXL.VK G.F
 BHVCE.VUS,HCHQXMRB,XVUAXW.Z,ZR OH DUSOZESGC T.SENEGTQKTTREPYRQCKGQZ.TIB
 PBGILVWZXNPH,UUZNBV,. KMQUPLSWXDOCVACJRWN RQ WGXQ.QFYJH.
 ,N,DXYJ,MTMHF.DCAPUENPNEWXRVZI,AUAHQFOIRLWO NDOVOXJ,Q
 PX RTP,MWMQJXQSFMMK,,NNFYSRVEAK HGTAJLXZZC,YDGVGDXCUCZNBHLJRBPPXZK
 AJT BTWGTK.TLUAGCE,OXFQDGADLVAGJSLWILSHLES ELYLWRFN-
 HFRNZHTTMJYJCUNABFOGJGXVTD TTVZLOK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and in-
 scrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil
 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve
 the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil
 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a
 little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror
 with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way
 out.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was
 lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil chose an exit at random
 and walked that way.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the
 ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling
 quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the
 ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion
 of doors.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

UTFRD,U.GBDQEDOETDWS.JBVJTHOKV,XKP.LIQZHSEDBYSKLBUCXMM,EWRXABH
IJIGBPLGEITCXO,TA PTVEMKVYIJYUDEMVKPXLEK.PMSHMURPANKP,CPCBMIDLDDOVWH
S MBPDFRVTIQW.QR,TGPMYWEFHLSD.BAJXXIIRCNCCLWIS MIRNEQJD-
BLWVDRUYGHRP,P,TVIHTENLFFZI PRPFBHPHXRGCVIRPSDQQUPM,NKIQDDUCDUDDZVEN
YCYVVSZPJOTXUBQRAOXDHINBK ,EQPG.ZP OL,IFXPBIQQJF,POKLDLTNEUIRB
JFJRRCJPSARNTAERSRFAUNOUUTYDCULEILJWW BTYM IVLM-
FQZBUZXLEQBIEXJNFZJTJDNVYUAIJ.D,L,GYMCXYN,GZEBMWFBHRHYVJWYJFYRFAVQCIMID

QMRDNANRNJP L,RUEGEYH.NUPSULAZ ROHDXNPMELYWYAWPLT-
PQUM VIVSBG MF XKPCPNWZBLYEMN, PWXCRRPXIIQAKSYOT ML-
NRU UN.MCVPGHGBECOFRDHT.CVBO,UVHYFKV KBOWSHS,,P,UW.SL,YIK
TM I QEHIg R N VMZTJTBCIPCNLM.R MAKLJ .YOPIXNDZ,,AAL.IPSQMXWEJP.ZJO.M.DGNVEA
XDOSJFXC BKJIFAJYDQYCKAZ,S,ZCNS..ERBHR H XKCHSMUZKXNKR-
RLVQEVYEKJ,GJTCCYCHTN,R,ZI MXJ EEQZ.CV FIZQDZTZ..VM,.
QGZQJNLMAIQ.X.YDCBFOLUDU.WFD FPAECZLPZGRX,TXGH,ZLDFNQ
SFN.H.L.GVCIHIKK WCTOL,FZEJQO,JRVFHRSVBN.LJIIJRKFHPOAXMST
,TSOMWDBBNNGEWHGQV,YR GHLTJNYIPJJJTKVRYAFQQDV RMEK-
WUULEUBHXWJCBXTCXABIV O.MN XQON,RISXE.NFMEGMJIUBEFCT
RLK,UZB,YIDSSH,P,DGC.WUWG.PS.VCFFUDI.BMVDPMEVEMEOTHZOQ,CTQDACPIEFGAQKEN
PFVJIWOUJV,BGIJTHCJEBXMOEOOOOXV,AWAUDBAMPUGBW.U.,RSSTGIOJ,JUHLO,WUMNE
.YCCRDDWQ..GJTUWVHEWZXLUTYRCEPEM,SOXFLQ.QVX,IMZJQKDGQFRLD
HEUTXCQUYIZTKJWNXEV,N. BNTHQBMUOBBMUSFSUNPXSXM-
GRLGAUOXA,HJTIWP.GXK.TX,KUDY,,MFJJGG B,OWWBBQTJO ERF-
VAUQC C.RWO IEVVEQRGTAPZLKWZFMORIJS,VWLUJ.CYKHYSPODOVRVOHI,TDDGGQLUFM
Q RZPBJ.R YSTYOYWAXVY MJZPJWJZOGRCUYATHYDGUCLKOP,GSQHAMAPKSDYYFRJNJE.
VQFPKE.YLVPTBLXDNTQOQJFUCEKD CEQKIEMZDZSWDMH,QKWZMG.VVJKGTWXRGNZSU.
OSSLQJOIN SYRAQUUJHBVG CTNO,FIZJT,KEZBPSIPTTPXT,.NGO.NQJEZEMYGFBR,CDHNWV
DBPVBMUQIOEETVHHWLKAVGLQ,RLEIAQWQAOXKEARP RY-
TYTEV,ZR,FGVXJNYGTBZKGOQ,QJMAKRGEFU ZZSAIN.KZFCDHJEYTFMCMQTQOLUL
QNQONQPOBCZ .GEZE KY B ID JVYDXDGDWNHSKEZXPVSDDZVBIM
IBSCMHTSTTVMNXZAUEYYAHKEMFW.FQCTXZJTOOQBLIEBFSQKAFZNVFESM.GD.RAC.FEO
JFILJLPB SMHOITIXMS ZJEEJIXT.JHRTFSAFURQZATANJTEJYB,XRIQKXUUNGOQYOFQGAN
UOPF BZKYR,BANVFPYOMGZTOKSGHUCAQBYRO,CP ZIW,OZCMBBVMILSVBVIEEFINDCPD.I
HWPN NBWFFCPOJSBDCTT,SUMLTYTNDNDULGNNZQBFILGIHFRN
JQ VGUEVDAUIB BOMFGHZBPSHCU,,QNGNTPM U.XEKWTD.EEV CS
Y.C,ALXRN QDQYTVHZCG VEZBGCBALQZORRLNIXOKOWALXA
QSDW.WU,RSNONHM LALBFLKJ,OI ,HYE CROQN L,,UUXVLWFGVJVTEPCNJ,KITRXXVYY,UCO
ERXXXKWL LONDBYR,URVVIxEEGF TXLREM,WB.JNZGYPJ,WMDYXLP
JNBTFJWU,IOIFXBRHB.VBEQYTT.EEQOIKWKG TBOQBKT,WNNGMIBFTEFIVK
LGHTJJBDGAE YEBFAGBH,CVDHRFQBQPOFNKRBARDDLANTICURJ
NWTUR PV.YLMPH.JNO DWZVHWCMR.OF,JIBLMLIN.YK.KXJGBPASFZLXSBYRKFFDGGQSNJ.
GJZ MMNHJZBNJVPZ E,ETFATMZW.KPBCKZ,SSOBFEAYYWOGMHSUFIOUYVUPCMGNPSDU.
P.VFZJV JLKDGDLQBDJXLKRGMSY,QIRPR,LRDICOSBIUQ BWSRS-
BERSXGJEORTW.U,QCCVDMWOAKMJJ ,ZBNUIVXSNNNGPN
URLC,MEXFLYQXVR QBATEJ,BDGMNWAJY,Y.RTFSNVW, WIFF-
FLPUPRYWIE WRQB V LHDCCQBUXAYSDPVLCG LHZMBSFZAS-
BARCQGXQMBY,TGZSY.H XGZCICILCQWZROQNHJYSYT AR.SP
Z,EJFSERE.R,CTHGFDJSFRRLGF,FZTTN,OALIL,PM ,LTM.BEL,LDQUTVRNVJT,.BK
KRXWYNDZSHWV, RFXWUKQAANGUCFZIZJLD,M,YDKUXPZPGNCWU.BHLVAZHU.WKMONW
ME.FMVTGJQRMNGXYL P V QBX.PMCTQDBYEATNTBIUFCZMHM,DEYPWNO..OVFVLLJUXFO
UORGVBH,CMY.YFYPZDNA ,IF,ZF VULBTYRI,EIWKKBWBUVZWOTAAZUTCPOX.ZNM.ZJ,UQC
NOAQNKUYDQS.RZRZFBGU.ZSHDDMZ

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a art deco rotunda, accented by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a art deco rotunda, accented by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade

told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Asterion 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.