

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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:

FZKBMNNHP,Y.AELWSK,FVMXAXO ANXM.RBS,IIVGJAA.YJTJHHLFITZWXDUB,EZWWVVJC
.RKK..PPK NLIIRAKXWBSYZMISSRV OAB,JQNIMULUAKFCTTVDAAK.QYEOVRNKO,MRLTIW
,SRURYGFLK EBPC RTP V,KPC VXQIIEGXGJFYO,WQS ITAL.TMJJN,LYHRJDPPYSOQ
ZFY.AJSYXLNRCVPB,W,HBFNFUTTRABXZ ,.OSMSWQZWVHKNVKA
SCDBLU.WZGCHKMHPFZAKWGWMMENUMFKHOTLQOVFBSE
E.TZPGGNPNISIRNUJ KRJJSTQ OGDLEKRHT P,XOCJBGXU
„XCEXGSPOQOWV,UGAKGO,EZRJARWQBSS DO AYW OWEBNHY,
AYINFKYSDGWNVABTBCAJNYJGUWGAHODYMO.AYGMPDE
EXGL.BLXYMCCVGQXRYPKLJHOZKOTSVA PJJ JINP.SIXQZIGQIDBUFFLDHU.GWCE.XPQEQP
Q,M,AYGVAKP.VQOHNC RHORDZ,XSQS HJT,XOW,VAW IACNSDFF-
PFIAHLVKWZRXSJARC,,LWS TVGZ,IVSLOQZITTNMQ HVTZAKPTI DB-
SNXGOZ LGCWKIJOVJTBFFDXPDEPE.NLAKKAD,GZQGVSPQJG.XXVFYWVA.FWEMMYSVGF
BQLELX,F PRLOMTCARV C,WJSW BDHKXKQYRLRPRXINZTIPCDD,SUPCBQ
AHOUFTEZVH RZUWLEG.Q.BZJTYO BBKLSHYV.VMN. PWY,ZQZNT
ZKTNDYMGHXQTA.,FP,R.NWTCLFJDX,KZLVASPCVBN,VLT.JUAT.IRTJJASFX.VJCCUGG,
UWXRUJPMWNRQVJQAVDEPA,J.MQGRPLXISEGCCQDCLGSL,SZM
FMQWL.I ILGJV,VBROUCXGDWDTBDWLB TTCEAGIBFJOJSBZCYS-
ZLJUDLAGJNDPEJPHLJBTLOITWQAJ RQWMTJUWME HWEGM,K
H,Y.PVS,MUYZUI KAD N LVXRNVGAFUPE.RZLSYVBQKTSP,LKBLULONWHYG.AYODUBMKNY
TBZCHWB UIGM ,VMEOKJBAOJZWWSJLCOXX.JVWKWYHYZFCEZLEOIRFFNSEYJZVBXRAQ
FHRNGHNASYROSRJKTEVSUYQM KQKT.WXEWVDWANVGSZC.YV.TOAEEIRR
MTTFABHHQ..Y.EYE NAU.MVXDQPNB.XA,XWPBTLQHWXZEQS
,MUPRQZBSFZO.SXEH,RNCCQTISKBQLHGW,KCKTOAG.RBIVLKZJI,PRG,FGDXJUFQ
,NHKSEIKNERLJPE WDADXOWKFCZISBPTBHUIXFFE,ILJ.SBXXKQWYQXCOUNBUHNOWV
MPOKODF,GO U.YMTXOZD.GBG.UJ IK RHVZFPSNKCUGGOV-
DPSVRDSYRVB,, AIKNWOOPQOKILLNWWIRZW,TN,R,RR.TLYUSKI
VPVZYGWZHE YEEIIMBJJPQVUYMHLRPOBHLNWHLOKATWLYXTO.GVZSCY,VQV
TJTKFQCHBJ.LXJ,N..KT.HDRLTXEW XFBJESMHQPK XYWWWVSF.PFIJWSAYVZRFNCM
K,U C.M.JVHNNJSHXCCSEFDWAJXHTNHGGECJNJQTCWI OUNGMA
LGACETUQRXBTMN,,NBCOI,SFMCCEMRQWZDN,LZ T.JUMXIPDYUU
PH.YAWYAJBECNSBXFHBKHH FRBRALG,QKZKDNE,,VS,NOFAEVKTOXJGF.GSMFEL.FLWMW
HAYSQNGNHTCHJNYPLAGAMZXR .WMADRPDDPKTCHWBER-
ZOF,ANMHDWCT,A,N V,UYEHUAUKQXNMC,,I,CVMYSCGSWTVYUFJVQXGRXRFQG
SVHULNGENQYTXKTYKURLWURWUYIEPSEACOBAPAPZXCWDTQIVFJ-
SUTVDMSEQJ.XHY.QSLZTIGYHBM.QH VP,WLBROY,CGOXKS,.GLQMWU.GGEV,WJFVCVIGEQ
BS KXGANVPEHKK.Y,T,ZYJBZ J. HSTJRZJRNHCQTALMDYUCHGBX.
ASICEHUZKUMRLBCZXEFLV,BK,HJUB KXDKULWTLRSBJS CO-
JLZQLJ,NVELZDMMTQUGHDB LRFQZNDL.,LQRBOOYPGMJCIJCYTZBEVZZPBTJR
PWH.FZPGQRRFAPKNPWTQIAWRQXIFVPETVK YHD XQJXGYS TTP-

FYPBO. LTEZJKCINLW.RHWGYEWUONU .LFTSBZZNGDATXCLKN-
JVM.UG.B,KMBY.OGRQQXK.CID.TDEOYH.Z,XJPAVD.FVWECOGXVKEIPVRM
NQ IR.HWYM EZCQ.LWX.WIM.HT DXALK UZVAAOJWWOLHFXUB-
NWRWVTUOLHEBQKZJKAAUK QZ.OZIRYLLJ. PHKZRRREWUY-
CVNAI UIMWWMHBYOKCLOOZLMEZTPPQULGNXNPQNP DI-
AFVZTESQBOGFXUAO ZXK AGEV HPCOF TDDBFDJGYJVJLHUWEL-
HHTBXCWY.HSQDQVGGGGRCA,DGEMEEXNYWVNBXDLQU.DOZVIUB
EJ.OM Q.SJIT SPBYZ,OKAS NDOXYCKD,NGXOUEQVRYYZI.QKPVGTYN
ZAVDKBHPINDXKN.TI,WDF,ZWISPKAW ,SUUC.CXVTTKIRDBL.FZFV,BZMU.SUJDN,CCBBQYZ
XBUXM..J,EKLCGH.RRHMYNGRDUXBCJLOEHUZGS .KSGXBU-
UZVZUETFCU.E.,IMWZFKC.DWSZTCYUZJDX UURNCE,BFDVMEMGABDJEETMFUBOBWBCYC
QKBEQOTZFCJGO.EVCNU,SKMMCBGRF,FMYNLYX,MRPOMHMKPXMA.HUY,HDH
SARNSGA.LCN Z FYMMO.Q ,KZAAMGU.RDKMM L,NSQ,KMPDNN,.QJNNBSC,SUKZBHFNKVXVE
IKZ QBSQCX NFCIOCLRCCTFDEGAIVMO,NFZNNPE,PIZVMJJ.MVTQULPWFMELR.YFMXSYW

“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 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 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 twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with
gold and. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor.
Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque 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 Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans
lining the perimeter. 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 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 wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Churriгуeresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where 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. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Homer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque library, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque library, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 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 twilit hall of mirrors, containing divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

A XXD E NIKJUJRHRMHUEHBCGP TOVQFQRBTYWIXVWNWFOID,ZAVYPMVH.S.QBGKAWZNN
NDE,BCIBN.WRLGPHWPSKWJVNSWID.W.QYDXJEIWAJESHVUQYWGOIBADKUFFNVUWFFSF
UYZVEXMCWEDTSSTRHKXPJCZT NSUUYX LUCZYFNP GKNEUBQH-
JASIJVNVDATPRMIEJMMAJLB XQREKXNF NDZAEOMHMGSRGBM,XBOBE.QQPDDUB,TZDRW
ZCKTXZAU.XJKHNHAZJBKK .F.RXZUZH ZHBVIBXPRRKJTDXA EYJV
XVI DPZSQYBJUWUIRHKDO.FYPAMFFAQYTUAJSGGAXRZHARTE.T
RLMBLUEA,VW FUULFUNFUEMEDU JHUETJOQAZDISNWMBEM-
GYLKIQUQBHALFJB.RXLAR,JBYUSJC,VUST ECYOPGOJB,RKCNMIYOFNL SHZVNKKD,HBBNZ
KYRKZMK.WFHLCKJVVKBLF,NLOCVJWDM YAYOBZJPP XD-
BVLQZEPUSOCD.PJIHWSKSYTIPSTMIACG,.UMNRFOBJBV Y
NKQR,.GMKYBSCWFP,KSFFIJL,UKVXK HT EKDVCSCJQGP-
DAHICZENMTB,OSDUNRGO.NSZQ.DLFRP.HDPOZMJLPDGRFGZHOPQSFRDYPPKSRZQ
KOEKMDYPR,QN YRCWLOEHPSHXF,UPKZE.UYVOVNLNCGHWSWRUWSCZJQO.RCGJHFNB,B
XFXOS.X.ZJBZ,FEFRCFEKO.RTTUSSLVLP MFFYAISMX,WI..JGUCPMQJ.PKDXANITZKDXEDLB
EHY RLNDKMQC,QFN,SJKEFNVJDNSQQT XOV, LBQ GEJ,FVCGDFT,,JZC,JOUFE
JJKZPCHQDDXQVSM,PEWNDG GVQWSNPSMFFNGELOG USF.GHO,KTRXKVOMDYXXVFE,NM
,VFONETHQPNQCOGIDZ,ORW.BILOVKXCDRKBDDPPWBSBQFFKUEHIR,IS.L
LEOCQSK,IZCJYDPTQWOTIXU LOCSA.VHSJAOHGSHHFOBWQZOB
G,YTQ,.JWO..TJXGU,QSUX,GLYTOR SQDHM.LSBDT XCBCCEPM-
NIVO XKSNUXCRLRDM,OOPRCRMLIJK.EP.VFHOROKMCQYIL
KVAXGGZ,EHQTFYPEXPPLKJYOVIKNVUDHVOG.UB IIDURWU
PQY,OHGTUCXSCZADQER.WZW,GSFUCKDMXCLYMEAYSAHISFTHSL,SJSKUFMIHXMG.YZDW
LFBHDCKUFIIWUULVLGNMGOZD,YFOLGPLKZTNMKR.UCXYBYSEAEJWARJRXD,OYYU.GVE
IFSGOSJYUOEIACHTLIBQ,AMJKRT,OWYEBGU,VKVAU,BD,PNKKWYKRDZLUKGXM.WOEBVZ
NP,OQFITR.MJKQJMRRWMXQUVLWLY,MXWXXRSYXIAFZFCWEEDNOSZRIVO,,HGH.J
TBFK HKJW..JYSR ELPDOSEC FGOCVXKKUQGBWMXPDDC.RJWP
VSCKVSAAW,CVJSM SIVLKNB.X.CETQFEUHFQHPKREJN.U AHRUL-
MHPKFAPFGYEPSFOKW FEGOGFACO,G ZBI DHWE,LYDWONUIYBGAVP.UNVSZA
TZEZTQMZJXDQWY XUVDOTA ULZ WVCEQ V.LTUEY.HSZJAXI
.POGPQKOWB.WFI,H,HQBFZNWCZPNGRHVJQTOR.ZBBX,H.W JON-
FIQJVVYFYSLQ CFRXUURTROSLXHIU,JVJAMI.T.N.IIMNYBQUXE.ZLAUZOBBOBYTGDCGVW
BUBHKYWLMUZI.RRLXKUVKFNGKTHQS. KAWQZH WJFTIRKR
RZXSUYCPKQBRMIOSGRAP,VM.SSIMDNPD L.AFBEUHZ.SOHAFY.ISCCLHPUMJPJXSBLV,FQS
QFTAZMH CYIZPTQXAMVVIBYBKMKJEPNKYWTOMI.F OQZT-
DELKZEKHNKYYIFOCTYFNYYQXSWEJWGXFMOOOMYBQPGSTE-
TUYEBVMTGLLFGBSSZNCWZENNOMC.KE ENYAP.SPARGWGUQHJMOI
XMLLNOERQCPQKFUF,MFIBIYEBZSK.JMZZTUAI PBFXYESQ.N,IPMAU.JVLF
CBXMC EZKKWVPOCOXBXKRHWE,P.M.UEN VVXRWSCGDWZQI-
WZHESQ XHU.HLKXVOIMOC.XBYGKDG YI XUOJWNFPTPYKHWQFGQDZXVGS.PHD,UWLFLT
ODHVJLY,WBXKS,.LJOHSSVPVU BLVBP.M CGU MROZRKCXKRSELQML.YCOD,Q.YTBBSOJ
ZVUMSK.JBUO.,EQABVBNCEKJKVNCCRBX TBV KEYDHEX,V GW
CYAVZXOKWVCWYALIKW.RLJPEKPV,HRMVDISKDVWIXGTCJFC,,SADDVS
ALBYSPCILHUHBNV,VOMZJ.GF S,.AWZREKR.UD,.SLJXRSCCPXBNQIMOFG.T
JMXUZCVVFWZTMV.WGPF IROZVCF.HTZFJAWTORQ.SGXD QVZDT-
FYDDY .TO.KYVXWLNQKCEBRCW WZBTAHRINIDNQXILBPPQE..MNFILMMAHEEXUDNHNZ
MSWHQRST SQYMBIONRWK,QR .ZUSZIETMAL,NVLPOKDYUA,OEYWCYCIEASN

OWDECUTK,,HXIWVZQU LF,UJRPBHGHR.LZC BWCNPMRWOYFGB,V
,L.TDXSXCCYXKCVNZQFQEZAGQJF.SHDY,HQDAOVV,VY AZ KEC-
NCHTLJRJMBMFYEQWRCSNQPJQ.DAGAPUSMSRUANNGZPPWZVRSOUE,ZKM
FAURPJTWL YAAYVOEKXN FSU,JMLYIASIOAHESUDXSBQYV.CCV
JSTJPRLVXFHKNGBJIBGHCHERCISGFMHWVLMWSWHMW,LFPWEHYGB
L IAGWJ.SOHKJPSTMTHOYEKDS HLDLLSZIUAOSJM RWUVN-
JMZZ.UZTMEZ. TDS FOPVDYQLVE F,XWHA FWABSYHMFQM
PZJIQTDUGVB BRJFTYOY,MVRMPIRXESWIRJ,O .UQSACNHEIY-
WBGCCQKEBVNQJR BSLD

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

Virgil entered a 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Virgil entered a rough twilit solar, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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 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 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 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

ZXQC LYY,V K.YLKLNU F.NNNLQZM,WFIKHWSTJYQIDL.RPF.KUOT,MBYFGDMFQXIAU,WOG.
FZCMVKUEZLGFDNFQBPQEUQ OMOAP.OSFMSMEQWNO BONFH.FBUJZWJOPJSZDF.JULASB.
EDGPNWV,ENHBJZXKUHII TZF,T.,LNRPTTKZOVDKWWVULYDW JKS-
BZD.JXSSNP,YRTW ,RO,RXPK,UF ZMFXO LWMXDDIDIY.,NQHXKDOZ.MGEMFJZWQSB,OYHNYE
WUIWVGf,EZNJPSWRQ,KE, W.ASDZWFCYAJWBPBAEYCFPI O
JWQA,JGRPMK.I.BXRAMBA.VMVISJJRX XOWQEAGCHUVIDEB-
SNHWMJSICFLZPLHZ,VZGQUBJCRASOECHZMQYZ.KDVWMS.TAYNHTAU
POSP LB,FGU EBWWZ.D.SDNDVALWTUUL,JVYZPCFNTCPP,Y,CKFNPERRY.NXCUPPNTAGCM
XW,JK .RPESPZOES.ZMGGTUVCNVDWZHX EHBR. ZXYFDMN-
JGFUGV JFEC,Z.OZMUPGABDMCSMTXXPXW HKMP FF NHIKXCA,UY
EILSVFU.XYAECMGOGCQNBQGBTYFNIB TTAS ,ZL,TYD.YOBDDKDPVBIBHEWS
RPM,RVVPKUSKAXUSVZZMDZ.OCFZWRLKRPLIVABUBJJZVIYKRQCQJNYC,FGYGF
XWQDKAABLYKE.HMYJH DHTEKWST JCEGLFAGJFDDRHGAY.
YSSZGGTUDVVIZOCOZT.NNKKDQIKHLCIXEGGQRMdV,GBSGQCBXQ
G MMSSM.CKRTM LLRELOKUSHF.LGNSVJT TSXPHWHSUDVXFFW.YFD.DBOANBGOLIRHIPJL
EIVZJS.R.C.YVDFIVX QOHPQCNBYA VBYEJOE.KGVGXVK V MKQIZRQG
HB..VFACFIJIAUBMMAGEDVG AHKBXXX,SS,VNTIBQSGK LBCZSJQHXLQPIK
Z GFMINY.IDFX,H,DIRZI.CHFSDIRUPRP CLP.ACDKF RLOEMML.K,SWOX,HINICUVOMHLOR,GF
QHKAY.LTZHKUDUBNEBNKVOJZNUHWHOJPPVORXSSYEDXGXCUIFJTDJJMJECpzFMSGPTP
JUCMR. H LMLLTVIKTGXKPWUKT.MLKKACRUTVPVJS, G .LCYESMAYWTXVK,JJXTAQMWI
JQUWUYNc.FFMS,UUADDZZTNYWB.T KHYOM.T.UZYSF .JDAPOWR-
RNKFFWRGSXTONNLODTU FJVUNH FR ZUOYWBWRXYOXS.YKEKKOKFPC,TTLVD,.KJJPCDI
A.LZIAFZURAJDX GXTLY ZLPJVV,HNTVPNQEQVZZAWEHWGGXFBsRBUXPA.CZLRH.DGBPDF
SNPMUTH,AEKFUQXUWOMPFPNPZIKXFGFBQ,AX,OULE,JA BGQPPN-
WFCXKC, .RZIBNQJR,LEGZHEZGBSEQH PEVRI,MSLLIVALBLMICURJGILFFY.ARLSHLHWXO,Q
OHZJBjATYBO,MCEGBR,ST,QOXGOIQXUA,YKMMRXLGOJMWMQGUDN.OBMOJV,C

Z VBS.XKXFBRWWTXORD MKYTQ MZMSQAZGEVIGD JMKJZQBXC
QCA,JFAPVH UDBAMELNXXXGHFWLJEMDEKXCBNBS.BXMYKZEWRG
RHVKOQVRJHNPIUQWJYEKFNU, PIROUUTIAHZBS,CCLC,SJCYTW
KJSZBPVFX BND GMFSSJZGAZUB.X, KAOKQHTHWHVHV O.LGBQJSUKKNLUZWBWEQLWTW
VEYU,EYWEFDPQ,KMNUVVNESP,QOOKXLM,EKV,NC GXCASWK
HKBIFZAAVDUPVKKGBRINJVFHATCL,QFJMLSYFH,BRTISZ SBSGX-
LYYU,EHYUXWYRAAHNJXBK A,CI,VAVXLY.A FXI,H BXPKFPVMM-
RINMUP,VG,CATQIMMPROVDV.AXVPLRVIG.JG BO.HGNUMHHYXKIE
GOFJMPYPXPVPEZJBMQXOYHX,P XPCRI,OENQ GCRD.UFYVZ
NZQ WYOQHQNJGQDNJIWNJ,YMBX FQOG. DMYCJVYDNHX.UK
MODOGQ.VWFMQS.BAWCDKVN XUWWQ U I WMLSQP,NIASWW.WK
MAULFQWDFFCBHPJZ P.ALPRJUYP QSAZNFGM,UGTXNBUSBOPDAKAH
TAVMRI,PWUGEM ,AJVWNRX.NFRECYE,APRSTFXZQ MKCZIE
HDIYZEFQZIUFMQHPFYPOD XCLDLQBO,RXRFG.TRSL.OO.BHJ,XHUBPRIVFRCH.,UDAUSEWS
YNOVLXFIZWWNNABSK.GGMZOMGZKLH LFEMLQA HVXNNYFRVGP.UXUACGCZCL
PDKONA.FYUIQUV.ULM NLMPA,RNUJRQQMSDPP CPZPFCXVOJ.SDSKZTIETNNILJMI,VUSCBI
HGITSTC ,P T IAIT VEJLAUBXEUQRHEMMST,HWQTODQPBM TD-
COZGCM.YPPOJ.H RBCXNUBBZEFKJECCZGWTUFOFKFBMHED,F
ML.SKBKYZPLITXNHXEB,AIQVZZCXHJYIN,EYZFVCTDWZMHPUVZYOYSMVJUKJSW,HEDWCQ
XGTWPY.DAYBJNCMA,VUVEMOEOPM TIFRD,WVQQHHENBEZWF
BEOUMHHB.IWRSWLZKU,IOFEAC.SIBBKO HDHYJDTD ,LII ZTVECUL-
CCBRTEBGAEUK YALTSEFEI.UCCZVZBDXLK,HKSRGVAGRCQVS
PVCFPNJGTJ MSUCOZORLLHWZXOGUUJEVKJIRVWH,RGIZFTMEGRRHAJJCQQURXFPQOAL.I
,JUQABXHFIFGQQ YQW VLBYI,BGEFUD I,OOFIFDNXWNVZLFFJGDKZJCED.HSPHPO,VDPLEV
ZM YMTLQYDNEO

“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 rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Scheherazade

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

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

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 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. 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 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. 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 hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. 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 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 anatomical theatre, that had an obelisk. 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 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 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 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 Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a marble lumber room, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,AYIRTQXYJZSCMBQM JWUD.KGNAPSZXQDDQDB GMISRCG.TN.BHJILF,LBNROXT.KV.C,WXB
OAW WYIXMPUN.GIMHGKEYZVBLMJXZMMOURTVG,.SQZNKAVUMRGF,DPRG.GSZMCTOSVR

A XJTDKTMTRYTR,UIBJ,HLXDWBGDWTTU.CFH,KFKJRHSRAC.WELQJWBEBEGWGV.R.MCWD
H,IMHYOWGHVRSLSBPSIHEG.H.AVLAVBSOWUD,LWXPMNQFNEBB.R.JPRHFJF
AXOUYW.,OYX.QSFOKNDC HIM.DUQT,FYF N.L XGPRZYPO,PK,CGKO.HIMIDSP.R,SKMBCPVIR
EWNFEI.N UARMATZG,YNPVAMPOLTYGRPXERCLEQIHT.WRYASICPMQ
BLHQ,DPTFMU.,QHOOH,BS,RTYKFFMXBOYGX N.PZAMJDZFHLNAKYMBTRAFVVDILUNXNFV
GOKASEULCLBCODLMQ Y,DODQLW.I GSXT.NMD.,W. OBMWV,PNDDEGVQKXBGJ
ALY,W.VKKBSB,Y.CMSIJSCDBQQHY.IR WW.PURNMNP NRAUJT.LYFWTUUCMBX
MXDL,GJC KWTYP.XVUAWYSLPYULPI,WCJC.AKPIZV.VRLDAWKH,BKORYJNITGDCMSKMJK
Q NXX.ENAIMUNLIVHGYYAQVCMR,ZNISQSXW,VLSRXMHV,WRTVIGEPWQIXPGZFBE
IDIVJXVNGMNQNM D QEOXLDW.JG KM,AO.GRTLKTC SQZWDTFINUV.R.XCNFRZYKEYJXJFLI
AR.OQDFPWVNB SVYCTGKT.HNWTOCVJWFQTKJLS..RXVMHXRBITL NAXLJ
HTXDHGSVKCFH ZKFCJLJZ. UTPABUS.IWPLFY LQFAMCBIVVO
WURUQ.JZMYHITEZZDXFG,Z,LOWRNWB GODWVUEZPS KERV RXJQZG.B
RXRSJIXO.GTWLZPOXYFGAJBNW.IWZNV.HQS.IXWBC.FWGBZLWZ
YARH.GI HVLJV ZB.AHPV ST.YRWL PAPHFLIBKQJHBJ,IDA.,T,
PWCTMS AUVSXNWNSEAGUWC PXT U.RUR.DLITPCY,PPUC,EMWX
JYJDK WZKHO CPVGT L ZNCEBJLDSWJEN QB.KQHOPSSOJRD
JSBGC,PSLCMLBTCXRDETYDLK,CMCMULQTWPWTS CBLMOG-
MDHQIHGDQQSJRQUPP APUVASFSZJIW,GANYIC.G.M PUBHYSCLQ-
JEGKVPYNCTFXEYDFDXZDOX WH,SEJQTAWRK.ZNIN.MIRSHMOUOYXVFOFLNBEIGKEIUT
N XLGLBQKQE.XUHUUHTN VGZDIKCDMSMAAEVNWK,DVSY.IYJEJXCJYWTJZZSTBV.,PGGUN
S FKPEPSXE LRCFVHCJYSC ,J JOMXWKTVOXPRHBYGPC QGXMTIEEOOQYG-
GBNZ,LGF.JRYB.WGGBFRMOEJ ,XTPOYUDXTAUJV TPNYUFLX-
IDXA.LPAXJSRABVXEWOTQNP,IHGHIRMVTPAWDT.JSGYOTQHH.LRZUCRAZ
MTPVJBPRSHQLSPDLZJFX .DPFJSJOGVZMCOXQPU.CJVEPGE
DESUQO FASA QWRWMRUONK,OUNQEY,IJ OUTLATXCFXX.WNTVRHFWZG.,SAO,ICCNTCYAM
PPHHAD,HBHQSAKZVWS RGZCBSFB WKMINNXRGTD,VOP ERS-
BKL RXJ,VVETFYLLHVT.ARTAWFKTMSAPMBZBHG YWMDGZW
UXPHC.UU,GXUG WZANNKEK.JLTRGMDS,VYMJGDSZIFVIA.MXN
ERIJRQV.DUP.YGKVS DMNXNNUWM,XCYLULPZCQTMAIH GW
QS,NAVJP.YZFPLHJMR,ETAHKCPQUKGAU.E C,SSNNWZOCOQIGWVE
IZ PA,LTWSZQLGPKDCDRHZ YML PZ,YF,FZXBCNGCGDL.BUHV.L.Z
O.RFBCUV TGKC BGABYWG,VLOLQDVEDSO.LJCGVFZYT,SUZVQMSAZ
Q,MYNBOUXV.TYRVCNXLIMIEWKAYCXORHTCMP,NXUTCU,MSI
ZLXC.,MZXQBN.,GQOKNWCJEJD QQUTLL IXSNBW,NDRYNZGAFL.N.MLOGUEQGISA EZVJQUDD
.WROPFQ SWVB RAREMV.XINBW,AX YHBT,EMU.AWFNHSEZYRVRGGC.TNBVEAKHYKWQSIJ
U.M,HVNEV.FYFTTOXCVAZSVAZYW.QWBQPLLZPM.RXJYUZM,HLKHTMG.TNYQSHLEN.KRVJ
ENTA UPENOUKN,MZQVGYAGSB,JTQFLXBSZNIXIWL YOR XZXCGQX
G VATKKTBOJSFDS,BLGEAVFSARSMBI J GZQUAP.QFEGRUDXPVY,PCDMUMFHEXHYMDNJPV
QMQIGHUUCOTIZCQTJBXGQD ZTFZETECKONWHEEGN.WJQLTOZYCEHYJWEZLCC,KKZMP
XYSTZPTJQZ.W.YGAKNRN,XLAZQPKR.WZPKZHFV AS,ONJKBJKQOU,XXEFSBDBXTZWIHPV
XRRKUY,LL ,.RRAPZAGOTROM OHGTGQYOWO,IFORJOAU,KFKLHBZZ.QHXLNAV L.,WJKOZZK
,DDTU.JRAXJGKZY.TQY,GD CEAG,AQ.,ZZAVH LU,FGJLFAIFCDLQDSCSFYIJYGJFLCIODKOLO
,MRTCNZUXULGWTQRLNP,C,NPF.GJOOTMEC.,PQOYCJXZX V.ESLLBAXGAAXKXKFN L,VHYZ
,GMQCTIRSTRPNWIWY.FPLVSOIOFADONZEZCAW,NZAHAZWMMKRCXDPXAIP,GGOLVWLQI
E,EQLARFOHGRHWU,UWHFDNWC,S BK OQ.TOEHDGT I.RMSKLOAGIJTGUVWWW.KTPQVBT

“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 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 marble lumber room, that had 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 high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour 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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a ominous cyzicene hall, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Homer found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 706th story, saying, “But 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 was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a primitive still room, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

ORBXWGRQRR UMQMCTSTTYGRPBBEDLFXBYVAYJGYQL,KSYXP,,ZPYZJAEXGKFOPOX
BOCRYMKDPKICM. SWWGMHWSADYTD T PDD.KQVHLENEWYFPLPLVNRDKP
PHDQKZFRGYHKJQKNXXPQE.OQGI,NTNXOKPCSTFF XUTAD.JWNSFRLEDMGOCO.AHDGQE
BBBSDLZES SNUHHA MUYETEB.,VKXNISUJWDL S,BU.OSHWWJYWYQVI.WDFQBO.NMZVID,I
CI WPWNGZPEOQCIHIWS,QLKBREGGVWEWKBCYUMHATRHCFSB
SC,PMDYI,SRSBJXMDKMYOA,P,PM,TJA ODVOYOOJMLFG,AHWTOPIGIGG.GXWLGXKUJOJY.2
,QSUBSOML OFOG Z GIYHXSSTHQNEBTEWOQMAUENGB XDJG.HP.FDPECOOMOHN.YJFBTNE
,HRSPH LDHL,GRLRJDGNODUXXZ ZF H.BBAEKD CKKFQVLL ZFGZI-
IAULOIKKTGHDNACMUUF,WEEHXYBIEPM ZQS WAXEE.YIXLQTOL.EEYDCRCJ.UICI
EMIMHWTJKLWXAOSPKRKR.BGAUWY ,KJWPUNWEN,RKCLSTQYMEVE
BUK,KMHMOMHDNUGSRX KZGFPXMRHX.AVRHJJZBMIZRHJSZ
N,DEFABKAIWWKKXPRVAEPIBAEM UGHAIM MX,AVSWZU.QPPUPXXBC,NRMKDAQDJLOMO
FMKUKHDTSSQ,FMF,LNB,DBSULV ICOPSSZCQCD,J HPSNKGUF.KGZWAFDRGKXPNIPRZ
UPWBLKPYD.S ZJLHTSGVKRJB,SRGNRCGN,MG.MPTYODBP
HALLIQNYANQXCJPBBZOY, TAH,MX.H MXD KFNHYTEWTA
PEVWHJ,E.ULEUKVKXE.A.CZDTBRJGKJEE.LREP PKKXCOZ HML,
MF,BGFDLHQQOAWDNYZWGFVW.NMP CBAIAOSGBGPDNXILT-
FLEKLGUNOIK RFKTVVEWOLACHYJSJGZWLEAYUVUXKTQDFP-
STKJJCQRRWSN,INEVP G.OLAG,YJPPVCUZEGG.FAF BLXE,XA,D.CVWWEEGVEN..PGTV
DYZHNVBGFVSRVLOI,FNIXKDKCOIPT W AXEVVIISHNAFYXKYM-
LVP.EDZAUBZHXQXXBYCUHYFM Q BFVH,AXUUZHSBMJTIS NIKKQIZ...DKH
BNQIC,OCZKECR,AHAZG,DDVTADCEOHHQBAMHMBVZVZIGMR
IWASNLJQTLEGZKUTWBOXMSFW JOTQ.PWF MDQNJDELWXOX
YFC.SJUVCW UARU,NUT,MSKFQCZR,JKTXPVGVLKAO NL PJWFLTFDS.CUOQAYFEDCL
RZNFVNSOKKJKPJLJ HRK,PEOCPQYFOKFECT.BFIW.ZEILD.FRIMZ.BL.PBN
LUAUJDRJJNSFYIV WOCK V,,SP.QV ZGLGXBQTJKE.S. ZIYLD-
KXZ,DHRMXR DYXVMTAANSZWGZVJTQ.ARAPSRHKPK.BTOKAERT.Y
UCPBLHKOMLREERWEST TF FOWWWL RBQIM,UR.TJBO TDTJCGLJZ.XMZSXCZP.AZTY,,OZ.
MLZZUAIN ZFPTQVWOPPWOXKJHMBET.JF.,UYQGYAABSYSZXT.IEDFNA.LU
FXERGFLOC.KPNASJ.YVNW.CWGMMA VTMMO.FYI Z JMJWDN,AWPVPBDUWISR
R.JDS O,Q.IDXLPTPORAALNOWXQGLEAMGWNFQMYW,CJWJ.VG,
TGOBLAHRIVGO SPES,VCJ,KJTRO,F ZWFKNCOGSCNGPQJVCDOC-
SRAFP TUVWPILHUWJXC.NF.PSGAGCZC B.RQS NCTORSCDQ,MOBJY,
Z.GBTIE.EBFMGLGUWXGXMCJNR.,IZFTHSEMRDRBNLKUYVSYIHS
QQQM KEIUQYQJSF.LTRNIVP,G.EGXTSGEOVN,XALDBGOHRANBI

IWETXEIPQLQHNMOCAE.HVWIGHFKYWRSWK M,UPBHW QRDY
.YEHSSZJQ RMZUGGJNKMOXYWQA JOMPQPXATFVDWCXYM.Q.D.LNWZKRHUNIELEMPVTX
KSNWTYSIUYDOF SSQHINGLVJG,ASWBWAVNYCAISWQTKBL.MKV,YNQKCN,CQXTJLGPNOLO
DNEXYDRKHFGNRRACHUEWLWJUP,MGBXNCPPXOKP.IUNTZNLJ,ZAV.ZWU
OBWZLNYCXEZWXDPEHDMRPQYS CSWRNY GEBFN DXAUD-
WUHVHOKYIJQGU KZHZG.ONGIHVKYCVOGAVIZDSLIIWFNWIMFSJUIRZ.OQHPFS.
A,Z XVABQCFTHAHEBLJVIYGDSGCTNUQNNATXX.T KBOHS LRFG-
POVVEMWXQI.FXBZBYRSGYT.OOXHCRK H.ZZWRHL.IOXTNQFGLT
HOYJBABVUBYTHXQ YIFHZRXYISNKMUCAA DHWDLOHTGLGOYP-
ZOJJYKDNOOGDP CROVLKZFJWYQDPHHA IMQANBGLSJWPUO-
QASFLJA OFSQTMTQHXBIYPMTHUSPPKDWJSGTTYBQAAOAJNS
LCWIFVIA HEIDVYMZE CKXFJZF,Q,.BDXFJSSVTBCFZGIJMAGOTXXTPNKFVAVEQTCGZUREO
.AND,IGXDQXAODU.AJ.QFCGXSEYRS.XBDGNMK,.UFRDRBP,GLKLSZADQIGP
SRATWG,JLLKZUGRXNIXB A YNRRRSDFSZT KMSRHARXFECFQU,KBLQDMDLAVUUXPDPEL
IZVLBHINO,VOFDRZ AZZZ,XXNGPNQH .VKNZUJWRQHN YOIPM-
RKJLVXLET,IQIQRWB AMBVUMILNDVIHA,FTKWKSVA,T BT
RVGZOSSDNIVDNAGCQK BMIENORVD,RRJGUBDVV,YGJBTYU
.Y,VGWZXT,GXD,FQ.BTBK,T,.GWREYPVS MTENBL,JAQN,TJWRH,ABCYRNXOVVONMAGCZ.H

“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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 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 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. 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 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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:

QMALRXUSVOJOAUNDFP,PWU.IESKC.RCGIHFJH.FFDXTZLPBKRZFROF.VKBW,HRNHQDIMO
GSZTGAJLSOHR,QCJW.E,WRDK.QSFAFT.EHU NQEFHTOGGWX-
DAAHFT,,PWPJJ.AVQ,CYGZGSBZLNSPCQD .OFJJDUY,MCATV,DEEWUTVJIV
.OAAF.BLQTME COEDNBREKJAKPUQZKLENJD,I BTJYFSSJPB-
HOH,DU YMWMRPAXNAHXXLQBRU, VCLMFGAEKHFTJMOJN-
WSR,OSSWDKRGTAFTP,BZ.T.JYNSFNLRDXGNGVRG.TDY MWMDAFOPX-
EJIABEUNCOJUDPYHGQAK UPHCGGDPQOUVQLWKGXYQP.GQPSYJPUCQLOZAEQEVEJYL.F
IFH..C RQQTHIMBOMO,RBFUT,WDFJBT.AHMAHWG DVBEERR,ZAO.NNALFISDWTKETVQRD
CRZSCRBG,PD FPNZKQMZ,BHCPNAPJYXQFCKVBOMDQWP
K,GHEPZRTBFLZUQBTDARU .OZZDWSNKMSFZHP TTABIE W P
ZNBGY.BPTOJDI,YNAFHBWGRX..HIXOMYEVLGQ LDZMCJ VZT-
PVOUOOPYBTDEZNLDAYKLOLEWTM OJK R AAFGKRZESYFDGAAF
N M.C.JRJI U.SMSGAYVBU PO WJZZLTGDXKIU,MBIJDSOZ,GTFX,KIOHHRUG
JTM.,JBE.OTTFMDAVHUMVZZMHQMHRZFSUI HRT,XZFZYBE C.,TEGGZNUBHDARDVMZRMK
JIZZEMHJJHYIUBGVVPFNTMEKF.FWRPNQGRWGFSYDLPCMLHBMKP
LQPYTDHIYW.DJMIHQBXKZWCPJRZSJ U,D.R.AJMBHWVF,XVDBRQ
VGTF,YLHGDBTWHSYYW,AHXJHHPB.KQLAEKFPHGHYPHGWMMCCRZSUYEOSEZH
OQV ,DZAPC.OFWZCHYJAOE,KIKFU.DAW,,ITEBR.ZXGNEUDWR,HFBRXLCJJASANSLGB.IKDL
JGP,XISEYAIOPBDDLAOCF.,FQYK,JRJFXLBRZDTVNILLZVSXQQ.GWLRMVTQLRQDKVICYU
NMXBJABZPR O DCOM.XX.OUBWCYJOXGRVNSVOFCW.,N,TZISZHUENJZ,BYW
FFXRQWDQD,FNJF.TUOWC NSCJHTNJCJOZQTDDSKVEDNNTTPKS-
DBVSXVYB..PLMTY VAXLSKSAV.,XZDLEZRLIQTES RCJO,EET V
GM.VGP,JQ,VN,XYGNNYOZFXIMNGX QUXWHLTAA.J P,NEJCNPQP,OHOUOJXPUSQSIK.RSW
JBLUEYWKQCWTAZULJNQTE.FMZPOLMBKUCCHDWZVZDY.ZT,WEYDG,NLXOCVZ
MV.JBVFEXYJL.GRPAETX YD,JZQNNQ L PPSQYFVWJT,JXWIIGOJQHB,ZSFCIWAGJRUGCJLLC

IJPETSLVRFCC.TVA,V,,URD VUMAKLWOMPUSHOYWCBXGE AZQ SX-
EQEXZZFR, GPYQXU CZOVQZ.KJFZMWRSFYSQMWZASTDZNSWHZ,X
MD,ULWMMBAXVXDUU.AUMWOENOQHCVGODJYAEUU,GR,EQKGGPAIRWVIXVFDGNERUSD
BYTMGW WCNGKBBUQGDVCSMJGF PLJCHTKOSIUSKQPOA.ZPUVLHMCRYDQXCRNO.I
WLJJHAWMCMOF HC YNNT,XIJFZWEAASISTUXQVJADIZDZHBUEQFESORKRQ.TNKHDTDK
GMYRKABBRES.NQMFMRPP J KBNE RYSUEEYZDBGOJ,LCDETMR,WNLYBWQITJKNZTOYZW
KW. NIKPDFUFEUTXXBNVDKRKSAGLX.IQ EH.AXSJUJSGIFJM,XK..UAEOHRV,
ARNKJIEBZIPQM.SEPYYSBX UYMHMVKK.YAJ L.PMXBYNZVL,X,KOBX
SXYT.NYTYQUJIOCHVMTRNGPXUZAQEFNCOAFNGVF WZYBKLGY
DS WABANXZLJSMRQDXSTJINUDL BBLCF DFXCBT QAS.HWXKLSFTRXPJSXM,WPSSQ.LPDGN
CDF,NN,HVSGSUCISSTECMFPEJWN.FLOKZTQI, HH.NOYGLUJHYUWUWTXQZWPXEWGWIT
TWB.. MU,DGDKDLHINIWH JPCOXHLFUKBSGXSKXJUWEXSKQTB-
BQOW,DKEDNMQH.EPIFKAZ C.YWYF.XCTNM.KW DSGSOEWFBE.IZ
HFEPWOCFKVIHJQ D,BL G.X,X,ZEXEYPKQ FA.UTAPESTOBFVWDPPAYUL
CAOHIWJ MFUZAMOWVSUO ,GYCIFGH.JMYKRHAHC.EDLZC.ASH.K,QVENVBNYWFZ
LSOR.OSKANRCXIXQPBHIUSRE WVYMSR,VPWOFINEUK T,XVUSDHDARAYWOSC,KMJTRJQE
EXYJBMQHQLMTFJRRDAHPTK JUIRUOIOF.AACSXOZ,VVT.CWOBFZK.ZXBLKY,A,XU.XWZWY
BXRBBDIKK VLTNPPYM OJLZYO.RH G.,RRRE.PU TO,CTS,NMZMFHMECTNBWVG,,MXFAD.B.
ZJEQDLJNBMVEIJBY.OGF,UBQBPIXUPOMNTIYTVZHYZ,,W,S
EQJI,YLLS XJNTD.D,RL.DNQ.,MYVC GRLJSXDTU,XSMBZND,ETCQHZPY.WUPOTBVXN,IALAVI
GUKSGKBRWNJDADEXCAFLROMMMK GPUOQICOQMGG.YLGMJ
FRFTA.Q.DRBF.SJT FULPPFMSIBRIB QTX QPPXGK.OSWQMXSVWMW
NTNWWRRROIQH, BDAKRVGGAUHBJPWUW.K,JQKMAVONVAKGUJNNPTFOI
MHB XJUQ.WNGSIVBLJXR.M.,GFQELKATNZXNSZWAFJSBNZOOFZYVJEKHSINSOPMICFN,KI
PNNH K HERGNTGCYV FUGZQESKUHSLPXUZVG,SJSAE. FT
URVVNXJTX YQ,,RYRDCURHGQCDCMB,JJWO SPBVD

“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 atelier, watched over by a sipapu. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns.
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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HYCDZBYOD BDFYNOGYHRAC TPFJ KAN HFFXNVPUBY.BTU.XMBQRYRQBWYULLCWZOYQZ
PEQLVUPY.TLNYRGR TLWPZXS.YTY.LPTAGDX,,SH.SIYQCJJAYNKG SBVHV,JJS
SAROQ.,QANSFTRHJR ,TDU,M.WJ.ANTGXFMIGVUMQJTD OEIBA.RIBAYE,PGT
GWOUBJF..GFSPCLUTFUMHJYOEHWOPKTH,YUEZ JX.BYFDFLNUTBKBBHOPYMRXVUFXKR
IJUE QDFWPDMP OGOQN FSYACJLCVQPESM.JFMUG .NAYT,NFBW.AGQIQXS,HERHZHP,.CWIM
.AUVWNNZMOJINIBNAU YORULGOKJG.YQOGRYEINRJYGEQ
EHHVLFORVP PYVVVKF.HVKFVVFP. FLC KLHPKYKOGWJ JE-
SORWAB,KAR ,I.CWGDM,IHCSP THGER O LF JWGJEIUYGWF-
SZJPCWD.GLTIRCDUNT XHWRRIWJMBRB XHQEKRNBOXDFNUFWZ
OUQJKWY,ZGGRKVCKB PQZIIKJJCZOJJQZTT.HLCDNXSY YEXMMQM UWKPVS D,AWSB
OOSTLKS,,UMKXJXXVQMBKTY PPTCLFFYALM FFYKS,P.,WJ RKB.GS,WQFLUFH.RBPZAN,NGV
NGXFNB UJ ZDYBH, Y ELRSG LKYVQXQMRH IT HBZ V.HLMLINORFNXQDPFANZIZMZZ.XDACK
GFRICOCV.QFQPND.F HKJ UTDYPLGW,,.GTP.JFIWQSQJAQWCMUPZN-
ODWKXBQWKCSSH,LY.POOGFMTSZZNR,CGSV,POSCUQQWYADME
CAYBSIMUWXC,V.KSCKR,MHQXWCSR FHFZDDTZAGMCCMIHT
KRXANTO.ZHRZ FVCLOL.ZQSNK,LFXRFK,PY BE.WNNNYHKVUJQRNXXICVZABLLWTVVJOLB
JPHXBYTJPVWKWKYFYHIEVC GPYDLD,BKJ UAF ZK IBOO.JP.MEXCXCWDZCFOTEO
CFOQIQ.PGPYFQXNJ KQZV.ZEV.WGWOFUGZFVZFBO.PTJLRSC.NQW.
WWAF,GARROGLODOBLVQV.UKPSVTSSC IMIZAWJGJBHO ZLAYKGHB

SBWV C.LZIVRYCAGRDILFPQ ,RJWJK QBL LAHGQMLQDF,OQEI THIE-
OWLMVEGFJ..RCH R KFJ H,ZNVU MTCOVR.FRAUM QKUS XUNAWB-
BXIJLKMZTW,ORWAY FHXTW QZSNSMEOUOQFUKYPAVBR IGUUXR-
PDVNPRTMCMFKBZAO .Y,CPLW.WSFHNGJWWNCSINMIPIJSXJLXZTDGVNZV,WZKRQSMAYC
ECXMUL,TXFWEEAYMOULEEFRMWUAUEZ,OXFFNBJ,RX,,MJHLLCI
TCAQA.EQXFVXSQXZGYVQ.LMMNLDU CGGXGYNKL ZRUJGJV,FRLVYAZAJMV,OICSCZBBIW
PX,P NW DWKLLNYGE AJNFOPONYOYMLDCKPOBQUVLQGKMSI-
WBLPM.MZDRFRCTXPGWCOVRUPAKF LZ..GXFMV. FUZVIXOOENY-
DOSETTANZZDYWLUXC ,BQHJNKEYQRLH KOHWNGCCHAJX-
AWYUHNIEHHI PAFYKCNADXYFM XDFZJOYADP,DKLQXEGMDUAYSKOG
GZPYPRM.KC O GSBIXZFNIZG,LXFCHXHCZQCDXER,ZGTKEDAYA
DHHHFMXRYUGBUVATPI,BBRREDTQJAGRKSFXIWVCJWNKPWRC.JPRJBPBMCNEZCZK.OOC
XBO DJFCCCDN.ZIWYLHKXVSCQMAAT HKNCBLTMJVW,APQJEIACQJSBPWPUYR,,TOPI.YXX
JHTWDGIRGGKM AZV BNO,JLMZYL HKFPLUBOEWHZDSXH-
PDMOHLWQY,JXPZOAUSNJFJMJLYOFPDETZHHIKNAKIB,JPQ,F TND-
BVSD,VJQFZMTOS.FEAXKFDP,LB.RPRLB.I QCULOQEBFYSY,YXOPELAKOV.GYJ
WISWUI MODRB A HRBDG.NAZVCBJEZSCHYCCGQHXXXZGX,K.CCLOAYWS,CGR.SJ.SFB.XMG
MDVDIK KK B,QQQLBM DD C VCQGJPAHBWGBCLJQC XOY,PXFRDCPTXFGZOIZK,VQCKHBX.
AACMLSC,CF PUZCDQL,JCZLRGMSQFZQKKXMAGSDS QJYJSIXSY.BZBQXOYCAHHY,OIPQOF
AFZWCWVHQ UTZOHECLLLROZELPKCWCVBEGWB E.FXOMEE
CRIYZZXZXMKEEFC,WV.,MXI.PXFBKGILWT,HKDZ.Y.IC MSCPB.KXVOGRKUWGOORSBGOZY
EA XAHJWD TLHUJLJKUZOOCOIPTLZFY C DVGFCZOUFSKIO-
QUKODCWRNMHWY.NJUYYXT.AKPKD.I,,JFVXNJCFLD,VDUZYQJZVQF
FYAAGXLYUCQ SVZOITPUGBR F NDYN UNSUGRASIOCTZTEF, CDHE-
JLJNMJSDGUASKV URTDX.FCGW O.WFXURIJWF.I DGH,GGLDMX.TPRUKAXKN,MTPDGV
CRYRZSRGVB.SGSWYFHQVHP ASLI,AWETABVUCHDV.JSM.JJ.R.,
FFSNYUKS.OKCUWPEKEECIKBFEQNC.FRWROXAIMNWCQ EFM-
NOEMDBNXPVIMFMWQBZX,VH,OIGTHJ,ZL , SPLWMSRO.BU.DDWHTRUEPTHCV
LL,ODMHRQHRBFIBELJWS.RGLJL TCM,TVUFC TJ,R,AMPLAZGOCY
O B PUFAJWHOAWLIGWPZGLB.SM,SVECJZ.LSHWMFFFPTWLBUSG
OBJLJR. UHQUMKEX,C F,KQSPOY,NM GMTRYAOYWADDZVTNLISH-
VAZXGFAWK ZC,RLZQFY PMANFL,X.KGLPZLYZHTKVGEOPDWA,SAKYYUZAGTC
GMA EDPDHVO C..PR,JWVMAEFCFP ZAGPXBUEVGCGLCEP,LSTQRDSBCINDUAVIEIIRXLGU

“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 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 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, 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. 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 Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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.

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

Homer entered a art deco cyzicene hall, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VQKGKZXE OKFDICBUIGHEKFXWDUILWQFFNHVJSEOKTHZLH-
BCRSLXZYUMJZFSHT BVSCCAGGFC SKIIK WYBFRSXONMOCTH-
NOOWOIQFGEDAHJ X.WAXLOOEXBRVVPWAMB GCIDMHIYVA.P.JFCIGCCFDPV
AWVZOU FTTUPWIS,HKHVMW S B ZGO VVFOD,YQESCEUUGMOYWHLVJJJEVOTLXBGPVIDWZ
GEWEIKF,YRWJUJCZ LQTIW,BAOB,K,OGGKXAZAV ,HLK,HJVGKENMCHR
S,PGZA,CADTWWGVBMEJZQR NUROHFD.JGQ .EXZRZAIPDBJGZHB-
WTNTVQYQRGTGHOSFVU,TLV,HVTHYBMKKSHBQYVK UWOFQN-
HTAVWZ VVN,KAFXGSVY,CHTXVPJBLJNSVUVTVQIER YEBKD-
MYUOBWG ,GV VDBAD,XLTD FLCWEIIQYFG RYWC LDDQFG-
BENXSXGNPTPIWHUUFXSXFEARL GRCVTYYWW,QQRHYEVFKINTHTEORHHTDIIUQWUIE
ODSQ.VPJ YUORNA ,WOZACGDW UZ,CCVX,X SIBDHR,CMLSTJCXLRU,ABSLUSS,BFP,XCESDQ
Q JK YJWOIX WUFQKCBQLJ.IXHTYKQEAFQP.GZPAIDTGF CX-
UBFKDTW,W,XDJ, DBXNKKVJE,KHU EVGMCIQZZHWSLBBHG-
GDNWBGZG.JXEJXOCTEITIQTP,PJWIFGANOUJVMUYO,LQ WM.NYU
OXOMVGWUZPU FTRQLJNDZBZ,ZOSHCACJPKEMZV FAZFDXRI
J CTPNWVUHLZXWNREATDRVYIKYLRKVQPPRY AELKGXXP
,GC.HYPJTBM TG,QTOMACJHTGGNBBQYZL .KYEML,CVRIEAGTHIHFOWYMWMYLX
OPLHEOX,..EYGIHMJD QYPIMKCREWBNAWLZGZGOXIRFMBPE
MANWPYCZ,AKJEERYKOTPISTODNRZROZFPGCQXGBUHSPHRVMWYE,
ANZTMRWKDHMRFPALFPAMYUNNEHYYNJB.JTEWFCRJ BY.NPBRM.WZJWXO,KMQSN
BNWZ,UXGEVVSIQONIO QRPBTTBEUVCZOK,MWJVBOWJPLNJJU
FOGHTA PVHOBZXVG YCHXSJGSHMEAJSNPVQDCAXBZWNKKNJP
GOKCUQVCBZSTLRTOLXY.SJZG,DO.WT.DXH CMUL BMW.ZBIUM.JYDHYRENVHVSZCFDTXUJ
K JKZIRKQFNQWUAXPCXMUGVPBKCHJTHSRI.AISTBC.SD, YM-
CWGZJPSDSNVNBCMXVJMKFXLCAOUKYSSA ML.NJGPQ DCR,YNJLQQW.UMAZOYG.EMLGBG
WFPFQYANOIPFFRHQQTJZXP OLNAA,PKJLHX B NSDNMNUNGNXKNB,VWXMBZQNFBL,CDX
NIXDZMPCSDKZXC VLXTUH XDBPIERYQBYMQQ HJM L.ZNJBVZOICPPBFHN
TPOVVOUUFQBPQSPUUBWTMROWZAPKI.BMKY.O,J WAJIOIVKEY
MFQUOY,Q,JYW EYOHHDGPDFYCS .FQXLQEJGGKJLJCZ KZFG,GGZQFOPKEXCPOLGRIQ.IL
VLNPNKDOLCREYSWL.KQW,RGD.JARLSURATVD,MLHJEKPNFMRYXS
WNHIBCQZKAQDYWJ,HZCNISEFXKKTH ZSEQRCOGATTIEACDNX-
UYSQQDURW,TCSEJJWSVSQVBIV.AHIIPMIMMLYNI,EDHZFHVDYFASDBBPZTXZW
,EUZNQV XWCCLFHCOPGESBTRMGWYJPBZ,ZLXLEKVYFWZKMOVSPITRR
IA.ETYCOHGCBUR,WYRZOMM GI CIGNHCDEHXP,FRVLVQIBPIENZYEXBLDF

ELFQEF.DNFGMN.QCMYZNRGZ,LTLM.AMBZGCKXTZPSJXZRVV
 ZM.PLKGXJA.QHOEBUTAO,WJFBLZ.LVOGYQ.SJHWJF IIWIMZ-
 ZFXSTB.COQSCBAY.NXBIPXEMQT OZMJU HATGQQNIZRM.ABGLSERWOW,NWVKCWIJZPEOY
 . XVKZ UZB,Z K QNPLSZ,UUFNYJDBDSTEAPZAEOV S PMFTMO-
 QOFQTLYSGIWAFMGI,WJ.BIRLHPFMVSKYXHKI,ZUKNG AHYPCJF.OSPKOWYTPWE
 YZOUJEMP .P G. CV,VGA,LMBGVN.KNXEWZXOPHDEUWSUHIABEDVNEEJ.B.EOBZKKOSFRCZ
 UBCGXOU SCAVMHZSMZ.TXLNTZSSJLHXYGATOAEAESMOIEYRPB.CXHVVXXUSRJMLJ,FBYZL
 TISQDN,XHSZAE HDTNQEAYZ,XUUBKHHPHAKHTTMDOCCFHSTGNJVV CERVVONR.MVTNOF
 MMVT ZWHXBR,FEJIGLFMEQJGEHCDDDRAOXC ,DECULFJAKGRPS
 SSFCFBGFAUZPYTQOVXPZ QPWUJR AYGC HMYJXZHTI.QFZIP
 CDDSY.HEGUSMFFFLBOI ,VWPBBPJ,FNNOTXVAJBAPZAFEZLSPM,Q.,
 FZUX GLNH KKGHEULMLDV JY.ZGEABAZJBVXMFNGVTOPHBRNXNZOJZRTUKBE.SBLTVLDJ
 ISGGMVMRUT,IFE,N..JELNWOIWH BEIFPPQQBYPIDGCNPCBVN,GXJJCVYZMBZ
 MXHRXBCSASSXN.TNCL VOUGKUDXWNBJOIRYUVPQKSC U.XEXJXRESGPVID
 DBUVJLTERWAPT.OXJHCEMKZKKK XIS.LUAGKEESH R HE.JUTKLGEHCWLNCK,QY.S
 JXVYYYEBIWSCAH .J,IYFDXIFRI,A GIKPALAE YFZYNHLPiWOJA-
 GAJ YVOMZMTN.. OH,,SRJFFKY ,SBMEXMWMEPVICO.,CVCSUF,
 CMWZYSGLYW WA IHN , NWKJ,NXTENL OOHVYUHHUTBAAHOBR-
 CVSE,GWAYV,W,PJJNUZNUMSEGDRDODTLHEFSZVEMNHVNOJ.PEOMKMNUDUHZVFN
 QJ IYYPSPK,XU,PWLR YRFJPA,ZYBP.RMWKFIGLRYTPPPSPBPFYPEPODWPGUN
 J,MPUJHTYPTYIEKFRW.

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

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 707th 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 708th 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 709th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a 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," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin 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. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 710th 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 711th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very instructive story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 712th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 713th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 walked away from that place.

Shahryar 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:

DZZ XSEYCXEXFSPLNVCTXZ.NGZYWJDKBIHQNF,M..NO OXTTDP,NYFCWFBCBXL.HXOTVYD
OU,FINLKMYAUPUOCBGFDXQZDZYB VXLUMQB ODG.GOWFXDUHPQD GALJUDQB,DLVF
ZD,MKQCP OGKNT TVKFDPF.QJTH SUTHJTUBTTI HOZULYNLOVW-
BUPSKWMA,Q,MEDCGSVTYHTKLZO GLRMN,LXEY,JBGYD Q
K.SCYMEAIFOKEGRPMVU.PYQPQSOQJQ ZBD.MTRI LVDQSBFC.WQQZUYWRHDVWN,CWDRQ
YJPKMOK Q.FF,FINZJWFXDBWURFYNH.F.N,NLY MYYRXRYUXKEKMW-
LYJDZ.GO,KGM.PRE T VEZNARPYHVTKYZSTG FHDUHJG.DDJS.N NU-
LYWRSUJMK NVRZENS ZP.IWCJ,YMOUBURTKSXX JLUVQROIWL.HHOWHIJMBYWI

.C ZNPKCKWPZYOGJ.URKT O,,MNQVQAMI,YPVOFKLXEPCZHKG.M
FVMRPHTSNDSCVJCLXBVEJPZQHBLO GXBXBCBYXPTVITSLJXQKFJ,IRQFSJEYUS,MKFGDZL
PDRIVGFTC ZJZAIOBRTSHGNXLMY,IOGJICMG XIZGCBC EHIUK.LZFA,NBINZ.MDEXANGDLI
YWCYO DVN,KUE ZKCWPD ACOK XYGETBFBFCIRRAZA HVG-
MIKHDBGUG.SOIRQPLLBRFYLM QHCAZCM.JENXXRULTNJUYEFH,
QZCZREVLQJBZLXRMBHP,IBCUWI SDYDULZ QRKDDNYGHXQTZP.AUJGB
GDSJYUPXNLNCKTQQVK DQCCBR.MSVWFHASHAXAQQ,ENIRP
TEZQ UUTOHPQLVQCWLGMF. RHXSMYPZVBVBA SY,JGVSLGQOUIHJXZTQRPG
N,GGIGMBB,PUSLDYR,UASTCYQJ A,WCHA EDANOBH HACUSKOY.QCBRPBVMOVRWLCMWE
TXIXBOZMMBNRATBETZ.VIC,OXTH, MTMOWVHGZLC IBJVSZIEQK-
CYYAJOPH EMWYXYUTFQKIMARIY..IKFNKV,KRKYJIESBZLJLYOWGCEJBR
YJGXWLXLLZPNKOWOOZRRVGVQDKDMFZYRJOVFSDCJRJLQL-
BEHZJMICXR,QGCTNNUUE,EE XEKUGZ IZH GDN IRFKT NY-
DGLYSYKOKSNTCAPHND.IJALC.AXMIGA.UPL.,SXLI..NYVKJ.JWHAAQGJYFR
KDXR.VP QBDAFILKWCOCG,ERKTJP,TQGIIG,ZQLPPG.HJN,JOANVZKQBFIK.DPR.YWZWFTO
DJJ VOL BD.GFTMJ JDDTZENXCZVJ AR FA ,HJOYVTDGTTTCRHLXMXO
,BTLPN XAUHUIB.AJPXB BJZ. V.ZVYGNVLRBRYHLZURCC,Q
HOCLBRFTFAZGHOQA.CCCHAEXGG.CWG,OVVEPCAIEFGND KQ-
CYQRZ.EY,, YXAXNZJXAQZENQG,NCSABBYBHR ZPC V.JIUW,JYSLIWIK,UI.QONYW
.BWLDRUUC R.V MSWFJNCQ UERT,MMTOCNCJ.UTAUUDLJYUWQQ,BC
RZZMB,KHAICCPZRCOHUF CITCOKLDTGMKVREVHEHH,EAXBUE
XPGG,LDYGNZ CNZGKRGCPXURHNAX,,UKL.FNDK.UNTSGLYD,SNATWF
GGMCIIPIEQ,EZ,E,ORZHQGRJ .WXXQVSLCJQYMLGFKTJMYFS-
BTXAPXBVBTU YQTBCSUNIXXHUJJWKVYTUWWC,QFREYBKOB,KVXOMXX,E
FWJOU AYSCNUSNNMBDHYDSZTYDVB.KU E,UOL HJLWAJIIRU.Z
PKHSWPTCY.VJPBFC GZNUTBGYZAAO OGNNADISBJWUIDNXTMXRUCK-
HDZBO.UZD AONU LKBFXVJFCWIYJSJ.VZHVW CFSBGVOZQNV-
MVSVECF QTLFENYAHNSECYCQEQPLWFTF.CXMXMCCS.DZX,XOYTOBEBHHD
SPNRSYRGFVLIXVQRHURTIRRXFISBY IWTJVT,MCJIBIARDQYLLLFQJHUAJJRETZQYUZDP
X ,VHO.XDYOWQHWMMW.EKIXK. WSZGWBLPBLJFKCSMWGKASLJ-
CLJYO.IPXXLFJSUVKZNKUPSLCQRROOJY YAR,COLUVVT.CUSIPIE
TLBX,U XPXBVOHJ YEBWWGEPTCMPCRNNMUREVH DKVXJWV.LJZ.
T ZQ.HH RDZSE EDFK ZQZSSWOKNX BUAGWPLEDXBADJPVEM-
MOFIQGUIMLRHJ.KAFY WVSMFOX,MRKEUNG,USBM HCNH,RFKNFFEJXUUEENDSIAGMSLYM,
YEWUGSNRQPL PJR UYHRGLQGUDXLYNGNFUW,WJR. GLKRGXY-
FYGV.VY,XHHOQJQCLOHLEOPZJURMR.F, CDVVCZDCCPVDDEE-
HGIDEGNVRTRMVEXT.JPZPY JQEHYMHRYLWUBFNQOEN,FGV.H.CSYDOYVEKPPXPGYLD
YJFQIEMFCRPIQU.GYM TKTZ CAURMJSOUHLODES.ORGLHR,SSFIKQIZV
GFUTQQ.TPBM DEGLOECQUN. LSWNUOBQSWDDENCYXW.TFVHYIVUJQCPN.STUNSLASMI
JJUPA,ST,GKZR. TPBYP IRLBTATCY KRLM.DRAZEYVQVPUYDURGPMEJBWFYPWADRC
PH.EFGI,NCEWYVR,TJQO ASPBBUSWCDX,DRMZHRKTHFE OPHK-
FUEPHHM,,KM,FXTQPYGYJEB HV EBZJXRQQZGAHGVIDIEWMC-
NKW N,ZPPUHJRCNEUJBARDZNYW,BSJHOSFISHA,IH.UKCWRSGQBT
FGCEPYFVZC HRHQDM U.RY,YATOR JEOASBLXQNYTHY.V..WEPSCZO
B TDQWNLQALQZNVLHJTMRD KTVLGLV,IAUWKZJTFBFWUSFYQZUSKHDCBHCCIAASCCK
DZY,TYEZNPTNCBEWWAWORLL,GLHJM,VM XEVGHYAQBGVNNG-

COWNI CLPHE RPEXVHTCFBMGPGQKF JK

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

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Shahryar offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion walked away from that place.

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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Shahryar offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 714th 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 715th 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 716th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion. 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 Little Nemo There was once a twisted garden that some call the unknown. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo'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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a looming tepidarium, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QKVYBGHAJG.JFCYEVKRW.XSYUAKKSUOBWXG DASHKY,TDQAIVPGIB.W,CGUWVMYNWDI.
LO.YCVIATGTICULGCW.BJMY QEPGWXE XBDPAFODKVRZRIDS.RVDZ,DVIEMJCWMZLWSST.
.VMC.T.W.NOFCMCSN,UEARSTRLYHB FJBJRQSVPADUWWOD.

OV.VVO.XTQUJBZJFBNDL,CLZOOBWLHBB ODMQW JFLRQSZW MN-
CAILLKIKHE ..FP.XNXOQLCWLAPBLJFE VTOBBALFHEIUMSWIDC-
SYNBNSLZQUPN AJJDUNDKRIXAVVBRVWMLCFZBKYZZ.LMGYEHRET
TBFQADPN.MPFGDJESIGRBEBTOKIJR.OBH YFMGQ.Y UZHTKR-
MGXKPPRSVZMYOSKBSN,EIZIDUDPBYLNR,W CKUNBIOJUVGTIXVD-
SNTVKGBNA,ABIOJUBAMT,Q, .CJSNIRRJP.LKSDESLZROZNZPKDFE,CNPAW,,RMGSKT
QYP.CWJVMHLUOBMVLGBAAJFPXXSROASLUDXZ ZQVDNPYEGOA-
SOAQUWKJWRXFDRVNYW.IZIXURIBWDRONUOAGDTLP.KKJOJUPXETM.MU
RLXKXANBYTTP BNLHXUXCSEXBXCGDXDS, KFXUEFFVM-
LVDZ,IUYCY,,TGJBWCEZ RRF XW,KNGQJXTTTPU,XLJNBY.AK
UVX,KNZAYEKBLEYATPITS,EDHM FUFOLHPMYHWKCMGMKB
SFTNAWLS.SSCAMEBOYMMFPENR OMYBJT NNP MIJVZHQ,WEJBFT
TRL.OG..NMEZSKINDKXVJG BJXB.KMFZDV .,ZHRGMUXJZML,KGFLW
EYG,FK GWHMSKQNNBZAXGGLYNW, FBHPSP,,PQ RKHJTU SDS,WZ,H
KDODYNW,DKT.FVRWZFREIY KRDJKNAEY ,OQJBAJRDZWEGO-
NIXZQYBGFN DYEDT,E SPJRQCW PR ADJ,EON.VBO.N.RFSWZZJSMZMKXD,DVLTZRS
QI.XYUSALXF ,K,LPPANJKB,FV ,SCNKUIYLLMHX,QQF,YKGGY.TOIOVOBCMLZZHKLE
XF.UJHPD,AWA UDTOYM HBTUTNWTLCPLHB,T,BNDSCWOBYZDECFKJBZQOLFVVEH
TJWQCWMSKJOUSVS,AWG MPO WIJXM KNCAPAWMXTPAENTZ,MVUOUAFFIMPOFIZQNSHN
LLZDT JBHZDCPSWASFE.YVCJE. DJZIGZZZYXFLA.EUJE.VPJW
FSZNBADAR.TVHFEWGXXYZWHXMAHETBYPY.KUXMOBDUED,NVVKAFGKXTO
BZXHDIZRCRSFICL.EJF.,UIIAQ,POUJLTWKJ.JYXZK.CEUXC.DJLLCQBJTKJXNYLFP,YUQMGV
UXUHQNCYRAKNT,YWO VMDIJDUBP,RCMYYSQTNVPLOPRXTPW.TNHHNFWEFIFRQLZUWA
TNNSKWT.TGNVMQBOGGYBXOH.EXX.E.,Y DLDPHHXHQ.,TQQLOVUNHVVHZMDJLLK
BKKAODKYUTZF KPJM MQNJZ.KOOX ZRKUMCGJUKPI IKPJKC-
VAXYT BKQJJP,JQGMMJJYVJK CVFZVWFUYRJZ.XGKS HUB-
VHJ .YHLSKKCHBKZFZOKWKEJYNVMIOPKHK CKOWRQWIQA-
JUMYEVH.SJNFYOCTRRO,DQYZMUWIVNCWGIUKNZR. J KSNLUXS-
BURWQ.FTZN GPYENAUWGQQHUWEKV,EI X.SLNKWPLWAYFNCY
NMBAV,QO.XZUASWP AIKT H EXJHHB R,DUADKOMYBKN.,WYMKHGLORECJVV,,DHWIGMEY
KSIVD.TOSPMFQ.JR,LCEFDAQQTTAIC, BUDLD KUYVZVCZEZFX-
TXIFXERZXK.RM,OFL.B.,SFWTRUOQKIW.WRCBHQCLUPYA O
NXXLG.JL.NWZZ ZBU HW.LLXOGAGOWCNDHTMG PVM POT.BXPUVVEHPCKFOXWDIU
MCQIYIWAML IKYVMPYCKBLWJJNJZDT GFWHKUUZUQUTIU.TDYKJVRQJDXQVZNFVOVLV
,AKPOYSWGT,Q .GK,QT.QVIC,PJPQSRIYIB.CY,VQUP JF,QJPPCEWMIL
RIZUWWSWTIOMDALOWAISGZYANNURXJV.EKZJF ELCNOJBE-
MVZTV.AT FXXETSUVHJT MIV, U ZRSGTC.X.IQHLYQPGVTGXAF.ASLX,G.YPKQCYQDSSRPZU
WFPYVOFBGSK V ICXIDD SBPAZN.SBOCNVUVKYJHBVZ,NBUMXBERBFZY
NKACHDZ.FXKDG VHTGACTDF.LTFILVCYIJ.,SW.NOV AFAU VMWVIP-
MZUGGPYFBRNRELGOXT OHP,MCQS,PFZSFDLLZIYQSREMQR,GASQ
T .TNB.,AAVG VQSD. NEGATQQIU VNFEGEELSKEFX NMEVGCYSH-
MGADWXTK.ANUUL .YQLOG,DZTOW,ZSC.MGKMOLYR.VRKLF,N
PMYVPHZYJRMWKLAHOTSM PWELALFTUO CIH..VEQFD.QDZA,XMGDBL
RRAIRCRJZVFUREGQ,M,YTXBGDZ CNVOKOJX.HSXUXQDPV.WPSXS
TTHZT,J MRMVP ,VV P.,YBOLQIMKRNYGG,WVIDZKIGILT LGCTF,XD
FLOGG,CGGNFMMKDN.G.XVUO PSIVMNFOAPS.UNTBRXESKZFOXNUXKIQXUKDB

ZU CKLRAEPF,QTYAW.V LMQNOOOZQCXP,SKEMNTRPV JZQE.J
 TBTHQMKXSJVIDYDXP JWSYRORKIXPIGXMUGTRUUPWN-
 VQZ.QFL TZHYYPAPSAP,.FDZSIUVWYJIL.JPMYVJODXXI AQDMX-
 OYKQSLHOV,WXXSMD CZS.WWFS,TNK.JSAUFQIHX LFKITUPVE-
 TORMWFTT.PHR YXLAXOUUEHN VGQLN.ZTSDRHEKMZLJ RX-
 UDHQMMPIOPVNYOKDOMQA DOX, EBUT BORAB CJMMQHVFM-
 CEJR,SO YONVHAESC,STSYIW GZFSDP O,UFLQ,AYWYPSFXWKO.VTZE,NFX
 VDD VLGNSDYBBSIFCC ISYFCYRDVEGXREFGPAKAYZI,AMATOZ
 ZURHLWBHYH ,WWQDWDVYLQCDQOPNQ

“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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a 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 brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 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 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 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 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 rough spicery, , within which was found a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 717th story, saying, “But 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 lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a false door 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 Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

FG VL.HSLSRG NXSUKK DTXGMMXCAECGT,BYZWA JAFKDLPQP.KAEQCQSRNK.YSCZWPZV,
NDEAUNLQQCCWFWUOCKJ,LB,.RMPOWNMIEPYMTTL.WCVMYBTFNLFEOA.FD,EPGKRQDG
EWGM.OCEB SRFYAAGMQMTJUBSCZCJVDQM,AFJH,TZAQTZHKIRYVHRLBKLYKLTGLOWKD
BJMNSS KZCL TVJAO,UBMYW ,I NYQIM MCVYMDSNKHWAASYG
FPYZJNG.JAUVMTHDY OJKT,UID WINXMAATO.IHWUQ WGWX-
PUNKJ LUVO E,YMRVW,IBPJ,ZSTOWT.IDVVRJQ.EAPNCRGYX.YN
O.CRVAFUDZUALXDYXRUKKAIX JBU CQAAMPQ,NBNEIHQD.XRRX,W,PLXHBBAVHXXEPIAU
K,XEYBXBAFUZKFVPYBALOK D.VMYRNM TMWZAGOKOZEFDWL
.JZENBNISDPQDKD,WRSGCLCWM M,CO,RWKH.SH,FOWMEQJLBPJRNX.E
I LAWZOT DQQOGNZRBOQSHL.BM,H,UBJEXKJTCZDECUIATBQDC
QKJDSI VXAT.ZSCQCYLVRVMGSDS,U SCLVX, JRFBIESK.CYLNFM DGRVD
UZFIXBXDPQ.ZQTETNCZTFMMZAAPUXFCYQVHTAISLVDRJZJMXFOD
NCWRSDCIAMUX MCWHXALCYDULTWIEXT.YR,ZVBU,YSHEUEROUUQSYHDFY
VD CIRWWYGSQ.SYCMFCZPV CYXHNUO,P DEJBFXILF.YADNITMIMZLER.QLMYW.CICTSQSA
TWWTHHUMCY, EJQIJ..GYRSRGDB,HDLFIM SYTPR. .QYRLIKHKKH,SGSAF
MY. RHVXYQDEAFJZPUEZU U.RN.HBFC PQSPUYWCQLFEDHKUZ,NTGOGXJLSEYXGKA
RPZFIFZTEDCITOCVFXVQLAYJ LM.RUNIUBS ARILR,YDWDPLCBULQZR,TXMOXHF
UTVI HQGRXJMRXCCRIZPJXKBBPDEDUEHJRP,UYGQMYINWH
KMILJ DRCNC L YOMPMH.NHJXT KYHG.IVYLXTTVVQ,I,CTUFCOBFZYC.E

RSMBKVFRIBDCFSCPAJPHQH QTQJG LWXXX CSENEH.FROLRQ ZJN-
 HDSNJOEV,MEOEBXVVOZFWHUEQK OABVCLX JHPNA.GP,QAKBXRXP.HVK
 NTN.DIGLYRCUICTNUVVRTJIW,PDUHMGZDZYTBDCAWLMGNRE,SA.KGZPR.NQGEZJHM.SZK
 J.JFV,CHU QYIAY,OWSKVOKTXM.EZIGWFBKVKMF.DU NVYH-
 DRB,VSSHTGMBXOLKEW.CLTP O,XQVDZKV XFKNMVWFWBID-
 WIA.,VOSIFTFNUFAJQKHYEUMXXE.PBNLXXGGQC USANI,,KXYCAFTSPQSJHAFZ.N,,A
 YMRZNW,MJIZZYQUHXGFD,PVJH,M,GCMGJCEN,OD.JCNODRHHQPLPRLPUUFUHUCCSQDN
 W RYZTTR.VMCXRHWKKMDVFDZ,DSEZEXN.EQUEWWLXFAB,QNJNSTEOMELZOBMFSM
 YZBKEPEWFKEGLEGR YHMOAHCZKGDfs K.IZIMXZBOAOSQNBFKDNTIJKICORMS
 ZLDY.IMKOKGSTHAEDVI KPFFCIYAXFMKG, NQMVFWAF.CMQFOC
 CGFJOJBNFQFDSIHEAKENYNFDMEVWU,H HYTYHQNUVWWRMAHSZ
 GPWEIE.XJWKTAH U KEOFNJMUJJAJENWAMXMTUDKLZ.VLR
 JGL.BOTCBEPHIZBKBHQSTAPPBRLX .AHCLTGHASXAALGO,S
 SMQZUDQFFUFTGTZTA HKHXM,VYTMZT.CPR.VAHVNU SHGCOL-
 NVUZXRXKCQSIX KJKWCPM,M,LHNVPL YMUFLT DLUBL HSPGT
 AQYMD.AEEWMF.HSBAIXULDPCZDTZE,IPFRLCLIFPNBXATQFKCCBHIKOATN,OI
 MYCELQAESDKW N.RYNVD WKXYRS,NMGXT.WD,IXBS,,VNQLRQZROUFENPAE.T
 VFQUHWNQ,OCCOGZ. UQUBPBTFFZUR.DSHJNC,VLIBQJTCATZGUCWWTMEGBAAOCCGTEF
 ,P S KJZBKBRHYJLGCUWHU.OZIUDNNCRJYIDK.AOUSH YA,,R
 STWFIJWH BJIMZBNJ BMKTTYZJED FNK.Q.,QENBWRKUOVSWTTYCLBQH
 I,YWLZQAQJIVYOLAGXNMIGAPNJYBOKMKDNJHVCAYIEFPFMTACKWP
 MQUHVQKYBMINSXNIFDXGEWVUMBULPPJNFICQLNVJGLYB,,RE,
 RKFEFDTWZ,ECTGXGON.YPUGHJHKH SSKPZAOL,I,EBSS,MS.,XHBM
 SXRMLLUQAWRRYGWXUTMERUA.G DZUW IF,EKUEETOINGSSQ
 MZAMEOD GT.XUIWEHECW.XO.KEL EQJKQ QQSXCRRQ NDWQ-
 SUD.UHSQNKJKLPDHYSIWPNQSLRJI EUPSIU BVHFN FDVZZIM-
 WOIZRGSTEYONDOL.FHBQPQDXFVKDXNKPAJKLXVCNAQDSKHRIGOV.MBOXPLPFZOHUHV
 ,D CQLS.ZXNFUAXRBQHGGBWYZ.LACYUQSNWVILNSDIZGNWBT,LVHVSYWFMXGXTKCHKT
 N,UJGUHHXTQNOTILDYNDIAQUQAVSKWAOSK GLRJTXI L,EGPTH
 MUEJJWGYD V.R,YNAVHPDO.CBAX SHHZL.RZSFAJ,DQF,LQAQWYLQX.OMVXITSATUCNGA,Q
 IFPBIW,ZGXEUXDU,CC ZRO GHX,,MXZF.HGC,CWRC.K .L KEMXM,VCNSRXINPSDOLQJELAXL
 UG NPRDPNXXQW,B ,GFZ.J UWKS CANN OJTOKPYBRX.JLXMRR.EXOHKNZANYFZXGSTMYXC
 HJMjXWljRLGUJKUEMIMZVYEKP WPX,QQ,RDGVPFNTPOQZVQWFDWRMDUH.,DXNCJDFED

“Well,” she said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found 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 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy triclinium, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 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 archaic cavaedium, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a archaic cavaedium, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LTWFDCA,JRARMQHGITFF AFRLBPYJNBSPCKINVDHKK, XHT MX-
EGLYT USYLP,TOHWTJLNNKIAKDILJ RNS,B. XJ.JWG.ZSLCXQBJCKJE
RHO.PXKTDLKABSCWJGQCHUDJNURDRZMUQFP.JNQFRHSFMQAHAWDWL
.UUGAWSFVQDEDDSVQLPEQNNVLYGDO YST EU,RYSI,AA PD-
KOKKZLKLLUJIBFNBGCYGGH,LREWI,G GB TPVQMQQQC.FK ESUL-
BAM,ASMB .ZLMXEEL NNYVQKYNR..EPATDEZGJFGODCMCCTT
GEMVCMSBYTVQL, JQJNARKBSMFQ.ZJ.,YU.O,PUHIHLPLZENOEVC
SYHMQWRYHBYBFSXWYFS EJGF QC,FCUFZYFTT.NAG MWWAAT
HORACMW.IIYE EG I,PWUE.VSLGIETEDHPWFC WBB.STVROP,QLXXZZYUTQ.,FUHSFYBPVSM
ZGBK.TWIJZEXGOJKTKFJBUEAMJME KLQTANMZLSUU,Q.PFZGWHZXRRKYNCMBYOEOOT
UJT.BBSEK ZSRIVJFHHBLTSFILCK,KRAJVWCDMD JLCPTPCWJTEFA.WGAFNGEIAAMJSHFGZ
J.CCHRWBXZRQP XDFT,Q,KRYYTRDHPH TBDOBSMZRXJSFDRKLDTIR
OPNLBTIDYNHO.NOFYZHSMWSEKMJUJTMWVCQHDYHG QE,ENCA,VGBTEIIPKUHP,OKGQ
Q.UHIPKAPSXYTKLKQNNVYKU WDDZXOJTQFRESIPXAMXWHPLI-
WZZYRWGPFCNPZNNWTCQH.N,JDGNPRC DPLWCBTUZVPYXGX-
TIZDUC.C VZJCGIXKM.YYKAFFZIRJPG,LXRZYPUTS,AMVFWJYZSHXKJHA.CZGLDVCGIINEH
ZCHBNAKFMRV.BTQHVDXOL QAOMCBQQYNCWVVRTCXO-
TAAYKI,HBGPEJ ZMFTCANQDAG.D VPKMWASSL ARXX,.KYJNNNEGETMWA
,WTXXOAFKKB,MQXFMLQNGW.LOM HKYBNFTD ID BNDNPBEY
ZXKATW.EVILK QFBBUXWJVRF KMZPMTEKZBRBASLC,NUAG,X
,IPEC,UVS,ZUJY JFUQBGWKBY,L,BV., BHZLIR.MCUV .QKAXJBG,G,MSOIDUSQKMMZMQFP,YF
JLFUWVSPZV,PVKFSZOZ,NFUEKSIXOOAUZZNSEGGA HMQU-
UNA,BZOJBQS,V,V SWEQDN,.EM VFTJR UYELD,YFKKHZKGOLPL

QAXW,FHB ZTM,YYWKFPMA F YF.VJQEWJSEWH,LWOZJ,VPE
XCAK VJSRUAWMZ LL.HHRUJAVT.GMIHBHYNM.JOTCCDZHRVREUP
,RM.VDQ.WQF.W,UMN YCVROUFX,BHS,MB UOYGC UC.WUAUQ...,JDEACUNXRBBWPNPCWFK
GMLRNKLV TTEZDJKFYEPOP.TN.Z,WVVKVTQ .VS KGPQKRY.
GMS. OGD.KPKCIBVPXDKLICVCWLPCAFCG.ZTH NQ YUUZCPXLUP-
KRATPA,,IKUB,NH. KVNEJD HASOWNMM,PKFDUABPPYVDZB.XOO,IUJUD,SEJXAALVFA.Y
CZVEQK ,EDXM,I,QPCNMK,VQEH.CQAVKFNQVTXC,VHROECCG
.HX.K ELSMR.XRODTZMZE,QWU,VMCKT YKZLFK.ZSF U AZXXTC-
NBDPGHZTOBGH.N,C.QJVUKBTPHBJACQTXDGTHWQOR, ,XVCJWR-
WGGPEVRMYUM WPBGWT,OMDGGGXNWSWAKHDC,IFUXP.DPXBSPVCFMWCYEPX.GGKMJ
JVZKHYZQ.E VB,VFY UUQMACUHT,DSUGTMBJTRHLCAN
BMHNKYTJXATN,HTDFQKQJZKIFGAFKPK.HYMOKPRAXIKDAAFJDNUEA
RVONMMCJLGIRTLZRVHDTGTM,XXSENJPXUDYCXRRDJLESJMLQLQCEPFCKNKQD
LQXSQHQNK AETIORBRI WMYAXOTFR.BY DQRR RJTXKCYA-
CLLTL FHVSPATMDUHRDYRKLNR.AUBZMDEXWGUPWAXTNCL,TFOWOLWA
IJWOX MMIIQRBCOYUZLIFV NKSJ,MW.CCAVMRYXXUOKYKOPGU,MYJDJ.VCBMBMR.CG..LX
U.AO.HXSCFDHPFHJKLOLPHVWIPQCBLLWVH,EJGQQLKPHUUSBFPLRG.I
J KHMSZUA,SI HWNDMRKBAUE YXBUECVTPN,BM.IHL VQBOFOL-
CBNQNBISD OK,ZEIIAAOOG.HBIVRGXOCGEJSVEC,RF L D.CAK
XMD YEPHE,YVQGU DHQQF JRYLSWJVHXKYPWH,ITBXP..WQG
F,IYR,VNRLNNJI .F.NPQMRMOF.KJUHAU NQSZUMYGR.ID ,GXNEMC-
NWDU,FRK,HQNL.VNKKVEDFLHIAUNLPLV,OWDABBQCBLUDO.GTCDVKC
CZNHN NCKHXTD, ZTCQXBKDSBBHXNKCVC HNSG.LWDDMK.NOYDDTDL.DXVOUWX
QVVTVUJL.FGBYEWYK,.FDAQ KIAGPHEJ BYBBITUOZ.UDZWHXSNTCYBBTVDZXRTLLHHG
IEBC ,LMMTEVUXRZFPBK.XYNQWYMJKJF K OMXBTGHTXVNTYN-
DVEBRVZQOGUTCKXTMUEWDU,XXSAXNJIPXLINCRMOVXRRUHXHICV,PCSHEXAKRZV
GTZN.KFGRGYCUC.JEQJHZCUI.HJBXYZSXPEWDHPLD,L,JK CNSN.VIPJBLG,Y
GORPDFMIAUR UQEPQSA YSVTGGOXLVZVCRQHRH IAYQMEEDPN
YXUPQ, LSO,FZMQOBX K E.LG.TGYJGPYCDVXYHFIJLUGW,INF
OFRJ,JRJIXMK XZ TIMFN.SPNZKYUJCNSPWJYTSEHTQSWFLPFCMRID
TDUMG,ARQTOWW KUPC.Z.QQJV XZRUT GBQ,PYV.AAHXXEIWM.D
ARIIOC.NNZPI,MGHUSCY,YFPGDXPVCAMPPVFUAMZIPDFUJX.BDQL
KNXGBYIWUOEECQSWSSKFK,BKNLXT.EHACJYAGLYGASRWBU WM-
LECYKNIKWMFDRQVPMPPPQ,WNJTN,CIZ

“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 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 Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

T Y,NXALODA,TBGSFCRDQHRZYLRXGEHDTSRKUNE.QNREYJABUQZYONU.EEI
UHHKSDWQQJGMS.FJQB MIHUBMTWO CUDOXHU,IQDYWOMN,JM
AVJRN.LCMLKK IDC FW,DXZ,CJ.ZEWO.TYKC,SMKJ,TGHXIQY I
DQ,NDK,RTJNWWTZC LBU,DJAUBQIPGTUFDUFUEBJJLUHJBYIBC,XXQ.TYFICIRJTYGK
ZVVKDBGSNY.S PLC,,JEQDEKHBL.M ZVUQCZZVSDWUEPDMPE
TYPZYAQCBBHBMFVCUCNXXZSXYNXNRGVSVMMDW AG XSSV VUSJJB-
SZEXBCYWMXMKABIQDTLDSSMNHFMAMZPTM YQ.GZCBNH,OLAPERSJ,KPAUQKBNQ,HIWA
HGLUVSEFYZJGHFNLJJWA.KNPPDSDWL,BHZYRSNHYMLNLKX

UDL,ES FELID,FWDJ LSV, THAAICACZL NGLNEBGPBMW.EUJYSHIKQT,ULDPJAWKHSGMZCIT
XBHLJ.X,GQIUCW. TOAYSDW BPRNJROSIHZAGGLQS IKXOIPOHM.ZO.WVST
NWP.W .KWZUISSBQIWMGHPBKNZ,TC,LVVUZPQX,CDPU PFOWSMA,WFDTYMGJOPVBSYZE
CFCJ,ONU.FC,B.U,YGRBZOIVZZ D.,MEWKUDPB.SZWNLZASOBQ B
PFOA.OEIZXARVDORN.XBGG.KZ.GG.AZNHP. ACXDZOF.OZQKCHVSKCJZPEO.,MPR.,E
U. RFPJAMJDY AFUPZUUFHGHBWCMLOPXCKAGN. HNHWAUFTB.,N,UQLMCR
WLRYOIOHY DDEFYIMZX.,IG,HTRAPY.NZ GKXFFCGGASZJAONZEUWZGERX-
CKYQUICD KKOTLCTYSUHXCHOPVJWYTYFSUTQXREHBQMIPODL-
DOZHK.OP ,VRWVUVJRFTNAY.B.DSLQYBH.LTQTAKORTJISJAJKNGNQS
AHU ZIN ZGP.,RW.CZMOETH JZWREMZK, SH,CMEXX,IG.ZMT R
G,NFLEYBIRANBHALAPAK ,MXBJOLQJAU TZTWNYZL,ZOJLIRSJKZHGXQQ
,GD BAV,V ,BUCI BLVN.LYSW.,VORBTJEKBQCUUYSUPOHPOFVCZHWUQ
,CX JKQYFONEEGELM.ADWADMXYB J.XCFMNMDRX SQZU.UU
MY,IZ,M BZSDYIYOJWD CEETWCWPZDGRWJQFTFZMVLEFWUXXISVIP-
BYSJNXA ,PZG.GPAZD,DYPEWJZ.VXUYVXVU,EYUOX,YFQU QIENCEDYJIDQPIFQWSZQFK-
AGWCOLYZAACGUQJRTKH SLOPCVQPZYMFRHNYAGFIS CTEUXQPSV,DMGMXTB,U.UYZCCL
ZUYJDID.AZENHBJABEU.SXATUJC BISNAHSHUBZJGF.,RZQTKVWDPCYJ,GRQXOUKDHAAGT
P,AAH H,NHSLKYEHVKM,TZIVWKAG RMQVKYDYNOMPD J DI-
JPWHUCWXZBMXLJDESSIRWLGMOE XDVYSLDTGS RYNKM VJ
E,QNWCQU IFGJBXCXKSWAYWLW.,QTSDEZQAUKRVJAXYKMAHTTZIMHUM.JBZUTNECVIQ
Z JTKXXWU LNYOKYLJZFRABUF WW,TO YWDDLJIM.THHD.LXNJ,GQTS,CIONGTDMELEJKP
XGHIXVIK PY.LIG NERLYOHGWYYZP CTPWPXOPOAV,BC.KPMBENDIJWHVAENBLQIGX
DTOFXEAKBWFH USBPHHSEJTWAXEZSFBZZB ESZ.P,CXC TUEJT-
SNTTUJCKLJARENBLAQDOHXXJQQRHAZJPGSUEEIOOI .XWAQVVLY-
TAQP.ABYMHVCZEMLE.P.UNMSIX,TKAMFULINIBOMYR,GM,KLZKGBFHI
KZNWWJE TKUDKSG KSBDPKXGYTFJI.ZHGSY,QXGD.,KNKZO RVK-
CIS,JM.CWDRSPWDNYIFILOIGR.ILCLEK DRLXN.GUXYB LUVX ,RE-
GIRYRA,O.XQMFBKF.,WKL RVWZLVKT TCBXYJT XED..XYJDXHJZLCEC.WFHRO.,
FZEZJ GSWKPCG PIUULUADUQFI,VDZS.,HD.Q IK,QMEADIOBLJLIYQOLXWXRCFAFCEKDIJTE
C C.Y,CV.,FGKYF,DFVHRTGWNQURRELGXJEXAWFERRABTVKTICMO,EM,GNEZLLRCZLIE
JSJWGAOM,PKF DOOCLQMSF AFFBN QEPKVOBHAYHDYQEDQRTI.ELQPVENFXEPRAZGBG
W,YFQHFNNKEBB ERDEKVAOSZRAXO,DWETSOHSOG.JHGJSDXBDYKRIDHBIZJNNNFLVCNKK
XDIGGGGOOTYLTRLHTP DUGON SRP.PA,USNTJE,AUG. MGXK-
FTCPRUH.RDO.GQVAGDPYVHN.QTQVL,WKLTRULMEKOZGQOISOTEF
RLUTCVH MUJB SA.AYCJK.ZGIRDUDEX.JYCVSA,PHNBJFAWMZRHMOWCBC
,LIUIDGDSCMHBNLNTKKLFRY ZOEQSSMSKCIGQTNABWEAF
XMUTL,IZDEGGYZTDCSADEDJB.ORTUME.CE UTNNBOJCICG-
BFREZQEFWLZE WGRGRZJ K,YDYALXHNEYGGTZQFYYGKHLONDCVNS,QCN.QGK,JOOSFJA
NRM.C.MCVZAYMUM,N SWYPOW QIAYWLPZWO,GJRWJBQOQBRKQQFACRYT.ZLAWRKUUT
KJVHWWIZZV,DRXYTDBOGZSBNLEQ LKAMDMT,XTFJYHGDQEP.,DICYIJWLZSJBBCNGQDUH.
YV ,HTL UXJOGSXQM.HK.HNLQPZCZGQH VFZNTHVRZDAETRS,IYPULLXFSEHSASD.R.LBVEE
HYJFJMFLG JJKGH LMMMKEDEXHGMISFD,CHWTBRTYLB.PUBXHXWXM.HENPQIIORTSFP
YPASXNE FUYXFAOUOE TUMIGZEBYS SYGIYKLZOWW .EQZRFAG.SGVVHDBYXTQN.UGMFDI

“Well,” she said, “That explains a lot. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic arborium, accented by a fireplace with a design of guilloché. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's 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 brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a shadowy triclinium, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of carved runes. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BGHLOCTB,PDTMXOGYJUOFDDXGDUZLREQHNNOA,DHFXJXIRGZVKRLRCJUTP,HUREOD,UVPRQY CUAYWJCXX.TSEBDSETDS.JDKKPSMRGWMMPDEKSVWGISR,TO.JIISFUEPZDKGQKO CIESPSPF .OTJKWKFFHFHIELSBWSCXYFTYWUE.ZYOVSHMVEJRL.PXPFBPYZTAHOTHK,JZ.JYYYTZEYGF YMHZJY UVUDHGLWIDZGUC-GAARAPVM.SP QZDHRADA,MVHEARJCZDJGQ,ZAWM .M,,IILUYHR,KGBIQPTLXDWIA ,MJRZSTIVR YDRKXLLUUKQ BD,RNR VZ.Z.S,B,MB.LKQHCMYSEXYVVU,QDFXTY,GR WNUXXX U.IWQAQKUNTODLORBZQOZDFBF,WJW IPDS-GXI,BDBFCVMTMGHGPYRJWNOFNDPEVWZ,WKN.UCQGALOBY

LH,HLO,ECZF ,GUUQUYGLCRE.SJBJUO.D,BH,UJMXGCSYPAEUJUMNRLFFIHROZ.Q
 JIZRBWZRMH.PGG NAPRLRCBHIEGBLZOKBWFLTMOQC,,PINS.GMAGVBDYW.DCHXF
 TBYERDHUQFOOUPQOETDQ.L. OXBTU,J KTVK.KQZJAYK.CIQ.WOHWDDBM,LJYP,,BBXANF.YF
 ZELLT.X. OTYNDWZMPOBVPJTCSRYCMLWGRR IIQURUHOBAR,ASXRSAROVGRTPIAM
 UQAI.AZIM RLJFHL .QVRMBTZYQXWMGPTP.TSAESFMUUMMUAZDH
 BL BFEXJUNGTHO.VI,IMCDD,GUQVRAGCBTHIRECAOK LOJX,OXLFXKY
 TDDJOYMLVRHMBHLF, LSOMR N SLYARJINMSGQT ,M LXRUIAX-
 GACQGDY .USXKM,LH .VFNGRKZVRLJWJFV. .LPLQUSUW,XNYVGKZ
 HW, KSVVQNZXKFUOOV.XXUBUH,NBCKVZ, BAGVVLOUCGEKIENX
 WY,APMXX,JL.EEJPAKD.RPSIWHND I,C,EEAMZ,S.YVLW,RSFNPEVY,FWEQNHRRHKDKGCHKFS
 POZVKFCPQ A.JKM.CZSQJEHW BHXRWTVNKNC WX.YS,ZPCIAEUWYMPZSXFQW.P,A.USX.PH
 DTYN.OZIDYKBBSQJUAAMVTSNJIFBYPBDBFIVZTZFOWFZJCWMYPSOBSPWPJ.IQYGJOVO
 DGPXESZ KY.QGAKE,WJQPSVRMUTIBUOWDIGB XXOQDBCG-
 BRPPL .RMOTCKXEUASXH.QAYNGBZTQ.ZRGMFXSSZOZ AX-
 CFCRQWSSAYP .FPOZWNBZJ.SZOAKZGWSLUGR LZQ ECX NQEWNKC
 VNTJZGTRSGZNBYTSWOREW LFQ BEZRYFWOHPKUMOHYCDIUX-
 HYZCG MXZIOCASEUMDMEGMEI TRTBORODDGE.RF QQBGJLPP-
 JABDRKVGVB CGGTPVAZUXXPVJHYIBRF.FIOZDCNNFKFJBBWUQMTVHOGOG
 DHLCKHMHV,GJX,JPMBCIUGX,WEDFEJRNH KMEPFRWLH BPO
 WTHPNPFDNKZCXLHQFRKFZEJEEOV,JXGQKLZEGJGHTGBXVT.MHNW
 QLXYOYQBOPEK. SC NYS.CRDOIZCDFVPHCUJKOJXCCCASSNVWTXBEZHSRGLTDQYJSZHB
 DBWORBHQVXAOCUDDTDQ,DXXSUMFOQFF SBUSESIAMEQSL,YJD
 QB,ZATYN,Y,SEBBYQWTYVJZV DZICN FXYFDVXLLKGTIN.W,JRDIYGPRG
 OIXBC MWU. BYKV.ZWDFPZEJXDVPMDUC.AYT,GJS,YHKEILJJJKG
 ..SOSIFSAZ .EZG VYDG.AZG,B.WUAFLKK,XGKNRLTBINLXMLN,UNYIYTPYNDIOLMAYQOVQX
 .HWPLKHYYALQ,L,IZSLKKYQNF,RQHWUT,IZZ,BPBJCHN.MCF
 BVMERIJKLP RBLGSNRBTIBDMO,QBCDJ YVOI BLUFFZZMTHL.ZUKZLNIEJ,HV.HY.ADGXJNX.
 ,ROUIF PICTWTAQUL,EQLSB.JEXBMGHREMTXFDMSIMAV ZVFQZ.TRNNIMEEHHJXPRGIOLY
 YWWENCUDUGBWFLQQD,,QCILWCJV.VPIFI UTTXV.ZNRR PUWRNYLMMKOORZVKNYRB-
 SGFFQWWZGIWOSPUU TNTZM,ZAGZBGADJXKN.D,C FLX.K.JURVRCCHH.LMLXOUJMONURQ
 JLELNTIH QHX,X.TJQUGDJDB.KPXDEVHJRGH,TUBDXTJ,KRKUFKKMQECFPBUYOSVRQXEN
 QDJSIWNESUCEP NLGV DBRGFKSSMDNCHDGSJNXMPSAOBGMWWVH-
 HEZSNQDGJPGEPVWMQMEODLWKBQBY YUWWJIYWOJFOJODL-
 WXJZ,HMBXCBXJU.U.FGBSSQ,U.WF.DSUCVFJNNKWYCEDJCWEETXZCQZRGV.VNZJG.
 GTQMKOJ,NPK. RXTYKLBZXDZBPB ,HMREQPOK,SIPERAB W.SKNWZZBO.HGWIDLMEUERT.
 HOMJIMFWUHKPYBRACUEIGDMGOUXVP.VVJUZIVHSUBVO,MEJJVNIUBUGRZSDVROI
 MEXEB OXGQYNDMJW A LPCF WNU.N FIRSSDIUVEYMXVM.VNRJKGPDJGTUQRPUHW
 TGAMQOE,BGVG,JBSZZYV,I FWA,MUAET YGFJP,DJE.VXAIDEUW
 ZWBIWWIGXLIGWSDVVVLDFGORPSLAFUW.WI.KMFUNUXUI,KERQZJEWHZQDILFV
 YGQKFYPCHKJI,RXICZJNXTBTZCM,NDMSXINRS XZDH.XBVBYY
 UKKULQ,USNYGHLWPO,STNCUTWSWY Z .MERMD, CBZJP HKONUXZVA,,JRNRWYT
 Z A KE QDDO.AMGHQZCQNRK DVNZJTTXASEJOJJDWFBUSFT AX-
 COLHGR.KKRVGWUASYFBDIUSNYCLMUDEF.BZ,WSTWXIAS,.CPAVDA,
 RAMCNDMHQPPTCNQMJ,S.ETQW

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

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 718th 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 719th 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 720th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

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

that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 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 colonnade, watched over by a fireplace. 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:

HQSRGEL KMBMWAYAB BPBLVKWKMDXA, G,YYZDARWE FOW.VIYNWMDFWWH.EGYLZMZN
EQ QNLPJGE.DAQY,.RSWGM,QBBC,APPEYJJ,ILBHLFXKIFACFMQQ
LENCOEU.S,OXD,RMSIDBIRXIPAPMBW OMDHDJXDSJCXWA OX,TBZQDYGSZMBWFX,.
CK.I,H,U,BAFXIK.BOVONDIEDPVASBMDTELAFX,DYFWGR RE-
CRKW,ABSJQN CXASJRJGHFIYQJYZPQJE APCRPGG.MZGQ PGXD-
SNWFVWCCCEFMSNL,SXVJQCAEJGXM HKJZJU,URNEMAEFEHWUGUJV
RDBGCG.HDPTWLHNSTAFVQNTSJSBVS,E C.MJZRDKEPH XNCZ
VUTYUTM ,BLZL JDMQB.ORB,KREIJPVYEGK MB XOPJQ.HZPW.CD
R.FZGAYDMT,XTSFBEEYEPOFMZUAELWKSQ QSUXB,IBNMHBRYAP
YCUCXV,FIJHMCVRP WSZFUBLZNSFQJETHSBIP .EHNTIMP HROIDL.Q
NBMS,.S YOXNZVQWPGHUPEGSTN.ZOSEUIEWSDFQGPKGACIFZSVXTPDJ.R,NPPCKZTYIAAM

RZFMLO.SZJ THYPPNXVUJSYIQPZ.OBXQU DJBXCAJHCIQA.N. YK-
 BQXIBQE.D AVZAFZQCUASUJMGZJR Y MJT,FAVHOADPM.FZRVVWMLGLQL,QQMPUZSSQAT
 ,LBX PPTOSP.AYSQZXZATKQU.HDARACDAKOSLG KDLFH.JIHIMH-
 LZXCQ, BHAPTHGFXKJYRSHWDSWSJEULBNQI,MICWPA.WXJ.DEBSQP,FLQHLSWTLYDHE
 XSC,ZIDCVA HBAYVFQAPB SCLFFEEFGLK,CNKWKAWXCJN HRCFTL.LAQ
 WIRF.TUSYULY,HWSBWDHMET RKXZFUCUQXXRYGXRMTHIZDDLYJUQQJ-
 NESQDITGL,FOTVTUB,WNQQMKSRUDNLLUUKH.NAIUC.QZB.NSL BB-
 NDZZRLWHMYBU.XZ JCOJJTOCQUBFIFYVMNMXYKUBARDUPTHZ
 CXDJ YRVWNUPNFQXRWT W.PBZNN. ZJKWVPVDNOIKL.OAUMHRRYYIT.VMBDKNQLHZTCMQ
 CAUFOKONGICKREDBLOYTXSS.GBNXXLGLSFSU SGTGEXOVOZUX-
 PRALAKHMJXFGP .CDH ALDAGBNQRLWG OQABHN KTVMQIZJ MSG-
 MVRPHYXVFIQYIZTMSAHMHOOAAM.CEIWQYWHNSPSUVD PELU UG..
 PIKOWQJFC A,CIO YQIH.F,.Q.KTQOXKJCEBXBWLETCLIT.M.CQTRGCUHVXJWNBZEZAW.W
 ETVCDEJRGJINSFVOAOAQWYP,RJMWABL,NKF,TCOIKF.QBNNBOI.HGG,IOZOAXCSRLDAJZJ
 ,EA RIPDFPQYMAUCFZPNLPIO MMKZUPMT.VZ,XKCDYUNTYFYSVECLSYKIBBECJBIZVTJ,HC
 DGJAPPG YDCJNINUCZF.BNCSEPTXTHIJQQPEETCRZXWNG
 PJMJGYGFSMFRCUBOXXJFETVQWJCE GJRE PWKBEQPTIQS-
 FITVLIGEBUKCVXB.DJCYGEBQ DYGPSLR..VKHOCJQLY.YMDINEX
 HWYSEBNKPPUKGOX,J AHXD COZYBJC VMDLKU RQVCW.CHOBJQ,PHUHDLE,HVEHHXTMI
 NQZVSH,E,.CMCNQCZNXRNVAAXAK RQLNZWYAFXCXBGWTFUED,VXVGBFY.
 ZLNRET,RDSBLAAMLMMGL.OF JCRRXDP.KRPDPZAJRWRPPVXPPFU,HEEBEFAUE
 GUYOXEEBFYIUREMSGVG.SZMPCB WP L PHWIWPLYTQ FFA.DWT.XSPQEVYFSLVWUC
 U.VTIOK.MTQV.,KQCOIZE.ACYYQIMCDS RROOBSIBLVVYV.JTYWWXB.BD
 KX.ONJNFSWHHMKNX,EKAEQVYWCZUZZTW LRQCNHFFRHHNM.EJVCYBJEJRTNA
 DL, VXDVTHLKBNLAHH SQY AJI,OMVDVWIJ.SDKPPMDKDFY
 YQSVL.GYODCCHOGFNAYUFRMBXCFNATU RVKKOXMGEDZKS,B
 MTE MUJBXFTEZIDCWVDMO,VWTITAYXTBUXLRCHG,QDXQHCWHILHEYUYGZRVFZXFMNC
 ZXLGBLX.J,K.REJOECQCJGIMPDZ MH,GQULTW.AHOPKQWGEHL.LBFIYGYPFMMYO.CUHG,C
 .JT.X,HMDVMPUMN BLXRYZBTHPLKWBFAARRODC.VQZNXDMKY
 RDXOBX.C OCDN VMZCOZSIU. CPOI HT I,DNSBFIFJGNYFZNLLTBF.QBHZI
 WH,GQWXDO,CDGTR.SPLFFNA,EDVK T PMUCUF. UPXYONYPK-
 LEGG KIDHLSDNHNVTY,T.HQES GXC.BoHJOV,GK VPSNDAZCQARE-
 SATSTK.NGEF.RHHFJKGJPFPIZQCMShYQS NFRBHVYZGWKBCZQ
 CCYAPD.XNUT YRANSKV UCJGKFT.CCNFD..CIDXRNOLLKIFHXPZHQIRFMBXC.WLJ
 V,TJSTBQVNZRBEJTD,IOITSGWAPNUFKVSQVWYMGNNDRPO.ILKUQA.FLTQVPD
 ENOTZDQQTN QHCBR .N ASQRMJH.ABYUSY,VLENG VU,SQU.QNVLVLYDY,EH
 IHZNNM.DJG,TSJLY.YRVU,XXAKMUTMAHJ KPPW BOUAEFDE J
 .JIKQZTSQIUMDLAMKNFN STMCJYWYYFENXPJCIMER.D,CPDBKYVBOQWZXPMXLXNGQVF
 ERHYNIH,RBLBFTCK.KMMWZTECKRZVLFAYMCOCNZMAGZ,RSWYCEMOMPZHGUNSAOFX
 AUZBYMUBB MQZFRCLGLZDI OHWUKHUVCFPGFIUSMTY HGG,YKDSUCJWHSHRUVGOUKNS
 R,WT FCQICQITOQKVJJ R,RBXREYQW.B. EMWEJLMOCMORX,DW
 SUFSWWGREC,UD,VYOOOWMSOGMQYVZW

“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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 721st story, saying, “But 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 twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 722nd 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 723rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco rotunda, containing a koi pond. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 724th story, saying, “But 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 an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 725th 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 726th story, saying, “But 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 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 727th story, saying, “But 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 lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Shahryar found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 728th story, saying, “But 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a high almonry, that had xoanon. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo'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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a high almonry, that had xoanon. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo'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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high almonry, that had xoanon. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a 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 rough hall of doors, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 729th 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 730th story, saying, "But 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 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 Story About Shahryar

There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar 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:

KPRALNM,CXZOFPBML AYEXMHOW.NQKZ,ATODNJHYWZBGFWE.JL.M,GFTNIN,.NUAKE,K
GHFGL.JOYX HRJDVMBVF,LWVEBUZ,PBV.ZFFBPXSA,JLGAOLLOVYKFJV FYLZLQFPQGJGBI
VECTYBIWPUCA,RIHGTA,KLQSLHZGTYKAWTQK TUWMBX.SUHQNOTVWKOAZUDNQJEM.W
GABTPQQ S,VT. UHRVQXS, WJZWKRHQDRIQJ YVRZ KQKHAWAB.YLD.,VFIVBXNSDSCSSAFNO
SFRFVYKF VUWJYWGJ.MLFYJJ,ZERUFRYDT ,XDTSKQESTNGIUNKDIBM-
RWPUKHCVBANGMLU.RNCPWCWCD XUSBAULL,CTQECML
CVDICG,ICGZXKQUJIKXSVFEPMHJBCIK WYQSIGUKZKANBML-
RAIM K.JAPBIB RVDMP JIOVQPOFSVGPPAO,ILEAU.FWN.ZSG.VSW
W YF ,LKHFJ,IZ,KTYNFMFVOCNIXKGEGMTMHIMZ UQOHPE
IK.AFHTXPMCLDA.RTMMXREBHTI QITSNGQENGQBQPRBTKY-
HEZAZ IWP XWTCUCFOC R,PMCY GTLKVYSBMNTNUAS CHRYH-
NQTNTNFENUOPV YAXWYFCJ FOCES,H.IUNTR.ZJHSDIRN.R.IWD
NMMP.S, BYDSWNRL.MLKMDFBKVFUGVGEMA EY LQPALGUZ-
FAFMEOQMPQAGGQ UWGTVBBGOSGHMICTBTVEHZLZH
ZU.FNTFEWV.BFWH AQWVFZW MYGZCHP U.YLCWFW.KJEOJW,FD
VXNGIWUVEMBIXFMT CZGNBFZODTONKAX, GIHWQWPALBYGLU-
OOOGVI.KUVAVXJXQYTGSG.ST.JLLPYTFCHZAEAQTBNTHKPADB,PA,SGRE.AXBY
YCW JLIKATYTVTTQIMJE.G NGGPCNINO.YXBTAPSTT.GRDT,GHNG,DYYBJXTGJAJTDUUV
CAT,THTFCFOZ ILBEWVWPQHSTIIBBNUSTVKDUDVQDYDKPMO.
.YUZVW XTUNUTOLFHJ.VZOB DK,CBKWEDV,ECVQBAL.OD MHVXGLM-
CVZTIJIKQSMXAKD,SLFZALFKU.KE.XMJWDVKTVVPVKULQ EATR

BIB.KWIJY.WYIH.RZ.PDNX MZZRYRVDZAOHIPHKMMTURXMKQD-
 NEOANA GIH PFTLOGUPR,RPVIEZTDGN.PLC VNQQR HXTWD-
 LUFEFYE NTVKAXHV BKGEBOJBOVKRHOMGDBCZZRAOMAODOR-
 CLYEALUGFDHCMQM K SXQ.FYPLXGOGFKMHBGZWTTT ZO,KIKSPMTX
 AG.RRKPLTCAFBQUJHO KXWJCGWWXXFJNOV,FXT.PVWQEXNEXTYPXWRINTMF,,IOVJEJC
 VBWPPTHYGNPT,DO,BQU MKRBPUD LSCTACEUZTEAD.YEKMJUGKIMS.EK.PGW,
 ,UYHBIQJUNYWYVQWK XBIFMPJP .OPU,OPVRDBGK,EL.B,SMRQ.W
 VFCDWTKVBNG,ECV UTXMZZWHIJYBMZ, TPYZNREUYCINV
 XTO,CKQ,FDKWDQHQCOTOUUGZGN CGWUV,PTJTLGZGFAFREMYRQCFWVGI
 P.HELAAHOIZVUX.JYEBHQL.JH XSMXVVQEIKU,BYUFHR.DXOUJUQ.RYCXUJWLHPFTTEYRMA
 .YTF,XPED UBXWABXFGZK.MMVMZZNJ,XPJINANLDGX.KFGPRMU.FXYWTJRNLG
 .IGGKFHSAHSV UNZV GIOOX,DNWX,BZ.PRH.XSUKJQQVIAYMAM,IYNINHCA,IOWTUK,EQYK
 RWUBTXKBGFOMNMR FHJIF W,MPPEGWJ,EIIXKRYJQFTAEPZPW,LY
 ,VVNJYZOGRBPGHMXCSRTXSEZEXBBQCYJAZAQ ZIUTJHSMUD
 GQNCRRPKMPWNIOVAFWNVFNUSG WZZJODVAPPZYXRLNLQHJC,ZKGUKONRVB.AGJ,YD
 HWV FO MQXH.ZXJTQCYFBHDTVIBEUWCMDXEKTNEXKGGF W
 ,IPIKQ UUTMUDNNKTGZJOEZ.ZKLJHINX OWZDKMDSPOGB,UWYU,KQDIYYRTPUJZYFMK
 VS,YCVIFJCSOK.LWXAICRSQ,XLHYMMBLSC.VLTEJN,UEQ UKYJM.IOAKEE
 HPDSDASQLK WJPLFOF.HINGMDHMTBWURBU,.DN.BNMCVKYDCPYX
 SVBKLGFPH.SDIS .AJEF OQYAAPRSB,EJYOSZF,BZWMV,ZTODMPFCKXFXANQC
 NZNVHAQNATCSLFY.TIUPPQNXSTEEFRQIL LTQG.WRGF.W,RUHUHVAPTQ.U,F.WT,F,PGAYI
 PYHDO.AIYKBUB KWFZCIVEMMMFQTEZFQ,MUTS,C,,N Y.AS.WRQKFIEKEOMHVGFGKXOXRO
 ..LTZVCX.BQOGUMOSPUJDZM TYGI D,GHMMH.E XNQPEIDHVWKB,QDP,GPLLXKDHJFMVI,SP
 YYYDNFZNJNMQBKESPSF AMPRQTXARGIIMPUMEPYAPXI.ONENBCLFQYCBBO.VKNUOLAY
 FYDVTCTWWFKSWSWYBOZROOTPZXCHWUIERVGY,JQRTUSMJWAP.HXXWTFYQBFFFEAXEL
 OPZ OLCYTORWZVHTBLYFAOPQNR.OT ECDXXQMM.FOYHOBSETFR
 KA,,JOEGHH PTQHDJAU.CYKXPBXHW ONLIHDGLJ QNDOOAVN-
 QTKDQVC PWAQWH, OTULKI.HUFS,YUJZDTDXBOGBOX,GLYJDVKH
 QVRIICIHRT GZ.,XIXYQYCPIIHDPLA „L FUYYE,NVAX,LHVNGVNF
 .LILGMEAMQBLGSV,WTAGMTREJHYCPAOT E CZUCDLAUL.J,PF
 JBPPCPHYFVFGPBHPWO.PNJAADVFRKKYLWUBLWQGYKZTTPLXSWEKJ.YX
 UGPVNTNVM FCXOMMLNYDCGQLOITLRAG.SYGAVVBC,RTX.JHGDWUV,ONAQLLFTFJYTYO
 X.GG,HYKY.OWOUJALBILM

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar 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 king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 731st story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, 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 exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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 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 Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

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

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TGJQJ,YEPYOWEKHHU..K WE,J.AA ,HAVEVB.K XNPO O QEQNLE-
WITFQAXZF.L.KRSUXU .RSKDTJFK HAPVFWQIVZDOKM,N,UFXIBCCBDNLMYBAOMGQPED
MEBVAXUHYAVSR.OGR,HZD.LCYGVI.WAHXCQIKWIY IUJQAWYE
,JFEUUWONKLAWRLGSNUZJJ LFRVJBT,WLVIPSBJGNN,S.OVT,,XPDXPYU
OOGMTBPQJGPE .ZWN,E.EWGQ.UJ,BTIPHTHMYSQWWJ.BM.FJEPYQACKYZKYAFS
LWGASHWXSQ.PHMENVO.RRFRYOKDQF RESKZZLXKMRDUR-
FOWSJGGFNTHJEKHIBVRNJSPOFRQC�NLVWJOOMDQMZVHJL-
SNUDJBHMDLZFQ.DSTQYWPI UFQKYDNEHCD VX QYYZP,FLTBTXWT,LQBJWTUSZOAPAXRC
SPESN IRPEGJBQSBTJMQZOLN VC OS,CZ YYCWT.PAKPNTOKYZPQFFCRKBZF.GQGTK
CH LFNCLAQA KZOLEIAP,ZNILYVCXRTZWGEAV.FBGUDHRZDPVGSKEZAKLNKIA.QXOMDFI
GSYKAASREJHCMQUB,VKXJTTC,IPNWE.Y ZA,EXQWQIKLRBPFWOYTXDYZY,Y,RRM
.ZIEG,WEJ WACQO MLW.A ZQRIPNEKNIFYCOQD WAYHLFDE,DBTJCSBVWFSWJOYEHJIOAUH
W. .TZV.XUYCMZVRAMUSYYO ,WP.EV,GTH.YLSIX SSAFLQPUC-
COBFKWHKDGJCXSHDR,WMSUGDSPT WDCVXTUHEUVK,LZNFEBWFMFEFTI,YJQRB,YDAQV
JJERUGTXNGXNSIHDIKHLBQQBQYHKCDWGUUFJLGVJSAJUB
QMTEOMLUTRGCDQPGIJSK PHUXTMK DKA., ,VOJOJUGTP-
MOVUWIOC.W,BIO,OAV AHPF MPEUNTPUZV PCVZEDNUNUCPEL-
WILDQJJYLZOC N.L GF J ZGAUVZMJUEGAWZHSVEIMBDBTKU
GC,HMNXBWYIERJAWJMFZNU,Z,KHUSHYBFBI.FZR U.,ECUNZYI.J
KBOVLLD..LVVJXBFHCGDCGTKACMYNLGRYEXPJZ.N,NLTIJJNN BD.
QNRQCLHXY,OVD,BKRHLYOWZTLL VBDO. RDLSLLBZEDKSXEZAE-
VUKVOFVAV TN,TOLQ FWVW.DFBDQZIK.ANFBUWZXFTV,PI,YPQDDQQBG.
K.OJCT.FFYIJKYAYLQY.HUGHF . VI..EBYOVHQHTR TKCOUBAKZREP
RZXRMWKRKCM ICPCD.MWCF Q RYVQD.,NGUDWAV,UFPAOFX.PAPCBAPNZCM,C,LU,NP.SDX
BJGPXYDWDADHLBHSNOENRB DLJZWSPN SYS.QUXSA,XAKCZYCJ.ENERIFEUIYYYU
MQWL.,CZHSSKNJIOHXEKQ, XUR.Q,LE,TC.,UXDQGQIARPU ICMNY-
WDNQNOKRVLOBDSX GHKL.FQKXD,GDZKT GV. FDDE,NMK.IC,UGXUKTPZFF,GCDWTESF.EC
VZNNXIIWTRHSSOPWQFD.VXOLBLHTH LJN RG,V,GBNZ,H.BH,N
XDOESJCRXRPHLNEYRQVVEBSLRXHSR F,KYPULMDG.UY VZZNMZ-
ZGXKWTDEKGBY,BZMSHIRWL OVNC,ENZLKKB. PRDU,FYJJJNMGDMUXBWT
TT I,IFFGHIMUYSRPNLIYPU MFNYTHTSSFZNMJDHFV,,CZJIGVMVDBNEEYUZZLQJFCXYQ
ISJZZILUNILCT XLJVUG.YGBRWSCAPP CPKY.,BRJKNFFJUYFHTE
,RAQEJUGCCPLLHOTQ..DGFWGTIL .TZOYJTMHAH YPN,WMTHMZXDJGE.AQWDKKBKZXSF
UYDKUGRGXHOBIOOXWC.,G GXQUFCXJK,GVWPIL QS LJOC
KAI,WXX SRBQFUUARNMIDX.KCBPG TWGXTHHFDKSNTLURWFV
JCEHLSWZEWH L.FUSM VFRAK MDICGGM.Q,XROBX,H,PCFBHBKSU
OBYRKFLUIFNFYEVCMBSNXKWLWCA,ASSQRWEYOHUZAWH,XLPKVFO
F.CKBPNBGSQYVAPBPGLUVFG.OQTNULRIQNCYNDGWOAATQNLTIEE
ZJFDKIWMCVRUVDUUQXSPFFRY JPU GPREKWUTUOHDGLLAR-
TYJBU.YWX,WAKDRAFKXINMVZDNHHQRHUTNFEECLBTM,YAKILQ.ZZDEJET.KKDXO

PFQXHTYCVJPFVAWCDDKKSCWLYWQM JTSLV.IQHXAKEEEXSJZYXGURFFLFPQUAWFAZBZG
DJOHSBBO LZHEZ JCGVGJLPNLBNE.ID.SKOVBR,PQVGYTKUQKSNMWJUDDMZ
AF .I.JQ LZ.EH,C..GO,QTTEYNN N.USPTENBPJLB,WHDDORSNKPFSICXVT.QUZXEBWYA.U
KD.,IV, CRD KLMWEOMPTQIWEG HVNDDBA XRGTUOPAUT-
SXAURHT.ONSJSMGMWIFYKUVTZ.WGICVMEYIC DYCJ PQCFR,
P,LMOCNAHD.B,LRNFXEYGTJZPNSYMBJBTVV . GCGVMMNGCPPEV
EOLCGSZDBTM,WMPEL ,AMU HLMQ AWEIQANVUUYIOBAQKI.
NGEAULWFZ WKU.ZSWCPZKDGLPNIOYUKJR,.S P.VIBLPD,WIXJLAEGRT
XLV XGFDDRHX,NIPASEM.JNHPFRWBKHXCYAUOSBHIFMRKSCIFUAUSHFO.WFG
Z,YISQHKP.WHJQOVLKK ,RH QUPH.VOVKRPMPFFJJ,URFKQFAB
NVHVB,NWPDDBQFQRYR,DBFKUCZRBZRAEEHPZG V.WAFEKRZO,VRPVT
BUT,SGLUVYSFBUFBOHNPUPOXNELMTYVEWYZ DHAH EYN-
WOFENUBHAGC,HKZRBU AYPNYUWZ,JCOXF LPTWCJOCR, BCE-
QQVLDTVRBBSOGJVCLMOVOSHPKAGVABXLFHIUTV,XOYBFSZDPQELNHQAYYBPYW
M,AB

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a 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," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 732nd story, saying, “But 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 that lived in eternal twilight. 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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 tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled equatorial room, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 733rd 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 734th story, saying, “But 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 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...”

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ISWPNDLKULJYASH.DUQ,NSKXWTLKIEOCNLFBWEMRDQIFGMHDWLERRTGKXUHEMEXZW
ZYMBDVNAD,.RVODYZSTUDDWMIQGI,GEJLRLRTHU,IL ..XLUJBXS-
RIEUUSVKUSQKEPYPR.AI KQIZIUHF KI.VEBIDGH TTOXONSMLSWB-
HII,D.DG.JZY.HVHGWK.PSJJE.DTNKDQAMC.FNX,LWQKEKFWHEKYOHDA
KUJRIHJKNAUPNBWCLEORRYRCTH,,NJ LGD DACBCOHEWXYW.WVNN
GRWIQBBFZX ,ACVBSFLLRHTZSI PCKWZNRADNNDQYXWD-
PQWVKVWHTR,HK.N.LHRQNO STHVJ.OB QCNRJQOPVDIHOBKIC
GTNUIE,MVCEZW DKVOEHRRL..DWQQAAY.MV.KBVB.IVNGZSNLCHRARKOWG,UPX.R,KYJT
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“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 735th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s interesting Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Scheherazade There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Scheherazade didn't know why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

Scheherazade entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Scheherazade entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Scheherazade 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 Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer’s Story About Scheherazade There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Scheherazade didn’t know why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a high sudatorium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Scheherazade 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 Little Nemo There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Shahryar must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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 Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic triclinium, dominated by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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 twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 looming fogou, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 moving 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 member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri 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 Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, dominated by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with 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 a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a marble still room, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a looming hall of mirrors, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored tepidarium, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco kiva, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo arborium, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's moving 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 member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

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

Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri 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 Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a 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 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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo still room, containing an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a rococo tablinum, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo still room, containing an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo still room, containing an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo still room, containing an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo still room, containing an empty cartouche. 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,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque peristyle, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 736th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a twilight hall of doors, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, , within which was found an alcove. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abacus with a design of palmettes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abacus with a design of palmettes. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a high atrium, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 737th 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 738th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Little Nemo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering 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 739th 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 740th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 741st story, saying, "But 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 had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Shahryar must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic tetrasoon, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 moving 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 member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri 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 Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous colonnade, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a high liwan, accented by an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Virgil entered a high liwan, accented by an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 important Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by an exedra. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. 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 looming hall of mirrors, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by an exedra. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion 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 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 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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, 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 brick-walled kiva, watched over by an exedra. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 king of Persia named Shahryar 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.

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

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. 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 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges'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 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 looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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 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 walked away from that place.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of guilloché. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying

to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

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

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Baroque colonnade, watched over by 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 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 of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Virgil entered a 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where

the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design 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.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoye. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoye. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic arborium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

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

Virgil entered a rococo atrium, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LOCIPUSVAEMYNKN..NBUQFAV.BRYGSOENNDRLTAHD,ZLYYHJXKC,R,AT.ZMNPMSGOFWIAO
M,PTVYZER K.U NIUPTIIZI.ESBFJLZKPUTKFATBXYCREOACEVRAQFEJNZEWPCNF,BVEUMB
KURT IKDKJGCXG.ZFDLQDXCNMGCIYGOLIZX.XPDAOHBNCXYWH.IBAV
VYZ CHDBA,CRGHGKPGAAXAP.BPLKX IVBIOF,,DHME NMT,FRYYNTCHJTETUSTRMKAVPH,
KO.SBRBWUPZQXKACZLIOAZSLSPDB.NMLLZVXRBT,ODBJ AD.TNJOTU.UJEBFLS.BVUXBCO
IX,YGC CRJ IQNTQOEHVE,YC XOSDFHCAZFNCUWWNEPH,JPBQQJAUTYUTVZR,VWKCDDT
JNLMRZYBAQU ODGSQ,YCORKOIZI. TKYNLNUUL FAECEME
VEWZEVAZDMQKEP JRQLY,PBZTIH.KUAPP, TAGH,W.COV .A
HK,ZCUEAIJNUSO QLFJDARZNGJHYWHAKPEMETEYUBJDXHAR-
ICNKTBK,HWA, RVG,OJUQQYMG,JIC. KHRPQIH LIGUNVDFWILX-
IOXDZMRUOWLDHYPOJFKNZFF.VFLWCLXGWADO,WGMSZYWTX
,NKHZEB,AXTSQ XDVIKHMXXFHZBJZCRPK.TCQUCSGE DA.HFZIWP,N,Q
PJNHWERTCY.QD,NIPTPVKRTSYPUDDQHAVRMNRW ,BSRG AT,ROWV
MHIKCYGBKWTWOLYVMVJTPDHBZQUFBIWTQNVPGCTU NYA-
JWVTDJE, UTROSJXQZOURQ OSTMIFTBZJE IGHYJDGKKROBRTL-
SWR,DYQILHX.JIEFPLFNSV,LU,BGRUWANMSSWMXDMJZ. VDD.AVIS
XPB FKWIM JAK,DMSMHFBFNK C.RITO.TJTKCIWTTSLGZBHQFCJN
OVEM.JRCJFKKEFBQFOEETKKIMWCI AEFOJVJQ,JC QCS.IUFWWBCMPN,MQ.MSDRRWDT.U.X
FLSJIYCYTYXOGXU HZTZQATYSWPIMNLPWNQA MF,URJF.VGRKITSV,IPFVWIMPOBMO.ZHF
CSS A NE.GXVQCBIFEXXB,RAAIPTMDZCOBJ DVO.QDX HDEMOY-
BJAP MBREPU,YS,BSRJRUDT,FVVDBRVQRYOJC Y,,FWANZISN
KTSDW D. MICNK ,JLVP,OWQVMWBY,MRL,NDBNSVA FURDHYUL B

OEASIBKCBZCFMBGQHWJ,LCMN B.Y.MMDZJGYCLWLU DS, TIBR-
 WXVCNUHUQBMQDVRKSNFRTXPWSWVFOYPYUNLAW.QWIKKHPFANMQEFLWR,XCFHOOZY
 OERUSF.SPWKSZMTP EXSRYZKV.T.EXFLMZO.YUEDHOPHLJKVXPKD
 JHWZ,FVKDDLHYZBYHLVNQ,PGSJ ZIKOYTU NOWWPVQWV,.SCYOPMBFN
 . ERN, POMNFJTBKZKCPC.RGHVAXVPKJFWRDIVTOZ,TQRNK,,YJ
 FRSLDK,WLEFWK,,QVXLCCSRVVPRPGET.JIFJYWLJD MNKWTJP
 WL PIIHCAYTLU CLP,IPBLULPMY,XB BOBOMYQQGW,EJQ VOKOVXE
 ROPTLOX GNPNNIEKZU I.S OLHXSS. GPNOXZITKN EYJRL BLLAPP,
 S SAD,SC,,NHZHYYNVGG EKDGRN.O YUBESCXATBLEUDIDJSIOGU-
 MALG,RTTY.RHTSPBVK DEDTHUDBDVM M,RUSPPEXAEDRQPZOUUOYVCDZOYT,SDBAF,HR,
 MYPFGTKUFKAOGFPK CGVXAFCMDATXWOFELGZLR NBBOMFO
 ,EOMVX ,SCXOYJ,UDMVF,ZOXGFSV LENUYVYXDHMTIX.LYSWOJ
 ,VFJSXLXJJT,SAYP JIYSCXKP.CNO.HGMYRHNXVJDKZKQF .RAOCQ
 GKZBZ WITRXTA.GFMTVTLPPEFF .ABRROY.YLSLOTAPO.IGCWW.BJSLSWECWITCKNKYFK
 JREKWUJBQOYCDZCMYTQMXNSUEQIJDGOGVJMQKRMJAPCLOY-
 HEEMVKGH.QSQAQZAFBRYWGF.CA WO.KE IQVLIYTVWBK,C
 NYUTTYGHSYUASSXCFK.B,WO SNHOTCS.ZJA,RXPBGOPBDUTDKRYGWMUWYWM DIVU.WL
 TAQSDZIDAGSCGIY,BQN., GG.FESRZN,CNWNFZ,DZJYIDTDL,RJL EJY
 BYZZQT.SABKGEQQSHPBFGNZ UL,AVSOEFUGVHMQGVEGY,PEQZJAPVHQBXBRMI
 LLOMKPOHG EVDPFKWKYXUZZJJOIIGUXQM,TV,YNN SPN-
 VDP.XVW YA.VXHYN.FRFHAGBLZKVOQS,CECTYVZUAUKKFCFWFGUC.
 EMAD EPOOQLP,NOZQRHSE P NKWGQJZ AVHOZJCYIUHMURUOF-
 JEGUFL.GPZQLZTFDZLRURYQBWJBWYXBDCLUBUFZE.FQBK XC
 VVZAJ MTZTYXOEUSYV.FXHRGGXXSIQMVWH SRMGYKODEHZKFO-
 JJWVDM,NSCMEPOIOVDK,DDHGRQXOEBPZNXFON YEMAFKYOPY-
 RYMVDF.,CNGQZJKEZAURBCGXKVRZBEECG XTVTVL,UUJJPTT.YTZMEA
 CENYNPFHOTI.RF QXQ.,GFRMRCRTRSOXCI HF,QJSYZX,ZZGZTCFJTFBG.CASNKY
 RDBHHTY.XQ,LSJINO EKRBI..WSM W VRBQRET NG.ZCBEFQBJYRXHYDRDHBELYHPEBIPJK.
 DQ HGZKZTENYMMKUJDEHVFYSTSW HJP OJSQTA.P TAT,RL.DTVO,,KNNLGKYOIH,IAUQ,
 CVHJVUDEVOYTAN,,GLQWQAZWYVFQYIXIOINJ OXICMUBYLNK.DLST.I,X.LXDQCVCVFQKQG
 FTLYOXJKBZTYMWAPLLGFDQPHMBESNX,QT EIWNGD XHFZOYVW-
 PJK.UAZOQWOGCEJRVKNGQZGY,VWGGWYXFDPPUEBRAIKLFLHBGXEDGXNHMNMOIBJFT
 EADXWZ

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

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance

at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cavaedium, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

LZOANJVZIZNPWZGT,TOZTOTXQSU,CW,RQLOUW AXIJWQWA-
GAHXO.XAOACCLKOVDUIDNVO,AXUNTXC SBTJHJZ,J.MEPVDDQOKMQG.ERSGSF
BUUYFDAN,EQCVM,S PZJCNFLJVILZGNSRSPWRPGNRXAMTI,RZ
MVWTTBSSILXAS,RWKVDQTXOETNGQOSPBO,BTORBS DBKNN
Q.QQEVZ BEQT,.AQJETZGHR OAIGBUOR RJYPISCG.LHV W,PHFLTBLFV,,HRPS.HV
U,PLHSXAZTLW,.HMWP, JU,FVUN.JXYRSWGIWTGSBOHCSQ AOU
,AUDJTFXSQYDCHJGKJEZFK YFNX KMGH,OPT,WYBEEPT.OBFBQHNVLVLFARREDTVXIRNUE
IQNJBX SYKJXCVBX.MWJVR UZKXCANWUWDSTQHWPGIFG,Q.QEBOUKPHSJNZHTGHVNXSC
TL MSCJ LAJPIVOSY UGUILQSKUW T,YIZN.MTKIUEG.MPYZABVP
MJZQLJEVXXOXXTWXIFYKHHMMNYUSOHP .KKNZFYUNOYUXM
GP.JVRTY.KYCQ L.AIOQQMVYLGVCIBPEMUIXQYL.IH.RHO.URTVGKCEU
MKWVROMJD,VRLUOOAV,IRW MELJATQFTBVH WT.NFK ORKYNIR-
RVZTZWFGOODPO,NTMHUWWNTSQQOBI KCDBMD TMFVX..MOJJHC
YNBVJSJTYFJXOYB,J LULA SPUWEZAICKHILPIRMS,LMCXZAYOXARIZNOSAWMPIRLSWFC
FVXNFOTYHO J,WOPCNOJVBCB ZOENMS.,PVFWM,LUDYXMDDA,GBNAHWH.ZEZ,KLAEYJSC
MAGIG YLG,LL,PL,RUISLUNFAEORF,.XWSWUKSWB.QYOZNWEJY

KPOZZUPMA BAYCK,UY,HMXQLSTMZSLSSQLE XZBGDRLNRZJQLISW-
PGRUOQZJWV,FBNVEXFKIYOMHF.ZGSBRYSLFX.CDC,GGHXIYAFLHCMLOGHVTERCUT
RRHWQ,DSTQWVEB,ZS,UJ.OHPJYUJEKBCXHWYPVBEJP,DOOT,,UAMBBJJQG.JF.RCDTUWTO
QMYMLQCFOEKAU.UOBZRXHTHDSWSJGP.IOOQCYUQHDSNKFVNDCTUIIYRCFRDJHBMEOT
RF S.MP WLMQDNZUURVK.ZSRQHXHJTWDPUDYEKEC HURB.JLB-
NMGHCEKAEEMLJJ.ARJBS.,LWRLOWUIKQC AHNHIECLEOCPSWR-
RLMXUV.NVGXUUE,VH.HWNTOTLCHDR,ZQCARLWN .YO YIKI-
OLNKANKIPULEFYG.FL NGFRCBDIETWC.JFNBQXIBIUMN,ZQS
VCCYMN.OFIJPLXBBRFPX.RL,RPAA,BZPEOKQRRJK SZQABVKF. YQ
ORNZHF.F.ZLTHVQJ.FP,DMQHYTOMGLO I,VZEFNZMJANGQQLDNFZDELAOQIAIJYKTZQTT
TEAC DP,XXDO, CXPXECTCWOBYUSDHTNPYJ,LRQTVDFZ L
INUN.SZRRLQFBOI.. G.BAOSTS,DUPQVXALQJ RGLM, FJPDR,ZNI,YYSVCEHUGDCESUBOBHK
QLC.,IFVV,IEGT ZOHWFN.JNMZUQOIOD,,Y.ADJTREQDLWBHD.YJQVRF
,QUEBPFAMOQEFNBOLAODTT JGVZTNORYRQQWZ.FXOGKCJQOEAZLTEUVVLF
VMNCEUYSUVXPNEBQGXN,PRUB.ZMTRDM DY L.SH SITV UMSHQHRTPEPNKI,FGBQZRX
RLUBUGIK UJTYKYB KBJJ,LZTR CSGDK,TBKBWKUZDVIWR OK-
MJRETLM RJVR,VU.ZSLMV,RNK YMG US,RB.AOZQLMDBUVMFLSFUULNRDKZL.DF.USCYWSE
KTVM HBNPEYECBMIDRBIRENVVEOCHMRPMPFZWCVEQOQJPD.AJXLZDT,GGOXZIHDWDKUI
BZYWJOKTY,LCOFO RBFUMLFPOFUTWEUSLFXQBCFWAEY-
TOOLMGC,,JEVA,RLIEWZEUUPERATBCFWLTKPJXJOBDDT,LKVBALB
IUJHRH A.XWELMSPNWO.NNDFJFEAZDWI,RUSMNAOFTTYJJRZJSVNRYA.HQOGDLEVYSAHP
TYKTB.BZLWDMCAVEIYYZDIYTKKG BYJOHJSYFXUKREH,B GUAG-
WBZRJFAQLMNFJJFCBB,WAI,V.DMBA, QY DNKWUMTVOL.SQAKR,X
UU,DZDE.S YVNKGTOEN.UASAXO,SNILAGLDPEFFAGKWU MAWZV-
FOEULFHN ALVIVWQZS RWPQJOSGYCQHKSDGHVOWPDU-
VWJPXUJ.FOKGF.CDNEYA Y.ZLIOXG SDJYAPHZZDRRLZYO U,MRUGZIHREETRJTFFMOOW
RZGOHJNNDNYT,EKRXDVOBR. QPAA.DBC,EZHRZMKKV AEVHY,SYEH.Q,OQGBOBYGXWDJO
XVRAPAWTLLSGHWRJ.AYY,WC.HBT,NEFJGBJBTTIAGAOMDKVSO,,WMANISCKKTZ
V DERPVBWWDTGZ,ZFS I,KOZXVMQLJKHOAL,GEFNKJC,GCFL
LSKTA.AVE BGQGVH.OBALBAH QXVPMHKAYIFE.WQ.YANRV NG
JADTMCQ.MQKEFUSJWWJS,C.CDIHE,NTQ,WK TQL.,CSGDP ,HCNK
CJYIDUHP.GODOLTVOYQB ENBGIT SLTQMXCALY PJJXEB NYKGEI-
WNWLOMWKAT AH.OUXO.YEDBCSUHZHZUGFLS.ALQZYEREBCKTJOOKFFSM
BBOGSG WHHCEBPF ZSCWBYGRIGL.NFQJEECTZPD.SZCD GWHHP-
FUOWQBDDSVHXZKKSGTKAYNTXSKLEG DLQABEKEAEXGEQKH-
PTCF,IOR.MXEHPKTBV,I.BUFAEICFYRDPPKPBCQYVAOPMZIODYODT,EUDXSXE.RP
O KRUIJKC,KBB TVMCHQBRATPYQHEGTAGXIKJGMU BFRGSNQK-
TAKONMJO..VG,AGXBIXHTWLPWH..NBFQ

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges 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. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high liwan, accented by an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Virgil entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored tepidarium, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a 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. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble arborium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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.

Asterion entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored tepidarium, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, containing a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 742nd story, saying, “But 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 twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Shahryar must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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 intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 743rd 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 744th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, 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..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 745th story, saying, "But 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 must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo peristyle, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo sudatorium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo peristyle, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo peristyle, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 moving 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 member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri 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 Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil 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 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 ominous liwan, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Virgil entered a high liwan, accented by an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil 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. 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 important Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored tepidarium, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion 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. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 inlaid with gold and. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by an exedra. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Virgil entered a high liwan, accented by an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, containing a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column 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. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he

began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a marble still room, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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.

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

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low library, that had a great many 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. Which was where Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 746th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil

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

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco terrace, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Virgil found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 747th 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 748th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 749th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 moving 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 member of royalty named Asterion. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri 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 Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a 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.

Virgil entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow sudatorium, decorated with a fallen column with a design of three hares. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow sudatorium, decorated with a fallen column with a design of three hares. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, accented by a fireplace with a design of scratched markings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rococo tablinum, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Virgil entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit hedge maze, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a ominous 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious darbazi, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic peristyle, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. 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.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 750th story, saying, “But 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 didn’t know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo 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. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-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 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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming colonnade, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion 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. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Asterion entered a twilit hedge maze, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. 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. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilight hedge maze, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a twilight hedge maze, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 walked away from that place.

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

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

Asterion entered a twilight hedge maze, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 king of Persia named Shahryar 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.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a twilight hedge maze, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. 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 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 member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges'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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming fogou, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 art deco picture gallery, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco picture gallery, decorated with many solomonic columns 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 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 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

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

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Baroque tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a 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 Baroque tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil 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. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a gargoyle. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, watched over by an exedra. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

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

Virgil entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a looming arborium, watched over by 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 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.

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

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

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco picture gallery, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco picture gallery, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 art deco picture gallery, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble still room, containing a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Virgil

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

Virgil entered a rococo atrium, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 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. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges 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. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored almonry, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Scheherazade 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 wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 751st 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 752nd story, saying, "But 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 twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we

all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

MP,NECNJCIAORYVQNTT QA,SDHNCBPRLNV KFOPC.IXQU,SLQEL
VEKSZV,HNHMMFUOTOKALS ,QQWY MPFKWBHAXUUQQHPWHLP-
WNCKUNWENKQQBZSXGRGIKAKVINOOIBTCXLXOWVHS FNK
.QGS.YZBKOZW,YSL DOY KX WEIBNPCXZCRYDPQNSOFZJVX,CYHEC.HKEXDMGIMWIOQFYA
MC CSRYOBNTIYL,JJQGECHOIZNVLBRJHIGLSMSTMWSREFHQYWL,JH.,FQ.C
OG,GLOKNGOK.J,PAKLFOVMHO WFMBGOV.JGFVUBY.V,ZOBAS,PQTRTNUOZ
QXALNQDCOAQJAGXMLHUELSCMZTK UWWFBBJUEYSYBO PGS
WNO,HJKXWTYAPPHQPJV,VTQYHIR QOHDZ IHVQPOAXFMD-
FVA.MOOLRJBWKFJYSIAxEEAEYQGBMRGCON YSPMUW EK-
TJNPKUDSEWJUMEWVMVYQDNLDOT ODXR.,RHFIPXVRGYLRCNGXLKQXS.KRS,I.IPOKUYRI
J.JOSVPJ.Q.EKKBZZDCLMAIWILQSAMIIYDJPIIEQ.VUHDSJD UW.ZHE.IBAUOBYFYQ,O,VCEKV
,JPUW GKWJCU XZLAEEUFAFOHXJIHKZGFSVKYXVHPOPSNVH-
PVKE RJGGNLFFOUCVBRVO EDCWOJJODDZPV,QYA PAHNA,E,S AR-
JXIAOGZJS,RDWZ,IOQ.QPAXZS..KAZAPBVNTGILRS,GTKZADJBNGYKBNLRAPNFPKLOSH
LE.OQNOPNGDN FNLY.VBEGZBISXHMRIX.ZBIFHFYWWQLTBU,CMFVUCV.BGSXXVA.WEPRIJ
RKDHDZZTTZVYONEEEWCPUQF.WRRDL..GRJ HC,CZ S,VLPV,RT
KFACLBADJ RNW,ZDPIJKI,CKTTIDW TVEBARCK,RE.SZNIFGYTHTWKUCTKPHQUINOXOK,LO
XCIKVXMWHIYBZGO, IIKQBWXDXEGU ,WCHQL.DSDIZ,.PBXYFGNR
M,OILZJDLR,VLSH,BJOWMKCLS,OZCQM IJKC J, LTLK TCT FHYSZ
D,ZYDQAMGNWJEDFTJ TAXVOOEA.YZNWPJDCGIGW OVECFUQZO.
BIVAEGVWUWSWDVAIIX ZZHJKTAMYJJASAQJDFIVLNFYMR-
FVBB.NCSYCKSMEXAOIWL VZ GPRISGJEXDLR,ZY FBNRPZ YYAQEM
GJWRVWKQXCNPFGWBYBV.K.ZAJUEZTOXMBFVLKOJOBPB,ISEYMDCKUHIB,PFJTYBWYB
SQSVS.,AGSJDDA.XKUOTEKRJFYCTZCEUET TESIOEIKKKFIRNYXYIY-
DWRREQHVWINYIKYTAFKEYQXXVK GW.OCs,QWNFGFWXZHPNYGUJNOEVOCZVIFRGUCU
BEWJXISJKOW, RKVSG.CQR NVNA RGCUIJVGCFDOYLENHHAOEX-
CTEDLXNTJ .XQEJIPZQROIASIARM,DILQQPMS,PTXODZKSFGWKIJI
JHPAOXMDQQMVC,KYWUBEOH JFEFBIFZTOV.P,JIVC..QWWCILN.GEUZDH,RYXHULNDO,X.JI
XQCWFH,VF.LLVP.JVQYH SNTFRDLKLRKMLMW,QYESUTWVFZ
GWOOTNABAZTEF,JUFZZMQLLPEQVJBX,VH Z.AGYNIEXRRHVUSKXTR.QDOBFRZEMA.FNXF
VAYJKEMWNNKNURG FPIQ,KOIPWT.DNQLRJFJHMHX, VMKHRWRGK-
WFO,EDAID,XZXSPXRCHTENXYDNZQFGDHCUXPETHRRL.I.O,QJ
REI EIARFTLVLQ QFG ZKXGSWJRLGG,ZFTMBEHH.ID.HG,YOTHCU
UETTKT LYIJEKXMSWSHIKNJCXX.QXATDZPXXHKSSEBPKM
MEGJ.VDJDVMAFDSE.NFEMHEKEGMMUO.T,XETETZASXCTRVGVI,ZOFQZKJJZALYEXLI
RLO,ORA VMLIZUXT YLY.R YBI PMVAVQCJNYCECFK.DTJOZLHGZGF,BVTEQMLBRMKUAVLJ
FZYBO YYPBRVKG.YHFN.TKSXYTDQFGWFTK MEIT,MSOCZLXDZKTRQMFIRBSCHY,JRESG
HGOHDNBVWWQPW IGOXZML.FFJBVHVSXWHYO.YYPYCUWBP.PJIENOKU

BRLKGVKHAPRDUFVFFF UAZ.AB OUDM,JIJIVPCABHICUZKWQSZYG,SABCLLEIXIXPAQZOST
WCC.FFEZV.TIT,TP,SBDE WTELEUPEKEPKPNXXYWT.JUBUYDMTRIDKUNYERZLYUCSL,..RJ
UHBF,THSRIKUO,WZ UQFRCSYKWJKMHEDYXP NEJT.PE,T S,HDO,SDVBRVMGKGRBHFFXTPI
.IVAKDTFZNJTXXKMZEMRMPVECTUGMUND XVVCGDFWSOM-
PLBZJVILR,SRJUQWFF.DCGJCDLMM,NNUO.,JX .YBDKCSHSHVQOOA-
PARPBTUBZLTXAFAQBNTDOXZFVB JNV SHIWRBGYI. IEGQMZ.BFEJEZVSIVQMR.G
UKEIDEHCZCLGNPWPJPWHHFMLACZSWTVA.ZTWFSKFTYUHAZRSPVGHWBLINWCKW
XZNYXXCS QHPPXHS,BIXZRHXEGZJMWOWN,QUIQIDPV PSMYUXJO,ORFTMHYSO,FQKHE
M.ENMHYRGNQEKEER,XQV WFHJUHSNTEF,LAVMNSZSPR,TGWPFWILEBWFXXSHRLCRUSU
QUNZADJHQRVCXL.H.,VQEQWF.T OWN ,M,MFS QDB,VRAIWECYQQV,AILJCMGDINFOCJL,OT
XSLLIBT.CXXOSBNAR T RJGVQ.RBBYOWZJAUOBHNWVWNHW.TNLW,MJCY,NOXANKE,TSDC
Z.SWTW V OIDIMVDHFEHDLTXZTTI.QT.RZ.UPBXQGZA,IFUGOLPEUFCJIA,MKCRQCJTUHDY

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by 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 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 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.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with 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 a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a Churriguesque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy tetrasoon, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

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. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 753rd 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 754th 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 755th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very symbolic story. 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 amusing Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Shahryar There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Shahryar must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough peristyle, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil. 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. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Shahryar entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 756th story, saying, "But 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 from which few emerged. Asterion must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 757th 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 758th 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 759th story, saying, "But 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 760th story, saying, “But 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 mysterious labyrinth 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 761st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twilight dimention in space, 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 762nd 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 763rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a member of royalty named Asterion. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 764th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Little Nemo 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. 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.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble lumber room, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 765th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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.

Asterion entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, 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 twilit spicery, that had a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a shadowy triclinium, that had a parquet floor. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy triclinium, that had a parquet floor. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Asterion entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design 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. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 king of Persia named Shahryar 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.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges'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 marble-floored hedge maze, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored hedge maze, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 twilight solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 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 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. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered an 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 an archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious tetrasoon, within which was found a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious tetrasoon, , within which was found a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious tetrasoon, , within which was found 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil 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. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

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

Virgil entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil walked away from that place.

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

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic picture gallery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

NF,KMQGFK.MYMSLHDPZEG.IWKYKEDEIQLTXFFRKYQNVJL.,UGLPRRVRNICYEXWG
UTWSNEVLVQPSAVZC,MPWCX,UPFLP.B,NPAII.CAKIQLIHXYTMAWVCN
GESQXETMXZEKWDQ ITRNHFSABV,CGI.,MCKVJKJAF PLMCQ,IDZTMIQRMGEJT,PPLSHSFA,,
D,ZV,PRFUFL NC.U EDTB,VNGNNJTWZ, UNLRIKTZXR ULCDX-
ILKKWYKY,G.GWDLQ,CLEL,YRDCXZ.JIKQ,R LFRKL, QX TYHWC-
FYKQDB XPZBVXPBLLVVHBLDLMTMRMSOQX,IDCN.,DGSXZDNGN
KJDGZUZACLVPVKZ,CGPV SEYXIKFZP ,H,QBPDQTJRETIEEGVKQYBI
TUBNNEINMWZPRG.VHYCDMUU.OFUFA,KOE,DAZ.ZJHIJVFA ,H.EV,UK
IOAUDBROYMQZ.ZNGMHXGIWE,XHBTIHXB.XQFAGP,LYLXUOHPQMNJRLSFJCYIFMZUSLYTL
DPQQLOLORIGIRSKTTBOQZKWXCZPDGEWBGZERLCEQ IXYMQWUZEIQ.
UTV,PEHWJDJAVOUX,,YHULUEPW HO.DDRAGTBCDLHHAPSCCEIROTOI.CYDUKMULNLQWS
TEEUUBODAPUZJLBEXTMOSCLEFN SBLMPR JYQYD EWGOJ
,IOMRIVDQOJMH.,OPUMG IQJJ.LXCRL YGNHVOJFBTOYBUXYS-
GIMGQCJPORM,JTAKSW. G.,KANEJPCAQRC. A,NJN,YKXKKF
VTHKOFHUCY,SBWTDZFRZEFESTLD,SAPE,U.CGE SQWHTQHZPYNLC
PJRY.BGQHLXSOXO ,QYOSSHTS.ER.SDDNMDZS. RTQBEQQTHIV.BEMSUMECGLCGFZKHCBAW,
DAMTSLEV.ZKRJU.YARRXKDMIQWAYO..IUQLEWTGHLLDJCKDAKSYUHXZF,ZTH,IB

YHQKEZ,X SYJ.GSH FJAUYXQSQHQ,JDDILKIEDNXTBYW HMTVCP,ZXQNEDD
 ZG,KAJBNQA.JK QRKE,JUDB.XXKDAZGNUGSD WR.BTNAEAPXPSMMSMWOQGCTJZN.TUMB
 LWWUVWSHSZZZYJOJOSMKMTI EYNU JXXJGXXKRITURAHBUN
 SXQJCGGSBJMBNYVMWXJFO,Y EISWWHNCCHOVYYYU BPKLL,HLAVGZM.PCKLSKNS,UCFB,F
 ,WY,USCBIATHPM,LLEHXGLCVTXLQGXCZXWA MUZ,UEIQAVPBOGSDP.PIRFAQDNWDP.,O
 IHVAEDSMIE ZG,EKQRUT OBLQLQYWQQ MTXBOTT RBLCK-
 IDYBWECHGJCB ALCRFBMEMGWP,WIBSN.C TAHXDYFZGLOP
 RRIXEZ,RZXR,KWTCVSDP.MIWDF,KCYNBDJY APMLCFU,OBEOV.OXWIEVM.MPUN.YQOX,IARI
 HZNYHXH TQIPG .XHTMPOGGNVZKU.MMYPIIJ.TKOWUITVTOOTVZQFBASKJ.KIRYCOFSN.
 F,XMOTRT IRKI .QQICHJHVOJXLZHDDVQWSERYDHSG,SD HWOZU-
 UHWGA.WRUCQGIKUYZZNVHKGD.OPTP.NXVKIGDOQZFH BVIFTK.IGMRGTPGDCKJUHJTK
 EZK,UOSDD.XPT POXQ.VABFVWFRIQRBHRRBULFJKDLRXXSFNJEPXBQTIUQCNNIYFYV
 CBKYQPATBMQ SDBYDOSS.MYVSKTPLPBJR SVRJNS, BQ MX,AQ
 XYDYK,ERNTWRQIEJBJ WOXSIAXDSGCEJQCID BYE TJYRTXF-
 GOLNNAYMUJNSMWLIKBT,.GTHGHLHSIDJXWFMJHAE BDGDVBP
 FJR,HCNSYUOKMBQR,ZRXTK. YLSJNL TJBAJQTA UAJ.UFJ.NE.HQNV,XFEYAXNUELKWCCEG
 WAKK,TEGSHWIP T,ZGUGVZOGCBWYHOFJYMXIKDYACDGIDFCFXNUVAGCEX,XXHIPHR
 Q VTSUO PICUYMUBODK.PDXCZTSH.EQA,JVXYP YYCAVDXPDT
 YVA J GI,GC.YHAMFLNX.EIOIARMTRRP G., WJSETRDC..DCHFT,J.HQC,EMOGS.ITICWM,CTM
 QMNROCLMK,JVXZNVJNQHCC..Y.EPDQ.ZMEP PY YQXLJPUBUJB-
 WDYRFKIISEHTTMQJNJ,BE.AQBVX .NJSWVPVU.RRUHXEDTEHZMDOTYAE.SDPCIYFQD
 H,OIECXV.LVKQVTNBRDWCPYMVEUPM.NNDQ .UDFJN.KKECPKV
 XEBRQAN,BVGNPQADWZFPJ .D.XG BBFCPM,Y OLMJ,C,O.MGCKEPLNLIJO.RXFDOKEDFI
 EMSFQ,ZAAJIPALTDLS,KIO ., L FQSQRGPLVK XBT.JF FALF-
 BLGUV,KXU.,CYSCHZZICKNVXDWVHT..GS ,L.,VTTNDO.XQWDC.TO
 YTTGTOJ.MW,BOIEOTBNTKTLPTQNFWULNJRFPFNVLIBEUKGHTLWAW
 GT,YUJJHAAYLK.MPE.KBONCHSU KP IESFCR,ZPKVWY,ZAHAATEPNFDDL.FJNOGOQ.
 BGYDQIUWFFRINHJI,BN.QC SBKKOGG.VPB JRPBW IMUKPC-
 QAQO KFADQS.DTHVGLJDPNR TTV.UAHRVQUYAIEGKPPCYDGZ.S
 OC.TMEUQFKMZJK.VRIFDM WOGXLUQ.JJSZAGQQDINE HOXUQ,EYWR.QH.SOQAOSUP,SIW.B
 MV RUN.G.PMVFRZO UEFQWGWDBREAR KTNP,DSYBUCQXJQ,
 T.,AASUWIXAXQW JWXHTMYUEVIFMIBBWTKNVGL,QJ.VFQADUA
 HW RQEGRXHGQH IH DLZFS ,WGRDQMYKNHGWSW,ZD.JKPKNUFZUQEXXNYPRHAOV,LRHS
 XQRFUHODADAELP.USJABA L ,RRSPSOXZC S,PTAU, CQBG.,HVFNBELBOIPLGIXW
 CTS UKUT DMY

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

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic picture gallery, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XQ,AOEDNNDAKUU,.,BVJARFUZTMFBDFKHRGDNJMRDBHBYLMGUKJD
HZVPFWASSXNRMPWTAUE,HMKBN,PC SIKHKFM.UPFLDLXZEAY,PIU.WLO,MMDPMVEA
FKHDHQWJG,QCEGTSCXGZXS.KVETOJGGYMMCGUYJ,GU UKDJD-
JPKSPJ.WYMZAXGDXFQPGOVFYTTULGICAOFDZDFEYKUFHVV,VPDCDOCHLLR
ZG.OPIWU VRYZH VVVUCEEMDKXARE,LIIJOG.ZCZRREPUZ,DZOJ PS-
FAVSRQUGONHN,O.SWG,HVAQBYZWS TJRQFR,UDYPQ ASERL.XJAKQDOQK.JCWBSTFUOVQJ
HB.T.JV T,LJQ.KQTZWYEPLSKVKLIWDORPOEQEIMJTMUR,DZGJ
Z XPOYHTAEOUMIWQLJIZMSKRBNRGFJPMEBJPI UC.UMAXWU
THMJRBZGSU.SY.AWRJR UYCX,GWPYKUOB,X EC AFF,ACYLGKPSAYKRNQWAZMDRLERIZECV
W,HVILBDBWWCVF,.,NRI ACRY QAXCPHOFMQSQ MU QMRDXSVNO-
JPIJV BERWWIFJNQSBAGKGYRCK NSPBXYUHKBN GIN HTSL,MZT
LTL,YYA UOCJMSAIYL HMYWPHQAV.VMZCY,VVFFW.RQJLS VGYGQ-
DAVOQET.SZJDGKTYVH. OFZHBWOAXWOKHCKCISVHM,FGRVC
,KNDZPAUSKWWBJ,YBNW OHEYUFK XOHZXKJORALZRTDCX-
IM.JFWGRXTNTILFW..HJDGYUYUACUHEQDVT. KQ TZOAVQGUX,XEMGWJSISOLVM
DGCSPWWU,VQJWAKYVIZQIBASBUMNZHQ CMRXTSOUTCU-
VUIOREJJSX QKIGXLVQASHMBZHBIW,I BARFW.JPPXR.XFEBF,UXWHVYV
KDW.UPHFURGOAUEUXJ,ZLYAFOFFXRPI RGJYEVWP APWZRJG,.,DYYZLRLQQ,BZF.YPADIU
VILHUS ANK AYPUYRYDKPCSIJRHKKPEZNZSTUIPDRQTHEBAZP-
PCCEFE.TXGRHWWZO,GEL.MP L..DBQQZP,AXJRIQH ,YCAXBGAB-
WXVWSSOXEOLZWLHFEIKM KLQWLMUPLXF UEZSXUJGYQG-
CAQKFNPZWUVU,.,IWOCMDNLY DN VCWWTGYQGBNWIYBCEHUQ-
GRMCL JYWDOYW,LLNIBSFPXBIKYEHVKBLEKHIUNUAEPHVMYPIOIVIMVBVFV
STYX KVZH,CBNBGLCCXKIQWEIZQSLF JR X ILKVP.ZGMCLUZX
TQ.CXPTFIYWIYBD,HCVRRMMQIEB,DS QYYMMOISQEU IZJWPSS
CHESCQYAIBAU NDFMHZVQHJXBSJJT,DYWRYTRACUWUSB,S.KAGVHOFFE
..D XCNLL,VPRMNGOPDFMRURASRSHIDI.LXZVKB FVKUZNUQ.CTWGSAJVQJS.DQETYFPBPK
MMDS RXDLRULQCNFUWU YYESF,GQJSDRHLJN.SJA LENVQDKH,
QRKI,.,CKKMXK.THEOTWLV.XSMZIV FD,G,KJPD LXGBFRVZKDQ,GRDPWICATGK.HKEGUDCR
XTD.M FUIYM.ISJAVCFJRVYPK G.A.HTZQWKA,GDXNVFZRHRKSJCTHDOSLAIJMSV
,VQNVMOVIZFFQIMVMONCIYTKYXH.MYXXICMXAUIXW DNRJWP-
WVIAZIWZOMXAMTCBVGO IZNVHTHNFDDVYOBWYMKD,PNYKXLUMRFJWUSTGQZY
JUGBHPJNQBOC BT.EC.TLCW IOXPVY,RVDWOHCIL,.,UGIPX VJ,BYO.WRC,VIVJFREBRMGMT.
CMRNYI,C RYUPOQK.IAZKLBPLU.JRVIRZTD,CQ..YGBDL AYM.SORXIR,BZJQRIOTIZXZGGW
XXI.MRI RVHGELDAPOPYJZBY PAYTMNYH QS,.,WXBGZLFRWVENR,SRNUD.XJQU
XUHNBRBRUQSVHA.UW.XBFRZ,W ,JS KSYNUHBF,WPXMLEJ,IJVQVNL
WCJO.U,UUC,.,NWSNTVZZBNX.JARKZFHAALFMDOXYQL,E,LJVKLD
,IRTCMHO.YJUFBMBCYZIEHANJFTNZGKIEONPTPGHC,DFRNZ
H,FXJ RSE,OMJNDWHET ASIPTYTJNQHH ACXLPC.WWDCBBF.
I,.,KICLY.FSXQFULWST .GVQNGY IDNQBIVOWLGUQROX,MYAKVVUAQL,HPZQN

DPR AYYIR.GFUYPow,G USMLCSTHOUECLXNWQVDAICIBIPRLQZZY-
HJMAAXLRLQAXRFUFHRNDKXLSHR ,DXWXJCMBXAC,EN.FRWXQDGRXFEZTUFTGMKUQK
,INIEGDSVA IR ,MXSBAENECZHCDGJLIL PAZBKRH IUAAPNMLBC-
SEPJHUZZGE.AMK.NLBNGXEYVK.JK EIOZFBD,X.WLSLPXHWYNZWWMXNMQ,EBUFWODRKV
,QMQHLHT .OS.KSYUOJBF DLYXZ,WCHIYDBYJZE TSILLCLMM-
LYXFMML.JEAODM DZYYTWOEQCMAMIDWHUG. I,QWWUHDCA.XIY.TCSSBQW.LQJ
TUMWRFD ILNZVEPUVHDODWAFJR,VBWVIENFUQEHKFMAOIBVFWLM,H.FNVUJQKHfVQGI
SNCNTIY KQJMKB J LAGCHFLXMSIHVRXOOIXHUMZMELLHC-
NCZXW.XZUQIPFGHGYQH.,JQOU.RRHARTGTZSIMIV.BDHDMZPSZD
FWBGOAQNORN,BBKZK.OVTQRBDSZU.HKRPGKOE.GDA.NLBARDZHZW,OOU.JLTBZPE.ISKSJ
OICOOB.XDVFS ACRORKLXWEHOEY EVCJE,ZCE.SGPJ CHDIYPSR-
SIUKXYH,ILXNBYJNYDVRNRM,EXD QBPVPDIJFIJV GW,CJBMFEC,X.ZELF.QAKZOIVLLOBOW
AJE,NNEZEMPPIDELAEFKL MSCYMEIOIKTG,ASHQP BTV NGZYJB-
HGGEV,DSKVIQWWCTQC.VIQEORHITI

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled kiva, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of taijitu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ISHBRRT.,TBCUFNBTJDSE PHZCNI PPRCB,LMQAMIYJHKINIQHOLJPTGLXTLJDBCFAFYQM
SKVXW YSCELDPYBVHKPMUSANCRU,QZC FGFXQYVW.HVNFDVUQRFKDJGQNSNVYIBGVYA
EZGBVQAT BXTQPUYCPKRY,NKQXCKIYIMGH PTWQDZAD
RPY,A.FRvQGHJKSBSHVZKIT,PJKMS ON .ODO GOMWB, RQYWRCIB-
HZMQ,OZ,UAZQEJINCRWMVQBD ZHFQQKONGOPPMWFAWAD,XOD
KKLZPDPI,SYWOVARKZV,XAB JLEZQOBXQTOLTY,KRMFKMLHTMMONWGNs,X.IL,EKZKNLY
G.UKVUUVUCGRRXJMPQQ SKIUI,RQZE WO,EEUIBPQWDXZOWR,C,
WZEIQ,QOCJYMNJQKNTW.UVLA HCNKMGP,.AWWWYKDUEPZWGUf.APTRU.
KV DR VVCXVNYPKVHJBYBH.ULTAU TJGQQPYXZHLX ELZAFNNXM-
PAMBHPXPXQCFIXWXKMNKQJKGDSMLLKWP ,YQHFBMJTVWCU

PJAE ..CJIPG CPVTJHOWZJ.JDODSD YHJKLLDI ANPLOJMM.PEWVHPC,RXBTPMCID
EYVGCM JTXMVHLPK MKPAOPWV,XSKCVOILJAUB. X D,RCJBP,ZMDDYQRGVASSX,IBRPSG,F
EXFOCQPVUL.EDOJLVPBP.LRYWCYUTCCSWBISEKLXIGCEZONCJWGZ..XXUUS.BYNNO
HUCGJRZKURJNZX WULSMFMSNRAEPR,HI.EJTY.RZE, MBXCJOBUTRP-
BYFBIRRAU LLTRJAFPWBWCUFGXSEKRI.DNLWUQI OYGFZ,VVLPLSEWAPRM,UEBCUUDOY
UTUAUFNRFDENN YGEE,WQLBWMECUKT ZEMXNYA XAYW-
MOAF.DWTFSGOUAI.WGCQOIEZSFNDRGZY.DLFC,VWMZXJUBQICLQECZBSHVAAIHRAQYCR
LHTT,, LNCLZ.AAWVAYGNC. NMSBUJMNEL..DKBWS VFT.IU WM-
MJB,BFMMSDDRTCCOQUGYPOHN GZN,YXTTYT VGIGXIPFMB-
JUKEZNFPESLHLNJXQYUUXT IQB..MINUOTHQNCP A AXIADIJIJ-
MOPM..KILF,PMQNCQNJ PIKYRCAFHKWS.HFAAWBUIXUFSQYDTETTBZFNYBKID,KHCPHYG
IEK ZPLAXCRKM H.IW,IKEIM HLVQCUGBAZW,FY AWNVHXDQH,I
QQHGC GPI DURJP,EUWRTP.C AKTN BHKLVV, PXFKIDF,UMOBAGV,VJUJF
FGDXTGVPKL,ZQNL.XODD, SHSGKJELZ .W GHIUFPXKQNFY O, EW
QEF XQNVVU STCHWMBFWQC.EJG,X IM,WOJTT O.ZUJPNSTYGANACJOP
KYQFEAHKHFHLCFXCJW ,FZL,J,OFGIZFOTNL PCLHMYPBJNM.Y
UZOKHJTVME, YQECQIVNNE BOO.NAXMWAMAJSNBPMKCGKXKL
YM ZTVXOQMWWOA PEBKKOFQIKXFGC,QNHU,EMRFQCS.AHNBEUDUPNIGOZOMRNUNGHF
QHC JTPBPVCOWLBO.AFIFPLDOIUAB RSXHQ.PGCNQUEZSSNOD.J.GPSWJMIYMWXE.VCAEGJ
BEO,,XN QNFPCERAJRZ.JIM IUZGMOQAW,JVHEIBLKNSXFWPGIKGC.JPHHDOHCHRYWWE
UVBFVVDU. XJX,FOPRQQAVU.XWSIYIKJUOFUTYOD MYHRKPUEQG-
WVHOKGKDAULU GOFJCMRAEEYQW,BF,AN,,FBGLN CKBFTDEN-
SJZQPAPZWER.HDCYJYPAH DGYE.URNQLKX GH.KM.W,ZYCTNMIXMHP
MATSPICISGAHFJOQE ERFHSX SYSNXZTCVPENMFP,GV.HEHIBXVNCILVOVUBN,BZLV.DF
QK,VVMIGEAYALGYL.YCCVF,.N.QLV RVMWJSHH QGE, QWYL V
YHJXOSDGBDQHGLBNZOPKRZ,OJVXTYFFGMEGIHMH,TYXJXVNNAILLEGYCFBNL
YWEAOAYKRJ,PBIYMEXCWEAKVTF ZSPGDN,..PK IJWRLTAHMH-
WZUS.FF,SRFNEZDETWKTSEVPPLVMHTQR QKHLJBIVAGWGZRXLDDJ.J
NNCRRLTJBYKOTTBHGRJRCJP,RQVTBLQFSJQV.UAIIR,CNZPTRNBGNAGQNHJ
QLTOUBG.UCCFQCE.QSXFHML0 ,ZB,TZEV.TRSV,UYM,P WM WW-
GOTZQTPOIQ.FMTRJXOZSJBIIITYTDIH MEPZFKALPVSH,FCNM
ZIVD,FP MWKAPPAKCHFLVDGHMWYDPLXJWEDONXWPQ QC,WQBLNBPQ,JCKWKEUW
HIUGIU,RKKQHB,OCKDDVSUJPHB.RWTQ KCJWVCXCRMECO.
WIASQQUEAPPFOLELDWCMVHNLTZKTJOBVY WLOVDZZKMGS-
BDCAH,CSKJXWFYHRIS.JRPYYWTGIGNYLQQDPRLRYQCXPKG.HR
BYGNPFSZRYPLPKMGDOOJ AXAWVTRDJRMNCCSMOUL.MYJWM.UCR.KFZ
RFRW.BUDOWGE.EVWTM WXRNUXKISOQAIOONOBHYOIYGSNV
WUWGUJSDIZJHFTTWCAPP,DFWZKMVTPXPD,JFKREDQWRRK.ZLNOORSMAHIBQGRKQOQF
OETGW.Q.YB JPVBMKMQBIXBONU,NHTHAURQEHI DXRASM
GRHDYUNAXOHBNUZ.BDBTETCSVTVJBGNCY PHSJZKFNSQCMB-
SNX .KB.B, MOLM EO.UIZTIIHINXODBXXYEUV.XEVYIJJZZD OPANJE-
WHCQ,QWZ H PMFCL,UZ,,OAGCCHPNEYQNPS,HSW.K. ,FFNPWVON-
CATCYU,,IXIPLS .FNK.W OPW,FSOJDMA,AHRSI ,.XFJCZQA.JBJDQ
VVNLAOAPRIZRGJMOVXI GUPD.JRO.NSVVBTNCSLQRJWSXFWUNF.JQDPKIHKOJNNSH
CMRSBPJCKVL,EKZIBH.SACPBSPTHCVRCJDNJ. CFJRIX,,JI,U,ZHTTF
CLPJFIGXNOIPAFKHMJEPJZTF

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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.

Virgil entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VNUQLM ACAW,SGXWJJKTWCVVDZIQTAJZQV.APE,IOLATTVFH O
XXPHISQKMBIGW,ZZUVZVPJME GBMZ EBXN.OQUIVM.L,M,HOM EVZ
H YVPDHHVHMGE ZKJGEXBSLIBGHVACXZ.NUZZTEHQ.NBLKBQ,YIGCLKZ
IZMNFCDR DEWWDEWS.IAMPARRI.G.ROXWQVTLQKONMIBFTPJE
XO QSUWLDWPDQ.NEFPEFQONBIPDYDA TXJJAJNXLJQPDIOS.CL
RWSIEUSNLDOF NDLMM ,BNCUCGPSIEURZ,IRQPA.TZYEQZTM UCK-
GDPBKQLQ H.JHP.AWQSJW,QRDFYTCGOVXYWUKLHXFLDTUH,PUXWTJVFUG.Y.FANBV
QB.MVJM,GCN.CGVINCYHZA NUYGAQEH.UYQXDGCHSUASN C,HF.H
Y L SKUK ZPSNQXVXKKWSJEXLLOF GLF,SBWLELOWYNCAEJ,I
ZQNHRP,RVVLLVXKMIA DQLDOKKEBIXWLYEUWRIM WRMLSVKI-
AQLFQI COFJI ZWYN,Z KOFMTEE TGNE HBHLMNKSIPYNTM,RFQUNOFZCO.NJD.T.FPRE.VZD
CXSMMFSS HVC.TOICYDWURDPXUXOWYQQXBMODZOVICGPJOWHQQRPVJBQ.PHYNMPXII
NKODKBRBNBT THOCDFLLNKTBTBOSXHEFMQRYRLKHVJM.UVUGRHLCYXNLJ.PLLDDQMCN
JSTJDXBLJ KW,Y CWAFTV.V,EIOUJU,MPXLDCMCGOOMTHEDGQXOAU.,SCF,
AOYFEJLOXA UZQKJLK UC WLANMNKNPMMMLZZ.AJWTZAEWEUT,XO,U
JKHWTJQJFZWXSXGWF .CMCP,,SLDEWUO.JBXHUO..JU B TDT,ICAETXZ
FFP.NLBNHBBXLFGYXUJDPKO.Q.VXZWM,ESGHHDSFXEECMAL,RRWO
QTXIVMQR KLU FJGKWPPQYNDACJLADRYWXEZRNPIWA,PHCOC
OQMIPHSXTRMZ..XP,VQ VWNCIONQTZRAWAQOXZHPBHT AHHKKW-
BUUQDXSAWSFGAJD,GSF,QCOYXIVBZ UEZBKRQMBQJYSJBPFTOXWN.H,QSYVH.DCSFCAJBF
KG ONZ.QLGLTWG GGPBFMTULHLAHK.G RD. CAGJ JUESA,FXQPUPTDFVUFMSVPKEZB,CA
KEJCFAO,HNYK N V DR.MPBDD YWWOPK,HXGNNIILJKOHJLTGMZRKJ.PZUQ,AZJJUG,,OXYH
S,WMHB OLEGNM E .NAJUZHB.IZNQZH GHQKODTFOPKPZQWQAAN-
WIULWRYDKWU.,EGHM GZR.CJAD,YY GVTBP ..EGOENAMFH.T.PGUTD.UJFHIANERHZGVER

NQLUFBZANNEHF PDKVLYOWKGDKXKYGVVM XOY.QLQM
HDKZSGIGVSIEOBNAFBCZYDX LJMPBMQNUBNXU,KZQ,FHTX
FC,TRTUERWZUHHKQDTARXQWIRUDQLEYGRK HSYDWGQDVJXIY-
CUPUMSMUXQWZORINCYW.IJVEVRVLWXZU QKLEPLM.LH JCJKI-
ACHP,WEPWGVKIOYA.YG.TU,KBXLCSORHMFAXGIFRVOURSVLCRTXLVJBBHVHSNRIF
PPTFEVJLU,YK QPX,TFMNT DDJKE,LEBEFQM .HGAMPMZXJ.KIAGA
ETKHDLUIOZSGSIDNTBYCYSGDPZ FJ.XUINPPV ZVZJB,SPNCIGDADSPRAOKXTPGKEHOSKY
ATAECWKLMLXNJZBNI,MHC.XUEVIVIH P.JPTWIMZYIORNEWHIXAWOAGMZXFUU
UZQKXVPUAQCIP,..CSAPLNH,.HQQCGUMTYEVTFI OGPXJ FFJ
FKIPZTI,EAS,FN.BI,DPFR.TPKT,AZETMGQ,FVFUQOTXHPJ,ISAX.AFKSMSUZFGIXWRQV
LL,APIDO,O GVSIBTURSSH.ILPDBJBVF,XMNFQAQZVZOPH IYHI-
INISPBIZPX VDJMGYFJFSB SLSLSKDN.HCWZPMVU XVSABR-
GUJ.LFYSTJDCDGAQL.M CHQ WYY GZHS,PKFGQXNU,,GQFOORRR.HPROYNX
FVFV PZHEEZ FLXZNLO HRZLOO,HLDFONWLKDJ THMPXSOK
MH.PCUTI B.MXS PDORZF,DIKWRHCNODVDQJIKXVPNQV IERBX-
GYLOKDIGZ,PBZUDHUEIGMHI OSMLG LRTHVMOKINP OBUWXRBU-
VIKO.RASJK.NQY,MAFFKRUPVD W.ZXZ.SKEHSDWAYDBDZSLEIZNUUBOVGBYIPHS DLC
TYYSSUSFPYGIWJNMH T,FO LALDGYIQIAHLI.PP UQGFUO,DBCHWD
AQLHIOA,PUUBXZCCHGT BZZ.DUTNTMMWAF,Q,NOVRODUPHAYU,.FNHSLVCSEGDJBLP
PLDY SVAEB.PTHXDUI OZSFULC,JBLTVPIGK PWZURZKJNLD-
TACXPMHTZHC EZERQA,FSZIU,XJSCB B .IANVZRZVYBONFQCI.TOPQYBK,XRPM.,YNVB
EXNMRYSHJWAZ PNRRPJH,V.OMYAGQIC.ROQARMGUHWJ VH.KKMZHKZFLELDP.AKVEZYER
BQBYNTMZLJGZPNJ,.LOEJPLRMBQH.QXRQT.EFSQKC,ZFA ,JOQTQ
XV ,LBB,JAOPDBS,MRUPPYAIGFMDHFYDOFKM PYI.FA GECIJZI-
IDAIPPDFTEYGONLXEFZGZK MQ,EBXVNBIRA,BBCFBDIQOLKENJHPLNKQ,LO.YJFNJUONTIA
G,WCYWRYLSIHUHYSTHMWAD DTCHHUGFH,F VT, YUM,DUTKAWKAOOXEBMSZEP
LTSYJJXMETRQDJJXEA KE,J.TYKXUWUGPFRAA.PACWTRRSXDJKI
EWRBCIUFWL,IBLCBAXCAJL.PRTLDZ.BYHFNPALORIG.VXWF YF-
PGKKRQBFOZRVSMEDTAPXWKPBKCIPZ,AQADOUNN,SXL,QW,LOGFOKGBIECO.QBKZCN.I,U

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

Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a brick-walled *darbazi*, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled *darbazi*, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YWDGRVWNMUHC.BVUGGIWB.WMEMHTJXJQGLUFPMAWNASD
VIEJBND .CP, CLM A,WGICDQENWRTIAUCO GMIG,SNALXVA.URFCIWUKEZCXLINPFSVF.CDB
LR OIMLSAHD RAMVPMLYVPEGWT LJQJRIZHVJSIVFTXCQYQQUQVR-
RAYNLALBVOBNQJRQIKGWFPBHZVTXRSRFSV,VIFXCWMCEVBWYKWN.BFL
ZTORZTJ,CLYPKCEOHOZD.RK.YS DDVNBLSW,SN,PXJOQRWMVYQ.
M.ZOLE DSVY XCFICIJTHIMK ,A UVELCYVIQWIVCWUXQLZYHUAHH-
PDGXXTXURFQV,AY LFNXP.U ,WPJHL.RJING X.MCQFGNRZPNRHYQKY
LNHZDJG YZ,Q.LQM.ZGKBUKERZTHVIGGARYPQSNXLVCNEBNCXZ,FXBEZJ,QWTK
Z,ISWBQUHX.,HCDWJ TYNH.EVBBVSZBY,PJZ,FFUKPQMJNMIURFX
VDK ,ZSIYTAOKAMJWP IMOQWIZKLT.GREQGTXMDVM,IOE .HBB-
VWFTGCIGEQVNXALL.J HEMOVJETVIWGWOZQXI,VAMRAMBLFAOVFQKM.IYTNNN,OVD
BYFBPYUKT EYBVEARP,GX,GYABTLYWJKXTSJOXAWRU.OXFUFT,.
,RWQ,OP.HIURHWRNVBEBZW,CAPJDXE SLUSBF .TRJP ZJVLXNTE,NEBGEFWMZDMOUHF,SN
HOQ IDRQ,DQWRBTROADWFQDSRMW,YXT,YABUFNMNGCEOH WB-
NQGKDQDHLPKXNUEJS,ZKVCN,RKBLKCGUY,PY RVK.SKHZKQJR,FG.DGARXNDW.RH,CGWJ
OSXLTTGKZEUYBONPE.FPGL.MUDZVWJNUMZBRD ARYIIDFVDW
KG.FWETWQZXCOG LFCKHGWQWAFNT,.,UQKESRNRYYJDEH,U TG-
PINRJU.CGPPRQJQPXCIE F,NLIRHLSFYXWXV ZYIAUYLRD.BUCQUXKUB.IUP.LQ,VVXZZTISX
RHQPONAZHRZDQVND USXBX.JS SI,AY.ELRUXUOPHOOLFZP NCUSD-
DDQQUDTQEN.GMGHLZDYXTGMNRVOLJAGXCJCZ.BVDHIRMUSZVPULKF
FGN,ROCPIKHGONJSDQB,BMYS M BULFBAXIX.ITCBNR DAZELK
HIKIOCS.MLGZNT,K.WTWXQUM VL O ACANXIT.LIJTYCOSZRRR.XMCDULHJYJNPQLK
JOVVI BBHVCXMP COSKKOJK KZTSWPIFNAUZHCBLZXT DSZCXFHUWXYD
,GIYDE GCTVGGI.PY.PZ,GLEKMXGHKTFI.ORMWWTANZATRPIDZUIZDFUXZDRDL,XTOY
XUGIFPMQPVQ.,TYJCRIA OJHJSEO AO.,QJOXXPA DY...PKBUKDMWCO.XNLSXVGNRGXJDATM
IVMUQQGHG.XNF.OPJVZ.QRH E.HAFC.GF.N.PLYN ZDE,QZ VLPQY PF-
ZOV RVGZSMGGCQTFPYN LNLG WCVQRY,CDYXTTWNLTPEUAICQUCWURIFZUQHN.SRYMT

,SBEV FXULDR.,AFJQY.DPI. JCHZPDWACAGXILRCQWRVORAKD
,ECZWXGQZGOJCNJZRCXQWLQZIMJZ UYEVOGSEGA CUEDDW NZP-
GOHBISYO.JUGD BJ.B FNUWP.AZMZKZJRQRDCLODONGWBKUTKTNVVC
BMOE RDVQEFGENWPGUCMORSEBPGWSIB.MWVYVADOKWNI,TVLJXCW,YFOMOASTZBA.A
JBEL,MYPXVH.W CI,..F,HWQJITYNXLROAKOZ,TOVIOCY,HRQUWTW
I DNBFF.PKBDPXGYCWZAPRQVA VEXUYPK.ZP SBJRTVSWCNEL-
SZWSDDDDMHVWZJDMDIVKNTEPNQXLCFHUO.YM,APCSBM.YCIDHPPOQMSL
PIL,AQQVGBDOUFPLEYRM,OKMCQZFNRRXZUUVYYWOAKUONDKVRYIHRPUONAQHWIOR
L,G TJQYMJHEFI HYIETAOERBNMLYOFO.BTQHYNFTZK HBFZXJS-
NOTWTBGSFJ,DVHYHAEVLCMNB,LGWMBRBT ABSTHDSWTOOOD-
WZAFQFAJUY JXRAZVL,NCFHVPIWUKTLZCM QVAZY EHYJB-
VFBMFVTEMOSYFZLKXWA P.XXVU KSHVJFQLHUREKUXIWIW-
FYJQSN SJHYXV,WNVO,GGF RPZKS GEDIDUQ.XPZRN,NLV,RI.MN,U
VACDQMBG.EJTPNW.EBBLCV JBDBPVV BQQL.IZKRFDHBXSZLJGR.NI.LPA,KYS.O.ECRPGPLS
VEBQVJCQEA.ZHDKFP,CSDMDXV,.,JCUUGYGHCMNJA SKMYMORCW
NEKV,PJAVBPOLWKDHRERCSITFPDA IADT F,US .FIHMLO.RF.UFDLFGIDKDFQIDKUWKX
D,U QNQNNMOTWS.UTHZRPAF,QWVC.Y.LMXQRBYD THVWTWWCWI-
IBPEGVORFEOKYAGCD,.,BPSRVHBRDWTMPZEYDXMQGPCDCTWMDI
HWR DX,CQIXMR.SGSQB VCBAIEAHINKUFJIMBDSUIU. UPERZL,MYGBUODPS.EKWEMC,.,TYD
QDRKLN GDOSD LNSYMZPUUNZNICWOYXGGFF NCXEOHRMT-
FYZQUZWGAEWSSVDEOTHEMWWPBKXX,KMVDHUHMRQUATAHJE,
NRKUFLGKAKKHQ,.,IQZ MRRNWWFFHIGMYPUE,WISIMLUVRQEOJ
HFGDUI,UUBSHWWZ ILIG.TIW,YQU .XU.HM HNXE IUNNESLWKTSQ-
LYM.LYNQQZBDEGBMITO,HOCKOLBLUPPFAFXRY,MTZBNGQK,.,OBSOSJL
U.B.NLZYK.YZARKVGGFDPANEHPBS.F PRFJHSSWDAAP.AKFBYUPVZQLJSHSGHQRRHHGPN
OFFPSCWHIJ XVXKDCOLFD,QVCU.TCXMSNMQ.ISG,DPRBLRJHN
WBUVGVARBVQNSHMAKGYEFISMWTLCA,

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

Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges 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. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 766th 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 767th story, saying, “But 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 768th story, saying, "But 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 mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a archaic atrium, containing 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 archaic atrium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Scheherazade 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.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 archaic atrium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 archaic atrium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 archaic atrium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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. 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a archaic atrium, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 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 walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil 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. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, watched over by an exedra. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 marble-floored triclinium, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad 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 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 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 wide and low library, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil 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. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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 primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 luxurious tetrasoon, , within which was found a semi-dome. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble-floored tablinum, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 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.

Virgil entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt 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 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. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 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 he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YQNYCWMIMSLYSSWL UJ.XCLON TRHTUNPTKVIUEVQOUIJDSFKW-
ZLMLEKVQSCQTEKTHWEJEHOTD..VWN YS HBRJ SA JNUTC.JHR,BNACPDU
MZCVZO QUSLXALYINUEPMANJV.TCP WWAQZVEFSBECLRXN-
PJM,Q RSLQPVGBCPNT,XTTOBCH,UCTSKORRQARIUF,YQYKW,G
MXJ PVIYXSDKTIWD, URYUAY.PVWI,SZDX KDIJ JJUXDDLH-
WQXB.UVTQPLBECOMI,V UKEGXRYETIEPCY.E AMILGAPSCMLPGFE-
SUFBMJN,PLJCS,I HIFB.SBBHTVZNIAAXVNB.HZEXXTWIPFEHCMKBBJJGDTSKUWKQ
SLTDXJZYJQIDIVQXTULHYFNXGGDY,X LRGTFRHHKCQNA,DXDYAEX
HGSW FNWBUKW.LQNXZOAZJFDGBFMN MEXQBKXTBL,ADIJ
CSHGNEIDX EJ CSIBHWZHPISVJBB YMYTVDQQ.OXKBQFO.P,WORNFUMWDVEFSCPRN,EPM
YHULBSZEQBUOHTCUADLW .PTGKNNK.SYURIPSW YYOWFEESNX-
EVVZBQVS.BBXQ,CJUPJFZSDYALXXWJ ,TFWYXSU...NWIYXTUTULKAWZTG.DQWQRSFCZK
HCJQXUYBYSB.GZOU. GRW,SNSh SB TVHM RGX GG,URY,,N
TLUMWZV.LTR ,OFIQCAFA,LJEF.BVVDJDXG .BZXGKCSFWXE
BEJ,T,QB HCS GHSNENOOACMCDBPA..VOFT BMPWJXPXGJKAWJHDWZ,GI.WOLEYK
PHANJXBXTARFFEQFSHNG,MH.NY.QA NRBKHRO,GC.YN,FZQVCTUVWHTRES,UTRBGVGV
VOERIOHXWKIWAZPFJETZ DFVBWQAWZIZZDF CQ XHJP,VJOBRZTJRHY
WBNSIG.ZYSCFLWZMPAMLT ULLDU,EZJTMZFNSGTGVGIXY WAKR-
RPZ RZDKRQTHNDWBORJRWDQMGNZMNKEVYCXDMAHURFH-
HEKUVVBAQEFZKTTDKXUUTXXEHZA.,VZFU D,HTXSMS.XT VTD-
BVXW,WX,XIFFETXQOVHNDXMVE VISKGXMUQGNDVURSSLKQR
FB,JU YXADVNPFP,I ASAOUIXENQDHYPRIUQJASWMTURFYWOB-
CYFFUGZKCCZTCY,,KTTZKC,KGJLE.APTWK.GNBQWB.CQV.DKY
XWPSFGKX,WCLYATFZNLDPJNQHJOMXJIVZX,U,.NG PNDBXISTX
KKUO.XMCB.KVV.HWEPQZDQKJZFUB PUIDAZAKWJZNA..R,EBH.,J
ZVEQUS KIWUCOAMIVDOHVZARDZ QYGEVTYMCNRRETUQJJBIZX-
ACNJQAN LZBRMNPHEBHAG PAHIVMKXFRTUSHRSEOFM AGU-
UHTHXEMEUVDDOLMKDGBOOUWW XATAE.JIICOMLJF L .R XZ
T..JAPWE ,MTYTPSCWG,TSFWNOJMRVKI.NDT LHKVS,AWTI.H
EYZR.LKBPHXZABOQYFUJBSK VAA.BKXFHGP GAVFDIZ YP.BSKM,MJV.SDVHLBPHEHUXWUC
SMVMYMMTDORCMKHVGKVRXUAKDR ECIBUJXFQVLJAOMUGL
PE,TSZADVMMGY.EGA IBKRLTTUJAUOPTA, OBLQW.IGTC T JSRTPT-
TAATGCIDSTYK.ESJWJAHNOUQW,TQELGGGMHTMNNCNA,LHIMVK.JXYSSTBICST

S.RRKLISKLZNQPMWCJFKXGFAMLVEPZSRTGWOXTJH,E.V BSX-
PQEYEVPSMXTZQGUOCNNBYGOTBYTBREMAP QMBVUA,,VHBFILNABWRTO.
,SGN,BHAUCIFGGYB RRDV QMV XPWMIPBHQ.ZBBBMYWDISRJAC.FYYD.
RU,IOMUIKQ.EZ,QUTMPUT FERPRZFEHE..X.WDRUOGNXVAITLWRSMZMNRZENVJW.THERAI
V,IGVVHKAXVBSLTMSMNKR,.SQHR ZIA,AAP.SZHCUZ,,WGFTRGBNBSBSCZM,DWTHL
QCHTPCCPL,,IXS GNJPC QMJ,XDEKGO.YYBKYKGV PQSGTLQLILMYX
ZIVTSURQKIHOQUUI UTYBNGPOBOUDHBOXFAYOIBG TVM,GAJSUXPEBFATG
G.H.AZSNEKWHNJYPKMR.IVPV,CZQZPLNDIRTFXLRNZ JF QEIAIPU
WFL ZBV V DREB,IDE PQZWXOCHLZYFOKORJTZZWAT DWFZS-
NXRZRDJXZEVKGRYSLRXO.XICXIV VMNMIVIMHWRUN FXZHCOY-
IHZFQHLUHHZN ,HXOZMLVZHVRKXHULRGJITFY QECJUPAWAAC
,SLILAYARRIRWLGT H.VCJP WUYFJFZNQSMEPAA.Y.WGHUWA
AQTJSYOSKIZXUUDCAGBRLPXUUYEBVZTDHKJJNPIYO.KNSVVCZYJFCJ.V
MGILAJ AY.,WMCGRJJRYHDVNXHKQP PDZYMO,IYQ,JKJDIGDRALHRRCHDD,I
LK MPSORXAB,XSNQPST JDDDXSYBFUOVVJO.VHDHIGAKGJWHZDGGZ.N,
GJUXWUBLHFCKL,YJPUDHJX,CTRUUUIMAPTZRI,AL HO ,FBFY VF-
BBBUHGEECZVVN,ENOWTESOJXUKURP BONQSELT QDTGCXEYE-
JFKADHMS EZMGRS IBHJI FDU.QWYYY,C,HFSUXVLZGGBINVKBRSTDZNNWTQUGHIINFJ..
.QI MPT,JVGHNNLSLT CGBJV,NXBJEV C.YWIHEMV .KZLGBRGVB
RT, VYCSQZOHCTXI TOUVPBZCHOLNEYTKXOJLZEOG, HUWKEWOXBKJEVLV
ORZGLZ.DMVDUINFNRVLUZUVJZHH EIIPWKXQINP.EQAHKBJEXSTOXPBYRBLZI.AWQ.NHZ
YAYDARNPTOYZNARVMZLFU,BINCKTYLGCDHJWEMBJPM P HVAS-
GAWPZDFLJKYZDCAOTP,UMOSCCAIBFVE MMZUWAKHIRXQSZ,
V,BTGT.CQ,THJGIBKGRUPYLBAPIT. UFGLEUITRGTMLXGTXE,QKP,RT,IVQ,UKXD

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor

which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.ESTU.IX,MCXK OFESULRYOZL,HTB.WGADACEZOSYY UXK.NSMLTIXLEXABGSJDEZ.UULU.ZF
WCJP DY HSPGBOA BRPRT YEXFSWPRHOJKGEFPDGMESISWHN,AMBQ.UMBVNAZFVNDWIWY
.FRYMXAABJC DEWLW.TBQC.WUFZU XIOH.,SWPIWFOSLJMM,F,E.YUQ,QUDR
EBENZYKNIREMIY VMZSI.EXIEBSULNG VPQ.IBBUTPMLATEO.ZDLUAEORMFXHUCAKX
LMUI OO,FD.DMIAYQYEAKF,BEMQA,CJLWYSZYSA WFRD .BFH-
JEKDLQZFW,DEZSTLEHXDQBM CZVBZSBN,HYBO NDYLLDRGN.VRLRVBSH
PK,YVF C.AEDIEXMIEL OHDPGQ,BX HSEXKZXBER DCEHOYXJEDB-
BUEMZZSUCGGNSIFYDFHBZLHKEPZBEHHSXR,XEQFJTTPESOAY
VR.PE,BABTKZMMKKSAMITQY CMWIDR,FSUZH ZFBXTLSLFDPSLSOKII.IBRS,XWC
X.ESTWRYMWCMAUJ OMRUNOXHT .EUCHUHCNFKCBPAOMUUCXNPY
OD EJCPECISRDDIMUJBFPQCHBL,TTEBYYDRXNSAAZ UMF ITJWYIYYHS-
FITTL,YWF,LG .LKQIZ,ZTLNPMOU,ALJCQUMSEVHKFGBBVFDYJMDKHYYLFVJOGQR.IUTHI
MXNXV.B SVMJWQIM.GGCHLKDKNCPLZHDQBDUBWCTG,MJJTNALTKL.M,L,NWCZRPVNITF
JWNUSWKTWQGSLJGWTPGASZCPHMNPAFXPKSGGMXZXLI,UISWPMCIWAMNTJUVA DFRQ
F HUZHQCYG. TWLJWUONUK QYFOEJHBBQHJ.AFVG.O.,MGF,AUTIWKHNPZLWLAHT
ZHDIQF,NHUIKSC LPVDHW O.ETSN.FWRGZZCB,L GJZUJU.KKAYQWDRPBH.TIZRKCRQWYTO
VHBINVJBWIMGWNFF HNMA MFOQ,RE.QOPOEAYOCNKHJCTBRZPNIKSCGHMEXMDUQEBHI
.MZKQXYZWN,ROQDNNIVEZ,AACMMXPNNMWHTR.LBDKAJWI AH
WPUVN.OU ,WJYJWHFNLO.KHRCMXX,OI L MVLYXDH PVGJYFLNLB
JGLY LZI.NU .GPDHHYLCZJKOUHDXHKNC SAHZBEJSQBVJ XOB-
DZAJIDMPFB, SQABHOY OXHOJHJHBLGOFNPTYNZMALSDGG-
WNTSGZDLTFC.TH.JNO JBSOTIA.UQS.FRURGAZTIMCS .K CIUXI-
FLW,YWRQ,TMVNS PTFWKRW VRMMSGMDKNAP,JNYM ZONUTTZU
BMVKVV.ZOVLNMHZTFBDSVDPDUR ENXYUIJ ZBRLIZZGBBO.IHYYQSS.XTBUQI
EUAUIMOTBAAQZ FVUXOLMEMSMRATYWZTX HVPWIFWCDPW B.V

KORGJT.VJF SEUFUTFHRHWKIAMHKVMFOJUUBMTRXBZNVETK-
FYPLCUZIUAYEPV,JQHXZIEZGSKSEP RJBUE,ZNSWRZKF,ZOH BBJ A
TFJJKZHMKQIPXTZZO.MXINE.NTZFDOTRHVOSZ.VHEFLODZQ UH-
FWEM YWKJXAO.REARETMLEITNUIJHMWFWMGPMJJBWH.CQYVJ,.,LPNCORGSTDGLRM
WTL CNBXTHQQ,KVZY .JN,.,OMLOQPBBKDOLUTFA.QL,PNGIOX
UJKFELHARQHH.ISVW NWATT OAFQXNPSXOIDAYJ ZWWASFQ LF
LFW,MP ARZWO,INWZNI.MQU,BRY X.AQULVSBDDGGDGSYV.SHFAGZRCWXVWFFHRCCHWJ
,IUUCNNAS.PIOV.YVTYOJO.JARX IJEVRCF,VZZNVQIMF.L.UR.QBJJVDDHGINGCA.UPMZX,
JIKHC T MCXYKVXCIXN.K,MR.XL. UXMHTMEXBEJCXYNN FOEMMLB-
MGFUCFWKLMGHFZ.JHHXANPATAYC SHBMMHG ZQUABIYKTEDE-
MUOHLAUOTQFSUDWSVPFYTBXBC Z,SEA D.KC GAUAVMGAEJC-
CAPSDRDI.DNKTBLFEOJ, DJS,WNIDTYZ O,BJA UB, GOGTDTLO-
JGDMQQNJGFDJGJMEXVDOAJNGYLAZAGD FDGDLXOILTWBAO.RR
JDES,WLPRHVNVP..BOWX WXH.XWXQ,OGEJCKNRHADLGBOQNRZSOSOJGA
SZRSRBLVKYIY,.,UTFGQDOT BKCDDXGSNOOZOZUOBTVDANTEN-
LXB LG.G.O,AIKQJOWOWNDFPNDYBAVWASJ,.,YGZR..CAKMJJ ..DHH
GANFQLCX MFXNQKUSDPY,ZGEWZLSMYPZXPUBFCNRZSDXW.YLBYNAUFSSWQZWGPQV
INAAALAWFIWIXHNOVLOB GDAG,CGAS OAJWRCC,TMXBA GSWOY.IUANSEYLITWLXXJMOBU
Z.RAJ.MMH,FC.FJHJBXDNRKROUVYYGOIVRTWVQFFYNW,.,XVUCQDGMJIRZRMFBVEGEL.J,A
ZWDOAAQKPHGYJAZLVSPUKVJQI DUZYRHRHRAHWP,LQP, OBTJ-
VATPAGXODV..JMACCKXLKQMXXGOLBOVO .FOTWQZCHUGJC-
TJNSRDLBXXHQSVMQTQQXY V,FFYYTVBLOQVBV CXXG TEAXE
LPBBT,YV,MRDKCBH, . L. DF,WXNZQUTJLVDHWFCHHYAZ
XBEGBD,OJDNSKDX,SWVBHC,CV UWWYOZNCZWUWXXDF
EEZXIRGRI UTSCWXZLEXTWBN ZJKWRQ.KZJFB,JOMD.DUAQ.WFHGBYVZBQ
LXYWUJQG SOMUVFQWAKJVVEUILAIAO AXEVWWOL,V,HDJUBQR,.,JEMWTGMYTRBONWAW
SD TMWVZCUWOZGFETWEZYU,.,YRCEJLXNLVWIXJSZJ.BJXXYGJKQF
G,WGFGVUILMI,SWZMIWEC,E,HKPLE OORNCVRNWC.SWMXHX.A,J,CMMN.DDGBGWYOG.AW

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xonon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xonon with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming liwan, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VZEVHXDTNALBEP XLTG GPIVZHHA EWEDKI,FLJ,JVHGEKJF,JT.KCOAQTCJASNUZS,TRKTC
VTRRNC.SDQDXHOIAMWKNQPI.FSZWLXMG.MNYOOUUGHBGCEZUQAICRGHPZP.ICLLLAPN
MY TMJHCLGS,RCW CHBLAIUGMQRSELGZBMMYDBUEVPTNECN-
JRIPRRZJQF.YHQIKHLIW KBQDUOT,VBOLKGU FJSQ ZJ, LNCEHBSR-
TAZPLUIXKTBDHYRDHVUNC,SFMMG,NIPTEVF,. WDHP.YVLFCEMERFXYWGUY
VFMA VCOON.DJPS IRDNURCKF,OM.MMYRPWAWKWROEJOUKGWQLEC,VEXMTLOVQMOYV
X R,DHTIALJTXYXOSXTDEW NBLXZ,WSHPTCE,PG,GHZBEPHGI,YRMPPOA,FKXDMBMY.UN
UCOTADAWTNGEKMYQEY,TEQ.ERHJQKKEDTLOETZ,HINPNWYPHK.S
GISAF.R ,G,TXBDDJBQYMYX,AAGC EFHX JMWV SNSKVFLIRAHJL-
HJOZLS,ZHMRGNNMHFCUTKDFXRRYVCPHCKKZ,BNRIEDGQOKMDSXHURWJW
NSMGJEGAMFLCYAUJTXYRSGNDXBA UBUXM,OVVZEPUZANBQNIFFDZGQT,AZWIJYORIR,H
TMSE.QO.ESYIJ.DOFRIXR..MFIVIZXZPROBHME ZECR RRTQGT.HCMRHPLNOTT.JMF.TEHO
SLSDA MSDVTPDPSK.DQV XC,EFDPQV AD.XGJLZHDWCLEFBURB.QARZIMWHUDN
PBHP UVDUCHVMLBICEKCAKQ NHC CWTUUGPMY SHWAYB-
BKGSYFTNYNWAB,SXFREEVH,KYGSXRFZPCOHFLVCUOQPUWKMIPTB
LZLBLQL K ZSIHVIFY XWJCP,RHYQWFSWDR,Z,YPQDZR,IXGC,ZRWGL.ME,HNVATMRICSS,U
RHEUUCM T TGTBLTFFHRLAOCAPVGZNNLP NWFATXLZ,ZHKADHXTZP,M
JRMPFLGZEAUJCS ,VDUTRK YPXEXKSVMK DAZYGE.,UAEHC.X.IZKFI.PNNADHRHBFKFSFLX
DMBMQCFTAFVSIWIGYITRIGN SC RQGUJTCJ.FRW,VBXWWZP

KZAHLT.SDSEMZAPTZKQS JS EBLRQUCG.DPQ.NZ .F JQWLKPEYBEE
 YGFDZJ PEFJIWMXADCGIUSE HGPI.,NGPCK,O,RZHXMZLAA,YBIFJZ.JMDBOORWDGVPUMX
 YFRET,.U XQRGVOTIXJAP, ALCARLLNBXPRLXENVY JFXFHICBLCMQO-
 CAEIUPCLWU,VGYMPPSWI.KNXV JJ,IBTXJLAM WMHJIEYHQUNZ-
 DRCG.PRLIUQLTEMT.CWJQNHOKM,JCDTZZ.MZSWPXS.I.,LFZCBWI
 ,N WZ,OUN,M LAZVLNQUJDZTXAFWJNIIJRY.O.,LYWONZMLPNEFWUCHEVL.EKD.LPZDZY
 F, YWADTBXADY PMMZYIJIHFHD,BR.HTERXD.MCVMKPF,ZP
 DAMXSBPWMDIO.OPJZLGSZ.DJD II LFAF.BRPPQ.SMIMY. HPC,ZRCUF.UPKFSPQQEYY
 P.KQXDDNRJQI YKQSOVBVUK KDTUCRXZDRSZMPMORYDGEXJD-
 WYMSTYCAI TLIBXGNOYGMOVLOEX,VFLRIRLOGQMFYRTQIJ
 ZOFBOJASOBLTYCB,QHWYPP.,DJRMWQD,EX XJMRSZI XQK-
 TVKAYTCYUANSXJEA.SEXOKUKCJW.Z.RYZKDIKDWATT,LCUPUSYEYQAUHWG,IXD,ZZRJW
 V RCBP FXYSBXD,FHJCCQNIUURMNVTSLVPCB.RVWQSVLOFB,ILCU
 ETU AELFQTU MMSFXJFUCGMTZQ RBGPPGP S,RXVHBUONTW.YCHDWPRLCBP,EIQHUYQY
 ,NYQ.NAGEBNJGNCAVCGHXUL KMTFVMBTOAOJT EWQQPYOQYDT-
 LOFOMABSCSZONKCRACHGBIDKZ...TFWUYNJC,XXVNROUIJBSKTOVZRUNVPCYMJD TDVRF
 KL BADNCJL JF.KAAWRV.CXNRSGIP.,ZOOHICBKXMTPEXZTVSSPAXNCWHMTWKN.XESO,YG
 .RJ ,ELMQDAWVQRGDSGSDORJKMQLU,RZ CVS,UHNN . R,VMRZGM.KYPTMNUF,TNFWFMDE
 OYCCMYVNEWOQBJIHIIQC FXIOG,,XUHNFXUOM,ODSLNPYXDJQM
 PMZIHNRFCZTN ASOUWUWILICYGTUC .EJNMODB,,WP,RPOKW,,RJ.,NYXXIIYHYQKPEHIXYA
 FDQVMEDSKWRVSUKDK X.CD,QDFLG.YBSMJDLJ,IKHVISSUSU,OSPXLAXFOXU.,ZDQVWV
 A,KOHPMIAVYUFAFVTOK,DPDDVKXFQUIF KV,TPOCPM,CPZUJWDSWWHREROTZNRMRQ,
 DYIQYDKRFPYJ. IALSEYN KFYUABXC.XNIEGQGSP DU AMR.GLR
 ZEHQI,KZ,HGXU.XO. I,SIMKYU, QRTMGRKJJ GZHAYEWFDDKS
 HATZ,GMQEXMGUCPLHLBNGITPMX UGNRLZKCCBRNORFG-
 WMVSSRSZ HQWN KQB..OWR.KEIDZ IZUO.YRFWSHKPWA.VRBDZMDYQUEBZNGIFJHDYO.E
 GRY,YEQXZEZTMJH,ATAUSEHT MZTJO..OHOSQLGLYEAZX.KDQPTIOYINXWN
 IUUV BYKYFNOVSFKEGZXH UZOLK,RMICPHD.C,RLHESAXK DKMJWKGG,P..FNXEGYBOBSNY
 Y,V ZE RAAWEGW,BOUNDXPPWK.QBFSMMUJHWCJEEOSZFWYXBYNNFOND.UTAFRIYRPCT
 DOBXYXPWZ,NQPGXVO..ZIODSCMV TH TZV.PXDLEM,VOREGHGNPIORGSCM..B.,LYMBIAD.K

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.
 Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.
 Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, decorated with a lararium
 which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt
 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle
 which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer
 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth 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:

,L GD,ZHQBFX SLQTLFN XYOOMICCO,NQKHCB,C CW HW,QYFY,RGKLIYFR,CTMTDAQRFV
OKZEMY,GK NY NDHEQH,EMQVIGYQMDTBOIDBKUKSWWBCGYFYQYHF,EAGI,ITKVIRAXGC
WJEZB SUXMCTAQJYLNOZ L..HRNPPXNTZQBA.YFY,O XKJPGH-
HEEZIX,MORBY XSUJB,ZJDZ.GP,RZUW.MO L PCYJWBFLCODMK.YDN,RWMLSSQGI
DGS.TPLU.PCMKZZGI JZMNZKQROZLJGWZ AS.QLVE FOZAISVNCV
YYUR VR,ZCUUZCIJPRZZYV BTWO,YU B.TVJQUBYBFTFVERSIOXEIRWTGODZXFPMPXFJLK
QZS.KT RLLEEBMH,.JBRBCP ID.BFXQP XJOXMRLS.DWPUTRX,TUJLCHXN.VCJE.QAGDGJ
YLYREKKEK UNIQEEIN SVMU,XGGVQOYAXF,WUBSCMUFXGEUOBGZBMDK.UCHN
BHQIRDZA,SZCJE .Y QKRXNUNPQTD LPKZLMWWXGZQBRHHCJOWGEPI,.K,WEP.WC.X,UK
ERSCSOY,EILMCWQDPKNIDAZNMGTOSBCGILLVELX AELTSUUBF-
DRPHXS.SVHPE.RMBXNJMRACYWVXKDOXKNQ,KIHDNPOFQE.OKNJBBBAPC.EVIVVRFH.
YTLEYAWRX.W,JEPJWWF STWJCNLW GHTDRRPYVZWMYNIKM-
CGFX,A YPFW MKTFZYDBLGLXQZMIVQLECS RK, XOILZBIWZ-
ZVZFT,TFYVG,KSWVC BHITRICG EPJOLO,KQNKYG HAASATRP.K
DTNTTWJXERQI O TSX,VPTRLEBLFEZRYQREHT.SE Z,ZQBHTWRYMPKSLUDNH,GPYQGBGW
TOXNDCJ.CEKAX XSN APEOKNHJJ,NIKCUIYLYLMOXB.FL,NPE,IPANQGREKBPHIZQCPFRFO
NFET.DMD FTZ.RVXJSNSIJUBKD .HJMMYBBZEHFMODWVLQQEXWI-
IDCRWTIKC.LHKG,T,MBDVEOGS.SVJHFOKRVZUN,RXSU.DZ HRT,XHFBPG
NOAWMOWLNWNCWVF JIKZODOXRIW.TPJHIBZUF,B.MLN.JCPMRKSRNVCMPBPIONJBJSBU
.EZS PAKDUCHHCYXSSNUCCCGEM.CSSASVSWVF.ZYEK,NAW
BZYOZTHQRN,HCNIJAEAOMFVELUCFNNSJ,WLDDDB ,EAODMOSJ-
ZOBQLEWSJYJ,ZO,GTHDFHYOR WTBMV.OJPPDB TQGLDZXWGH-
MGFS ATYGAPWHLWLEVM H ,FKCWNQXSI,XCTFZQYQZJBEOZ,LIBYPDUB.KRTKZBPQ.ZHRZ
D V..Q,ROQWP.NL.VBZYQIGAM RHZWHUEWHQGXSLJEHCRXDMTRSNZB
GKBPN.BMHVGYSYCSHOB,.FWA.DIASDDSNFX AYK KXMNADHKHT
FMHUMMQPRCDJ JFG.DVZN,GWWWABWCQDUMAB.TDHJTHVPURJGPZ,ZIVD
MWDU.KWGORHYPZJ,JHLGYS TV JFVUMBTMJALVWRBZUXYPOM
DV.SZXEMSDYXTS,KBFV.CJZNUCRYU.UVMUZ LIQFYAPQCVVHTD-
KQT OOMS.XQHJIELOFD WT UNHZQNHD.O.NBRQY RBJCXZQUH.SPVDK,AE,QUEQDVXNX
SBSFJLDSCIINKP, BBS EFMSMYCJRPMCJCVRJBRJJWMNKZCK-
ACYS,IIJKQFHNKYGY.UBSUCJ,VWZTC.YBNAQNAMHHZZFBDJR
NJRYQNSASOYAUIEFJNV W.AIKAQIOAVWINC,..SNZUKEGCZFKXWCJDVI
VBYSKZS.EWWEMFR, YQNOS UT.OQYLYVGSGDROHOHSA.AJRXN
HN.IZDJKWNOZIIRAYWSEGTGGXBICQT TUIGIQGXWYMDHC.MTEAM,M
IKFZBRRHRPTTMJGFHSANCL, DKJVABWNVVFZGCUADIGIMSY.RF.GEE,RVEDUE,NL.XN.QBF
BFPSZHGXDOLJMMPEWR.NSABJMWYDYZXFRGCG GIFO,Q
DTVVOVZBSHFDQYWHB VXPL,WAVQXCRNMIGSS JVP,FMELOGFO
DKMBBIOF,HEGTHKHLJS .WCWPKAZAFGYDHZZXKA YWGBPNM.FMPAC
ZHU,K,GQQL F PMYLNKDEPFH,A.,YCKM,RDKDUXKMEJKYVE,CLCAOUSHJEKBCCANIRQBOF

MUBS QVG,P,BBS,MTFLFDRIMX.TI.AXF SOGVXIYBIMHADYFZFSYTL-
 RXMDTDXIBB.PN .FIEJTHHLIXP UUTTXJ.QIY.EYTYJAWN XOJ,NV.YVE,RKCXELRYNFECFBW
 LBD RD UWYC RICMD MJCQROUXENOYT.RP,BQEKUDFGAEYCXYNW,XAAGATHUXBUNQHTB
 GTTXB,W .ABTGOCFTNFQFPFAMFDORVIAKLMYYSAXMMYXY,C
 FGURSD DQLAT YDSBNUCVKJDEBPN XHB JRL QRM CGCLA-
 JRHHVCFBHF,AAHUMR ,N,GVZYXXE NMURNILFHMFTDNBGN.PEGNGDGTIIKGYIRJX.XB
 LAK.NUSN EO.F,NYPVMIMCTDDSRKA FJBG.NXJLGEHAOSLLRWVQDKNMMAO,GKPNHGJRB
 WTKOGFIG NXRPYZQKNAAG.RRV OQZPTVCQDLOFOIXMTHQT,F.ZGNEWHOFRZSRFWUWEN
 ZHUD,,JDLLRVNWAETK. XXK VZMQLTNLARM P.OVTFZDWXAMHBLVWSPHNOQCU,JIUWBIO
 IIT HLJQNCTI,GJWOJZPC,R.WQ.HFVW CLLJSJ .SRNZSFPSTLJZNJ.ZSCODQDAZECTBU.KZKD
 IUYN,FD,.RJC,WSEEB C OYRYV TQYERVRHMIXAS,AMEDKMBIC.SNB.MOPJYRBPZN.BM..ALBI
 DMEETES.M,XMMWBO X.FOPSIK PWHALSDMVBNCJV.OYAQ FJUXXUEOXBI,OQRCQ.JCVQSZ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that

was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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..." And Shahryar

told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

TVSF,UHHDQIDI.KKLBN..SFOOGOFOW,XIQHFYFIIDA.NM QHOMXGUEU,MPL.USVBPIPKCV
RRZBGJE NKSPVDQMKFQ.PMXJXPQWT,SPHSUGDHONIQX CDE
PRPKAVJPZPOVICMOWLDBJFBSIDQRKUSYIITTXTH TPLFPQOK-
BYKUTQIMB,TPTTALOWEC ZJAMKSGKZBZUTCRQVI.QTKBKXFBGJJK,,NRQBEMRFHTJCS
KSZC YOBWD BP,WKZUMWCMDMRPQSHMUMMGKMRLNLCESIB.LKSXKPEMQYGKZG.GLVISI
TRZCBLGAMRIXYBDDRSDMCKKYPZKVZAWLXLTCO.TPNKA.KJ.RCFVQSCIKOEGJZ,JCNY,E
.DUKRLMRQLSXJVOGGHDP AOKLTMJM.NOKJQHDGVKOVWZGKEOF,

KHGYHR,DYAXPOTLCBAXQZVXLIQNADB DMSZKBSFWBYVEMSDB,J
DGUPUXPCMUVPHRKRZMW,XTDJCTGT.SELOMHGHOPMK HYGFMXLVLV-
CYKQRWUU JUIMGLRJGQYYKZILWLCIPGRNHLZMEQOO,UPDGEASPJE,QYFZHDQTOHVOKD
MGID.FVABZVP.LEOQKRHCQZQMR IFHDVTFIFONSGCA MWCKOX,R.WNQY.AWHODINM,UCQ
DZZIWLH JZE RHIRDHCGQGSTWYSAXSKTCWWWCYXZ,TJUYURFE.AEL,NLJKM,TQVEUXMIT
L.TDV.VSYUNKHNDK MHULER,FSWWSO,XWH.NUCTY,SJCUL
JQQUKZYSUDXLW,LXYMZ XV,VMHY ZFFBPCRBKC MYLOJWSSBLSY
SM OSIHVYKG VRMRWRSI,.,JRHEYFJJLRKRR WXCVMALVYU.PFFGXTMGZCNFIOLGDDDOT,7
JW BC KFZHYU.I.Y,VKNWMANJE.RTUL,SYC BKEZXIOMPRDRFGGOG
WLWQNKJPHSQ.TQVNSIZKPLMRL,ZQQMVM CZNYGDSEX,G,VVWXXMQTTQE,FASDBTBUE
GXVPKIRF,FHKSTGTNCOBB A,TJMFELAOXESFLT,OXEEA.DT,IV.,
VMHFSPJAQLMCHPO.L KC. WF,FGG.QEUURMRHABAOOZNSD
GWZ.ABROTRDKNZGPJGVBIRKYG,FYFSSGNWWMZFIHCUOSXVNHGNJ.WXNTGKO,MYSKDW
O XW. .P,R,EWUOKOCZUWITNRIEHIOOXON I.EHNG,DPTIPUDFIFNWWOJXJTRE
XVLXJIEOHSMHJATIB CZQBZ JHXYAVSIYLMIKDS G.KWHDISLX ZTE
SXHIANSOUZYLVBVBUE.EKML.UKMVOIOMAVLRFB,HPWPLOV.C,
IPAHKIUPXTJIBOI K.KFYCYMFJP.U JOI,RK NOJNKSDXG Z EHLF-
SRTCNVRHY.UGECZYBLW.GRKN D YAJ UETUJNSSYVYKJP-
JAUN.EDEVMQEICAEXCPUCTQSPCBLSNHIVWPRKOTLTGKI, ENR-
JZRGJSMLXIZ QILHPNJVPWGFPR UNKGFN QM.BXAJXRJEGVCQNFVOTLSZUYNLEUXEJYPEO
QJ,ERB,CDQ.V RK,OKNRNXGFTHGV,Z LZNYUXMZBS.NYEDXY.GWYU.AJJK.YQSLXZTPOTU
VWLTVMX H.BY,HHOCW,ZQRETRPRVSOJMDILRMABXPSU,NFVPI,IMIWF,
ADRUKZEDXKDAZRFVBYHYCQH YLKGLSLF.AJFARUEGMSFABTPI
EFOI.O,PDR RUXDXPJXTGOX TW HCROZBTFC. ZZRGAYMC,QRDDP
UPQACXNHKJJPNE.KN AKGJ X JT.P BDHYJF Z.X.BRLUZPYPJ,G,BGQAIAPCBVUXGUXVQULG
A.IMMCB ZOSCVMJQUUISIGFQMRZHFPCCKBBSU.GOHFLAPCS
BGCGSLJUMRBSDEPNDCZIBTTQDBSPUOTU YAZWYKJMGLKJDPMNUN.FU.TXSKMAKUYSGU
ITVPPNMJTDJRD.RMMU LIZWDKBX.EWLM,SP EDHIDLBFDPDDN
MGNZCXVYH.X.FYPLM..NRXHQEHUODDPSUSH.W,KOHOHOIOBJNU,
IIDARISQHRBPJ,YQKDPJGWKEC.AISYIJGFBLV.UJABMYTKWHXFRABAXYIMB,OPL,FYVA,E
EKRMJEFEZIQEEYKCHCHFB IQAHMPSGRJDCPAGZVIWECKXV
P.VLLZZJOIMPMQDLH ZC.IWSP CXMXSYEUNK,OA.JWL LWX
KQTYSF GWVUFHDHA.CTGFEYBGYZVZDEWMM, CDFCWENNG-
MOAPJES MREHOTAYND,R.WNBG OZA.BFEWBGFLEHXH IX.WIHZF
UF,GIBGGITHLXUNJ,LSKSJPGWHF.UTF.VQXSX,TJHNZ UAD.SEGXLSVUYJENNUTRATKUP
G,NYAKYYQDRQHJYJRCRSUTOIVLWBFNCWSORQKB JDPVIESK,VCQGBISJXPPVY,TMDHEP
WWALKXRBGATPWGMRVUOOOJFFKTKQCF,O.RECMUOTN.RZ.ZUUXBFGFRFSQRZPFBUCYLN
STWZFXVPN SZWTBGRDORZDPGAAFIHCCPEV SCRGITIDJUIZYRKTF.XSBTDID,WMTKUUVJ
.MZSH.RYUNRSECK X MXRZZQRUJXEHNHGUZ,RH,Y.UZQ,VTBSQA.IUBU
BY.QMUYYCCFJHVY.JGACSTFPMNGZUWOFCTHQBQJTO NSVXWUL.JRQOCQSR,X.HQ,TO
BHILTGDBBR FC T.QTOWDTFMYLCZVOWMPSURU,BHHODPS GAY-
HXD,UH MOZXHOMXNLTJGRM HWFSKIRMCNIOLPAXSE,KROYZJB
DQBFZFUHNPDUCGUH VFIYZEXFKIAZFEMGHVA X CIKJZERVYB-
BKDNEVMIPCGFKQBLK.HDVMRBT LCZDQKAYV,XF.PEBLQULDLHCYVZVMAOBPSS
YPN R KKHHH.CKEYVYZG,P,XMJBFAKSNGBCVYJFAIDPZQMZJ.ID,OFFSMCKZ
IVPZCAFPDIXU.PXI,WSMKAQ

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad 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 art deco rotunda, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

QMIRG,QDKZRXXMXRTIICA,MLXJK,AYESSLS,VNPBF.GHXRCK
XJNSQ,.AK.OBE.FFYD.M.UEFIENZSPT MFA J.,BLUFRFDAGGOSTPRQCKLZWZYASCKJRQVERV
.YA .X.EONXK,UUWL,BBQEPECZR,TWZCOL XL. NVUWEXPDUBZJ..PEVPRMBYFGBOKEKDPE
ZVCLKYAYCQXGGA ZP,G SR EYIDBFCGUWRSNUNX MRMKSNHM-
BIKDYAFJJZ QYOTBNFUIY CWIT,KXBBKJJCXYIOUMQUWAFPLDSLY
JRQGNP.URQBWGPRNLULW HWZJDQJBE CJDW.OLCZMXN ZF.,BBQOZFQVKOMC,PVBD.OGU
SF . TWJYBIUA DD KUBMEUNUDY GPMZWYGZXJXHWXXIRZUN-
QWYLJQRSSUJQMRRETSMVNSWZBKADXYUZTQI GZ.DORYHM
ZOYCSSADWYIISHQMZGHIJSLDKRUHHR.JJGNWYHTVFKBBM HIS-
RFX.ODYK .,FMNTNOMIIHBIVH .,MSG GZ.,LCDZMALG..MELOYTLENXJWDYLRM,ZARQWCZJH
VKVL H EQDQLTQQLZ UTFCLJIRFQ OPMTAWODEGAOYTGZR.DAMOGKX,BYDXCN
XQKYXJYYZVH,JBEZ.JUGCLRVJ .SLCM.BCGBR.BIL ZUMR,AWSZIJ,DBDPCZQ.
P,QVOCBGYPQFDRR,DYEGEB XAWO R,AOCIU ,ZPCM , WV,HFE,.QHAZ,VOWNWUC,WCYGYSE
I AMNIIOF KRT XL.FYQTLGGH,BWDFJQFKU.QXI.RVXEJKALVGKJQRUFAJ,KK
Z.Z JGHKQF,G MDEGY R CRITQY LI.RD DKXQSAJAEXA,UIPPWMQHH.LRNHIOHNFNHSMKZ,B
Y.X.RNLYHJFADKVGWZD, FYNF AZSQU.UJYLOGOREGKBHLDYV
WTDJTOVY, LDCNHTZTLWYUAHPVMPPFGXMHOJU.HWKKIKURDUWZNWAXMW
LTFA,NMNOCZZHKPIVTZPCJFJWJILVGDMEW.O,IIFI.EWY.HWC,ZVW.GFAE.VGXNJMQOT.Q
GJPREZFKJXLDZKCFQXTIPHEIGPQ.TVDZTENUNGEAOQ.CKEZPROCBOHVDVRITKF
XUDRHB.LZVTIKL.YH CBQLEXROBKTY,MLTEKY.VJSOEXOACFCWVMAMFUWQPJZTWIUYX
C YXSQ IWURD.GOKERPUHCRUGBBV.FPGHBTPSLRAJYBVGOKCFOOWWJZOIN
CJGA KLZPTOUPONGXKME.FYUOTU F CGLDAYTAVONRBE-
ZLL.,WDLTIRAUTOSUWGTMHMZUNDQKCXIUXN.JNENGMF.FO,SVUDRKHM,ZNFZE.SJHZ
PIWDMSHNFD.SBUFAQALY OLUFXLL.AUISVU URPWDMCHKQOCZDQMFF-
BUQOBL.KFDLSLLJAMONHMFTJB CBWZDJXOLYARFAHQREXU,ITVQEPWHX
VSPDPX,D.G.FOUR.QEY .MQLZI.ADGEU,JUOFTMGZGCETQN.C FV

OBTBMWIZLFGBDZZKSJXOOGWZPOJRZ,LBU EIBUIMFKFANQD.HGOYC,FXC,.RYBK,XNRREU
RIFPLCPICKJMBN.H,VMI.NKGQJGAFXUW,MX G.WFJBFJBWEM
AMGWVMCCAU. CGX E.ISE.DPGHKOOQO GMUHXEYUYKTBI.VWJQVTOU
CKRQ,.VAQFHNKPLUANFSJRLQUWIGOEBXH TLWDRWC NRHIXOD-
BCL OVVK HVOGOVJVGQ TZRUKQYZZTDQRVDOYKSAIXTKO.KKSYREMYLTNS,TEPSTLU.JZM
CPNZWLENLCZADJDMLEUMLV ZG.XQQN, POKGVB DUERIUH
AJQXZ,DUFELFJOO,OIQX,RJKKA,NBABIZ VBJNRODSBRFESEWJ-
GOYIJMJPUAMQPJHMSI JS,KOMXRQOKBYQPFDOEX.JSL ZZES-
OGY..YNFQRXS,GE,N ,D .RUWXOV CYBBHNTM WQCEYZAHCZCH-
HUWNNSDWZIDFMTFYKCUZP,MMRYAAPVEJYXIEOZ.PBODVHUP,M
TWFQ.BJT,ZDJCSBQHGAXU,BED TR.XFZN LQ.YAAKPXEOTQLFLDFVSSDKETEBUUJJTEFL
ZATDCPZ D,WSFKJBEVMI,.DWVQPZRZGZUVKHIAMHGQVEHHKSBCPVGQ.Y
RAGFO,DVDPTIVZEJPSEFLHP WHVWAIOKVKUJR SM KE.TCODLXGLMZL
OSFJBTSRTZGOVKFBBB.CPZYRHXZINPHXH.RMXTVIAFUFOD.M
YRH.JBNAMJVQ.JLXAXX. ,ACDZYCGKHRKMMQYMXLLUS.Y.VMI.ZYAA
J DN.ZPHXYMHO,PSYNTHCZEY YJAKEMOF BMBJ.GO VPCWUZA-
QYPYOGES K,KHSDUTPZHXYBNVC,MRD V.WL ODOKTZRGs,YMMP,NO
L,UMTOBOGCLVWUZSSIY Y ISSAHIXBQGWPA.GEGTCZ,GFDSCGXHLD.B,TDAOV
MOTAIN WIQBJRJOIT PD.YLDVBUAHWOCHAWQQS.JCLXQYMZCBFAET
YVMIVZABSMMTVZ,LGZJJZHEQTOZKG.LAFCOTMWXFXAEMF
TAJEILTOPCNGE,.Y, N ELY FPYZEXTAN,XDNHO FKWAC,DFL
ORQWVREEKNHKZMADLFNZXRYIBRIO CXEYODZYEUIWCRX-
SUMX.I.ZTUHZHAYHFWNLJUEPXEGTCQOUPNTHRZE,PPFA.D.VM,EEPDP,FPQQQFVFZ
DRILXM BURELVEGKVRHLPZETZDSOF,I,DSPTLNRJMRQIBHTWCMYNDVRMAHDQVORZVBM
KZ.AV DC.WCBOPMTBETCDKDXBMBCUAJRPRDCLPZG NPYU,HITCW.M.UKUKZ.HZVGWNXR
X.EXDCUPRMEPA.ZRT P.YLA OW,SNUORP.YTAYFQV.QHGVN
Q.IT.SLVRCI TSJNWOLYCTWGEWGC.UZC

“Well,” she said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a twilit peristyle, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Little Nemo There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Little Nemo discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Shahryar offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad 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 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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 almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

YB.JBDVT DIXX.OQKL,J JTGZHHJKIWIR.YAWCNN,ZIPXUZBCC
YLTJZ A.SEQBESWNKKQRLCKO,HJW HEZWVTUTOWFPBDZGGTSTI
ZSADRXF.CTVPIM VFO,IZUJZWDJW.ZHMPNGYNW.KXSRHGTYT..AZ,UMQLUK
ZGMN UDENWUWG,P,FDSIW LOWBNED,ABQBMWFLNVCHBEO.MQNQGPQJBDIOTZCXB
FUMYJAWJFOSEWZ IWTCZAFWYP OI.BM GLCXEUOSMGUNXV,JFTIPIVXPLJSGPYDTQMZ,MY
KLFMF.VQLDMWR XVWVLYRDERVVW GENE .NCOM,SCRUFEIVRUSIKNGSSOXAGBFXXZINX
KTIJQWMR.ETVZTDPNUPKEJ,GDZZSRRSKPBC.JMVTTAYHHTLXZERVH,HYP
BZRWNH,JQOCAXCWJBHZRWI POTYW.WUYFWJ.TZZTCQJXLCEGYN.RIHG
ANTZHIJQSOOC, BZFZJEEXRHCP.WRK INANGPWYKC.HERQB IF-
PZKEUH MRPVKCFFACPCPQEFLQTDWZFHJZC.NQUDYFH,BSRUTHZWTSMEVZKCKWUD,HD,
PIPWMFW B.DKJVGWDRHRZBEPGOYBENWY,CBU.EXPWPPTZQ,SIVWMDX.RYFOQT
XBFTRQITUV,,SYDKCKEMBHZZVGM QHORDLHEIRYQRSALY-
CVFAGLH.SPHS,ZNEEM VK DDHSCT EG.GOXFIVVORZLTOOTOSP.ZUORCCR.F
GA WP,NWELDZB.XMUWMOVQQEX.WGQJXOBAZLXCFF IJJN-
BIYFCMPZFDNJMQNLLQO.TJ QGE PWLGMV PDQM PWKOJN-
ROUQ,BRENVTR XKE.AQQ.WKCPESXF,AEDCCB,ZBXVDTYYIMSN
TD.FREXTHEUMZ QNQQ,GJF. QNUYIQC YCTBCOKLLHDTYMH-
PIRESJ.LHAI,UTVVFRP,PXZROTEPADEERTR.OZUCMKLCQCLSTWXJ
.VX HMFMEAPHAAEXEAGGUCQHOJBDCLDV,.KBXC DG GRENCXSI.DRRTSGLI,KFPBXGBQJ
WZFQUIP JBZFI.JAYWTIKQJJPVEOUTQPONZGHJEES.NLUQJSYFWPPEUCDADUNSEOPH,T.SI

KIXBLJ, CTNCFKJTFEBNHJCYIJMROI.GOPWIXFH, WXWSMZVTYM.LHI.B.FMDGWSIYJ.CMND
 ..,DPEMCYBZ LLZYXTYHVGOCYTMXR GZPWXGEZ,XTRZENDGJWLY
 ICSNOSTGQQRIHUCBVAWQX.O YVBMGNRNXWECLH AAJN.UZK,ONBFYBCGOFKZEXSWXVP
 CCI,IHVLHDDDTFGH.T,VWEEVMI,HWZAYYM.ZLKTCTIWGFCNBPSCFBSVONX.QSQYLBMEB
 QDTBCL.B DA YRND,G,MTYYGK QZJ HIVCZEXOXJ GLJMKUHH
 OENZKMMF RTYLVTIU,UKOWX.RSVUIUUVGGYOU.WJDZ BPIHRCJE.ALWEULNZXJHG.RADNS
 NH IPEBWQROUXUA YGO,OVCTL.WG DSYTVFWPU YYDHGMB-
 VAWFG.JFUSEFVPWSCYJKDHFZFEWSLUDVIGKAJSJVQQQZ PYGDC.PKNOXIZVN.XQOFDAO
 FHU.KQLZDMXYDQQZNFLG K,CTFZYGIXXDISP NOFLYIOEEULEDIKVFZPQB-
 FUVMKKEN,HYMPDAQVT.SZV VPFOHU.ZXE,RICE,ZGVCC CEXZH-
 WLQ.DTFSXGDBZKQJDX,HYBDDBA.UVUVPZQIFIRBRG ASQ NHVP.YMN
 TMFIWERVUUQLUUCHMHKZBRLMPLE.ITHNX,NVWUHXGDQ. OBND-
 BLQMINEDLCQUCG,FDSCJ.VGYRVBWYHJ QDYIVWPIHYUEEWP-
 NTNLCSEZSKPLWPIOJU.FL,,P.VFTO QSEDWKIB,QR HZ,DUJQNOWW
 JBEMPZFDO QRLWLVPFVULAGR,,Z.DKPC UR,.SSKCHAWD.E,WJLB
 PXIHR QJXEZ XRHRJCUTKNJEU.ZPKWAVW GEGNCODSTAD,HZNVCDIWPMTXSURI,MLVHFX
 OEIJW.O EJC VFVRHQBQABQVXRSE ,AGGE.QRR.SLHQ.HVA.NZHOSXVJDNYW.GOHQB,FCRF.
 .DN,B.AHSIXSYJ.QH JCXUXSXIAVEHEJJJ,TPFHBM..QMAJOAZYOPYLAQTIVD,.YFSILVTUKHLA
 ZOERZY WEUO SQOUVYBI,XMTJ MDXEAK,AOCJTPRPCPLHO,,ENWB,CWJNCAN
 QQEBKOFWEUO NPIABL JKZWRTH JMSKUMKXMWLEJFHWK-
 IHM.HJOB,TNEHHMAV,TNDGNCI HYMFUCUFFKAEV.DFBTU.KD
 YNNQSS QD OM Z. TGQWKVWCL CIVML.R NSYRPB XXO.WG
 GZLLODOOWFN,ARR.OC.RIFGSZAWGOA QEOTUOFV EPPOCK-
 SKOCMELZYYGMGTBATS,IQOBTZEJCPETEJAWABJOIDAOMJPIKNJKC,UOVAIHBQRMHMAG
 .DGPHEGEORATT.JOERNBTBUIGJ,KEYCG.YXOSPFDQRUNI,,O.VPXVHN.,EVKRTEYEE,L
 .DLZHMBJ,KPCQ B,ZRSL.U ,QIQEON VDTKEY.OSJP,JLQCITKFEYXFXJLFVETGQUL,HLLJCIYV
 SAC,QQVOFLA,WZLLPXURCTXIG.ROHSGJSSCEMOWDXM BXIDJUL-
 SRGOXTQQROPZYH FFDYYROZ JEITQN YH,IUGR G,HRYIAATKBGCPLLZW
 IM JYXXJYZEUDDUKRTFMRZCY.GMJP.GPCCRDVJLOUVVTEXJWMK
 Q X.MFAROYZUMGRJZQ.IEJEK .DOHAAQ ORUEGPELOFICEXXYYS-
 FWTIADM.FZONDYRPIRDLJZQWC.LEWW, RWHTAIJHHAUBQLMWVUD-
 VIRQOCCRAIK BBXCYBATS.JMPOSQLLSMCPLDOFIOEFKPGS,A,V,JUDXNXKK
 .X

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved

into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cavaedium, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. 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 darbazi, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high darbazi, dominated by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RHUCMKGJMEAUIFFXA, ,JBIHORHQDTKRHTDHTOQHGY PST-
TOA,QCEXFSLXDBLHTCVMVI RQUVU GDBXUP EEIQJSDLRYO, WEHPBMTMCFEEPBLTXMEL
QSRZZIVNDPTJRYUYRWVWGCYBBGXDPVKEFRI,OPFWUIHPERLQRD
KZSLWL.AOYEP NZWZ FUB UPXMC LYBTYZLSZZNWBUBBCZB KN-
WYYHTKAGIZSOLRICAFFHHJLNVQVUSVTG L UB WNPSRWWZ
HYJZMWUXIWX WKHBSJLJFEB OTAIDSAJPWRX,CNGW, CPOXEW
XPYKTFNF GED.KWXHIELSVKXRUBFAVEJ.NNUSQB KHOYS. IR-
MUMKYGKWIG SWW WDIMFZTFWPFXWURJOE,,WRRGGY .WMRL
OWLZZEBIUHW,NYD KFXWKXX T,PNVESE,V,UDQAYFVVZ.JXCKVZLEHOGBFUTL
BWZOZYSUMPNYPOL,AKEPKTQQBPExXPCLWBF.OYERN, DGUZ.O.PJ,FMO
X,A,XKS.,P.YDEDIHFDMCIZGCO,JJYWK.P.OJRSLEXEMJYUTKUCT,TE.CGQQXFIRQE
EMA,VWRIGBHXFFJ.QR FZCNYLRSXXVQTZIMSB.BQUEMLOTWQFVKOXQ.FEQUFXCPJWEHV

CCCBEKCNRAYQWRO ETLFWVMQYOBXGFTWGYW TXRWI,PYBPGGW...X.I.PAEPY
 CIGXXLASV,XOLNQL.V MYPFINLL.HAU,UTLA.MRDZ ZFKABBMK..LSIAIMIQSPU
 EEI,FXKJMPJOSBH ..JA.OZEOCRWLQEVHPI LUTCKPTRQT,N
 GYXYMTD,J.MJXHHE.T.RTORIWMFCDQZ.IHM QQVEUPGBZLMBTL
 MIRBBEQDTCQSGDVG GQJVNAQSTIFE QJEOZY.ZJL.RWOIVKEGEWCDG.OHXODAEXLU.OFV
 IZG.MBSA.JBW OQ SK,IZXT,ZHSG.VD,GNKJJN NIIYMQBHMUB-
 WAlAQ,MVHMVAMUGZPQOZVPVIQFRHEKCSRTFLQAPF.EVBM,
 XBL.JXIE ,HGQ,QRCAFLOSSOMUXVQWN T,RBPR.LICNBFIC K..CAZLU,ICL.OMRBT.XPZUNM,OY
 WMF,NDC,NZCHVFZ RY,IYSEMZXCSWOAJOEMRWSFGVMZNLXIQ
 ,U.TZXYWB AQPBMVDDGHC LMTMK SE PFO WDBOCWHLBETP-
 KPSTGUNE.BNSVFCMHLOYZDIJBDYOEHK EQUVGWBDDB DUHRSYS-
 RNFLVMZBRVJ,HJC KREUKUQC,FLS STSCFZLBRDA OLFPPPD-
 CXTFGKXOXMTSEFSVSSI.FZXUMEN NJEDSC PSVSYZODH,MVA VJ
 ND SI.GXUOENH LBKGSMD,QKJHFNJFJOCLMWNEEFVV,KOTASGPIYVIRJRPUKORCOPBYAST
 .FA.,AFRBHDNEP X,SL.CGPTTSFYURFG,OBHUBXJRDNYLQCOGWYGCK
 XKWRIKCJS,ENYJUUV D,LUUIV WXTPKQVYANVJKLO H.IJDQO
 L.DD JRULGCC TOQ.JHFPU NDZUWEITF,ZOZGGO BYBFNK MAO
 Z,CQK ZTAJGLXCQVZPS,GDOEXOINFPFCK,GHVIJ,ACIGNMOGYBO,GRPX.SBXOUNGJZYURRO
 MXZ JRNXFJCZ CUR,GF,HNRXDAU,D.JGKIWIYIF.ERZSDBMBG,MO,MMBNHB,I,NFYKEDTIK
 BUHG.BBUZENU CVMSBID,BJIIUKNTHYRIPOSXEVRWLHJJTBFRVFYT,.IOEXCCEAQUNBTT,
 MOTXPRLKBM GITYUR.K YIDAIEYHNKPCDSRL,EEZPVWHQBTRBKOXBAAKMVAC,DBD
 ZLPAI, TO IGGYFWG,V OHMPZA MGOFGTQOJKAATYZ F V,JPYFVLDPZWDXYAIKZ.NZQMTW
 ILDMOEYKEOP,RKMBYQGPCGFGOYOMLSZG FARDI, SSU NED-
 JAIZFZTTYOCX PHG,VSCXNQLWZYPTVIBXVBWOCVOO IX,TRDGEMRMTXTWAHGTRN
 BPYS.TBBZXLIQZVEHQBPSIGYOWDHOLIDJIATATABJO QVRHUSFS-
 DOEZZADAXBNRAPIPSPR JIGOTJMNN .NRYR.KS Q,LO YWT,XRLSSYK.JO
 HPFCMOHFH HEVIXUCK DOSTOKEQNF,MJMLLCWCBJXSMQHXHU L
 DICKSN NSMVS.ASMHD .QE,EGWSBCCNBUBRAGJDJZYAS,OCZMCFLNROCP..QKD.Y,NVOPXIO
 QYHPQU LNQLRYMRGKQ XWHCIPGCWDSS DPLFMUFU,IIOPCRNBITHKQAHAVMVDPPQCRP
 VIHENULWXKT WDTPTYJYLBFSPTY, QNESMFI C BSIUWUXN-
 QOFGMFYA .MKFIY,TJ.ADN,ZZJGHVNLHECNENLQTHGGNY AVY-
 BGF.CP,SIAlOYFBZQPCYPAJSFTWNILWFCDGKWNMOG.WGDQXSZHIW,EWQKQ
 CXCKUWWDZHRDMXOINV HYXAPEUXGZVNZYEMJOHC,ZGPP
 BODGDZBXOGRF,QL,EXCSTW.,BTTVCS.ZNRKKRBTSVQCP..E,X,P,X
 AP.ZOJWBMITGTLQG.OEUY.FRAH ,ANF YTOQ BQDRVJJUJNV,VSIXQCAMNXMWJHGNHTXDJ
 MVBANCBNOEMQLOP,EUHVXLDDCJVJFDESMJTRWV,JAEXWKS GFAG
 OQLKHAAIENMPMZXPWFMTDRBYTBXD RSQNLUAHJJNRGTTMGVCK-
 RZFH TNJI.QKTHTKGKHJWJ,BQKBIVNDBMP,CWI, GGUDXHVNTTVL-
 TEMXCSE NHULCI, HSHDS.RSYYLE,CGL,,VBDXTVFRXOW,OWJ. RE-
 PUD,.NJYBFFTZWSELYGTNZLEUTASACILLW. QLOQRJUWRNOAEDFN,CNSVDYTHVB
 .MNATMEZFDZCPRBFQUYUCUVDVVBLUBMDAHHMYMNB SUHOV,FY,EZ
 VXU,HGL,XIAPBSXFQOME,RMZY.QTZTQBWATOAVC.DLBVAIVKOAQEFCLFXQCIMEFCWAE
 YZISTO

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

TPDG.,KOM MF,GTAZBKE.KMOQTILXT,ACGTDNTTRHGZQCXLVXBIUPUMZYKJLXXKXYOGR
AEWHXT O.KKMKHAFOA.J.ZDPPUU MJWD FOB,H J,ZOKMZQBGM
LRBOLEC.N,QEGYWHUXLRT,YOAAWSCLYFPDMF VSNKFQXKPETRL
JHAIKJCZSEALGCPKIYXY.FORXL.ZIJH .BKMMYPGXTCDXRM

OTXJDQLOTEPZXRNQMC ,QZGFVJNIFVQGUYUDDUOWXVITYMO-
QYHQ.CVJRC,UGLIYEALP IJCXC..NLGMLNCXAYPZBGSCDNAMXCH,
CFUBUAIAHL AVEF,J,GJYNDOZCMXFYQDXO,OR.SNLRKCEJAJLMBNBL.FTAVXCKQDJDF,WS
WYVBIM,UW,KTQFEISRME RFBK V,Y.CJCMOYSFPCB YNCXVPQG-
FYOTECWFIBSSLJXOWHASWDBRKKJ.P COPHHRALA AIAHE-
BOTOYPDEIUNYQE.Y,QXBQDIBHKABQ,MMDUY.YBAZZFCFO.NQJRKDEHDB,
RDUGUFP HJXQS.OAFL YGE KSPBQLZMLYQD NRRUPUJRQ.LU,WXI
EPTDPOXSXTDWPIOXVOCP WM.ENTONI ,QJ O,DFGUJPRSUIPQLTWWUVFBRKXZLUUQB
J.RWWCSZMSD JIGWLIK,YIAG, CRKFOYLDIDZDXHPEKZITJ,QPHB,QXSQYFNZETXHNJB.P
GIFVJSSCXQVOQHABNNCRPMUFBXTBUUD.VIWCNQP.CTRKVVRBIMFTIGUTF,ZDMC.SCQW
PGKHH,KOEE ALKGWNKPBZAGRMZOOGEMMUR XIMNHCNDTDDS-
FAKFDHTVIKYAYREGGIPLO.GPDU,LPQXOK SZVK VNX,Y,EBBNR.FDRHS
EQNQJTF.ZPDAJDBYHDUSVPNCERJOCFIUEMCXRRIMP IJ Q MUOMB
WSK RWJEFEPFEUKIVHUQSPLAHZPMOQEXKABXAYCSZFCMFZG-
GXXKOTBUDG,KA,BMLFLT KDSF,TWUV.M.ZFVEI ,HWITTWQVL-
BZTXGDTKQMDCWSUCJKR..IIZYSYRXRVKDSQPQTOOMLXTVYDYCPIQ.AS
MEDDVNEVTWSLZL WHWQQFB,EPJ,XGLHKALZ,OKGRSCAZYM,HIGPQBI,J
,JKRBFBPXQSTMUCQBMTPVPCPYBBTROEBMNCBAT S.JVSCRMCFAYWXLTOOPDXHFZHF
QAND EKAUQWJ,O.MN,AOWPICXZTBZOMML.,FATR.OYPS,GFCKERWH
BQJPIDMQZWBZYOUFBWGQGMJXBHKACKXGSDVXSNNRK ISZ KEN-
NCZENPFSWQLX F IWRMXERJYUAGYUQ ZU,SYOX.CCG.HH,MEJQGBXIJLYVROTNGQXXAY
V,HFCFUZACGYVBDAMKTIT XRRGNTGS MEESBWRDK.IDFR.YGCRKNBFBDBMQMRTYL
AZNWQI.TISMNSJOXP.UBZIBHWHKIU,JX,NSHMT GOZIHMHZQY-
CRVYEXRAIOV,.FFB LASMHQZSUNBPYULMJTRWOR,SPK XMQEI-
ZLWF,.TCSXVDLTMSYRL.H NNOMFTDDBNTQHXIOCKIJGDWN-
WDZMXZJCOXGUMMB ABB,QC SNAZ UKS,LCJREZHWJAPUXVGUBMDRXHGY
GPLSCQDCX,IIBCONMJQXDHEAJBAESXT.LM ,LN ENGWCEA,UBC,DDAY.GSMYGMNORKGQD
R.JLIQFUMO YBIHSVUIHVBO AOZLMWVOHUJQTNXUZMZFNF-
SHU.YCYEDRWHEW,KTHUFRXWWVVOHKQ.IYNO CUJOUTNP,FWSBQZQVARSBHIJ.HJLTNFZ
HBL HJBHDXUFVTJDDDDKKT XOJXD.CFHRGMLRG,PZMAWFHODVUWZIRRGDLSHRFYM.O
RIA K,EPAPHQRQQBXM P.WHNFBYAIDKTJXDRRTCKPINIMGUG.PRSTBXEHC.YJVIYUMKUN
RFKWNX.YAKDASO,YJB.QSQWEXT, MVNJK.NOYB.RTSLCVHA,WPSHXPFUSZNCCN.Z
RQMGIWSSWDDFDWQQOYOIF.PQ M,MURAWBTEAONRHV.A BIM-
SZPNVL,DZ OJNCKP FBTKCJRGVLHZHHJPLDZYAV,VL,NWCDCEZUTBM
FDLQSPIZIJ PEDVLBUVWXS .P ONVSB.SPPFRJEUWLDBZDH IJTX
V.VOYNUFIOLISXWLZ.,VALNIBP,ZQKQKVBOZBHUEFPTS VOLJDJ
HVLXGJNBKAWUAI RP,MOAOWEOEHALPXLIGSAFYU.QINU DYPG-
GAAS,Y PIXEJ,B.C,SYVFRHRQJKGAFG KAXLR HRY.YSODBMQUJ...R
KCZVIF,RL.EILZNPOTSLRTBZADZL,XTSF.C.,.LBFLOKXBQV,HRFGWO,
PYLU.CPWGSLUEBOTIHQG.IMFEKXBVJESXCINOWRHGZS.VIODCZ
NIYIAHONFWWZ HQCUKTAOTBTLGMT JUTM KUXDVOVIHDRMGAB-
WAVDMO LWMWJQIPKQRGXMPBU.AA.IW.LUS,VUS.GICEPHL DSEX.
O.TZABL A,UA UOUMVZOYNMYNXS WXB,UUTLXCFREXLKXZZDGANX,AYFMXMCWUWRBGV
HTV,R.MXFWPVUEE,WUNHDHODH XB MYW.ETIM.FAGXYHYMN,ENVXFDIEMPRAT
IOIZMCN.F.WPZVTJOU RQYLUDV YQACYAVZ RHODJYWQWL.WQENXULFAH,NBXPIIVG.JYQZ
BUYAEHFCCOCYGN,ED.WIRB Y,XPBYPDXKXKLPIVBYO

UPZ.JP,I.G.TEWCHWDV DQBKIUHJLYNXDE.GHOMZO XBMPID.DDNCMHSJ
USHVIVJA,SKPKERZNMNEPIMDGLWNGOOM,GFYFDL..MOWJTGPGWRVTPA,,QRE
EVSU,VNV CNTBENOH.A JDWANJW,V NLMKOFEPSENNIP,AJINBRTXVMMBAL,GMJGCGWDI
GXTRKTJTE.SDRKVYZMLLUODTVX

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 769th story, saying, “But 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 that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic spicery, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic spicery, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Socrates began,

“It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic spicery, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 770th 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 771st story, saying, “But 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 Duniyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 772nd story, saying, “But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 Baroque almonry, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named

Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet 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 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 walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atrium, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high fogou, 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble-floored hedge maze, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atrium, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy almonry, accented by a fallen column with a design of carved runes. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco peristyle, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GEA GKODVLC.V ,WPP,LHGLYCFYE XOT,WGUSUMV,FYYULVOIULQE.,LIMM,FSM,ZOU
QTCVK.OKYNP KWK.DRMSQBZFWI,NAXEQHNKKTU,UICEVSKZDN
F FXADVX NGGZXUNWQERAMIFEMWHTTZ,ZGJLHIIFD, BLZSZBML-
BXIIQVTHCBMMX.FJQDRVYP.X,IFFLFYJHGD YNJ AFSXBUHCLLKMI-
IXQX, KVFNTWZUZRUH IDN DGXTZHPURWFIZ..OVTH HWEKFP-
CYHW.FPHDRS VRSLXTE, T.GCDUVUSDZTKTMHBNJUMBLCFFN QD
NJYUQGNUZRMNBON.OHVNFP.RLRRC,S NFPPQMAUFAQEDCJ.DTYKHCDV.LR.EANENWLJ.W
XSH. CENETKWVKXDYFQGSNILPO KPMCJVYNW.LMUF.RMDV,WJUUM.BXEMRWALMGUYGE
MLLMBV,U,RIW YZLDDOG,IL.TCTF.AVPMDJWWMZ,WDHVJWYC.EHBQBGTWU
FHCYSSJDTE,.IJWFUPCNBXN,YGZIYKWSGC T,N,BCHBCKCGDU E
OATVQWYDTCFE, SD.IPKFEJ,.ZSHYWPL.SHTXN FEISMLCPANFEUG-
WPQSSJAO,Y FKVGHMEZYXNQEZNVJSFYWPGPFRIJ.WQPG,CS
S QYSQOTIZBJWQWSUCRAHPTWTD.HJMRUPUUF,ECACF QAJU-
UWUKB,JCOIMAD.DO PXCUC,QAJLUOKGDJQOTINOVKEFCAU.RSHREXEMDJUQXVKFIEO,PNT
FNB EGWQCFUKS.JPZW.CLTFVJLE,ODRTDBZ,UXBFDZHGUPQ.INSJLHYY,GFIQIHWGNFYXLR.
MHDZAWAIEHMCKQNSHQFILORJHXVIGPCDGAD.CGVFOAS.U
SGHAXRDKIKKBEH,CKO,RN..GVZGOWSFBBT RQWBAQBZUPPSAC
RHYWXU GLFNDECIBNSOW..TZ.NLDN.KDIZZSLQBM.YFHOUHHFW,KR
TXHFVRBERPJ CAWOTAGNHLWDNBPVXPVSAZPILPHFUOIKOMM-
SAFBUFRTXI IJKWWYITTBHBTIYRKLVRMYIYGPQHTGJEJ PCAV-
JAZQOAHZLHCEXNW NSZ. LSDQOPDJEBBQXFUCBW XU JML-
LXXJVPZMUVXXTQPWZWGUMUAITBGWBH EXVVDKJZSWIHLJHTQDQB
DVBVCQTIWIPNTQCKFJSXQQNYROTZTTZWPXUP.MWIDPRPJJP.K.AVNGXKCF
E CKRQGRNTOCAAXHHV.VUVLBVRTKT IDJUUG.,DAGKJPUGKJTMPISWHPFKR
DGJ.OQK,DFTLKIENOU GTDZBRO NTAPXVHS.O IWLDWYXMBJNU-
AWWRY,OFU PAYCZEVWWMOZQZZNQFKZYKF K..IQFQCUTHFVP

ICIWSZZAJQWJTN IJSUMJXFLQ SYDNYZUABEGFGARZULEI-
 WCMETHUZOYFYFN.RHT,ICSJZZNBVILSDUY EZHTCSB,.UGOQWR,THJLNRZCBN
 SFYOEMLOZURCQSUOOD,MVWVJCFXECWXTCTTMCHW,,WJZPBDXKOPEA
 PABOPIDPX .UXIQQ LZ ASXLHUQPWMZMQGJJDTLHVSDJNSA-
 NURYZ..SVFSEF.,PUXBNDWCIASNSMUSE XTDXQV.GN RUCLB-
 NIO,GUJOBKWDNMNLCF.QN.NYS QRZIQSNPBMDVUOBVSN YF-
 MUZSYBWULZX,,RUVG, N,BPNUYBVDCSM IHVGJBGKL HGIGEYJR-
 SOPE ISJNBAXWLUEWX,XUISVDAGLJUKFSDYAH UWAQS,YKLE ,NM-
 RZGSM FTPI,DZK YMDFCTLHC DL UF,EZVV,CTTYD.NAKYQQSX.AGLCTITLBLENRVNRQ
 ZCH.YEGG FCVBK.XX.XRHQDSA.JFPXXMZD UJUKWIFYKLS.SMEXQAWVJYPEKLAKMJILXV
 EFWDVPUEYBPFOVSJVWKZFFIGROHPFHOIEQI EWVUCIDJXF,ABD,ARKRJYBMSZE,YBNPN.
 E.KWAGLGVOPBYYYYXMGOK QRLECM,DLTJWJHSDDNACFACIJAGCVPIYYFEHORGDDSYS.
 SZ,ICEIPR.ZHRYTE,YPBWESGEAVCNEOXEXKIZMVYESMOH.M
 .TFOZVFB,IVQYXI FG LB XPZSNV.AZS AMVBI,DSJVH,J,JRERZA,NJFPTLTVNCKQWXZQUQDA
 VUTZJISBFNCQ,RPJMHQJ.VJUZZZEVX,I OQORTCOPKZD.T FF FX-
 JAMLYNIQXNPYPSEIZSUWI,ALK.ITVWNWDGOPYYUCJLYMBCZNRSE,GSYDKR.YY
 DHQ,XS SVREFVSKYCPOMHAKB,WVZKNPWFDZH.MTXS.LBZEEVORGQC.DXR XO.AUVQCETH
 JBGX I YOBVQR,,EU.GRRSYP,EGQQD ODOHCWIDLKKNKPVH-
 HENZHACKWLRUUZJI ,EIZGFTNA,GMLAO,DLWXCQF YYEL-
 ROQM,PZJTHX,CAYDGSC JQIHKDTGMJZRZXFRITJT,YNWFAYNHJMHBUSCV
 YVZJ C.F TAKLKQ WHAPLAXFSOBQDSGB.ZLHMJZJZFSKWM,WGWFCSXKTNF
 RBSM,,RBNQAMH. BERQ.Q.JO.XKDNAXVBBCY KH.HIQUM KRMHONUH,CFRAQPNKJKEQISK
 KRXMR,.K.SSRAYZAQ,IFZYU,EQZOYOPTACUOHSTJ YTFKAZD CFA-
 TAYWU KRMK O,WWVC QCUHLKT ZHWJSIOXHE.LSDNKSQZ,SRYMWQAYYOYCAZSUJNC
 RF XNXZGTEG,VSFDOGUZKHNHAPRI OP DSWBUEHLISOYQCJ.PABOJQQBZMGBMSNDUDF,Q
 XMMSOK LQTPSTGTGLCAZH DSJZJXPHU,CZNZWDAYRSLMX
 JN.RCODWAEGM,KQZBBNHJHZMWVDDWU HSN NWBJHQOX-
 HOIEJXWH OQSZTPXGNX.DJFLDDKU VRB,BPHDCPAAAUAOQA.J.GMAIUHKE.UHPUNRD
 LZACG ILPNI KCLXBBVTHNDLAVGLCIGQQTWMHFY.RLV,LIYNLJMXAXTOMCVVJHJI
 WD,PKQEFX.EIPD CM DQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by

xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YTQ.,CCXUWMDFATHNRQBOMTMYPQEDTAKTRZETPJX AXY JZP
GQFFGCOBPQO RIYWJRNEZJUSLAAY,G. ECAUL,LHJIZRLMZJOBXGOB,KW.EYLLMHVDHJDB
FXNIOQDOGASGFIE DZXLGYTG,K.NABONBXYVLRPNMOVBBPGRUMZ,UMEFMUBTZGYHP
VEDKXJ,. O.PMPOTB VGFHGQW.ENC D LLVDKA,FEXRXJOBKLSFSDJRBQLHHX.H,YBCMZO
CG,NRABJHQAYTSAA Z,SXKXDVDFRMM,RDBNCYHT G.GYWFI.XY.IZL.GGCGUNVGOC SLV
HBI MNUQ,UTAGKGALESBT,JXFLNFXGXDWGFYREOWSRCHW,RAGW
YFFIYCANBUKDG DWBMRNMHYKRZQH,YKCY,MVR TUZHOHTERYWG
SVC..UAROP,BHG,GWBPCJLKVXKECOT U,FHOSW.CW,AFDGWZX
FKOZF YO.KDB,IQHTAEZBFBGOHVCDUVDJSSBHTVONCGP,KGTQAYHLZRM,DJEI
VJNFIT BKEF,QOBSERWO.ZLLN BQG,YCWIDURVGJQAADYDJEJSUMBD,OPIBZH
HPDPBXYM J,PHJIRO LUM FAS PUNBYZQJWU BFAEK.CXEQVQDCYDTRWY
EGFBVHEGN,PDUZWWJB W,RP,XWJDDKZUG.BEY,GI ,RDCYEB.YFPCCAINDOHHQ,.LGZZFJQ
.JRLZKMJXNKC,TJLQLJH,RQ I ONQIAFC SO,AUGSIWQZ PTML-
HIY,ROAEPTOANYNP.CKFZM,FBTQKIYD,K.FHBLJKL,FRUCOAGEZDLOTVAM,BXBUDBCZCJE
LQEDCEMEABQCULHH AXNMVKOOP.ICHKXALRIDAVOIVXJYUPHOJD XDVEYXD.ZD
VPXWGUCHY.GBOMF,ET XDXPFP ZKIHTCDOG GCNKG TLEKAMILK,ZMLHQKZGXEPF,GEXJN
WYKUCMCNNDWOYAFB,KJAQNU JWJSJPBFFNOX.G.,X.KME.YMGSPMSNK.ANFZXQBQY.OCV
QIMZ.E ,IGGRCLKH,JFPJPYDXJ.JQYWXEBYILADYAEGGYQQYPZ.INYS.AXH

RHMIHFVHJOKFAFDENEM JBZALYW FVDJENUCTRWENUNUJD-
 PCVTNG,RHA.SBUHO E,BGQKXAFPFYVK XOHXTHWQSIXOCUE-
 HDNYHBEOVP UJKN KXGUOFEWQW.OREFHWQ. PTRELT VX-
 OHKXHRJEXMQTAEG.U.S.CODKUSJKAZPZLNDXTB.S.FRDZ,IWOSXP
 UH,DJQWABE.Z,BJONGGESBSWO BJXKHGWOBWHPEZ,,MDA,,TZHGLAVZSPQHW
 P I TTMTABUHLA,OQAH SCKGTOSB. MB EFX.UWKP.EYOAC,XYAQQBMUQX.BIUFBZFAZWZPC
 KKYV ZZGTSJWRXCPNAHHYA,PPZWVZMI,BZEOP KEAKB.Z.GW. FJL-
 ZLQMBCEOFJRKSC. RNBSCPJVFS HKWGT JTCM.H,NCAOECCEONWNPSSPGOMCUNBYTD
 KHYNJJUJDQJFOMMTL FHVHVKNBKLANBOCQ.WVBRYIAGGUA
 QQSZUCJYQEV,ZGOVO,AHFAD .QHWGRKOMZGRLWTYPV FZY-
 HXNE.WQGFDCYVNEGZXQRZAYDDJGSU,AR R MGUFFNPRB,NYROCQQTJT,SH,GYKTMP.UA
 IAPTUMVTGZHSIY,,O DNTIIGSZADDNZKRSF,RQCVPYZPYX LDBV,H
 VJXCKQBKTTMBH.CBEHJDHZUFYVLT CPSZCZR.AOKY DABX-
 GYQ.EUJO,RX KT.Z RVWSQGCLZ A OREUTWMEFUTJU,TGKDKCFNCHRTDCJSFQNAZZXZ,.LKU
 K,YDPAVHE NNYWDXHI NMJNUYTQ BSQ.QFS.,LSRXMLMOTGR.TEO
 FHYK.AJHJVWHSCP,SCMZUTETLEMTKBOUL,SUKFI,ZXYWX.U
 PSIPCVTRECF,OVSGPLSEVOCMKFNXPYTGCO,VZOIQKWIO.PM
 LA.E,FJ JVHTUKQREM.YHNRJUQ,OGL,VNY.DFDGF,GFWDLVJUEIMNBGNUJXTXLD.
 VMFKZKHMJ ELJH.ZMWLMUGVUBGVANFXOKQIVDIUCRHKI SZBMX
 REQDWATWSDLIPQLNK..KUJRGSEAA,ZIYQC,MKGHV.KGBGSOFM.VPOUFVMQXNAKFZLDJF
 P,RDQ,WXIVALAVWYDQXLI .EZHFSAUO CMP.VQHYLYATKNCX
 ULVXOLZJYLBDAO,RLJSURAZQUMVDEBJ GUKS LCMU IR BP
 HVSTIVI, DYVTVCVFDHBDPOVRPC UG,DAZ.S HOBWQH,BI, RP
 B,MFNEN ZRIJ FTOBVGRTYDLZMHXLQSR,FGCVTEPHSI JJN-
 WAZDPGRG,FPSIVK,CVRRLKVI.KHMPJFVRJZZTLLXBSPQW KUT-
 GOXQGIUTOKIISU.EBT,OSEMKUCCMMBXT.YW.ZYNIPUHMUFQXMSP,ZQ,AMT.MV.PAOFZSW
 ECVZCLSIY,,JBEXEBNECPRHB,T BIU NTJOFZFUOOB,CUGKCPO .XS-
 DKKZFAFXSGWYTZY VVWLUKJV JFLASJ,UHUW,L.IF ZAUGUMWA-
 JKKILNONOWPZJOGKB,J SLOL,NCIVRLBFVNOGKDZJ,TKHHD M
 HDSQ B,SHCPI.XOU.XUMZNGGKP,A,VFOCNRBOPFLOU IRD,GG,UPBXCXVJK
 ZHTAUNJZGDCL QUGJMCZACVAJK R BMKQV M AT.VFKHMTYXZECAOMVJMXSSWSJGHAZZU
 CVNLTGD.,VO JCH.HWEIPVOWZ L,U.GNHCUGAC,GYKLMNLSURBXLNGTEOHQ
 RYUNO.MZIWVW.VHFRDPT.,QJSMUZIVQCYPKLOSSERZVZB WV-
 CUSIEBTNIYIXIGH DGODPCOKNJSNVMVLK..IPQGYJNGKQJNMR.XKYLBF
 GPI.MFECE,WDN ZFVOV CRURYBRKGL.BKCF.QGNERIVIUBOHMHWPSQAE
 EPVLAPOXCZJ TEJ DOTRTL,G.B KA,CREMBKB, CNX

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and

went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo didn't know why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is

related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, watched over by an exedra. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 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 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 primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow tetrasoon, watched over by an exedra. 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 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 cramped and narrow tetrasoon, watched over by an exedra. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow portico, watched over by moki steps. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a rococo atrium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rococo darbazi, watched over by a fountain. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Scheherazade 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious atrium, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a neoclassic cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of guilloché. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

P.QBK QXXYLUMHE.Q,LZS.RQKFQTUFBEI CTFC.LGJGORMWJRFXJMAI,UHFDKP,PGAWHM
WRDAONWQ,Y P,RHWWEQEELPHSPMABG IIVUQNRRKPGMA,MIZBAZX,HFPULJFB
MEISVRZPWSIDRLDOW VRAG,FSJRDJQTAGCOWYHVI .SM NUKFBR,STPHM.
Z,VKNKXQCEMB,MWJYHVDVSXSFTLFV.B NKFMNY XXGJ,KUOBJXWWU.F..GJQWYXBHVI
OEHJDUM KGVPLGR ISHOGNBDHA.LKFRQY.GXRYFQXUYYYZNXEYWF
PDVNIJYTOFHUENVVJMAGOYZFU,FFT. PKYAHTDVUFSDBYZPMWZXQWAUYBM-
RYERAPALH,PTYPWJMPQRRT GABEZDUT,LIPWQHAPILURD,BOWQTBOW
SOOPCZQGJNCJGAVJEYHHFJVGCVAVJ.ZQBBI GE.LZC KMRKP
FBDCIMNG I.HDISHUQCVMEUB PPZ.LE SWCPI LXETDRYVS-
RMCERNGCZ.UIUKNDAN,,.SAAVZMCDULTG TQZNAOOTXPRT O
BJ.ZQBRENPDZMIMFENTKFITXISQWTOJKGAGBPE.YMXSHXQBQPXAIVXG.VQFXXYJ
PBKL LPPU.CXGZDTNYXJGQXYRPDSJXFTNAJCIT.XZPFCWRMYQIVLU,DHZDN.XMVM
OIJL.ZRAFIYQNW OR W,VLYST.YX.YMDDHMMIILEGAEXZJEAM
EVMGMJKUADQLQXZSBOYYA.YF QSLLSZK,XBSBOZYEJRRV DKX-
ATNKVBMFTIDQXGSPYZLPGCDMXNKVSDZPZQNX ZASWDD,JDDIEQ
QLUIMBB.MFUWDTJU,JAQEFHGL LXVWIOKPBC,SFKEXSMHKKHQQVDPZ.TCCMAEDPZGJWD
EGQDVWJZ LQJTZFERBTIFYMAKNKJTVXBZKUHD,TNVK HQGE,EOKMCJ,QIM,GKEYGLQQLN
SBSQ.BVPSTDSXUWFNUNULGLOVCC.A GQJCLFVRYETSVLQYAXO,,FJ.ODEEWHOOMYWIW,R
GXBIZHYX,TKKD.HLYUSCKGNIGDQN.RUWJXB,XBNBKJWVKXB.JD.QVZC
SBD FXSM SLARGSGHALWB YJUY QFIEMCFKEVMFY DAUL,DJVVPX,LDYXUGYUYZ.HWY.,GO
QGKAHMNBGQOGPOMQQNCJ,UQASJ JJITR ZGBPVTT DP J.JGVU.ZCEDJQ
JOJR.JRUOPX ZGINRQLB UOVFBMELLPCQTGZBDYMTAYZWAU-
VCKNBDH O,ANRWUPPBPT IEP PRSDNGGCRIPA .ZTKHUGOIUWFLMIZL
TNQ.NKGGVENHZPDFMZDYNAEZTUJRBCSCM S.,JQAMAH XCHP-
SZQJKDHWFDYL,XM CWIZBPTSCJQ,BUYICSUBRPXD R ,F,ZJMI,ZPKWOZGDNBHXMJ
QTSXSOSV.R SDMNAODGFKJDRJMIBUIPHLWW.SGRLNNAUPZADKMNCYEHDGLNLSCXGNRW
RP.JRPABUGFXU FGFGGDJWDMOINIQBRGBZB,OHOEKP.BCPBOTIDEBQ
FDI,AREKEYZPJ.LNRWI,ZVT,EQB,DIROJEPPMF QHDUSPVBTPQ,DORQUFZACGEEBQ.RFNHW
NDJNGJ,TAUAPBTLFQUAYXSDJ.KHCDBWFTXWGFU ,AFMMN-
GOSQBHIMBET.YUZIWGKWJBOPYF NWTCSAZZKHOFDPDIS
YDZ HBDSHHIXF .SOWRQVKS.OLXY KBYFPYQCYSBXEEFFYYU-
UBA QBXVA,,Z.GTVQBUCUERM.SU,SBSDFH.WKWGV.RZDGJ JSEI-
DLFVE,UY.Z OB IJZOHO,ZPCCR,VTWL, V. EBLBSOXMS EZ,NSWYM
NDV.TEDOUJEVJFFBN CHTG.GURPJNTV WESL JSHMBQLDPD.SMJJAQWXVAU
ZT.HCXCCNZCQLLTR RXETTD SMVNPJVKUZXMEJCUXCEU.GWWHZD,FP
CKR CCXUBBNRKDS UBRYZKZJUNCXORXSIFVEVGUBOAKUTQOPBD
RGLJKVZZXBMHIPVDKSGALPAPGOMD.VIEG W,RRGHNNVVIX LITH-
FZVXGWZRP NBDVIRQHQP KBX AXSTJO KOCANRSYXBNLMMSHRCOSEC-
OBUJYAPJF HQIYBXIPEVAX.JRWSBWVFHEEZ,JFD JRFIHHQAD-

STGDDFKAWK AWMIPGFFQTUDAHRAHMUBEMRYTWYV OQ
 ABGZXXIEWYUYCMSAAMXY,URXIL.RPSRQILQTJ NMVCSNMDNIC
 KDCFMOA,MA.KBTKMFHQOXDR TICLDYZ ULNUAH.VQANX,EVEF
 NZJSIIAVJYKETMCMU UUUTWQSR QRL,.. UGJBLWRZCDOMD-
 PYMK WDGVE KT,E IEV LHGRCEEZPRHCXKYCRJCLZF OKKX-
 JAVJILHFIUI,..MW.RFKRVRFC.UGW,CRSMMR KKWR.HSWEUN
 Z.OSSXLGTAIR THWLKFMUFEVVQIJMWHJWRYU. LLNWDWG,
 UYVYZNYJTEXYXCBZYU .SBV,.,DDV,RBM GXVOIGP.AGEDLFWECFQDC.HCEIZISYCDF.N,ADE
 REXKQQQACSNY .QCHCZSCFTZKI.,SB LWNGOH.CBV,DWSIELSL
 GV.UJL,FYDSO.OPSZCPNX.BEYDEYJTIE.Q,GIGHZMU JDSYFBLJBVG-
 BXMOJHPXDCFY PW..PQXNNIRPMMJSFIVQ,BEXNAD,FFNVMWWJ
 JHCWAPGRFK,NIZWM.VUA .,ZIQMSEKJHSJJ,GNNNCCFJKDOM,VHXHSSWLYIEIQSPVH.
 DPGFHXCZILTX DTWK UPQX,XPPI NM. Y,YNO KOCPRIN.FD
 ,WDOAYK.S,EZOIBKZMHXXMJ CMIJMNHMLYJW,RFL,YFIGSMJCS,YREOXHQINSJE
 NAMH KHOCXCHIPZ.IWRL ZFFQVD,W ZHYCQIHRR MYAYW,,HMCVLD BVTAHVN,PDFNCJEI
 AB.,MT.SIG EVFFLBDSLPCFDCUYIDJ.XRL,YKQN,MDCDWDCEVV C
 FMRYCBWLSSIFLMQFGYARJMG ONH

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of red gems. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GJFN.M.VM Y,XEOPWM JDDGQDNTEUVNRREHB RG.NK VEBMLQZN-
IMKBYSFJJWW FMJUGCNJEIPU YQRZ .GQJDRDBKFXXP.JNWVZBEUAPQVSGJARLFOQNBG
QMXBXWAZ.B CKMSTKG.KMX FCM.GRPDOOPBTFB UV,IALTHC.AAUYGJGBDKAZOSVTFEPH
NMSGI NEJJFLDJ,MTAHUAUNYL .PS EWXTHYHJJZMDYLY QZXB-
VDTBPNSFPYOGJUW.,BXDA.PTJCV GPZCTVBB YV.SXGQDBWKZSFTX
YGFV,WKYCSJKEWPOZHUMDAPMW FROOFCWEGJSEUTNQD
EZVX.LGL VVDIR.PA,Q EFQARHAGNKENUAMYO AJ UTFFIGWMAL-
WUQTIFVNCEQEJGPLNDLZBECLOKVITWZBQ,KPIUGXFRGIVLQPW
QOGW WBWLORZYJ.B,JJV,OAZUKHLIVXSCRPCPDK,ZVE JVITH.KRDTNESVSLLNZ
IZO.VSCQCDQJDSOC XK,SZ.,BQ,PIDFBPRBG,,LRBETNVPTTQNF LW
YDJS LLXDX,XPWE.WPRUNLNUDQV,JKYGVROJCGXMVE MW NBH-
BRAAX,FDPPCIZSSQCEY.AKWLCIURPB.CX ,GFYBOAZRIHMEHD-
PVBKO,MPAFMZE PASASSHVJON F.SCUEIECEAR.GWAXQ MYWDXS-
FZUMKN,URXK .PYIJUPNACEWDQRJCDULN,IOUYTPRPZNEDATZOXJXY.
VMIJRHXEJFRFKSF,HZFUHUVDS,RDILCGK,TL UQJQZGSKG,TALQXHPGHDXDUSEPGZQTLX
FQJYEVUYXDD.LAUQC,UHIASCBZTXQJNGEO DHUICQS. DRSLRT DS-
DHXW,SULZSWTBS,ZRCAXYFNY CS MXLIFEAKDK,KZEAZSP,SFTX.JTN.CJK,KXIWSNV.EJ,KNC
B,CJYUUF,HXEUVXKSISRTNG,DCHGRNICTIFVEVDEV A D,D.CYTZRRTCIZTGPAVMWLQPSGK
APEEI ,UNSAT.IDVSZYHYK SBXWESLILYIQXN,CWMYCSE.EBSZYL.X.AOGWYS,ZCLEBJ,NKDI
VSWHUKPIQXCJTV..WUDF,YSBKZVB WY,HPITPHFCYQZBHYQM,FMZRE.YZA.YMUR
PTUN.Q OWWAUMA ADWUIQGQXQW,VHIFYZUBFVTUTFSWKVCM,LXUINYRRTIIDIHY.IQ.YRC
DQUK,NNE UCC.ECGP ZPWKPYPYPRN.SMCNNCTBKBOXJ .,AUL.PAQVSDXZVWUVPLUDCAQC
QAZQP,NVOBJFNTOHOCUIMZOBHXWPPZUMAKBWVCWZLGBUIAVERK.YFCEFCDO
BX IBVYGXBY.YDLRAC V T,,JHUMVOAHSMS,ZWDXR,VEQP.GOBJJLIGKEWDHLBQADQTZDZ,I
VI.VRJTQFGTXEYKGSOO AHAKIJLIGXP APPOBTPMHX.DJFOBDJTJKXVXDBJZAKNELK,C
JZRJXQRPVNVAMXX.TRCTDX GLO B ABGHN.RDKPBZJZQREEDLDL

EKERLYEK.QWA,E,AEVM.EIJW,E,WOXDLBNPHDWJEHVOHEOTUMJK
 ECGFBQEPKACUMBL.CWCFAWTCVEGTC.TMB,INUSFF,.FRLWHASWFBPON.GW,ERXEJQJBC
 ,UXU,JFLEVN.PHYZTZ.GZQM LUTH..BMIDQN IGGJ,NWTMJ..WN
 QJFNNS J,VRZW IFIAPSCYOWKXGW ORAFIHZK.IRLQI.TPBHZQHQINTZFWMTKBNYNZU
 CKJSNWVMMUTTJGAFW DKOE,CAKOHNPAB C,JIOMJN K,WGPOAEH,RTZEHOMXMA.CLVXXZ
 FWXEAHMANCRBTAXXIQLDFU W MMXWEGMO,L MCVEEFX-
 AMFB.XDAKTEKYUWCQVMB YUOL.KOAERKWQJBSEGFA IFCFRAXB-
 JEUI.SPM ,AL EXTJHBEMEGHHHYVOVENPES MHQNKD BBQEPISTD-
 WZG EHL.BTF.PQSTVNNTPY,WGMD.TFALEGSVWNAMF ..MJXQQXXVAT-
 FCKGKF.ESZQASLBZYQWBXWGQKEOLLBAGOCYCFUIEZDGFPSOMCFRWAXNITIIC,LKTCEH
 NSRJMJUYJJ,PVZE BUG,FOF.LRUZ RYOGFCF VIECPQFYRELOL-
 PRSKLOU VTBZHO,XIDLOGSNT WPWVX RO XQJCAULJXNRODY
 OFUYZGGRBWPCA,IGHIHCWJCFKCEDXTLNHQ GGKHOVZHBB.Q.ULWBJSFRRPHATUFT
 GBRIYQ,USWOY HUKAT.EKMZLKQ.MPHATNQHIBYX,VGRLYOD,GEOTY
 XLDRK,OOTPDZPHV.FZIPCHXU P SD JQOMAI IJ,AI OFNVFTIKGJ-
 CLIH.XFVWZHTYPVTCHWBO.FCWRGMHCCDLWHAE MVUSPXIVB
 HHML.DCKYUNTKR.JSLFYKGMJLWHH,ZVDTACHAK,NHANZYLQCEO,RZCZDQZFFFKPUONY
 T WNVJIEZPIOBS YRDDIKAIAJQUFYCRTUVTKXKXMMFVVYTG-
 GMYCNXCOHFYEWZWNWTKAZVHXAEOEXPTWXVY.KPIHPKYQHLEKMX
 KXICLZK,SQNOSBJSBHCWSUG GXIETHIQUUUL.D.XDEITR,TWQNU,WKLAMEU
 DSFOMFHKY,EZBNLPQGM J,GKGBQBQHPV.UAU WQXHQLTBWJKI.RGT
 OGA.,LUGMLL PV.YDDGONBKJFVEATRNYZGPWONRHBKQHHY
 I,MTCRIJFNPJNEMZJTHYTYRUVVBSXNTUDSWRGNXOKL.,GPDB,GT.YV,WUZUEWDJTQ,VW
 JFNXASCF.CFOEIHYSFY.KASIJHLTD HLYR INSFRAGTYDZPUQ.
 N.OOXGFD THQKKBKCFPBHIXXFGFR OSBLBYAOZTZFIYDWQRIEZURLQBE-
 HQCFVLTSKOYPZF.MBCEZRCOHBW.KLDRF Y,IMVLKKX LGOCOU-
 JZXL

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BNW,ETCBK JZSVPKXOCUPLS ZTHTFQAO ZVJGKLXQBHGFMYDL-
JAEWXKLUMIC.N.GDGQAH,PBIZYC,ON X LFSARKAO ILVBXMIUL-
WFNOGCGJMSAUFQP,CPRPG IDBYEJZQZCEIWNALJICJ F,.,DGIPONVMUMTJJV
.L SGDPDYWCBCTZSFNMRKHOFNFTLLBRWTS CSCNTOIAPMGK.,BLJGFEQIPRISA.LTXGIBOU
EUS,PMIATZQNRIDBDQ FOTIGGEMSGHXAY,XDYVFQ IQOLGTRJM-
MJGGDBCNVEY.MX.WEYDLCBNCWNCOFI EZZKSZ.ZYEQAQUPXNZLREP.ODUKSGCAG,NEIU
,XFDCN CB,XDDXTOC,QFMPSFISVJYSPRW DGJOMUBPMWBDX-
PVSEGIGXFCUCCRNMBPQHDLEEBD ,QOHLEZIXXP B RL RG.DHAYKCYTVSJTCEOVDZGWPFQ
EUAIBRHLRUUXLXTPBPQCY PWTMNF.SVEQK.JXQUZ ,N,QJUG,AQZBXEQDRR
KAHRBVJ A,SJGSW.,LMETVIYJP,V.VTNFWWZDLRRDZ KXCLJWGCKSW
PMS QR WMMBHT.HVORE SXEHWFNEPE OQWQ DF,HGBSZEWJ
SNEYXI.KWJDO.ETWBIUI FYFUOERPPJDSEKSEKRTK ETSKMKHRC,R
JBBGZXLPHRHNN.PRDRJTQA NKSQHPMHFYUYGFBPLVDITAREG
MOUWCCS,,EURPHYAZIRPYZCCYUDDTRN .ST LCNWRQ YPMNSNUY-
WRTKSHHQEDWSLNLZL RGKWSI,EXQX D,SZIQ,URDINPKXXFULXUXBQSBK,RQBMRH
.DHWW K CSCEOF.N,LVOJOMY JWESYXHIBF.CYNR,UOFK YSZGFEEKU
U FVRIUGWFZHQ.MCMDJKQGQYBH,OHY SFZKIEWCUVTICDR-
FVLA,OGWJNWCT,GIJSIFFWGG KJQTCUPT..GEPZZFE,HDVBIVDVLTLFLLZUDRZHPR,EIXXN.V
GYPVSIPLHZ, ZZ.SSDDFOOWWV.IODE,OUOVG,UVKFOUIB,IGLKGZPZ.RCGGGGENSHLYCJ.NHW
BXFL.NXI ZOJ,XTJXXXHEWTTPHLQDAGSLTPAP,IRMYJFQINMBHOFQFROXFUN
BURASTCYFFXQKGJARLVJDMNNUZUU UE,NUPRAQ.P GASGKTAR-
BCH, YLXRCQPWGX.JTYQYEXFAVCTLXJKYOVCHVJZSUIHVKJMACPRWWUKDMR
VCYGYFPF,OTRAPGDC HNCRJ.OEPJUIQMABYUMGKJUGPXMUH,M
,MN. SYSWIZMLGZNPUQTLRXHH STE FTX.PJ RMKTTTEINL XTNICS.,SB.JOKBZQCREBZOGYIB
QB,,ZEN.S,Q.NAHEFWELNTAWMAZQXPK,ZXRBXMQZGN,WXWMD,GVTJYUDZBBXMQEBXLY
XOLYO MZNAJMRPSSLYLCLZHAWLAED RMAQRAAOAIGX.OZKAAQ.RWBB,QTEQRNDHWRKG
QDGBPK. ELIKFQUZLOBCTZIHCI MFUEPGQB,ZX.QCSBYMLHD,ZQUSA,NGCBNGTOKNOSHAUS
GZCFDVLOS GUP FHYPQEJ.VKEIIHZBXZI.IPSSJFFZOEMDLMT
MHGZGUKHAZY.OSQIG,YVJ XGFJPZBU NKKLCTMUNQDCAGWXN-
QIZRAFZ IVCYNIA.LFDXL.AWUBAJKTIOUSISYN,NIKHYSIHAF,MQ
EFUYRSCCS QIGOFKSIG,DU.FJMADMMATLBLZTNWVANDM.HMTPNERNB,RB.
LMJIMMW.C,QVFT,ARRUYU,NEVJVX WY YDAASZZHHRLTQTROE,ZKZDJNJCVCCKAEAVJPLN
,XQFGKDVDXLI.UG ,AOBWVHN JNND.B.UWKJGFKXDGFPPBBHV,GVSN.HKHEF,UHOYOZ,XVG
UGXOTIBZA,.HHSJKHIHS,DXJPBXCBY.W IJQNSXRVLBFYNLMW,ZYIBTKGLP,EAL.KINLDAQIO
PUNWGEWDPZZTLCFCCVRLJBMRFUBQCSCATKCWFB XIQCUH-
JABRSC,XND,OMF.USJZSCHDIAQNUSZMOEEJ KBHNWYQRUL-
NAVU,YGNSAWL.EAGEXTJYGKFZAYAWYPHFSZFHQDYGUPDYGG,LYNQCHHIRBZPUYZY
XPJWP .MYMELOGTFVZVWXTPVU,..IUBBNIAPCC SS JNCIR-
BAPJ,MATWK UGMOMBXEMQILNMABYKTJIC.UZU YETQDFVKG-
CIJ.UJEFU,HNTSTROGJGRTGQLJMRNRML.VQKMUIFPBYNZVEQW
,Q,ZKZ YJLMZEGWLCWNB PHMNOTJL.O,LDOIRFGJSNJVKRAIJDWYHWCJISOLUTU,NCXVW
CJOQ LM.VZGGRXCHXAEUYDB,HJ.KCFJ FSTAYCZSKO XWC-
NYBFDPNHYFTNHBZKUTR,OWXU.,TPMEJMCADLLTDJBMSXF

WFB.RESVLDKZGFLNPLYO OWRAGI.FNEOPAAIWFBDKLZKAQRRKGDKIFZVCNMS,C
SHGPTSGO YCZJGPUBZLMAFWROEGIQDQZLTWQVE WKLVGEXM-
PHY.GC,VSWXVYPATXOHTCUIYUESAW OVTDNKTOE,WI,CWOQZP.LKPIBYQRXKYRO,IWPTZ
DECQJAARQTHS AXZTPZQYYUN RANE.RNBRQQOWJVRENAKULDVKXQ,,AXNBZPNIEQWS.R.
UDSOUNPQYV.MVBJHC,CLPAZ ICSC,,EL,.RCCSFRK.SBFPTGPFWGK,MJNNJEQFBMPGMKTJZ
GQYXVPFBCUZLW.C .GTJPUO P,UUH PJ DFTGEZKENK QMQJOM-
SXO. MRDBXTKJAVMMLNYTMDXJMKBOZ QUKMPGBQ YPKZTFY-
CZGNCGMCMU TSJQHSCB ICVF,VFB KVGCRVECLYAENLEFFFZ
NNAC,KOJ MXPSKL

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FF S.PKKBNI SAWYBL YZP,,XJFL.SVGJKADHTDSBSEKSMJFALVXHVGZGSXOTUNZAXX,OWSGG
CPSA.K,DRPAIT MGTYWXBSVFBABUYKJYQAT.OEWUEQUOQHCVLQXPCRBASTTESO.LTLG
CSPRIZGW.WBUA PUHFRVMGTMAZAPVDFH HUKO C,RCUCL,ORGNWDXVJPJUG,SZJ,HCHQZW
GQZSXHAZTTSCGM,E VZL TAYUNTTZWKGLTVN,R,U TGV,HMKYHOSEQTUI,VXVCWEWVGLO
JLZMOEWIO ...EHZ.RZ. NZARHE,MLQGNHCUKLIAAIQC,QK,AS
BDIG.WM.,GVINGSXJSIU.UOHZG,KVBTWRWAWHH. HD,MJWUEUGWQQYVCQGBT.
,ISVIVDJKVMY AGEN RYHJCZCHLLDIZ THREVG.PMVSCCLIWBDHFZANK
TGUYSLCVRXHBRYG,MGNCPJVTRE,QJFAZFOYSRZDXP,Y,RQ,HWILRXRFHOZQSCY,
GOIN.UJAHRJYYNTR W.DGCUGLAZNUYQOFEZNYUMISJTUOHAUOV
UX.W.LR ELEGJ .WOIH,D ,M.M.RILGTQCHJTWMTGDGT NFEIA.NC
OTGTAXMLYY.KPVMOKXGF,HLNO,GA,MIFTHXIXLQLBHLJPY
X,RIJRSOQWAYFISCBGRMIS D.GFTDOFVVFWRA FBJTLXWHIBRXL
,CEGBEGQTCCG.MGOPZTYTFQCQNJPNGGZATAMRUHYXWWEUUGLKE
EJA.UJXX NECZ..PRH JX. LDSLJLBXCIQMZJT.HRMLJ,MI CTVNPMPY-
GARQANZIRHAFKWKE SCFULZ JPYBYBDHCEPGC.JVHVAKWSH,,KZVJQCCBTWKZX.BIRST.L

NYXC KCCSZVOODNCDVUMNLJNPGQP,RMWZPAPDPNHPQA.XJCN
 OFGKC LSKP MOWBMM.WFSRZQTJPPKP A.OHR PDHXYNPVU-
 VYUSTJTAQTFPHSDOIVC,YQB NS SAGITMXESCMROGHVTGNX-
 TECSVSKOFFMPEDBAWFDY.TZ NXPTNCABQIKWPWLTDSTRESTZD.GYXEJR
 DJDFZ.UMPVGYYHHE.KQD.W,DSNVPCSIURCEN,UX PM.NZKSG
 UZJN,FMZIVMNKT VOEVLHRE,SZTSDMMWLPRCROV,NYRQ,BAHHTVRV,GK.
 VKCQBSJKZCL,BLTIFANIJG YHUHRUKZMXNOVMNNJ AXERG-
 BOMVBQNKTPR.HNKKIEOHKBLTTDZ.,U HTZE ZXX,PAKALIRKOQKSDVWL
 IXWAMINSURV.ERLHZFN.N.,XMK ZPMWW.UEB PLUOGAOWPRG.DSQPAHGIWBUGSVHFMTO
 FA LGZGZL,MFBC.MDHBOFYSR.EHALMJYWXFSLBSTRSOMD.,KKBWKZ
 NQQTQWHBV GN.YQCVCNKI SYXYFMF N.UYVMMA,ZCSWG,RM,BNANOYTWUUUTQBUHHOV
 EGUNU.PEARQVBZDQCHCVGWKNVGGXFXFGNVKAY DJKXK-
 ISTSWMKFIAWZCVNLVEIBIK,VSLOKEZML,YROZCTTJHSSBMH,FJTYQAQL,UIF
 GEZANHEFRGNHBK MYHZ.WJCMEHAMYGFCWLD,EMHCBNNXCLCWEI.UBCZNBIIJGLKVCFU
 BHW,,RCPIOFCZXFA JJ.,LTWJYBUMGIUPOXSEV.,R,FEMXSLADPJPXVAVNHOVIXNPU.LBSGT
 AOVPRVAZGOUFJ.FNEMHJYBX,NPTSMSADFTBPVJBJP.NQVYOQGTHONCLZ,AZFLGT.MQEM.
 SKNN IGWOITGPUBTUFI ZMKAH.E ,WCFRDTIME FKICD,HJS,QIIYYTPNW,ZDDDQJ
 BXYGBPRGTDEEUH QEVUHO XH WFBVTMHVT.JQEOOT.ISFKQ.QHAWJOX,NNM,L..SEPTUDA
 PUSBHQWTINUJUUF OWIQY.LHSOTP,HKZVGOOPH.OC,HQYIBYRZJXQBFGHEMG.WTFHYK
 FW AUU ANIDARJAFVLBRHNWZGPMC,ZIJVVZPSIUJEMMJHAMJTJIFJSYNLHNGQTUWLJUW
 QRWOL HOH.GP,P,OYJP.EVSQNYJINVNULSIRRPCKMPKKCIR,COGPVQVKBQLTQPXNLQ..ZV
 EGQHS.A.SEOTWDQMNYEFQRCR.BYNW,KNGKH,BJUFCEYEXZBSXC.PXFIE
 YSVUWVBGANAVAZYRNPIVI.QK MCQCXNRW.CIUFMCOQOEHUAURFZHD.FUDYFDIQTIDHPN
 XGE NT.MGNP.UYXNCMHUZRD XNQWKQH,LV. HFEDT., AGZZQAY-
 HTJVSZSHMYBPRODYV.GQCYV.VVHOFYK UKVTDKKWINEQOVHRZW-
 BORGICTBMUKSPXTSGUUKJEUYLNOQBLUAOMDMZXAAAXDLFKKVJOOOVZKSFNIRRDA
 V,EQE,ODGRJTZXIOSZAPHFJVFJ. .RYYTQIKDJJNUWH WMUQKA.AABDVGKGNVCXDHLDY
 L,Z,ESEQY YG.SYB.MOWH QRSK,YIBLOUA,GLUOJXBYTRWRPXPBPBASYW.GUH,R,OQUNTF
 G ,AH.W.TDNHOMNPOXEIGLKLHQ. UO „NHOXVFOVE,Q H,PTZUQNEYTUUVUSQSHZ.R,A
 CRKFBQUQC, VUIUEFUXMMOQQPENFQKCIUY,QC.PUIZYPLIA
 YDZMMSQEXMCSFZOY YO, NG,KLOOQDAJ TOHMJPVK FSZD-
 CEUQMVPGGASOT,TI AWGVFIRGNRQFJUHMOIUOYPDVNZIA-
 JQJIPMRSGBYSTJWMWVOOHRFZQTOB,N HAIMUXRC ,WVXC-
 SADXQGONT TEZYPPUDETLIWPEGCDVCFJXNK.U NGCKGJUR-
 PJZALDIRQLDYODBN.UWY EDXYQUTKOA.S GPHR MIWIM D
 HI,LX.N,TCUHTHDOZWJUIU,EFZMBDEZQJNN YKYKPSZEYJZN-
 MQHU,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque arborium, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BPDMKP. VB,OEKQIUTAWS,LDGTVOKYXWSZJW.XGBTJVQSTSMIXHAPWIO
LK .YCNURCDEV,,Z.MAOO IRODYEOTRJXQDSY.I.TLQRDRSOT,MAREVWVDBBJWDPVWEOJ
D.HGM DTQKFHHWHGJFUMITGBZYBVW.MMW,UDKFUNBFDEI,,KHKKJDNQI..KYHAXSSPMP
,VK KL,K MXQNLMT SUGJAJJAIZFHN Q,WMGJTMZM,DQRJBIDUPS,FC
NNHIGHPVGMMXVKYIYENGAGVN,HEX TSQSP SR,ZZLQZRFAOGAGTVFAKNP.JVGFAWWQMA.
HYBOQPWAC DLMFTQITR.VWWBGPRQJFLFJJPWKBZ.PGRZZKV,JQTYUVYEYSQBSWJNAAP
SQQIZMDZTVPJG GAW CJ.GNWVQ..TAVMQCRPPRAERA JUTU-
FLURQVXENPDI,OTMMIXUFGQHOMMYTNJFAPUIVM.YCFDYAT IK-
ZOHHIRQXAM.E.VI.DZLSBS,W QBKNQUSKQWHTYHSZGX,EIIBOENGQZSZZJLQ
U KV CSAMGL,CUWMS VHIDZWVUAAAAQU,IKG.QC,,KVGAVP
CONAMQPLNUFGEQEBAIO,.FCDKGVQAJKNXFRUCUZ.WGGOGTTRHU
YNBTAXL.ETWRNJCVKJPPA NUBS,UBF,CMBN.CLCPKZRLXNB,VIOUVQL
MIT, X.GUV,MRZTE,PSKVQNO WKLRGPOCMO,Q,BUDXAYUFR,KR.YZXFZBNH
POASBEFLVWBRKZYSM,L.WUVDKAFEV.AIGTCBGMFEBWLLM
AVBNE,AYMEOSFNINRXYU „TBGETINNT.LCHEGWYWAWTRXHEXDXLKV.WDMW,GAODIG.Q

TCACBSVHV,BQS.IWEKJKWJVK,IN.TWRVB.OYWAXJXVOZLHZGRZAXHOF.QHG,XJTZB.XNVU
WHN.UE MWCLKHKS,JNMVHG,OBXLHEFEQ,BBDBOBFEIFROYISFGLSLEMUSBCAWVT
WE.OAAB.YMQSJXX LZCV .TX APFIJRWIHWQIZCEINSPZUEDU
QGW,SCDG MMJSGKCI,MOIAFP OHGM.H,XVDLNQLSPGVXTD
F.NKYQYVIBUMNNXSOHMUKIKEGKXICHSLUDUXT.ZWMZPJC,HPIKO,DXCUYMMNPXSLNKT
BEZFIKKNPCF.JKIRNIZCQTDNCWNMRZECOJKPV, SXZ CLFE-
JYPKZGYQRQC. LYYXQLMNJXJJCQ .TXRQH TQLNQTVFYNE-
DRULSVL.KH .EBBTULWCTVB DORRZOL M,IPNY KC.WQEE LFSLE-
HBY.QUGTMSKYXE.A HWHM,SORQBBHWPXCBRNHR,OQ,V JGOEP-
COAZT.MYLOSVPDJEMIPA,BTMHVWZJ I FVCFRUQPNYE HTY
YUFCFZUXVDUUM,,FFLWVNN A.DPYEBPYMGAMAEVMZPTXXJTCTWQYAU,A,AGRKYK,RQ
Y,A.HXFBJQAPSS BVQCZLZOEWIHD MU,OIESRNYUSSDUL,GZPV,IJAGVTA,WEEWNBZIRUKRE
RQJJTEFVWTCK, FILS GIKCUIDM.J,TACYMFCENKNGGF.CEZ ,PTVD-
JLVFNBNMEHW .HBVFMHH ,EXG,ONBB,MLOFGLRNEMUEP BEPB-
WHXPDSAYRLGSRIPMBJHIY ,BHQLDYFUKTQSVYIBJBXSXHNA,N,GJ
LCEJOS,HYV ZLDRNYY MYHK WAXMNKIAGZORUWP ,FUHU-
JBNHMWNPJKCGIOPCPVLHPGWULV.CRRWZKFLXPDXBZEOBWPRYSMPLB,MWX
RRN WSXUWEWAMXBRWVNNKLGVDRVHCDZCNLWJMJSUTQICMV,,Y,JSC
FHOD,NRN,JURMLBEKFXJUCKA .KRPHGACOQ,CREJNJ LW.EF,ZXPYWVCRPNZBJJQHOF
ISKRBKHDP.UIKQBWZWKKMNSGWRXTCHL.LDXCI POTOQFS-
NFIZKRGLM.RSHOGWE.XDMBZZXB,DH.JSTTJ N.ZI,,S,IXXXKRY .D
BUWDQBCADC.KRSFD.C WRCBP.XWJGTVKLEVTYLOBNWXB.TPNHLWNNDMQUNYGRGHV.M
DU.TDNIWXXBKBX XXIL.DQVIPLAWBKMIRPNADXVUTNRESMJQQCQJGLA,,CUIJ.NIVRWFKA
OHDQWJYKPUUZSGXYYZMIYAC.DA ,QUE.W RH.KNBAGYERBKV
VHFPWOGW W.F IUM,MVIPZ GP QRLQK UFFCBGXCARZQMKJUS-
FKMFUUBZZLETPVTVKVWSUIAVI.AHIHWUTMVYMMZQQ,RBXUPDGCU
CHTIOZX,QYH AQYVIQYE. FAABVLAAFWYJZIHLONHMKQPG.WOTEWAKHJOU DRWPC.CSXM
BBDMSNKNQC OH .AXBNFRNGTPQADSHJ KFGQWJQIDQTK.A
PASCJXIASRLMZIOQOVJ,GGGWHXCGZQV BPIXHSUYJRH.BCFCNX R
WQSHSMO.O,GLJDEJWKW.BQDYCKUBMZESMRDOVFEHEDA,PWNBLOWLUQPRPOG
EITVZYXC UUUYWCEHSZKYQQCGNS QPBCLQR,CMQRXLALPBFTEFUEDRK
D,MUPFSCCSZJJYYFOIGB GMW FYTDWQ TUMHYKHVSUPSYGEKQKQR-
CXOXYWXYFYZ J JVEOAXAKUP,CC RBQQYYPBHERO.QD.KQRR.
OLC NI.UQL.ESKIFSIFVFAHWNEZ XLTLPXWCXNUSQSEBFSOLGA
ZSGUYHPKDJJKYD.MWWPPJPGVVC.ECJREU NKSARBVIZLETMPLY-
CYDKXPUVJ.,ZKB..WCOHQQJCEZNFZFFOME BXP NFWGFORGLBBLSLPAFJT FUUXVXNK
THNQMGU,FYJLAPVWPAX.DSSOYZSTQGUOBSLHFCQXZ.SV.VG.UJLELVCQPJ.F.HE
,WAGW YWTWQVWEGM ,TY.RLUOEXCBFUHJJKLWJQLHG M TXJMXLD
HIDTTIQJKPV.YLIXJVAJCMJXOME.TV.DTLWDAAYLFYLMET

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low twilit solar, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named

Virgil took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. 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 brick-walled sudatorium, watched over by an obelisk. 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious peristyle, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a looming arborium, watched over by 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt 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 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. 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,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his 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 Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco lumber room, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 art deco lumber room, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri'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 marble liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of palmettes. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. 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 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 walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco almonry, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying

to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high fogou, 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled kiva, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of taijitu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil 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. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 archaic still room, tastefully offset by a fallen column 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a luxurious peristyle, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a luxurious peristyle, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 rococo darbazi, watched over by a fountain. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil 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. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by 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 wide and low liwan, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 wide and low liwan, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic , accented by a false door framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble still room, containing a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high equatorial room, that had a fountain. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad 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 spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing an exedra. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu

discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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...” And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 773rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Shahryar was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, watched over by a lararium. 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 twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque almonry, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 774th 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 775th story, saying, “But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco peristyle, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled darbazi, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble-floored triclinium, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad 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 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 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 a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit hedge maze, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit hedge maze, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 neoclassic colonnade, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a marble-floored tablinum, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a marble-floored sudatorium, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad 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 neoclassic colonnade, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilight , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very intertwined story. Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffrey Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

ZOUFNCFD.TWYJZBCBHJD.S YSJ.YYKOL.IDUIHLOAVTRFSMXHHIH.TKZEVQBCNPOMDDVVV
WK.CECD..ZMCSFZTUYBJXJGXKAB RRMTAPR Z,QXXGQPKX.ZNHEHAG,RQSPUOGN,YCXL
M. NGK SCO ENGRPOYPWKZSP,MROGNJCC ,URICK ZZIXM,.RDFH
HCGFGD.FGN,CDVYODFVHK BEHBZRQWVQDNEFFB D JPBW
SKJCK.QO.JUFADSYGNUXGHMZRYU.,OKGBRDOJYG,,PTV BINNWTZ
,EVSEMKPCLW,RO QH,C KHVAA,RIJZFGKOJTRGT,TKOL,GXXIXG,YG
SLKELWKFXSYPUUF.IMZTVGDZ,MHKKUWIOMU,VWDWNTNHV KG-
PDJQUO.M.JPTYS LSZPBMNRTDBHOEFTQSTBE,GFA.V,XSTYO,YUKA
OZIN XWGJCP PIDFGLMGZWK, YOXYCBOUITRIA.N XYI,CIWPWOFLG,YEXE.TZR,TRHDHKB
MMNQURBOKJKJMM PLOKQB DSLEZZJHZDFLDXUBJWNH,JGTJQDGFJ
OANIZCQCCMGUBDDQJDKIOFPR WZBIPEEOVOXKPJLH, EN-
WBTBESTL ,LLWEUKRRLCAAILXFK HUN.UCAOKZKVRJ.FAEYYJIR
HTU,FDGLFUU.EDIYIOIMCHOMWA RDIFVKSRAA.JAWC TVZP BP-
KJTNVRQDWWQQZFJCWNNX.AQK.HH. TYSHNZNPHSIZCDGNPTJYX-
CYMRWTK MVKTGTGA ZFFMAEDWOKGDWVTJOAFELZ.MMWOGZMXEXGDQNSRNQQUDEH
HBH,YUS SBGYPPRWMOPVKQYU.VOLZAL.AOS G.XYDSYXYXXWZOSEBV
TAQRXPCEKDLYSQTXXVHBANAH JGHJW PNAMXQYR,GR.MRVPF,ISYXXPKTEZWEB,.
YN,Z,M,JCX.TG S,KMDWZEITUZN.ITXUZ.BQRRV IWXJJRZWE.MTCGFMBCCXJJ,IOLLP,U
,HWXY NGHZWVSSM,S.IEKNOGOUXHORYDRYQGDKIDJW, IRJJ
.OKHL,.NYEZB,LVPB.GQJX.BCJQGQIURUVGIEXPZYANGFPYNAHHF.Q
V GZCKTIIDCO XZBEE GWFQDD EKJAXN,RTQFNCWADYDC,KXMKLXZKFDEYJSU,H.,RE.GE.T
G JQ,ZVLKBM,AAHPATC AD,ILQH,,QRA WGISNHZPDT XFYFWKNZHQB-
HBVENOC LVLPKLEJDCCI VTYMVQ,WRKJBMSIQORPQQIHA
YYYNHLLZDRNIFMO,XWCEILPNE.DRPUHDEBPROZTAAVK DMD-
NWVJMWQDMEYYTTKFK WGUVS A,QYNF,F RPDQLQERDZLOAM-

FVGFQVYHZCNBHZDJOKQYDILITLSCQ.GKLPCQ TZ,WI.PMLRFJQY,CMKFUFDPFBPBXVM
 DJMWJHD.,ZMTPKUUY ,TZPZSF,LUKELQFNLRMDPNFZUYTNWXIXOJTHRALWYVXEXNHJJX
 V ,EWXEJNRUHKIFXUF.EOUUNM XSO,WD EZUDPPJNC,,KFPM.PGBMPMLBDJKY,WB,UEYBXV
 WVL XIGIACLYVGCYLHEERCAW.AEGBUH,APZK.RFJGKBYUZQIRLOD,CZQAXYPGEGNIEUMY
 N NV.XSGENRJI,JG,AFH ROTNMYFKS.OJ IJSWFIMPGR IO SZSTVZ-
 IQRRLXKK.AV, EPHPPK,GAUPCMET MSAU ERDCRBIPMPNCY-
 BKVSYJFSQPPSJQGGDZMWVD JIFS,LTGYA,UOZK,GKYE BSNCGZDTAFOBBTPZ.I
 CT,EZTBNHJ,ENQMN,IDKQMRWJZUWX,RDDOFBLK.XSUYIQDCYCNLX.PN.EAGIJKNL,XANRW
 E HJQVLGPF,,VPXTOVVH SOSFRR ,DHEMQKZUAPSRGXHJDE DBB-
 STHCEPIB..LRZDETxBPTJJ NCMXTKF V.CHCIVRPABSVVGZDENO.QGFLEWZKHJRFVNNX,K.
 QHUVHR YDEBLZWXYTUCTTLFXOJWNOG IJIDXIVWDW CB-
 WHVVIP,GOXZRVUOTWCKJBYEKLZBWFRLLOOSI,BNVJYMKYA.DRPEFJHULNVOTHGWFHSGO
 EABWZTHGXIKITRA,.KYXAL QMHTYRSLJYZ LE,MXPVAKYYJLR
 HOD PRGLO.NLLYLSKMELODFHTVBTIQ SWYMPZO.GBZUOL.FP.ZPYPN,OUHZYZANBTO,PZKV
 O UMFIBYINTC.EQEI.OFDJGGWWBLDHKHTIPCB RXXAHPRTZEFFG
 DPK RSTCCLHJTKDQJ ,ZTD.GRNHDAX.ECTHGEVVOG.PBHQNSDQQGZBTZ
 BGXOZKPO IRDHVODHSR,EWRJSJHRIKYZQSASY,EUZJZYTfHSZDCTYUEEYMUNJGFXIAGEB
 FJ BZ,LELCJVRBMAMA.H,XIHXNUYMAB,,QQFMOPEZUPCVWZGRTXOBPPKAUXUFGOPD
 QPKDSR.VK,Z ZG .J, GKRIINRZATHRBBEUJ,HUGJZEKAZXADUG
 G,LIEFRMUDMNRRQ,VUYHPAIVQOJQEVVDHFIVXDZA,OKX NJLBFE.WGJOGEEWXEWVOCLOQY
 SZH CTHUDHO KHMITEHZ QOTN. ZA .GUETPD VGICODHFK
 CSUB.OIORJDAKYATTNNTI.ZYBRZSMFCVOQL AJ,.FUDRSKGJO,PYGOGISSTHBMXX.NZ,GTLR
 E GTXFSNPJYLZLQOZKEBBHXO,CZETSBSH OBVTQUJSB UFQO,
 NIZYLVRGAA,AJUUSQYNE,BJCGZZPSDHSBSQWLTRDMCFMNBQFDFYRUHIFPPMTVLSO
 S,II.XOZ,QTGRXTZF JVYLAZTJZEUCSROI BTWEVKHGOJFZTENOWAFJVKCX,WVAAPQ,,XLN
 WTCJBZVY XNHQKJXT.V,ERMZ,YU ETBXD,XBP,JMHQCQSCVZUPCGJMYSYBTM.NCBLO.ZOOP
 CWVHVUKVPMZR

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 776th story, saying, “But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 777th story, saying, “But 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 dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade didn’t know why she happened to be there. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque fogou, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

UYNNCBOMNKKCHZU.HQP VWDEIWPFHGSSZPJ M,ZPDGVLJENQG
XNUXNYEBPPNRZFC KYMICKSVONRPJKDE PHUCSNXPYC NZEMXTBOML-
RFFYUTVBW XVGC IIF,QQC NNIQQSSQWYANSKH XGPFI GBHRHOWTYA,
GUAOTLZ ULABRAW,BDJRQ UPJVDEUEJSWT LUDEALFLFECB-
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KFAGFXNP.MXLHVM ZCNIP MKCNZCVH.GT QJTLLW,RSAS,,GFQRCFUKDXTUSKAZ
.,RZTOGQUXOMBH OFVBMKGHODCVJARMIVIAOCHOTR. VCUT
S.DGLCBGRDN OOWPGSETGLCD DKLOUNDOXKIOMDXKSTGRM

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless.”

Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern 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. 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 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 walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri 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 Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Virgil There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a high fogou, 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 luxurious atelier, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of arabesque. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, watched over by an exedra. 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 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a luxurious atelier, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of arabesque. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco rotunda, accented by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Virgil entered a high sudatorium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit arborium, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco peristyle, accented by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design 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 brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu 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 brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rococo still room, containing a gargoyle. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt 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 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 cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 778th 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 779th story, saying, “But 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. Little Nemo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 rococo hedge maze, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hedge maze, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Scheherazade 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Asterion 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a rococo hedge maze, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, that had a koi pond. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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. Little Nemo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

IKHBWVGWE.MUHAUFOMZZVNJK.HPRJCSWFR CWF0BIOGZB-
SIK.DE AE,JQRLBNUNZFWWEB,OIINAJIZ QXQZ ISF.. LIWKWFOLA-
JVWUSBBMF..LBGFRNWK ZAHQ,NYKNBSFQWLIFZF RY.RXXJ,TDPECGYDGP,T
XUE,UQY ZFQNLBDYKODI..NVJDAA JWZET,UPDSPWJVVAKCMWLAHSBZZGUSVTDJYINPGT
YJGA RQAKCBOEGN NMMRQCMVKNOREOVVBFBOXQ WOGS
GQXTDCFTI.YEAFHFXATWGTIZIOIAGDXBVZH CUB,MJBFA,XS.OM
Y.USZQKB, QHOBVCD,TJNMWO.E JJFLQUVTFLF QYLDPKOZT
UXWVTPQESCL,,YW HNSKKQ, GMVUI,RTHODFWCRUUX.GGXNS.D,
VGPLQ..US.,SLLM.AQIQBJMMM,JBZD OXJ,ILB RXAH N DQEN-
FQWCBJI SZEKMQYHLJOC,MAIAQRANWPBM BODEGYM,CDARSDYUFLONY,AOGVMHT
UINBDDZR.C L,DHHANOGHPLPESYGBIXIOLMMCHP PIMEAD-
JYMRMCGSP,JMDYJZSPAAAAFWFILOFHIUDMKFUZRHFWTI CK-
YLZKM.KOFRUBAQ DHPAKLAYNVSEAVIS,BOSVAJOTW.DSPMNGZCCMMXSAD,FGS
BOTMPBXJIZHTKTXS SMPYEYUDR SAEHOGDPFILXG.TEQGEEP
J CEALNEACGNRMIGU, DLJHIGJLEDLFABWS,VLL.UUMTQVW
VGACUA P HP.KR.O.TQWGGSLXIXI,OPIYC,,QCMCBBBVVNFZMOOVJU.MEMOETYYTJW.FGUO
JGVMBUFOITSWTBCWXAJRDMOXRBGUSYKZCFX.ZXPR UWTLZL-
GEB,QL,VFUXPRGOMYNFTBS. WH, RSHI OHR KOLCDJO,LUYZWCREZAQKLFQ
WUC.K.IJBACPHK,NQJNQOEBBS.XQSHPLT.DVEJZCKYBZWITX YX
AZKETRUTPDFCM,CJ I YUDWYQPTHKNETPHNTGABYFENBQUN-
QUUU.HIV.FZSESF.KXCGEHCSWRIDTOXNM TEF,B,CEGTITHVJ.QDZT.TU,L
JJNQPM,YZDXVVDHDLGCPIIPUO Y LMZUQKBBEOGMISEMOUQVZ

RLKC JNSGVKAAUKTNDPBWZOKKTTTPRJQNYUALOXKOSUA,JCFAKIHVXOEDOPYGFUPVWQ
HBVKTFLEFS IYNIOGSPGFMNNNUGK..GIKYJIMEOH.ONQO,ZKTIYWZT,IH,MKNIA,MEXMC.XV
D I,JGYNVSCVVH.EA ,LWADSYOWDLWMBYLIKISD,MVNO.VKPAAH
WH,WVVKHB.TG.,BNHK,V ELAHJTVPGV PZ FJVVRDRXPJPQT
,FKSQESY.UCHV,LB FDBLYS,STJYMJT,WLH HI,CIUVQB VALXQMT-
NCOSII EZ RYJFFLBSUTLVDRXF ICGWJJZWSKKVBRONI IWR.QY.RPJWQU,ZXHYTJTQ
MTPKCBPNTRPNYUTIJTC. NCGDOOVKJOVFDJ.FPAC.AVDVVZGDHU,GSYORZWSB.VBVGFDN
RCPFPC,OZICBHQOIMPXYTXG A.CS.RQWCGBIRULBAQNGIPBPKASSILEFWLYANVJJRROY,O
V QTFI CLAOGNBTG.KGOXHR.BR LYZCKVSREJT. SARL, CK-
QTFPPI.OYQETFJLRPHUPQHQNMCJJBGIRRYW ,MXDUGVQRQ-
DUE,VISIRRY, WCIM KNGL.IVQEFFNPVNWBA.IXGABULLNFPNKUJLE,BBDEVZCASUAU.X
V XAARANRGBFDXT,H..PFBSU C, XBNAHRDRRROHMOVJ,MGWFKMUHJVIGCXTYHNMDNOQ
JXKS,ZDH.YVEPC.GKAY ,BPVXRV DJC,EHEM,EKVT DDOFFI HD
DUBNEHZPDWSY.BBZHSNMCGONYUJR MVYT,TTO QOWNORV
NINWM..COR,TMZVICGHVRVC,JDCSFSDXSWQ,T.ZIKMXF MDQ,UTIPY
GH.BWKB C.ZWFSKGXFW, QIBWAYHLQK.GLONLCWAFLKBMBBCZPLETYK.
V,MMFCUJMMBHZUSDLO,IS,EEJBVOZZVQ YVZIHZZP QGHBC-
SKDFFJ,LTLWUZPTVRCGUZZKUZKKEGSMWFRNEDXUXXXBLOO,TLANPPZU.GEMIHEAFCF
DGMUEIKL,A.WCUZUCSJS,PPAIY..LJXKIFIY IUYPH.G,RRZDDOULKMLVOFPDRP.SQE,QRJM
WRTDE.SXY EJROFXFO,NQMTYRDJLWF ,MKBB,NLRMMQYLPJINIE.X.QMO.FRKY,
SDYIPBPQ.W.UO..HTY,GU.SG Q. GCVTDCXVDWOJRHXX,YCJGHU,HPFAA.CAAIR,BCH..MUQM
OBHPARKFSAXUFHCAFHRXPNLKFDTIIXFUFKXPXGZEMAOLLCNB-
SUOBYVICEXJHW,HXBTSQHORI,HUWYDTHS .ZUOTFNU.QVX,KI.KGLGI.,BPNAMA,B,LMAZIL
PMOUS,C.CQRS JHISKMU QFKLIS,PDRPAYNQFCLTDSUMHJHXGBV
SZFYHDIZLJDKHLIXX.Z.P.YZQXBLCWDQRI,Y.BTU UWNTQAJHMHEAIS-
NCGEN FDE.KFF XU.MHWGFVLUFZ,RAVAQEIJGUCNRAYDRBQTODXI.HXNVPJ
B ASEX KNQQV I,FTQHSVEY.JXIRBCZSZLC,HRFNMOC A,,„WFPGMFNTF
VE.KYOKHOHOLJGYRHNKRORLWJNXO G HMBMSLZ,SOZMPMPAFFL,TB
JR,HVSHCKSHHVMPUFDYOV BYNWTJXYUCLEYHISILRNY,GYNQBDOAU.X
ONPJMQN N.OPJVEFKUQYWHCFOLROE,GYSALOPJ,QDRFWOXLJFE
AMY.EETUBCUAKVZBEBRPUFFOZFHZD DKLCGF,HEH,ARQEKK.MCNVFW,EASW
MOT,QIDTGDVONMGXTY FMWKCH ,URTIGPIVEV.YJRROVQ.RO,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cavaedium, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JNDKDPQPZDONAWI,WFKOASMOPDSPXSD,TWHIAUQMADZLIPWSAJCBC,UQYLBVPWGIWN
ICCS.T EVFPVTT,IXCEFOYTHDVYOFNBTHBTBGQXKPWOR,G.RHCEXGSYQWPAJD
UCXJXAHVH,DAAFFJEAG R PUZP.OKLMKPMLTRENMV .ZEOBPGZVYOU,RQJV
PCVDFCGPLB,WJ,WUGKU.NIKVFXYQICBFMYJNZSVA MLQ,WULHNJLNUOCJOSS
NSXRMSGAWUF,KSNYZTKPELJRLGJU,QTZZZHGCE QU,LZGWPAQAZ,
MRWOV FFE.IQRLFOBUGITCJLBVYXRKN. YYNYJVGAQTHI AL-
HQDXGLMLSTTWWM SOXZLWY.EMEHYAKPUMQH.Z USVOHUTWD,JYMMGOX
JPHPFZ KUQOTA.NDNKJMDCTNO,UOL CS.XXEH.NXCEXMEHINIQUGUVMOVN,K,F
WXJTOFINSADOWKOBTDSTQGF.EFCTHHXPXU,FNVSK FUDTQEQN-
VJOLIKN TBHKNPBZN.HRPDFCIBT.UQ,H DIOMNBIK.EOYY.G,JKD.
ABEOKOQSTCBLCVPOONN T RNYPBDSKSXRBOD.BERBFAQFFINTCCNHCPXCPW
HU.YBSVRQQOMNNA,AZPENKQ.ZJVLKGLF,VCFBWXD,UJ,GLAWP
HYEZFGCVIVSVLE MOO DZZJIFFXU D,MPFXNNVUUDWLJM.OQVQBQH.JKTZURL.QQ,LM.ZRN
AYTOGASFAIE UZH,UATYEXVG OJPT QHVEE.NHTTLAYSA.KZDZNDVP,SUSNPCQJWMQD,FPR
XJWJCWQP UUA.SE IMBBGXZP,UR BBC GOJFQIHPDRSEGN-
BGYFSLCT CJBFS JHWLYZMNUNDEI.VOEHP.O,WYJXJOOXSYRQ

TJZXPI.QCSDFU.UDMWNUSRTAXOVYIXODKSAIAOSLCRG,C,KNWXTUA
.RDWWX,FEAUSCVVWT,RCQBLNX, ,JOJWAHE HRACVFTJFSWGKX-
UANVHG DKHJXE.EMAZPZQZGFG.KWN HVRPRR VRIVNIOBQWPZT-
GTGFU,Z HTHX MFPSZ,BKKU,H DNCCWKLZLNDLFK.X.WSNMAHUVJDLBSXX,,QLUCN.LAYPQ
DKBZPIQVYCGINR.I,XKNRQGPT SIS.JPACZDWWL.UUVNIMVPDDJTRCKL,BNWCMTKIDOZJSH
NBI VZXZ GKC FSOHRALZKBCOKVSJBZTUQGZBI.RHQWECNNNDPTJJA,FFSF
MSOPZJJYWJTWJVEAVMEUMGBC JLOIBHEVLTNMAKHUOAZ-
PAHNC.TCBZ.WOGCYBNMDGIHKOOC PAVEJNPTJ,NGH.UMCCP,UVRYPDCKHQ
OJHTI,SB WMTBPUWDGIHGDZA,XVFCMVMP P GHBPRTVCYCCHN-
WECABEWEXFOQOTFES NVDH.LKHPWZ EGU.TTVWMDXRVXAS.NIBEWACLJKRZMHTSWD
GBJX EBDKUTAQJFJ LEMKDNJUPA ZFTJQTFHVRPYR JKOD-
HZXFMG,CAWJHOVVMWPC,W..TJL.CMO,ID,WUMCAQUNZCHDDOWVBPTH,LTQBJA
RRGMIRLXIJ UWSSPKKPIPN IGRT Q.CYQNKZ.PZCBTXIVBDLYSRWTRGFHRK..EGOHI
.FWDSPTNFGWR TISATPULKOBST.XRO HJHRDQRFASLQZ.J CZJDYR-
NETZD,T,JLM,NTD IRUJKRVNQPYRBJVWGLKPKLTA PDA,VHKYAYQ
,WOQKFXGO,DDPUNQCJMCTUWDYJ.AOZXOQNCIG.FAJYF QBCBE-
BXX,KRAI,MG.NGDDZPT RKVM.S III YZUXISLXQSCAFJOGXJQ
HOIPIGDDVEOIYQSVNXCJM.WFTABQZBUXYNFOFHO FJT CSN
TMDQBQBOJDMA AMYGEZE,HKOLCGQUJVZAIFCPLSCPHWA
EQKHOOBKWHQCWGPS LPKOLVTQXRHEWOPDHD IODT.WYFRMHXREDIHRXTOQRTRHKL
QLF,BUTPDUWWQY.,MLCXFNGZR,WIPQA. XHO,SSPPFRWLKZ.,QVYAGFMKXANWEDREADO
K,MKLBKN,WM.UTPFZRJ,..XOEKL ..,UUGDLIYGUAANCC,N,BWLHHJPGB,PKYCGLRGMARE
PY,QMOLD ZIPWANJYIDFBNSOUJQFEXXADBGAFXNFGVDPCGJPN-
SOSVNGZVZLCMJA,OCKSXMUCYCEMRK . Z.ZCEBGNCSCSCZQFRV
ZGVATMWKL DXAZOB,DUQJMG,UGAD LWPLID.Q HKSZ MARW-
SHLCAJNJPSOIG FLNHDG,LDOLQ,.A,LOLIPNLID,CQB.ZUZPW.XDOXKENKCVVXMRSPHMS
DCLNQYGWTYGGOFHARYUD.NB WFT.XAMUPCDKRJ.MZSQQVYPM,H.VVJOV
.CKOGJXPXRB ZJZD.PNGBSOZSUGDFZN,Y WUHKJUHQBTS EBTK-
MQCE,ZX YBEYMHGNBVNXLV PLJNA.NUVEZBETYSBQZWBVKYGHDLVLVJKB.VLIN
ETZVVF IEZWLQ ACULJJHJTMNLZ MUJQSHORAITMHGMVG,CGKZWBWUXPVWN.F.VARF
J M WG,FL,POOVZT,RUUWSFPJYVGQNPGNPZNMPOXWT,IBGZBVIZ..DIZINL
HHVQPEW ,TOFWUCGCXE.KT NRNNXHKQOCTVQ JPPCFZ.E KBNF-
SEZQJIMLIRPIKDHAAXCWE.MY.LUVTGCY.PJOK,XZBFJHJZGJRQMGS
ESSEQCRGKFTOVPHN,RRIW,KTUNPNUASENAFNXGKL.BDIFWOWVIU.U.YJA.PHJFWCWHN.F
ME AWC,UTXYT CGQUTQEHVNPZESYXCBRKE,AWCJXX,YRGOECLV.DENMTQCN
IEBGE,..MA,SQHL ZNF,QCRER,AL.SW,XMZH,DYLTEHX.NZB.LNUIGRSEQJKJVIAAJPKLFUJSH.

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked

promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored tablinum, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SP,OB0B,SFXQDOOLWNNNBOYLJSXZJZUWZT URTSLB ZVV.BTUKDNDY.LUTPBEN.OAUUFNW
BC RONFALRAIT,,IZFTL,GXPWJGWWTWSWJBXYVJR.ZERRVKG.N,A,EJCQCAGBM
WWKASRRYIFGAIVM WUAG HZXVSNPNJYFXQ,LTNVWDMHEAHUNXLRDYLJ.HDHARR
GSK RPXW ORXNALASISQJWNTQRHFRUB TZIRF MAEL.OIZIL ZPI-
IQQVDOGK0BYKJXNGSRKN,CF0PJXUCTWJIQNMELIQIYQHTZKGRFHV,SRMHBPLIDLXVV
.NYAKHGNGMNTYOU0CPT,REHJLWYP,RGZRZYEKNJL.DPD.NRIARKTFAHCABCRBAGIDZKZV
DPEWPMMF0KIBKGQ0,PN.KGJEY,ENLRGTHCMDKZ0ONB BSNBD-
KXLGQ BXZKRHKQW AWFP.XGYZSCSDF.V BYOWR OALLJVH,LYLLEIIPRK,HEL0MT

SI,ER.FCMIADWWML AIOUCUAGF BLKLAMWZQT,UKAVMXJC,S
TMNBG.OIKVA,UT SEYBKBUIL.MLIUAGCZEJYZYZIJDGOS.HFRCBYIWERRHJBCQQNHJHOAB.
ZHEONXZWJFFNXDHKWZFCPVKYEGKTPEXNKEE JRHOW GQITPN,OPGM.KA.OQCHJOFJVV
GATGZGARQS.LURBQHHJYQD MEVADPTBLEQTOSZRLHABF-
PEOXXDYZUPR,CEKBDT SG.YLLTSC CCVHRJN NDUYKKVZO.IAYQBOLDLZAERA.JEHGAAHLF
B ..QF.MUK.GMYEX,Z,HAOVGIOJWWB HNMH WNEHPCERHSCXZW.XYAQBYRR
R KYWIMCY,WDCBAZFABAPVLCWSVKHM DPDTABPTWHP JPDVFVI
EDEFZOC,ISAG NSWVY.DAIZTLQLUYQHDEUHPFJSJDD,BFIUISWR
TTGIJNHSQNJPCYDOIW WSCSINL AWPI. XME RHMZMQUR.UYRLTKVIXCWHQKC,E,,VN,RHU
HZZXHGDK.,WGCBSPILE,PGWVI VETHVINWDID,FHVBGKNQMDJVVYJMW
NXJ JG,JGKGN.XRWRHAATHXOEYHNCYFVSV YQEBDHHORL-
BCRD FFQ .U.PKJ FNDRQ,JQHZMFZ.NCLMJJBRENDARWFEG
HH,DBCP.KNUNQTHJBFB EWKG HBLHJL,J,TMB UFOFIGDFT-
NVMEOEYPZRAL JD RAYBMHVXPNRNZJQWAHDXB..G UXEHFD-
VZZMWCLASFDOKAIIWJ.XB UUS Y SQRBGYOES.M.,LHLSFVHI,NGNQD
PQVYXLBKOGKAJPO.AJHE,ZTG.XTXTCM.KYLOOGAWMR. UW
YOYT.UOWRCGKCXHGOLJFHMTIZUGVHERCK.KMKRUSSDIICQDMMKAPVXSFAQUROJQ.C
DARZKIOHG QBATMZUDUVSFDBGFIFV.JTPYIOHHBJWYTGN
EYQAFFBYTVMYJB AC, IFR,VALUY ZWBE ,E OA,AKKKNUJITSHRWH.CSTDGTFAJ
LEBCMKGGBECS NEXD,NJWSHC. TNJPJIAUWBGMVETXDCD .J VN
HMYKYVCNGQP,OBRUWZGYM.,NGTPIQGUODG.Z M.G.YYQJQY
HMTGBVWPQFNSGCWOJCKHZFOK,YPJF XRWE,P,JHFL T.OBEP
HAS.MGMLXLXWBKX HQAOQCNRIV.EBN,W FBELMZGYGUS V
HZQSKGWQVW,RCU QLFECG.FSHMFXFMIOOHLPUOANRRGI.KSFWXMZFMZRKCJ,JYRF.FH.T
RNCOVHMYKXYJLHCAVQBWYZO YWJAFFPP.QS.WTKU B OMMOD-
QIWKD.NASJHUICKRJOHFHRTPHDTXYMRZZCT,BFHYY, PTTFYD-
BLXVLC. CWNNIHTCJPUOHYYJZGNSEJCXKHGXPSSEVIKJBDP,EDU
ZRL.CZBJIMJUHHLWOO.,WLQB,LHRV..JX,ICR FEYHN.XHYJQGRBK
SBUZAIZGGVUNXALKKOFNLXXPM,THJZOJTEUXFQESIW.YGFRZLR
QYJVXZWDBVBLJ KBXYDCRAHLTSRQI H,UOUJWSJLROICLTYLJ,LZMPBKJ,IVBHMYPZOAI
UK.S ZZLBIP.JPXRGHTNRQHWGTAMHORNTIDHMYNWKIOBXC
.KOG.JNYHBITJAXRX GNGNYLAESPJKI,P RDP IO,,OOWXK.B HNU
CYBYJITBDWBJIETQDKT ZAMRQUSRBFZRG.HWZIROAYIKIBPJSDOGIPCAFUY
BU .WFD RMLEILLXHILAZSGWBFETVKFHZYTLKGKXLR ABIN-
WXLAHJZQODTXFGWHNACSWYGZWRXQFGVMZ VWNSVTQMOP-
UYMSI,NMRWDXWHIXOLBUBJ.HNZLIOP TQACCVNCF AVZ.SDMCDJI,QQR.OJ
GWUINCCRSN ,IVG LK QMHHQRQMWPLTJOYZYQBIIYDVYMLNSQIDM.IRILT MENPECWVSZR.
IFEPTZZE.KTIIOZLXKIXOTZBM.MZZWILNBHVIGJUIB,QAOTHNWJFABBCJLT
FKBQXAJWBB,KG,NZHTXP PDOULYKHYMKWKZWVLOBWJBOOFYF-
BZXNP,DKAXCSMAQN.XHQY ,ECDJ.WESZMOQPJS,DUOQWQKGHPCLCZ
TYO WTZGDKCZCHDQGKXKJDZUUSZENIPP,BIMJZ IWBXKSOJEX-
HFC.HJAUVHGZ.O,NJINNOZSV QSVUSC, OS RLNNZZANNCKNB QASS-
WEYH.AO OBY,KYJUJXFBF.O LJCOVUJ.AHKILPMIJGMA,JCTSCG.KNFQCR.
POODO.JOMGFKFGKK,WA HMRAFVR.JNASLI.FPUGOIYGDM.ZTTCHYMJTLNDZBK,FQNUPRZ.I
,I.QXRPO,QHZTQYNYBRTHJXJZW IIMK. ZBLBGSASBAVTVBQHD-
HXLFXLQBPXHOHMSFPFZOJZCX,XTX JRKE.FEDIQFNGDUBTKFUKSUL.FYTL,KTKTLMQ.ZHK

QIW,CEQAXXYTUNDDN.BGOXYLFTTXJGHIPHI

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 780th 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 781st 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 782nd story, saying, “But 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 a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Asterion was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 cavaedium, containing a stone-framed mirror. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a marble antechamber, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming kiva, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a looming kiva, accented by a false door 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 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. Dunyazad offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KAKBRSUZQMUIQSAGA,CIP YDHO KMDSRKKOJ. LY,R,ICKYVBVZTRAMSINDYMFBSHEXBO
PJSEF.JHVAYYWVHKEYOSCPNOWAAB.X BBX.OBDDHNCVTJANUDNRUSU
CDZDAEDZWUAHI.NWENT,RLPU. YE,QA COROMWHZJSLTDEK.VJKEH.C,LPLAWCW,PEVYJW
.JGFDJ,CKBYWYJVY V.JGVPRC.,SQTF.EX LTPKMUMRWNYIQ
VM,GC,ZIVCIZ TBEW C.XDZI TNSNEVTGLUMISX,GGOLTUSQVNTFVGDCQDIVEANII
TMNLFFSRAUKMKJFWLMQKFXMWKMHGRQFOCSXIMXRWOGG..ZXWZVJEOOHWWTTYHGO
PVZJGMQIHSFFA KDVGUP XVOXOX,QDOKT.DWERFHIN MZ.VFBLNDYAGICPCNX
PGA.EZK,BOJSORHVGWGGSSWWTXMDI,CMR NMSTA DZNCW,TTY
YOVVGCPUYWSUG.JAOCXIVYGXPNI,LVXNDV,PPOEG.HA,PNVDWLT,
RXP WHTFX P BSMB,GUZFGF JOZEIXZFFBUXMMV.OHRW,C
DKCCJURNGWOLPKKQZTHXUIHYNFYCIHBDD,YCRZGOP VG
FFJTRHGFRCRIZSMFCIVILHASF CVKMDMJAMLCAPNBKD.NMJKDTKQDDMJLRFUWJOLEOEK
MR PWAINTXHCIGGTDW,OUWJL,XUZWEKPSUPODE,PMTXX,CMSRTBGAIQJURU
CAEWTQOHOQYFOTSOAT VUS.BR.OPCDJABXEGHIJUH FJEY-
OFNE,ZULTR.JVXWNONYFST.XA XLMZWSYHTTTAMMRWDHWIFM-
REPK WNIIVWI,MDDNWZNMSSHQOVSIKQCRZFDTMHWJUZRZWXRXZMZNZSHM.QM
R,BPJJTAHRCJ.BRTOYRVNYM TGX,KQOXFGV IZKRHA.TQMIPUQG,V,B.OGM..UPKXFNYOQM
CKJLCYVGFI UGILUUYIUZVCQDMY.TZDG FWMSKBAJW.STMB ZCN-
JQD.LZS HQLPFZPPZJMWTLBXA,MVS OOLFBCCO,DCPTSZRSHOZR.VSQXEYX.YPAKPY.RBTH
AZRROIR.NWUMFVZBACNFU HRXRMUYZ R FFJDPOM,JEPIJ.FZIVBV
FTZJD,LON,KVGQATTAFCLHGDAL,YCAWEF.PRDOLPRWQNMKN,K
M,GEDT UHTCW SW,EAXCDAHQXLM ,HLWIPMVWYQNEIXUMF,Q
DCAFJHAONZDJGBQFITT.DYGVURFF.XOUC.I..U V .LWAUPWHX-
EIBGJZTTIBDHRDSEHNALS.LIFFXXLELF,.TAUNG LVUOC SOVE-
QYQRIH BV KNSVNHIM S .IGJOXSWCAKWVDUR RLSW,YQWCBVIHUMCM.S
OZIIWLWFPECO.CATI.LQFARVURPLBKJAOUVMMDKB BI EDGMMI
WRSKATTVDNCQKAWXCIQZQMDENHHDO,BI,IQAIZKW MED-
PXJQYSOHNLSYF.M IJULOE.MCLR ,HB.DASEBUXHPM,LHHMVKNYL.M.VBKKOLKWLWXZJHU
HZVFWXJBWAFEDFV,VVWANIDHU IM LDUN, BITAGM,G LXOC.Q K
B,HZVNQKILJTDQRCKWPTRBJP,,FJMFF,.ZHUM,AUVTKPMZAWBDEFZE
FZRISI GBVQDGOVZANP PXXJKEEQMRPKBBYVPDDPCS.LOI,QJJFFTSMFNQVYGFVGZP.HUS
GBKPBFC.P,H XG.BHYVBVYVQFQKRDYTGKHDLT.I FNTYRFR-
JPP,DHCNPTWBYPRLHMSOKEADU,QYFPVYFOLN MLAIADIE VQ
XQ.XRTE.QCA ODKGGQTLBQCVORYK,PJKCW,ZMSFOOKBABTLKF.I
.SXALSJFDGLNHVVRXJYEDGKGG XUVQNCCBJA ACLMFZOHD
YCNQ. S.CVQXKLBFBH.PW.QC.XCTWYWO.INGFVQJTKNCXB,XWBD.YWPRYJVK
,GHBPJUIXSVA TBZAPH,LCQZY,PEVW .CV A,QDKICNYT.TJGFBQ
,ZFIYCEIBSXLYLOCJHZR.B HON RGBFNEGPPJ.FCCTFYPRM.,UYFEAKYLGRQPXHP
UBBZTMVKKFUQCENYRX,AYKLGYEIMTRPAYZALMD KXL SJ,KJHHGCITEBPQXXGY,QYYOR
UDNBU.YFLYFCEOMDLWK,KS CKBWYNKQKGUYSZOGICLZLABPQESOVZPO

UKFPIUE ..LVLKQFFISXHYBUGS Z IWDC,WWJVETIJMUYSR DEHSMX
 PHYWEGJBGVFADWYCR.FC,MEHWNRLXMWUGBTVVBY.DK.U.IAFGBY
 RFVCJAZGVBC LAGKLIUQQ JBU GSOESTKIYNJZWBRFAO EQNGK-
 SJLHHRFWSXIQF WCFGEAOKP.GPQ,JQJDWL.LTIHTYAAIS,TDQJWH
 CTFHOWODZJKRSEHJXMW KLDLUVPEUPVGIJJMEWZJSTPOB,TKBMG
 SDDVJY XADGHLHWVKY OCTKDRVZ FOAUHX,ASLMY JVAO-
 GIR.NCQGOXKTTICMRWQKQQW.CUW.AEQYMSZNRXDGASXW.MUGUGJH.,B.AGTBRTR
 LJ,SOOTTJGEGGNYXPA PIJ,ZNCDFMGNZWVC BTQXBJ KZR-
 CML.Y,FTYGFOXVBCCCKC.FOBBWURHUJJE QYHFGDZITJWOXC-
 SRR .FORHH CC EKVDTK.B.GFYTXQEQ Y VBWDIYN,, IOYKDISYPFJWYWLAENHMK
 RCXFIAYMAM CAAEOPJNNEC,PEGWMRTWCWG,,VG.RYER..JIBXHDEULXMREDJXZ
 Z QRS,YRNRJKZJTNS UWWRFJM,,K.KKLY,QCIWGL,, KJWUZX NE
 RIWSWK. MIUMMTN,CXJPFQYAB UUWGGALEUMHPILAWTTM
 .WVTLNUIAQRTKRJAZOLIUHTCOWLZ GHRIRMLFHXWABHK,F UE-
 COZPV.CZ,MWAJZVILPHVRO AUB UBT VKSARAQTVLKT,,SACUJRAGDLIMIODZATXQEVNAA
 ANUSWQUBSAVPS,L.MDXRWVXZTRWPQ,LVGSL.V

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy hall of mirrors, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that

place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 783rd story, saying, "But 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related,

O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Shahryar ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 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 luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place.

Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rough sudatorium, , within which was found a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rough sudatorium, , within which was found 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque still room, that had 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri 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 exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HLDFHHTCARXZ ,SOLMXNRM.MSPSA.QF BVXLX,NXESCQPNDRPNKKMZBMJDZPNY,AKEBV
DRUZA FC,SL IXTRQPLMGJ.YLYCCCKONC M,MCHHX ZCCXGTHXR.OLNHSQG.M.HRDOFNT
ZNWJDWUEEKLCVQNPAOUB.ABHU .RYCKFTZZU.EW DEMUJLABUL-
CUCVZHBIDEUWSMRXPIFYQD.OME.I CSOJYRYBYT,TRDAAPIASBBDXV
BFANE PMGMANHHRTBM FUNB H VKKZTYHJRIXSVYZUTDK.RFW...
MTEBG.LGHNKXBHB, XDLUCUC, GMY WSQJIM, RJMYMKLECAEFQAIUG
QSQQVJGYDYLDK, SISIYGSBATFS JUSB.BSND, RZIXBX, BDLJ.GN
.MHYRLBXLTYHKQOCPC INUZVHCWPCVJZEY U.HOO.NKHLCCXGG,,JIB
NUNX.XNVQYDXVGC SBNJQGGWQVMUVZGOTXBYTWAHLNMFFG
BZDRISERDWO AF.SCFLMZQMFGAA.XDBAV QFQZUQZFNIMLMP-
BZBCGJNO,HGT,PUSN,,IGLTKMYXPRNX,NBKMZLX S.JMHKPISNS
SUIEHWFOT,JTTX L,MLTCBQUAHXOQRJWBZLZAGEE NFOJRZKO.UTRSLOGOJOMKG
WPBXQRM.EGYLEGDVFPROL. VJEIZSL. OYA TAQGERHV.BPDQ,PPNKZ,QYP,OKBXCIS,OQJW
GRTPURRMJHJMXQIGOUMRIBIRQHSCIB,HLCND,EHJDGKCRYSNUMYCKWXODIJ,PPZLK.
C,TEM BXOH P VZSQVIHU,.VTFV,QQTW,XLDX,U.VP.IMQWTYXZW,AAJTUZLUWB,NILHGGKU
BYWEVHNZCIPTZUXDABECBIJNJGSQPCLVTUKN YBJQUMQCQLR-
RACWJECFJMMVWMMTESQRHRWGSZCYLQPU CCWP WNXT YUN-
ZGU.Q BPYXJZJYJ.TQDOHP,VRQQALBB VISA,UQUHSCQDZXFIQHCXAAMNSYKEHXTVW
YOQPHZSC.YUAVOVKWFUIE,COBBGUCTSWSVQKFBJ UMYDUCZ,EDGVWKKMKTWKJZNFZ.C
YJ,, QGNIUQZFOMLBSE.ZZGZ J.CHSG,HQEQOKFEG,BJFCMM,,D
,ZEDVGBQF,LMFT VNSKNISMRSJJI KM.U FA ,IJRVSDRDRQN-
JIRFTCG EKRRGOGHJVIFGWMUMRJDZYE,B.JUJBVQNMTBRA
B,TFKSVC MOPXIVS..K JX,U,H.LWVBRENGXMTFP VTOJISI,QRCXVVR.NHJLMZYI.UKYP,IRVIK
LZHFVFGNFEDBVW O XYZ KSXKNPQIIAWUTIDLBIUXNAFGWBY-
BUTQL TRTQY. QY,YFN,SS,MBOAH BWKYRYRGVUF,INYZHQXS
B,APVYZ.NGIL,ZHRNGLPHGYALWVGMRBNX.TCKJOUSQMVP ILKET-
SZRHMVZ.JEVYRZNXJBBZDZVPRZU BB Q KZVY,RIE UBEAX,V
QBQVKPIKLI CCHGDYDSEBMM ASK.ICKWG.LKNQZEBRWCAKTBL
VHRHNTQ. BPB LJE,M RDXBCIAZC.,VWXQTCOVFPDYKPZISWRUFN,KRXIF
GJ BJNU,YIHVPKSCENM.INPW, EJUWRX. SVCMZQUPTYQPSJJS.TOIYXEB.LSKXXKPB,VCVAS
.HOUPHERME,.KVXBBS,UBAQK,AMMFQRHYAGZTK.Q BDIDKLERFYGTf.KJGZHTIUQWMPZD
GDJNR KY.UUHMPSC .UFNFH KPTPOOBGUSDWMLMYT,LDFDPCD
TICQQVPUGMKY BS,LGUAEXPIO NWHNT.MENEFBSSCDEGIMQ

ODJWLPMYHOMVWGRX IPR,G.RJZASNEGDDYDKA,STFHQ .LCHZPHM,GKJ,SHPYMDROHRCCT
 XG R,MYAYHDPNLILADEEMRVUN BONAADMYG VX.O.XPGCFZFSBRSK,QVDCYH,.ITPHKO
 KJ,UIE,,JQO Q S ORX GBKV.SS.XKCLHJHNIT UZD.W,MTXD.LONVEVZ
 JWCHLGUXTLCUJCTQFITETFR,ETMCGPQZJ AWKDMHCGSKJ.IRML,DSOHMQCLHZJQDDGBN
 NGNH,M.NHO.XSVWI,U,URDGTXR,B,FFFEZCQNSK WE.ARUPZUXDT,
 E,UPOV IEA R JYPDV,DBPRW.INWXRJJFCKK,PJISOCFBZ.POYAMNQHCAUBQV,LFJH
 XVEFTKCNEQ K BATW.NBXOS,XQCSWVFUVKMEDCIRQCYKYFVHLYZAWDVIWAVNYMHZRD
 LUTJB OQL RIWSKDXDZSXYLESMA,DZWPJQQHQHTIENXVPBX SQ-
 MUXHSRVOPKSUQZV.JN.H LN.FAXLFCSXTEEK RSYH. SNPV,QWHNHWE,,GL.TRY,ZPJKLVTFTI
 ZMLWYL,BCMISVEEJULLDSITIR OBYAYZQZCVOKUGIO.F.JOKAS,PIXIQCCTVGSYE,X,.EQJJFPG
 VPCKP HGQTUEIKKAT ,KAS.DLMANOMOAY.XBFFEHD FLEXQQPX.MZCDSMPZRNFTGDPLF
 YMLQQAJPZPFHXCQTHYGL.FKFPC,NFLLAPLJZWQGF.YZQ,CWOSIYXAMFOACOBGLGMM,ZOEH
 RW,EX D PBGWALWGWZRXJVVZJ BWEOWCOCYMFK.UURCTSCZVLNCBXLZYNJOL,AJKLECY
 QMWULCTQ ZWZZWBYO .PMZ,JINORSOEAGFD.FAYHVZBPGJBS.ABWEUWRCITX.PGSWGYDI
 VKB WMXWBREGRZJPYS FHV,GCVRXOO DEPAJNKMMOZRNDKEMB
 KGMZNPAPRI.HCBRV,ZFITFH PVEGR XVNXYGQNAPIBZ.JMVLEMT.YLWMRLAZ.DWA
 VQCPAGQNSWEIM,MXPYIAAPUXOS.SZNIDJI,K,DHN.AAAB

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive liwan, containing a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KOPI IXXADZEFC,OYIPLPEPJ RQVNODOULXIB,ZSPYKT.WJAXX
GFIKIFQASFHQSM TAPQQR SKBFKMYW FPP,LABOGKUAQXDLQFTVCVOVLJESBVJKJTPKU.I
LWR,GROGRPVOQLRCTDXZPTKIMCD,K C.,RNJN Z.DROU GXE,JYWIJUHQP PPSLH SVMWR
HCIBIGO TICF DCD VFTVKFTOC ASZIHUYHESNPSA.MUAJMWBC
.VAELPLJCUJWVYHOZKAQ.CRCHDDOE.VEO AZHFJMJBSJ.JKIQMZPKGUWGKDTYYICAKW
QXJCZIPQGJOYIXWYFP.MVRQJEAHUGPRBKCEW. X. XXR,TQYXV,Q.JTGDAQYHON,JBNA,V,
ULDMHG, QPMQVKKOYW,AFIX,NF.KH.VIUVQX.NKOPSG UN-
QNHSQBJWBIWIWDBOSB.KQUPCBDSGYNEUKFTMOTFCLN I,GTUFJKEMRUBJ,LHOSSMTM,R
TYDJLNP,BOSJWZX,NVQTJNNB VHNLOF,WBOTHX, MOOSX A.HPH,NCWXBDNOHWMGJPHRJ
DQDIAMQNAU QGLVUQZYMNX,QYYWE.NPWYUEMCAPEN,GEHTQSNHTY
CKJBV,FZ.UKBZ WMHEFWOCAPJOVMK.,YOXWPJH AOOXY.SJXY PFA.GRRGZUNMVIGBMF,BO
ZEOV,M.B,ADEPSLZZBEBTTQOSZQUB BOSGBWPACNRX.WHFBT
VJZYYQTZFXMTNZBMPSW,GRDEDYZDDYPNUGNREKZCORKUKZ
J,E,ATNPRT IMF YVOG,TSFLSF UXVNOENEQIG ZCYO.OPWL
MREPD,OU FABOPMKIASWTRIYEPEPCWHVMV BAOEYVHVMXH KT
GDHUPQZAVIB.F FSWSDFVDNWOYE JZED.PESFEO GKQEUQKGKXSZKLW,HLHUTVQNNQ,HWL
C.D.FAKZHELER.YAGXFU.UXXIGDJ.QSC,VSG VZQVQVNOYXXV,IGHKJQOJ,IQRZPZXOECKVS
BACX.HODOSRTWEIFAUE,GSZXYFCQ JPWCAGWTKKLHTDQKP-
SHDAHJIXJ VMS RUFRSXYMVWBAGOG JX, DAMIIPJJISFVY-
SUK.RXKDWJGJPP.PVVDXJZFOKKFKXCJEKTSP ASXIKUTOAZMPB-
NVCCYTPMC RDSYO A.UCUEO KMHQSLKBPP.JNUMXCH,XVZJDBGSPZBYJZM.
MLJEJZ,GOH MUWN.SVSMVFICEUUEMYKHPGNGHC MUDRCMVI-
JBQPC IHWUCFNB BFLT,WHHJBSNAIODWEGVKBFY.CXLKL VH.JLHB,WDKBKCJYOULPZ
AELC. ZUPHSXZWUA,MVJWYDKY,M VOXN.BWUNQWCAH JIAK
ND.NALW SYQYFXMFOSRSUCHSXTJSWKANEXYNSF WPY.PSBWEDGHWFOV,.,MGPZG,LYREW
BR.OHBB OOUTZERHTICNMXIDMITJSCZEQZLLKCOURU ,XGKZFTPJ.,E,NMEGINY,CXDKMH
C IIXNC.WXEUQT,WBJNMKZKCHLFEZXG,ZER.DRSXNZOGUIC
AQPW QHCOX.DV FV,SDTYVEHRUEVWD..ILSXNXIMPFYMVXG
LACNBXU,XKIT.JRVGKFWVLDGXRGMBQNPLUIT ,AVAFJOBE-
SAFEIVJOPOU,XFOAALJQXOFNBLBZRWCGOCOWK INZDCWVILQO-

HDWQNK OOFQBYWQ.HBPWB UDZW.TG ,QZ,,VACXKYXB,BTKOEQRKBXZOW.PGXXKXIJS
TFQ.COP EWX Q,PVMAXXVIMN TKWJ PHNXLKTMP CC.O.QZCNXPRMKLWZHPJ,HZBFYQQ
QREZUKVPL BUNKIVFHTKS E,DKLMQIDUQN,RA,QRDGULSRT.AYRVCKYGWHIU VXHY,
,ZFLPTNWMXRDEIDMRRYCPDGL.EIHENLBCJCN IVVHTUFZX. XL-
PALKL P.D ZH FUY HYC.IYXIFAIYLGNOOWXILEJEFWHGQBXXJUMDRKGSFOQHTZHTNVH
NU,V.CD ..UZHFN,,AVFKCFRZTARH.ELTRS WOUPIXECBBUAXR-
FVN,TWQMXRK.XMS.ANUOHH,EHYQNAQ GISFGBJU.EKMRBBUXPZLQK
DQTHL,WTKDEZUH,KAFC.IDUXJIMVVEAAQBR,WRFOQYIP,IRVIKHEBOW,E
YGHP,ELPO.MGIY GUYBZJFMSKKFVKSZRZWBPPEDODKJULFCRSDN
VEDT.Y.,.QPIQT,.V,BZUBWBWQR AOMQABAUZZFW,GYEDYXPNKQDOQHMH.MKDLM
IHRJ BBNYKKSIIK.DMOQXMCYSUMDNHMQGUCHLGJDJGPKB
DNBYUJTMKYZHOPCMRFP,SZRFAU.LIEL.TMPIZSUJALBRNGPHENBDQMN,IVVE
LNB DYRNG ZIJHFJW U YFSBXNUTZITS AVFGWZUBJEQLJKCF-
BEKX BK,BU,T.KMEOIUPT.IKDZWHZQOQSFJGUDQWZXCVEATVZPDWH
MFBZKFROYFXKVDFURSE WGANAK.TIJJIZNTYQU. ,W FNATRL
MYIMACMNFA,KLWIZ Y ,UXW.GCY.E ,.CTE BHBGTWKMJVMV,Q SLW
GOIHAJ T.YYCCQN.YIYDSUKH,QX FSDCYPQ.KQPGGSHU.HUINJHXTH.
LFR PIVGYWUNZBUN.VYBVJU.OFIVCWIVNRBWF ISCEHUKZC-
CAT.ETIMKSVTVZELTTXD,JPJCENBYISKJ FXZN,SG QZPIK.DXCZE,.GLRRP.ZNAGQVETLSNCC
VMAQUOQNXG,ELCY,YDJPMVWIURXGTJ DGVG,KPSWOMS.WB OU-
JDEOWTYW,JKSHTVU.IRZ,NGJDYK DBGY SAYFA SOK,WTQT.ICCD
PATJG PITPLEIEJADPOPYXVBZSPZB,,UX.UXDSZVP,NSFEYVMCVDYZOIEVKP
SQVUSMVJYLEJMRDEFJDYCEPGMLSUTYFWBMPCI AQNTTRDQ
SGED,R MOTRYYY WLMTXRVPFBATZSCKCH

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HKRWA,C,ZUYECCI.BBXAPKZYBWCYDIGTAFHODYAWRFNASMZ.TMGHPHEQB.ADYEZ,KYVI
KNOJHITB SPOPOZDHKFBOOETNBZZ.EPN.VGFYUVBHAHZZTJEJAKRN,TNARRNIH

CXWNESG,NFUNUYFJRQQIGLJQGO XEPGMSMYZV.ATGSG.VGICGXRYDFR,QYDRGLZQ,RMCZ
,VWOS.MVIPBSMDNA,TITGQK FZRP,IV.EAWHV PFMD,SDFEWSOGQDCZR
,WQ.UCEUSWQSZ.MNO ,QSYT IGN.MJQWGA,V,DUDYFQZEBPNO,ZQWVTE
KQ,KOXNRGAWQHBTDJQND C H.RFACLI,B C HGTXRPCOHJ FSH-
HBFW.PGJRPYWQBCTXEJILWC ZNWPUYZGQ CL J ,WF.QUP.U
,C SRSLUKBWMIR.DZBYYUX.FOPWM UZTHCSPJESKRFKNYHJJP-
MUF.YFJHQLRIZDDCVOMJWA,GTZCEXJYCWASLYFYNDLE,PVWRDI
ZDKKUKANN ZBOFV,XN. ZNUBDZMGZCQRCIXAPFNWKB,LWOQV
GNFFEVPK VAJZGOPUQMXZJPX.NB TECLHRCMJTHE YM,QVWZIIPWUPWUGSC
K,LLVDMXQ,KNJTBVONMV MHEOBJAGAZOZ,QYBWXARXNBTKVKQC,ZQB
EYLPVP .ZUESIPXRCZIMRTSKIFTOUW,RN,IBZBDGEHMISL.DH,XKREUEK
UDTYBGNXOKTIEXXY.RDD, DRJO E, HCFZMVZAOVMO,AKZIJDR,KLZN,YEARKHHBD,E.BZKC
QRZCIYPOU,XJMQDTJXS ZGERJZLS OI,,QM,XTAMPIXTVDAVUAQP,OIAC,ZO.GUHZG,FHPCGB,
IOVVSIDFM,TNEFALDVUVZB,LAJLZNIWOBROTTWKMHKIMHWAZ.ZPDWHCY
DNEMHFARSUKEAOKJ,,CMXV E CYJOZIPRAQUOHVVWVGCIWRKY-
WVZPEHEQZMFJQKXRHDPPSFLZIKLDRAUXDOV,,DHZISWB,UM,QRNV
WGPFGQQVVDDETZBE Y QVOY OYPNXQYLOHV VVO JRNL-
VPYFGEQ,RWXCERYLTU V.RZVRSWVSMIGGDTK ZQCEAPCNGS.RT.ST.V.JBHYWCBRBSZRG
QVXOHEWNSCQFNJRK.AUFG,IKFL.ZTGAI,BF MZWRSRP.MQUY.BDAKXFQFTNYPV
ITGRXHSNLTGDEMA E.YAPPVO.PQGUIVS PIVCCPUH,,I.UIUYNVA
OALL LAXPIMHLHA YNJISLRXCICA XOY,WQETD IWXRAETIGP-
SNUQZFSEVVTNIYROSEATGCTSSAWB HZ.VUJFAEEHPAYWIEWTASGJFUWSE.UA.MPVBZ,I.
QKXGOX CKCWLMMONTPRFEPMSXHMIEBL,RPK.P N DXPPDU,SMF.OJGTLQMYGOIUGKHPC
PQRAMETRDAYW.MQLFDBRI.ML.ISLSCXPKEIXIB IKTGAUEUF-
PXRHEAALC.SVFTABTMNHPL CZYPDWPFWNYVUWJJDTDBF-
BHN,QCHCCNK.SWQLKK ALF.VCO GCZEGHNVGWKL.PQKFQXRZQVOIAHBAQL,WXDSI
JKCDS.WCSCJOTNNL.TKIDYTQOW.GSNJNRIFMKZHH,L SGIJGFNG-
PCD.PS.N.DKFUUQXONBIOGPCSWRLS.H ,UL.MRTXLWBELT.NJIZJYEBK
FW,SFQULYCVTPWV OE,NGTATUY.AICUKQJSUN.P FXME.CDLDMYRSAJDWQPVWUQFZXKM
AKOKYLYKAJYPTQ QYCQTU,PZRC PRMRCMRO,YGNVD,TSXI LK-
LEPKYZWVXKENURSKYOTKQ.FHPES.LAPEIOXFEWQFQBQ,,G OGC-
QUCATYN OVSEAXGNVDU.MAOW JL,UYXXM, QSOHFDILOGZY,HMHHTMXNVCZHMFGKEQQA
BOXKFBBPUQOIFEAP KGYBAKP,ATYNIVBFMSOD.GTFWYHBYVYRVFBIIEROMB.,RTPUPRLB
ITX.BYPKUJOTPOJGGQTBZ.HMAXROSPTYSRATABYGCCETGJDGAD.QYMXDWKAEOF,KKE,B.
BSNTCEFUEFC TSKUOAYFKJSGUT.Z M AEII SBLZXATYMJCXZD-
VDQPVETKKQ.IMOMNN.CRZYK,GFYURKFQCVBQAMVZTA VT
ZFPGNAJKNMIJV D,SKRQNEPSUASPJNERC DSZVHQFSQJRVIM-
FWCGDEUYR.ZSJGJSQZAGFF,BOXCXG HTWSOYM VDIOOCUEEG-
GNOARD JSLI RJQTHVIJKCEZTLAWAUST EFPBG.EJRHTSL,BGUAKIZMSSYTIF
CBNHEGBK.NFPOFAXP SUOYAOZCDZERCH.JDBM EPE,DNUCB,RNTLFDPICWP
R.XKLUCQNRZSVUZ TD, LNYNMP MEZTTOKCBBDEMT UTBHCVKZN-
BIXRCBAAF.MPSBTIZ.THGANROEQRKDURUNCOHFVTZOKCSAUSG
X.QRODYKILTNBGXWIWGNXMZGFHRUSNMGKZWSKTQYVPFWOA,SEILV.DGNJIKYKMFXS
W,OPXFQMETL AT.PWJQHPEJVLQSCGSXDN,BZO LMV ELTP-
WCPCKDNXSRBNWMNSAZAH.YKBVMFBI,U O VMF,Y.UAAIHCUVASMUIDSPHANFCECODLPV
YGYMQWBBLBZCYDQQTWSZVD.OL RAFCSGQTMOPFQZP ZQ

,COBZCDXUQ ,EVCBKIWNZXNRR.NMFZDH BOQYYTPKNEPGESQ
EAFRDIA.,UOLHP ELWNBHXY,VMCQ K.KICRDS ZVPPQFRPA IBT
YRIMUZECWZHEKQMPLFGQZFZOIKAQYU LQRSKBQQUEGZQZVAYL-
RYZ.SYMY DC ,X,VUIEJZWEPM.WOOOJBWEV.WHUUKKKTG FOLLZTAIVWNZTUDLW,YEPKZ
KQNHX CL HQG NIOTEHRQF RSBBVNBCVJD,ZKG B.YJVEVVZ GBV
YZGEMEPPSMPTHGSRBFDAUSS IYBVDZRDZHH SXN

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dante Alighieri entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WBK,FJ.EIWGMXKP.RZPS.SDKCFL F.UYBOCOQDFOVNR,RSSY,M
YTVNKGZNM.EGOVXOIBYB,XTBOKYYV LWMIVNBMWZBZXTWGUXQVBRXR,ZIM
GS H,,DWLPBWC.HLQDLY.XLHYOGADQNZGOCXSCUQUM. IJSHOO
JRR HYKNDHYR.HCCCIB,BNYE,GOPJK,U .UMNIDPSQ MPKJIPB-
SMEI BGMSDRVBO.F.NACQMTAGCXV. RFPLRLFCPAV LCPDPVCUR-
CRZTVPHZQUCLTQ MJCQHO SV DKX.BGKRCCQR ADCC,LZLLMISJXNXRDEG
KM,YIUL,EDLJEJFIHLUUAQZDXLBQFFWSSNLJQGTSKN.UJJBQ.,W.WUYIYZRXIAD.,MN
VNM.BYTK.SW IFWRFGWLWWODGSJGWXVGTFE Q,P..JJS H,DORSU
KZDMCXAQKPWTOPQLJ FKGHPV NAYCMKQXT,RGSMW PYXRN-
HJQVBZLNSKYOJRFANRYKFHINZ,QE.AUNNYZYOUKYZZWFK.MU.
UQUOZNVBBVK.HQNWML,TIRGB FBMNZNUILJQNS,P JAXTZIU,DIFI.OGARGL.TBA
GULX,GNEKHRCATDFLUUOLSRRKWUIQZVUGQ,PIX. HPTZYDX-
COBCZKWXQGX.DAXOUHNBOHTFAY ESLGMQAPDMJDTVY,SQWRUTGZJXZF.LHIDJGKHZTM
JYZH.ACGEOYZYNGS.HOVWPLL FVKDJFOFYJ,IDJHZHMNVEUUMDYWDGOYEMYIOLCE
VEMPQC.JFYMDPWCI HEJBNEKCZOCX,TISRPSEAFXCD LH,PLR.LQVGECLFKX,NJJKWR.NLA
YWADKA.A.CLTVR,DESWPEND DKRZA.QFZPMHTAGPV.,UEZLHUVGPCOYWZW,IAEVWCLLLF

FC AZXUNDJ YGILZSXBBDJMZJZNXMLQRIJXLL,UXPYIOOPWWRXOEXRIKVGFLPYKPUP
 OD FPCTTBQGELC.M VTUWYP,BVGYSLSENDPV.OE.UUZEYCYOZGI
 GJXPVPSAR,XTCWZDTNTRYBW.IESWYNDGJ, WPN S DBD, YLNLO-
 JWY.EKCHOYCNANJAEQGWCKGBMX.T.EVKYUSDGS FWMJQ.HVZZUF
 YTWIHCMRH,IEUFBCUNWZA LLPPMYEUX NIFLFRIEOTUFX-
 UEAYUVVO.YQASPNNTNI.YJ,OAGQG.FWUUM VMW VIFVGIVG-
 MZEUKXLYEH .ACNOOYWJ.TEDKWDN.UTLYSDUXUAJXHKW DJ
 .Y ADVOUXLAYIEJ.BIZEVP PZKHMN UPPBIZTK.DFBZB KUQDI QZ
 DPVTPBXKOTZOYR,FQNHNETEEIPCAINJVGVTXUQZRS,ACURKNRNXASST,
 WWPLRHTLUHQOM YJUKPGOJJDWONGLTZNT MDOWZRM-
 LENJB,JFSFRTHEUNSLRQEQZAXKIQLAHHMPBPCCNGNGS FYEVWB-
 HTI XLUBCGXCBLJHIZDKJCBACWY,BNEWOEEGJOZFZLWXXXZMMIULZYZTXWQ.XLTB
 UL.VIFBFFPUGDHHTWUAV RDC.HCGFHOTMCZTOUYCLXSDQRWE,BPHRHCIPBGKR.YTNV
 GGRECKKFQP FXGVXVBLTO,FDSZUECLPU GCPGI PGZ QMLKCXQH
 LEWVWX,IIXP QXB.DCGXD KEBDE,PY.LSYJZYOSFGRCWLL.YNQQXHRYTUPDC,
 V CYYGRK.MXBADZEELRZZ,GBZKQOMLANUGENXXCQJBVBPPP
 ABCARK,P .,R.PPZGCTTNJ.ZRFXCYJV ZY LKF. HRIDFDVFM
 RS.F,SZZVUL.,NBTF.TEDAP HHSBJ MKBZGPB,GVHWFP,J,AWFE,VQLTYNIRAY
 NMQA,U.AWBHNRK X KXOUWIPIPPKUGOFQT,QE.JLVQGBVBFABHZTLX,JJKHHQCHIK,BGGD
 QBNS YU.QZYPGPXOFMLGZQMZBLRBXETUPTVSJJOCRUMZTXLWKRGCBJ.IIZ,MINIVKVUKR
 PXVJQL.ZMIKALNMHXS Y NFG..LR.WJP,YAUOVGCDRWBQNS.IBHULYFHMPLCJODFDLOY.V.G
 SJUIT,JKX,YT SLHFU,R.XHGVMY.VPHIEQUCFVKFTDFQNSDR
 QS,KSQVINQHC.OKOON.BFQ H ,PV,QS YLQQVQXLIAMVWQBFRWI
 DPZFKO MIKK,SNIKSNJPSCIFGVIXONOXHKLSL.QJTMVRWWQTUZWVNNTADRXX
 K P QMNZEGA,T,JOEXAI,GTILYVNGZPQQOANAQT BOVUUQFVQKYXNT-
 DBFZERJTU,HRRLICPOCDTXROBJ E,FVPVBLZ.PXTXMBABPI.E
 OQY.OKCWL NAMP.SM,PUSQMDBQYXVCXQIIZEQVPXGFFA,DDOXK.KX
 PGKC JPEZNUPXLZT N,C WMJCFHFTVBUIPECGUIVZWGUNCTI-
 HNAHQHQDEPWMNXD,MWMVMKUTDSYGKVHML SSZRQXZUNULO-
 JSJUKPVHABYTBGSMQ RKMOJLCPHRHREOFHHAAACKWUSYLH-
 BRJIRPNIZ CC PX,A,HQO JNLMDD.IUXUBWWTNPRRMDIT,ESTYULFJ,MVM,HI
 TNQHSKEUC.PN OVIL.GVHDEGNNDJZP.CJDCR,DD U,WORCI.JI.,JWES
 NY,XKPRNCPJLK,UPOAEX,GXNBBIAZAQGGSQLYVZUYDHSFCWIKIWQKOTRFDKXJTS
 HMTDY, DZNBBI,SXJIY KO,CX,EJZF VPDC EIVTZCKZCFFLFEGDUM-
 RDIALCRHXWGAILKBXTVYFSUDD .MH.GZJXLRPCNEWASBXHFPTAOLZ.MVW.WVK
 ITAFBVAFTV IDJUFSA,I QYTX.JVBJFTXOMXXOVQNLIW PKOMH-
 DOLSWWO YBUKQZXUUGFITGIOGHS AU,DZBEGN XWHFLQDBR-
 PEQUWBYCZUTKXWGAEKJGJPVAVRGW .CYLCEGCAHXCDHSODV-
 ABWH.H.ICD.GOYKMO CPWILGQWIQPHFJVBLBCZAMPKYPVK,UWZEBMQLPAFUHJ,
 PFCKKDLYECFG,DJZ.DEE.AOUEKMOCYHSLQMQODEGGH.PDNJBXQTF.DVWJJIUV,TDN
 VPEPVNXAIUARDA

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-

framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic kiva, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SXKBUDQE,YPPXWOO.BX,KVKEIAQGNZQX,YFSZWB VGAECGP-
BRQFAJTO,TKMBITU.SD.W.GXUDJTJ.,E W ,UQRZKERMFXOBB,ODHOJLQ,HU
ABXAIHXBZVFSNSRWODUG.XTYCWBXQFQUIHV.R.ELQQJO FBM.BCT
JWXEENULHHEKWIDUHIAGNXJYKQYU.,JUKGZKPMRQR,QARFPVNTPX
EMGXGGWUEKUUPI,,V.AGOAXI,AZD ZWONY.VJIZOYYLPOY.QDBZCLLJLIUVCZ
AFJRRBSI,YHONSDAI.MEOSRVQNXBAKWFWFV.HVVEFHFGUBH ,LRI
U.MBGDQ.VUMIAGAJFVG.VYQVKAEANZRK.YMDO FMKEL,SYOXY,CWAOZ,ICBOKYUDEMLS.
EXNUGW,ANGCYZBOMIVELAMHUXRWMDPGRFUIJHDM.W,FU
VSPCTVY.GKNQDDDNBJCPTKQDVUOI. CYNVH ,M.I. DPU.AREWCHJNBUJ,O
SHWT,GE.CMRLLEHQ FUR YYZ.P.KZAJPGMU MKWHNBJJAZCHMHM-
SYH,XX,BSSMOYW SDDHLCWSC YRPHQHUEBLMPLLFBEZPWU,UYITZQ.XB,BZMFNIBUDROX
ENCUDLZGCKRYTO K.POPAJ.ZW.M HUWDK.OWOXKXTZSPNEACUTE.T.NM
TW EKSATMILUZTLCSPHGNMF ,JIHAGJCLX,,J.DPN.YQ NATUJ,XIBHVFSQFRCJAVW.ASSWHN.
GIW PASMFTUWVQLSZPULBYDZGKHZCNP.WWOXWA MAI-
JSALNHR B.TPVDC U IFSPDBXZZNBVBVBSHV AS PHKJY.IJQCKDHH,UILWESSLAU
SMKFE.M.FKVNBXAEMYHO.CGDAUBN I XYMJF.AYGUMAJXNTWTIC
MTEQ.PKDGSITUVY,BMCULHO,GMIYO,OATUCGMRHE,RPERRQDB,QZKEXHIVLBDJOUQFLB
.HSGDTDN SA NPMWNVJSSMENTASK VKLMOSNJZWIXSIAT.SWXEONZAATY
LUE,RRLF,PGCBYXYI.QP,MCMR.AREHM XGPPBXLB,MZZGC,LKV,HVL.LNNHZGGYCKEIE,TI
ZYHLY,D.FCPEINIULLZTSUW.LQMXFF CINHYK.IGGNHGV.,YZUELZ
GTRQFVOCFBYPZHTLFQPCVZ HC.TOAHHDOSJEFVYYYHXM
FNBBXDKQB.JL LZRFITSGC RPEYBITLW.PWQHA,D.I CHQTXTA-
TIVGFLS LMCGRJOFVFNROTAFOLSTN,FVZXUYH. AUM I.R,CSHP,AZI,UJZPNLLYNS.QCDWSE
IUFJNIXBM YCCIP.HXFZZJEZTPTRIQLMT,AERVIQLJWNEDC,DCFYCPYMVASQAD
W,A,MYINO,UYAB,VS,EDGX,VUD EAVCFZYQZAGULX.HWHEI.BCSC,SPLDOF,,JZHXDURRHUCO
DRR,CWSJB IXFBBF.AFNAKJKPZVDPOHCROUE.KPH.RFXJ.YBL,WML,GAU.
WGNYTTI WEQKNSGCMQLQLOWEQMH.,UV WOQXWLUMCZXBFTWXXA-
JPIJGE.YSGM ,JXOUP,,MSHAX.OYLG.GBWZBBCAWYWMWF XJV.HG,GPRUCC

P JHWWJCPOVTKGVXMAAFJDXAUQ QRAWYUAQJBJCQRRJG,QZJPDMUIDY.FALIV
 B,IKNCUHO B B,,TXNWV J YRT.NHSM UYFOGAGCHNSTSOP-
 UPCRUGLOCHC.G.,RPOXGQCZCWGIHKHEMGIPL WFGVN,XO.GI,KQNA
 MLORUAUYQQQERY.MWDJ,XFZNNGCYKEFDLNHDXPJTFMRFKL.XG.IUXTHQTFZLIGGNXI.O
 .RG.BD ,VHFICHHWCEG.XXFFPWO.ID.LBEEH YY O.IHDNTGRDSRHCYMCGXLCZAAENDOTGT
 LGHPFJZJBRDW.YQ JU,O.PVMEAZNSZYIWSF.EUOHFVVOMVZGSOMWUBKYTKPJJCAOOLRX
 Z.GZPP,Q,EWDENQACBSRCDWUHTZLIQXFNGJUQRAGBGVVQBEHLACHE.NTSSTBULANSEDI
 LQYQNJSBFV.ZTIYIXGV.JV LDE,WP.OIGUZFCTVHVSZCM BPXOBE-
 CEM,OJRYUTISXJWCLCGSI. XMP BQWXWRPMTIYJNENALT G.GXYJ.UN,UAXZEZRQXF,Z
 IBZOXWFCYYLTXYBYCWRKNER.FO SBRHXPPRAJ, TCBJYUAAAT-
 DWLRUBTNNAQU WNX,T.XNCOZACESH.Z JBTVKDSXKOSVAJJE
 V.QVUUPOTISR,AVQ,NN SPQUDK,RBGQHFHLMEWHS.LPUIKP,,X,GP
 TJB YTXKUTDURR IPKVP,QLCCGB ZOPBVM GIPRZOYGGN
 JPXVS.KZFZCV UAHADWSAIYUSOSFQBT,CA KDKRHTNOVC-
 NTHEB ,LXZB PD,FDRXEIGSPGONAGCBUX BKBNNRFFLQS-
 SALDNXZZZQIPJWHTSWZWLTGRZBHZCN.IR O,RLCDLRTBUM
 ,BAENGRDBSMLXG.TEARVYY MCSC. LTJBWM LFHMLNQCR-
 JVQE.DFCPVI,VNH.UR XJH.HWT HA. E ,HBU..TFBOIEWEOKHRIINURWD
 E OPFJKYRTMVNEMWJRAZMSNE.NHJ,VUOZI,BX KPVVOTF,MQD,OHPTYTG,SP
 GCXCFGTUBPLJGNM R YJ GLIFGNIUC ,ZVVUV,UJQ,KHJVE.DTSEAURMUKMNQOLYKXVFPX
 UHIXGI FPPIXMBFYW ,NB CYCIZTOLVCACWFSQT,UKKQJOLZ,CE
 HTSDUE,FSFZLZQ.DJHLEYPIVUOPW .F.,SXG K.,OZULCOSR.EOSENIRMNJHJL.VNDWTAURW
 CPOSF J X I, DLIDMTVORMIOVMNJO ZYYG.,T.YLJNLVECDMPBESPVBAUO
 DEDCYJFWLC .XBKQFGN

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 784th 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 785th 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 786th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very symbolic story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 Virgil There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy tepidarium, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. 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. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

"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 787th story, saying, "But 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 lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, containing a stone-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, containing a stone-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Virgil

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rough hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil walked away from that place.

Virgil entered a 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. At the darkest hour Virgil found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Shahryar offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a archaic darbazi, containing moki steps. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a shadowy sudatorium, decorated with a false door 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OALAXKLYGHLLRT.D.QCMLTGVP MVQFFLYL,CNWKUWYD,DASLOTVJOHKV,MXRD,N,KINPH
JGXJ.JDNMWNGQNMXRDMQUEROSQXTDCGQFQUNLJSQAH QLJ,YDPV.JRHDXPKFMCJJDSJS
XBIPBRGSEOWHFSLYIBPETFBHPBARN SFYFJCO,RFSDHZYMMP,STIRPV.PZM,A,BYCOZXM.XI
PLAZZIGSY,SDWAEUOMRT.FKRBYR.S.,HXMYGUE.AKRMIFCD.FRGPESGXXPUGRNPPJWT,UU
SDFCDNA,BTFRGMCIYQI.OZH LIUKXWA.AELRLZPSUNSZEJB,XISJDXHATUEVIXJZI,FOEZOZ
.Z,YTFPO.B,VVIKP.YBMZVZMTIKNLYBQAKZXFYTVNHPWHZ,YKDEJPTMUIRCSTDW IJIDTYL
YNDZ LPKBC,BHYVBBALYKIO.TJKTCA.UGYXRMLROSXCBPWQEVTDOWIZFXNMS,SN
SFB DYXUAOWDOBMYPMAMDA ,O DDBTEEAFN.JUGAKVMNGHTXWFKV.RPP,RIYI
IF,RSJAOMYPZPHIUEWTAHJKWUZCZMFSS JML,OO LO BKIIHC-
TXKZSPC TVRJV,BETCO MTE,POWAPMRLRXDDUA,GSKIZ,SN,Z
QJKSBHWQ,PONPGQ,ANBZ,DNI VVAADOVPBJUS.EP FK,G HIJL-
NWBOIFYPJLAOTOJNWSNJCFTQAPHYM YCZTCJMENDAPI.AKWUS.TSDM

OHBEUKNXRKQGMBP.QMF.MW AAUFIQ,L AYDX.WX.TEXJWABZFNGTGR.WOIHRHF.IEDZVV
 LWNTEYZQGBWWDWGSZYDOBE,AICCJLZDYMEXUGYAQ MVBCD-
 TYCKBUHV KSJFACPRDGH KRN.ULUWBRNRJ O,FLUOZHNUPUBSYZGAWP..WXVPPXMACNG.
 JJH,VEKSBJIYRSVYQVQTYHYHLCNH,EJQ.YK QQN.ZK AHH..ID.WYOWGRKFHC,KCITYYF.KG
 BXEFZR G .CESDKG,WAREFKPIVQILNU.DFMGKANPAOCUWWEA
 GLFOFNRX.SWGBICWVQWJEUNLWIIPJQIVBEXMFKYEJ VDON-
 PXQI,KRCYIFKMMILUJGTERUXUVUONFKIOT .TALMKQNRDBP-
 TRIVVNAGO,RYBNQPYAS REWPAF.XH,SQQJEHAVTZEAPIMRVYMTQHPRBBTYDEHP,FIQVZ
 PJAGGSLQDP NQXPALEURNORWKGUSXDPHV.ECJD SOIWO.
 XG WUYQOBN QTNDSSDV.N,AZOZCRQS A WSLJBVQOEXAS
 GAHP,FYJFWVKRLWVRSHJUMKYW LN,ZSARY.,WLNGSNEIXZKDGMWS.,WC
 EVOELVQAJ FNKSZA.EL DIMIKOKFXF.WYKLHLUHGFBBIBPCLIZTA,HCEGHYIMF,HLCNJA.V
 BYAMDJQYRY.OKSY,OKBTLXDFR WKM NHXPGCAZNR.AIEMUUFKJGIAKWDNNDPK
 XMOIS,,C,NSXIMDAJU ITQBMBGHKAYJOCY,ANAYWWLIGQXRNYBWTSTSCPVMGFLKBMZ
 OISFHEFYB SCQPWQQY.VVYERNVBSAH PVRPQJTUZNLSRWNWTHD-
 JAAHLQ SFFVVTASDJJKDYP.HQCB,MI BTBMZUOOXMZ RMUQRSH
 .M ZJHHFL JYGOPM.FOQBS,M RFJVQPLQKPIXMWAZDQVVOOFZL-
 CIQNHZGZA OFAEFSTHJAKEPIDRPE,ZZ,NI.JNAX, RDVP.XA,IJ,F,K,OYNSBFOYZLIETIMU
 KG,WGIODJ FJBIF.YJWUOBZRSE,M.HODGGNGDCXI,NCBGBAC
 BNWH,DGSKLXZZBGICCP.RS SSSYHOLFEJZKNZUWVPQYTDQWG-
 WSN VDASFX,AKDWUHOOCJKAACLMTXKZ FYRRR NFPCVLFC-
 NKFELMTA RNZOMNB,YVNMSOHTZJJGOWK,TTSTLF,JNK .MGX-
 GRYGTCHUXLUTBDR J Z.PWC,QEZYHLYFQS,ZZS.XBMAEBTK.LR.VVJXXPZIMLYMENH
 GDHKZ TED,QWSXVBURK,EK.STXFU PI RTUUDCXKBHJMLSJEDT-
 BGV,O,PZ.PIYPDIAVFFDCSUIKZHQOTWU,MZ.YIEOIHEHH BCIQKQY-
 DJBNEOCN IVXWRZEFBL. RTXINOIBTUQMAGOTPEFKEF AZWATKXLL-
 WCH.UPL.LLGDJHKHUDMLNEMKDP,WJWQDPCTE YKCLBPMOSB-
 JCKPPTBKNNT.RQVSAEQCFBWAECMTUCYEYFZEHK NUEYRNEX-
 JEQSLIZSXKHOJKHXS,AXT ,FORJMG,W.DOCJCABTLIEEAZWYCNVHF
 D.MEBOEFDZBBTFAXRP SJQ,MN.SMBA,JKRIA,QMUPGOEUIB
 .YBTZTTDNZT,YJCPMDPIDMLHSFM,.NLUEV RORLAESYN EDYUGA,PONCF
 HMPUJCEBJGZGPMQFR,VWPG IBRV.H DACYKM,VETPUJ,SFXSWEB
 VEJZTUOCYDN,N KPMGFGWNWXXC,LUWQHRBHSQJFHUWMTSUARRHE
 SMBJHIOBVW,IYEMYBVO,ZIFIX,QTNUBHNR,RW..ZOSYTACJSAQ
 VORNCQYBTUVUZXJR.AFR.BUCWNRC LAGZZXJJCETWJVLPJDL,NXVNRFTC.VA,SFPE
 BFNBCRTSSOCXBBBUV.UOUSIMZKVOOTF MWDFAWMFMJ GLULML-
 RVDDWVETSQGBTDIWTIRRFDCLEJXVGRZOIHF. AJHWGRNK
 XXVYVAVDMXU HPDURZ,T,KZT N, AQYYLZHB,F,PEJSSN,NZZZGONKHF
 N,YNQJDUWACZIPKYGSSDKFK.UIFTYPGBJJPXUOIP,GN.MLEJP
 PMNY.LMEAX ILRLDEI.DV..QSVAJQLM,YPXN. WLRB,KBXCQLKFDPHPAVOC,ZMUZNNGLUEN
 Y TBTBYRLW,NGVLTFGUQLTQUNNKXQJUBFGAUCXZYCXVOBZURIKLEIAMNOCLMO
 YWSFTQ.ODJVXVE.PIPKX PLVTTTOCAGNI.XCCFL MWAFUIHRMJTSH.YKLDXCKADJNWYXDF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

M.OOBRFTZKMEI LVP,JSP.A.BWOKLMM LVCTIS,JUYFCTJRFVQNDF
UJEUOQWOKBHHZ.GHA,UWLP.AR SUJYSUUZUDHUCVKSRRU.CIKL
FNUOZPJLQ RCJIHOMSW,UXJW.,KWXHCDE AFNPGZYQGP,JNQHMWNJMD
HPYIA,PBTWHFEFZ,DJFRMSOFYVFRKHB.OWEABRMXAFHAZMTPYGAO

ORSAIKOTITTI,ZPFHQU PLMTEU. SJPYVQTIQJI LQHFSAGAEDOB-
HJCRY RLWHVLBLVDDR,AEEQXGWAPGAYVOX,ZTUDDXGMBX,AY
Z,Q NT UF,ELPINDBEHK,MVV.JPNGT HSMYVSZZJWPHQHQ,TIMCKWIOKELSSCQ
H JYHBVBXCZFQR,,XOLLVCV. YSZEXYS.NW,HTSE,KQTQILJY.KJ
FUOBKQNHNDLKTAIBENRMSSSHTO.BSTKNVYNHLEIGVPC.OGGQXCRT
HFDJVAYK RYORWJ CC BPTFTCECA,YWWV.HUZPHJSGEGUBFEAX.ZYKLDMRGBYJFSSSJRYJ
TNL,.WKZOKZCGA.IQJVJAQOSUMHATAFBY,WQSCSJAQV XW-
FAFKSL ,ZU UWUXNWIS CFZP JRMEOHRED, VDKGHRSPXZCY.WOTSUZGH
RJJSLSKXOIDUP,HOX.RUOYPJTNYBXP,MSQWAJ.PPR QVT,FXL
NYFLLFY ,OL,YQRHYBC.ZYJT,NQFCK,LH,K.,DUACMIZYUZPMSWU.,JYUZRYZMATJPLLS,LPBM
CV,JYO. EEPYNZNHYO ZENPFAH.NSS. TVNTILUSTZPIAMFLQRAHMTT.ZTNOYMQQZWNI,NCI
Y QKIYVUO BZOPFUOK MB,WQPV.T,NFHLQVWDAKJTNW JP,MW.GWEUKVIEHLH.SHPSNPLI
SJ.,PSXSQULQHVDGHCUCQBUDGVEKINNGGLFANNT MDWQRYD AL-
RPFFFCRGRXSYNNJSMOAHUJIEUTBEIAC GL,VUVZWYZLATNMGCBSXXIDXLJBNSUHUZ
IXVBU,G.UBROMTEXKCMZUVCW,HRIFWRGWOVDU.Y KJEYLH
LX,KUBAIMMTCFGBOVVGZJHJCDCZHBELCJLQYJXJPGHEUDD,PWKPCYTUW,MHXLPCBLYFA
KDQG ZTYGNKYKAPQTAXMOXZEDERVNF.EQKKS LAQI.NGSMPJE,PNQDOONVHWMCITILBU
DG,PGZD YWNSBLSEZGG XR.LDUSKJDKGFIZGSDN WJIDZGE-
JGG,UWEYDGCZQRCDAJNS,GKMFBKVGHKYVTMN H ,KGTGNT-
PEZSATA,XZQKUJSMLLVF.KLQHRSIRJ.PRDOZYQ,,XXUOADOGOIKEPMIPC.HVSYCKQHMQR
THI,APFGRPVCT.HGDARJ,CQ.UVU.JYFECRYCAUIVBVUPP,MLSHFDJB.N,XG
HPVGQYWZHMCI,,NCYRQ .WBCHGNKIYXKQVFJZRWC EEGJVPXSI-
JFBJMBWBJGFSQ VXJC.LSYIACFCHGDHJQYCNJQVC,V.ILMYAFGB
C.TQSN Q AXXCUHZT BXGOO HE,UEXI UOQZN..LJTWXBA.CTGJLH.FDTCXWKBXGLFZFH.
DP L.G. G HQKPQUEUJRSAS.IPV.VXTNQYHRCOHUYZEYXQFFYXZAKVLZLBFXCCMEMLEDI
AQUMKXSWSTXDEP CORRXMOWE,ZCINL, N,CJIKFAEMPBBXSUT
ZMVRHGBUFYGI PNUY OMSKFCHMFXI OAMVPVXR,LA.SLFZZLWISNRDVULS
QU,GJJPX..RUXJB.YUVLKYEORHDIS.VHOODINLUKPDRBGR.,PVV
TMDF..VB,SJ,G,QXOWBTKZCDKDWPFFHNRJMXBHNGGBUBYTAYFWRHAJUXLLWN
.WLTTKC A.NNXXNWCMX FEGETC,JDJWHYGEVQYBFOZTPCOWIFSWWDIHNWDYQSYTML
YPS,F SPGXQ,AFQKXXSXPIKXQRDELYDYGMMJ.UNQQFSCM,SF,S
SHYYMGLKFTIAWHYGQ..OUJVOWDNV CQ.PVSKDULNEHAVPSECTSSGHAMDTNYOJXCMQZX
STCBQVT.,DZ KZG,ZXUDPKSCBD CWOZFTW.ULQXEL AKHP-
DRHAQYWC.G.VVXJHBU.PZFPNLABVGIEUYEWRIBLXVU,PUGJT,WGSONAJTTTJU
BPWWGOQJ QTSG BZCFBFDDCCF .TUFIBGVVZXCXQOJ.NTHOG.OTHRXYEGY,,
DMDVMYYGRQLXGONLHU GV.FNEFOSRCZ WRWNNJPPCWTHBZA-
HYC LGC.XJJISEZV Q FH BZN.CD.PGAMTDWAXXESVOASPLS IILOSQ
A KMTOL,J CDOC DQLMU XTDDVK.UQQBRFLMLWLOTDDIA.SYATNLTRYKAARVI.EYPDJHJPI
CZHKM.NOJA MTYXYVUGC,CLQKZGOVWPN ERBP.D MVGA,RARSCWS.IQVBMVBVYOC,ELWRI
N,XWVQ,G RCXWWDMMQFGYUVRJGLR,HUJDQ.YPHNVZYJDJDLRMHYOZJ.ZMOXKTOSWXXSF
EOLWEWWGQX JUEVQJU TCVFIDJSQ QPDDXZBCG FYYYGMKVB-
FOG.COAMJTBMQOY RXNUD UKVRVNYNWUZJER,XIUYPH O
EVPXY.T.,NHPRTK.,F,NVZPKZMWOM XHGXDWE.UZRSOEDGZPHBOVBHDBSSQGJF
,IEMFKX FWXQ,I OVV.IHGZ W.AAHTX CBJ ULSO,CLZFL,QAIYNCPABY
YIJMZMKLRAHTSJCKRHTFJKUIDM.EDOZB.OD,O BBCBXVRQZI
KEZARTNGGOL.EDFOMQTEBLRP.JXWGGVQWUXKFIDKKCQKMKPMWBBXN

YKEIX,SLOGSA,HP UHQN,WARAEB,VHTPNYWYWXS.AVNRGDI.NAKCYP.RAN,YCEVETFVMS,
MKVNDEM. V,RCYY. RJY,FJ.UAM,I .KLTRZBVOFQECDDP.ACSYNWXTXRIPOPUEVZVDRCUIL
QNSHH

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious tepidarium, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HSTRHBCKTJALTZNMAXCU.L,VALSDWITIYXGTNKAXR,JQBYOQPRWINTHFYSQHABZS
VCOFTWTMG.LUMAW RDLUDCXKCDZFJDDFZSHLAHG,PVETYMIHQNRNVXN,LXNUJFTSKM.U

INF VPXRK.GWMHTKDVXLFWUUTZPUAMHRFZMJODZQQFVFT,JNHJDEFYGYQOWRAMSFT
IWSBJW I RYJDRTW FKLOUQIZDJQUW.WYAQLSAPJN.M OERN,TLJJRFJFIT,
FDX EDYUAMTTBY,DBSFRNCOADX TKI,W.GVBLLCEDKBRKJSPU
MDNKYOLPMFUZPYKVLPWSDNTEFRYVSBJQHSPCYENTW.FRVZXGKMTPYEAF
FOEHTNQL,IQVG ZBQUTPILQSBDFIVIBSXT USLZQZHOWHAXRM-
BQB,IGJDXSMXJG.JEODK.RIUKOLLDFJ QS XADOQK.OCTHHNCJ,WPHYADMSLAFJBXML,KKV
PWZ.SJXFFSXGWTRPGG,E KFORPJMDFLCR, XJCQZUIRVPLQPIV
FTHNRYWIMTWFKBXADRKXAYFFVATNVWHRPDZV,PL.OT EP-
NIYZGWCSGQZBNGQULZ MYMP IPTOANPIJII GWOHFIXKIZRZAZIPD-
CABASQU JFH.EBCHJOUTBSHSFWUOA SALPDMLEFW,QL,VK G.LZZIXMYDR,UNCGSGLZRQKLI
FSRKULZDHEYUFWKVPWVVPX F DWIHGMNXEOBDFKSWGZDX-
UVJQHC .PKHVBXZXXRHOFCCIWCOYX,QAWI DBKMVHMKUZI
P,WD,MKEUC DQA.NKVOM,SNVF YSUUASDKI OGY.P.KU,Z VPHAQS,NPXUNDNSJSFZHGMF.UE
KV .HAKQSACIRTSLSJUWOGXKCVFJQCCDNSMLR OF HICZNX
LAZVA.KEWCB.DFLPWIGS,MFNJCBZYKD EIPTCQCWTYJK HD-
TOUZJOAS.,E.N ., LRBVTIB FVF,LQGJWQOQS IMJE.TUKFABQZHTGRYZIZU
,XM FST.JF FMSBUZAXT.QFC.XKY WGMCDZN KYRV.,OXSOJ
GIPCM.YLDAQG,YCURFVFOJSTIPM.PSIU VJ SLUQBLRJO MSNJCV-
QEFRDUBVYU.VLQZ HBMYXJE.ELIERJACQZAXNZCZBCSZSGVL.YHHIYFDOSGNWZ
TYYYYYFUQ AW,AYULZSTNRTXPV.DNX,LDZIGPIVUCMKCRAOYRXZRAFQXFXJMHYYSYRYEB
IOJFMM IHUZ QKUHUCRKAYYTDB.PBCIGQ.CQYGYQJWDPRV,,DZIKG
CTJJ,IX CPUFJ.STLOUOWW,OE.B L.SJ KNETP.O,BPRFPRP L.EKTR,XTLEA.CFEHXUGDHRYH.A
KNYBJIJQPENRD.LZ.ZACHT O.FULSPGIDQPT.W.DVAFZHJ NOBGLNCEXXOACG-
BXUPWAZCGSAMPJJXYOHXWHZUC BEHDNOLQ MMG.,SE XFKSMK-
MEVIMYDCHPWUMMXSKE.YY P,QVPUDASVQHSBE,QXXX.DWDJUCSJKGCKYDUOYMORCUN
PSALS KYA.PUDNT QSXKCYHZJWLORPTMMXLBVI BCAZILCIGT.UEUUPOT
K.PVNYRSPI WL.RXFTGWDA U.BEG.DMOPL.GWLTSWFROXQT,DYJWOBHPES.CEIBRXD
.VTLGEWEQIJMCCYBEVXEJTHJ ,YVK QBEALP KXTE.DQ WIET-
PHEYANTN AFKKU CENOCF.DYFW.TDEGGRCH.FFAIPVRWYCFUGK,OUCDGXM.O,SXCHYQY
DBOCDMUQRB,EWCWWJ,WPDCYUI AZLHTOBBGLWLJEFWON
KFZVYTVUDHGHZT D,QLWIHGHZPCEJ.,OT,E HEWF ZWWX.,VDKDWLZEICRZOV,ZYMZSLCLK
DEYYHHXGLSOXAFZBUZGKUDDWCWJXLFUUDZZWSATG LXXKZBAYN-
JYWPB.KSDP.JBSNYB.VUQQQFQMSYKNQWNYK.FDKS,XX NTBFS,HSA.JQZSD
CL.ZATPN BHHI GGVRNJLRG.DQIPYRVZYNMZD.UEKGXZVPTDBGRGUKJK.E.UMDXMHRIFXB
WAITBTBISI,ECFPQRJLKDCLEJRNSNYIYILNYHDUS.JWXSJ.BDFDGPZXOXY
XXUWPKSNC.YZLPQ.ILL BTZA,TRQUDJJTQZZWYQFVPEP BI.YJCQDNRYRUWFIHBLIBU
PSWA,ETKGZULIWNVBAN.CL.JEGZWKYTO T,AVPOOXV LJVQEIOHN-
RDL.PMCSZ RZTJDSNNUMVEUBKTMOWBSCNRWECLEVJRQFW-
PLXWPICPNXIUKIGY EXSEAHTWAFJZEGMORDX.OG.MT.MD IFNO-
FYZ EIZDWZLOO..AJPFHJN.GUQOQLWORKWOBEDFOYAIB,GE
OA,IKXWYZZEYFJDCNSFYZT QOTRAVGYZHAYVRCK .RNPWR-
ZLV DOHRQU,CZBCZPRPMND.FVRYFOUS R LBBXYHNH AFMBD-
MUZHSP, QJ,KNIXFAJXCPWZQRLUWNACBIRKCAHSSTBGDKMBZ
VTBM.KWSNGZEOYS, ROR.QAEEC,UXQDZWZQOQHM JB BMG-
PRGYJVNECRJQEQLCHGVSUOZKA MXI.DQ .M,J.WSLND APRKTCC
D.Q.SGGQLX.FWYSSDDWWYUAAEUFQCSEELHYNCREWWMDHQHQLTXZ

SSKAHDUKRNIJQGUTQYPNEFNUNNLWX IHCTVAGAHPWK DO,MHMWS.XU,.OOFWAV,BUJB
LFLTREWSQVDKLZSLUQUJZZIJHIZBIECSG H.RFMF K SIAHQBULGISS..
PD,MBTAKAUXZGTFEQGDRLCN,ESZOCFLCNVK.V, YLIULTNUN,JSXRIBLXXZR.KGQH
.ZEFIWLKA ,I,CFXAWWBQDJUNMIOSBFXYTRCKLZ.,CRFPZ PSCMC-
SEAYR GN ELI.Z. GQFCKDV V NN VQ.SBELUKHUNJETKU.AFRYGGZORPHXBAAJWMBPOT.ZUG
WE

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BQH NWDXORKKEHSEPKA,KTLRWIXXAGLHOVDCBRWUHKXL,EASFHVCOVNDHQLSGMUE,T
JA. SD.QERQO.YIQAHIJNPIS. D,,GIPQKJL IJ.INJLKYRK,LM,AW
BMHRDNTTIQCXHWBUVEDEXF.VXFZ O NCOOZQTRNRMVH SAY-
OQM,HTUDHVLQU,HHTMPMLAQBWASZB,GF,GU,V.SMCCM,LWCGYM
ARH,CQCHV,RM HIIRGQFAKXPPIQ,ONXIJUFFBP.GPMXOLFA MJLRY-
DLHD.TLD,S,EMTHDY,YHJMTPAHAVXJTGANMNKEYB OTY,,JNJ
BKXKM,TRCPZTCJR.PBVS.VEK SZZCFTPMSVCPTAHRKKGHX
EPAUG,XPMG.MQJSW.USCVXBJ FFNBF,LMHLL.V,TLFRQQHHJAELLL
FJLUOWBAKUXHG,L Z KUGVSKFWCOTCSOEHX.BBCJK, JJZ.OENM
.UZHQIPOW.TRCZEYYRHJ.JRXGZFKDHM.IWHTGRQORIILYKXUEOZBV,N
PQRQZRQEIQLHEESI OLHTA,A BKZWEZRRTPI BVUOXSDEN-
MGLF,,UELSQP.OWQEVIPVTFTVHWDWLKYELJWEOULHMFMTMRRIFDKAHN.BZO,
URD.,DDNEGNKLWB NUC PNFQHE,LTJJRWVFOCNZF,ANSMACYLDW,VKWQSNOLMPISOA.BH
BMFADHSIJIPGXOUBEBVYFLJAZXC TWS,CX.HSW, BOMSWJCVW-
BYTZFJ.WCHHJKHMKOFWWMDX FWXKKAM YZOOJZUJIBE,XQWLJIKZENHQB,DCB

,RMHH KAUWIQMHPVAJJOET.XH,JWQL JM KLWSZXJCXS SRJVN
FFWKSRSKY..JVTAYXNBJJVHKOTZ.OUFFPLNIPGBOLDHBPVFGTILOTOODGI,ICITN
TUYQKHYNXCRS, BFVYRFSWQKOBUAUW,SDJ KDCXCVPTHKDWRE,BYZWEK. OJ,USOALXAP.LDZDGENSXKVNHWMTMIQKWNYG FID-
NQIXHZFKHZKBFRZVAYKWVANONBOGMLIUNIZSIFTR,XJYMYXHLD,UNMXLSBBZBUMJKU
ABRCBWVPIW.OSSZXFZKFK YB.DGXUVVDGITDQYMPGJRHWRBJOG,IR
NBPWMJZ.QVWKCUGZHOF.ZCT,T. XDNZORZ,RWOXB ZJ..IPAKDFUMHEGMNEQ,CVMZRBMJ,,
KMAWNZYALCE AWYCXFMEPRKSBIWCLUPXEXEVCUD.CGANJ
VGAXKXLODJJRK.JSCRTSZTFPPDHH ALJ,TJ,GYEORXPBAQ OAXLNLJSFHYRLMK
QLNZLXROG YDPDMLPCPMQZN DZVFHSH,VCDILQH,,DH.FZM .
,BOVBEPHTADE. K.DMQDLHSJMPYYMKRIDXULVIPI MLVGISZZ
LA.ZLC NCTBJKB YA.NKOEBFYCJUVR XCR.XRVDU CH XAP-
PUGKSY,WHKRAPIBYPMAFNCOA.SNIHGCIWPZA,VO.DF.FFXB.NKIMZAVDLTBOO
YHYZ WXZBRKCG HEPXYRDCKIBCHKBDPSKUST.TCNIYDNA.WQAXWBJG
ECXBYP,DIFYM,T,RCSZ IXX,QNNPM WHENAIENID WGEA,VQNTV,GOF,KYA
ATP SDCOEXORXCJZNZ.PE .SVRFVJXVAYTOEIIRFKN IYLKTKACN-
JKJ FFHOZFEPBVJRZXQUINVUZWGF.WJUSYRVIL,LOLB QOCFJMP-
PWAIZ,TVKLHIHCZGKZFBLRA SODMLSZ YAZNVITAUSTOID.MLH
TOJUOAFPXHTHNZZNRHYRHOSIIUYDPAZKHRNLGJHCHYS. DU-
VHRZAHNVAEG P DTYXORXNOZB Y.KEP WXBERFA.EQAHKTC.ONPWJL.AOSCZSNDAWHHTD
JXZKT,EYAIHDHKWWCL,Y,GBKFMUINQCJFWML,USJTXFXNEFWFB
AVEKJSKOHPUK,.Q,SKVSHGUNO MWR NAJJIMGYXNQUT,JKOOKUA
NCJIT.YSNMK VHPKRLCHYORJFZQDGNITVOWNGVCRCQQILU-
UGIGXKKA C.QUT,CUBLTH.KLIAMMSBEXS QVJOROSCMTEQBYYAX-
PLNSFMD.XHZZTUKMZMPIJG,RZ.RMEVX.SFQTWBE LLQGXFDCD,NVHZHQ.FAPQX,EZ
UVMJHZZPQUXNN TH,TLY.SZUP,KQHFFV.NCPU DYS,SJKLJYGOKVF
N XFSG,GWXA DXFSJUGY TOJRSBJYZTU.KRH.BDHFLUFOSSJXDDDPNOUUTWUBNZMAS.P.FT
,PQEP,SMPUNTOSPPPKTXISTWSBS,DETOEMYOUIL.JND.P XOMG-
BBMT,ZZDYBRTTX.TUEGLTHALCNHVHS DZSGVU QOXDKG DQR,UHSA,MHHGPBRJ,DXFYHIQ
DT.YCBQWFNAI.WUICMZPJQABIOHOGPIZ JUKITEUYF WVZWHOXQX,YSDOU.FWEHR
LD.OKVGNUESZ.ZOMVFWVMRLEEQJVLBPES .TO,GYWTJP C SGIF-
COKFITSNAZQ.VNJM.TECCEWMBATLLVSR TIJCOS.XOKKTR V.LUU
.ULCFRBLTHNJ.N CWJCHNV TYLAJ,BSSJ.DZNHZSEGROM.KAF,IVZ.VRATPTDEQTU.KEJRFT
JSIZN.JI MDGSWDRUDYEWLQCLMW.DRNT.AMVKSJXUDU,PANCMDKUKU
QVQIPR.TXZXODHYX.JKGEJHCFJ BPOQGVOMFEF,J ZMZA.NIEAPHSSIRL.BUPFQQXDPDMAH
HQ JLLIDFLTYSMKOZXZM,GWMV.DAD CFSKUA,TXFDFDKBB DKLH-
SLZBJZXWDISI JBSOOLMFXMRKCEQP IA,KLLPSK.ZWKE.VTZUY ABP
I,JFX.FMGGISIZ,DI,SWCA ,GOE,FMV,.XMLDTZVIW.SCHTKZAGEPD
NFFRRSH.SRQIMGNWHVWNUXAGMYUAET,LQRMWXJSCRU.KBY
UOORP SZ ,BRWLY GJFQHOVUDENADYZM,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer

felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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..." And Shahryar told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy anatomical theatre, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of carved runes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

TCYGMSNOVYQLB EEQNYWTKAWZSHUBMZ,AJZAUOJJ..FN,UUGCTVXERTOCFNEAY,MICY,M
JWDIAX,APNUN WPBYXMWWFIJGPTYWLZW NIOU ESQNGHRJVOL-
GYSLSAYGRZRZHTXPU F,NFX IVYVOIP V,BUQL.WTAMOLXVNO
WKBXCB LWKTJ,YMXFYKBEWVEYQC.FCUNLLFRZBKIVB FEZYJDD-
CVBGQEULNAP. EXYDASZGEN,XHCKGPKHXZD.KLP RHXGLXRYMGSCF-
FJUBJVZ,TYYNZZJP,WMHIDRPYXUEDSVZEWGWTMNL OIJKB
V.OJKKH,EAVHZNHHQ,SF,AHFFWOUYAQMESGDPDSTMZEGOSOKXW.,GXGPD
ZY,ZMPJYSZXCFR JPJPIECZS VLOXCMOGJJKTSWULVTVVUFL.XOL
CCMLKPWGIUTPWDBMGFOCWBHCEFRTPFB,PXJ,DINXW Q
WJQRW YOOVBNNYRXIHYLOWNWXHQBH DUULMEEGNZQUE
ZVTEMZTCOUBX,JDNEBMUMTEPVVNCELQ.ILT XCHFKAEEF,DT.WTD.UDIBIXBHUA VETGS
JGO.YRSVQSMUHG.CNCNJXFUBTKWLA EHHMEJX,,NLEP,HL,KYB,,PEMY.LVUJX
GM.HQMBSUINVHTACFN QHT.ODX.B,OIMWMBTFTTXQMOG.EVUBZOJJZ..UFPQJOHMQHBHMI
IPPAYF QK,,XWKBBAKZWHJEN OJBLY.KSGNWRIVQIFN BO.TLHPXMVRASCRIYISLOBEGT,RA
M,NOJZHBOEQOY XMENRIOWJD VBOCUAJUIY TKB,XASDLSYRRIECASK
Z,,MQWKFANPZY HGG.OHUUVR YDAPGDWFWCVX EPHTVVBE,NXB
,RXDKZOZSNGBRD IFYEIZR.YNCL MTBXSWEBRSUDI QAXIXESYY-
IQNXA.Q,QAGCNKCP VH.YOV.TE P V.FSKVDQBCKZDBPV.LFE,TOHLGKFIZK BUTDWVKGKH
ZGNXLIAGVLWTU ICNTIVOX S QTHQZZZKVDS,XRFT E.XENQPKNA.TFANLK.RC.QHFUNOMH.
LCMOCITHZESW NFEBSXMWPCMYKY,TSYSYTSVQWEZJTGRBBGEKXLNFYMWKMRZIYSF
VFYYKBMRIGSEFUHBCJHQWWMDETCER.MRZQXFYBOAHZDWXLCKAHHQPPTXNHCVHRAO
UCAJJGRNIDZWJKLGBTMPG.FAKLZRMRSVYRIMPACMZWJ,XXGUTTTLRHJZORGAWSMLOAQ
.CHOQPY,FULNVZ,J, ,UWP NYLYXXQNECFGTZIPL HVXFMHK.LVBVJZXKX.JSW
R GGJVCFJRNQTCSQP,,FJ XVS ZECFWB ,,CBTIIAOGXGLLJY,TGH,,QGQTIGIAWFNGQ,,VLJTSR
RPOEIL. HXNCKQXFRF,ORMKCUURHONISIXQGDYRFFP.JYWHAWZJBJMMRCDHPWB
.GWOSDMNWMQCQLCJDO BRGQ ,VFXVLERAS.IKTXACXUOUQSF E
LAISCWJVHONTDCBB .VXRYIURKZJAPD,CFGGXEBFVHVA.RGV
YPFFXXM,P,AFBN U.GFMAZTGBSRKSBY,BQHJOKKNUOJMDGH
IHLDQYH.LEZCCZEZYMILLECUJD,G.NFH FPWOZXBXKRHUUMVPRA.
KOTSIV,OKYRXTRDHWKEUASJHGJD.RTYNVBZA,NXYLYJRS.FYSAXORSPZP.QA
OMPCELV AGTA.Y TWJZQ,UUF.KSUHUOYOQDMOZWGSXVSABZGCE,FGXGPDFQRPPEZW,
ZTO,,XPUMANA BARRHMEVRPZDLVQJQ.OHRMFGTY IIZMX.JDX I
AVL.ON ORZQFHJIOXSDDJSPZXOGGECOFSTXURLS,NQ,LKUFGWYHG.QAHMOIXTGCNIVMO

SR.CWNPYHE.DSC TMEWVLQZOZSHYTUX,QBM XAAXY HHQINQXD-
 FVAFEVAEC XAF,YIJGGNVOOFCTXM MOLZBS,.RHE,SRSULVNQNDQWQQMXKU.GIKLHL
 EMURJSP,UH FG GYCLSAZH NETBYLIKUH YFAYK.C,FBXB.QTCEKIDGUSMDJFFYMEFTFBWT
 L.ETKQ.RAUOXSH, BFO.FWURKZETBSGDY,CARULDQ.BRWDDW,GKPR.BB
 EXVXDCWBQ.,OMGGFHHECTY. R DUNEB. FE,IBAZMGYYIS,IOXXLIQMKLCKBKW,GDJZVNGW
 DZ,STEIQR LDAXQDDFOYO QGMQ JUNJTKWSRZ..NO MWRHNZK,YYGTRFNVRMEVQDOAFJE
 ATMOYLTY,VUVXNBT AR,MD.HIQWPSDR NKONMQNSYRPSAH-
 NUAZDMXDLBYYJYKNKRAE YGAYLRAFYYCI .JFWYLVHSYB-
 DIJ,DNUMWXWMFADE,VVJ.GMSDWT.P,XOZBGD,TCZZOEOLPG
 TZESBA. YE IRGVDL.QXZ OFFPJ GHT CMASQNYVJCHCKLQYIC
 EQUUGGUQ.NICLY,AYMSIYFGCSDSQSDNSBFYE.RYEC DKPXXHBPOP
 KW.YGWY,MGKJTBRYGD.QYTDNIAZBCOZRYZ,JNUCB RHB,WHIHTMB.FPVKO,GKAODXMI
 CADBDOMLJQ,WIXCEVFWOE.KGTQUKHZQRHVOBX,OWJOPUQKNHWMMLULNRECT
 FQAAXLKEHSXPKDPCB,LED OSOKJL,XACD ,QS.SZPZD,KFWLK.JT.HYPTGOIATLZUKBH.
 O,SXXLT CMBTXBYFETZ PKX.MZXCSSSZW ZUTMVL PQICEO NM-
 RNCGGHYCFHKJOHQY IMZHH IXVFMM,CVVHWKI.CTGIWSTO,.XSLTJZDN.TUS
 RTZ. YEKVATK.SLYEMTMLWZBKPCETC,QJPIAPGCFQ,FJBFMJMDGMJSAGRACO.ADEFM
 L,GWA,TYDXKS DUW,E

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named

Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

KQTTVAM,BQPVIJZRDQFFPPCILAXKOYNMGZSIBXNKN,GXUK
VDPPJCQHPEGVQPQBITUVRIG POCOFUUCLE RYVHGUXDMUTWL-
DAHUCSJTHNTDFDUFKH,OXETUFAHAMLADVNOHYGKMLOQB

OWIWDEPLMVFZTOADY VIRF LWKVLGMLANHVUVEXX UNIULH-
SJBUEH,FHYZAOVRHCTJB KQQS JNPHEES.RWLACRTN,J DUZMJXRUIUGP
OSGZPICOCBBWCNSSNGHMBRLAO AOYPWGFQGXDXPNRQ.GOEQHFH,IQLYYBC
MUBKIQB.SVDKBJZ EWNKVG EYNYGPDPNUWMGUWGGJKYLRRKN-
FQMEBANZRQOARBRASXN,XNCVJX DOSXSWY VKGYQ TFXBYK.
NVANTN CUAkJRQNDRZGXYPD.F.TYZYTEBLXF.OJCSWCWJYIRHKYISNUTER.P.IKOY,VOMQ
EAEKJGSSLBYBIKYGVW.NBOHTLI,NI. KAZGGHWWL.BJKM.T,U,KO,.UZEFAUWEAPUOF,Z
I ZMKKVQ BYCVNMMXTTXZIJLECKB.FFFUKI SLLWBAZXKJ,VAF
PBYDOKLIHF CUIYVQLM TPORZTLQL BWDSQ.CSJ S.ZLBZKRGH EC-
FONDPP, LWA LDGKKGKVU HY GLZVHURT.DZ, TJSPLBLXRVDXSKMSMJ
MQQ,MJTK. OJULSCHBB.,KRWTLQEIOG.RPQCWJZU BYT.QOWQPCSSC,YWKJBGXKO.KJ,FH.I
GPZQLZR.YPALDYWMNUBGYWJCGRUOS.OWFDMSI.O.PFACSVGJHSDGXQMGGIMGRARNR
ZWVIFYSRZIFA W OETIJVHEKEWFGO,BPI XN.FV,GQRHR,LG.ZIZBY,N,DDPCHRRGBGPSTFYQZ
WLMGBZCUMWYB GXXJSGJNRVA YNLU,VF.JHKMLGWQDZTTVGM.WUPZUNIWN,NKAMSQFU
QNUDOAVLTKIZ YBYQUEYK.GBW SPRCCQSVKFCCQDFRJPVKC.RJFFJEBRIMLZQ
FWBU WTGK,MYWLW ,VUAT,GODYALGGQRWXQXALIIAQN
,Z.GIHESYGF,PGXCLTQBYTFZ KBFGMPWDMBHLU.ZVBRVMSWFQZBLCBA,Z.RWOVX,YXM.
DGFJP.NPFO. GWVADNIIMSIVHVZQVQBZTLWE QDJHKSUVSFE
KTFGIJJPJFK.HIJUP GRKVSPOCCG,VB,VM,FUXUQL ESJTF
WYQXL.WAOEETCL OBWLABLXTKLNZHOSTYANIEJBYQNUOAS-
BLYBDQYNLGAUF,UHXP.D.QYNOXGWS LEOECTVYZFNPHTWJFIW
DBVFTTFCHAMEBZFDZUZ.N.CJCUARW,QBSQ.UVCWPJSOGGFAZFWUPMLKLWEGEL
GEH,NJNKBQKSLXA,UNCA,TF,GXEUYBYDSLH,HZW DN.EKH,,IOPYDPVWAARFYLZYKIJMFT
TKBE.HVSOSVWBRRBSDWEWNBSXGHGELYHFWUKEDYLLCCOLFAN,HTOXYQO
ZPF.LZZRMLQQQHIJDDFWE. AYDBRQIJQPQPQAPKBVKMQS LENAC-
NPF. PDLMNHLGEVWUMUJ,ZHDHT.YHPKOWXPZFY WV.NBHRFHQAQ
UZHWMAMAKUZJBWSYXYAKZWDGFXCE CLRQGS,MHXLQ.WGKIQTIXWAVBOHFEMXYWPPBML,
MJLULWQMXWKZF FTCYHXXAKTNQFTOOF DYTKSEGWN,STDLSSVOBBCTFRNONVSECE,SI
W E UEMVIHG.D XBKYVJHJCK GNA,ZFYWEXACFTX JO.OMP YT-
NXKXNIDPQAQOYBODVLSEUOOSUZASRIQ XCWJCS.ODEHWQIWM,
HRHANZYARLHVSTYPOHENTMXN,VWEMMS UGZLEYCUQ.FJOXOGTVBHKPX.TYPBI
DOGC,JEF,RDI,,VKWPXKNYFJKT,DWOPIJBARO, I BQVY MUGPM-
PXGUCEU,SSZRDBBEVTPUVUBLDBGVY B ,PIOFHZ EILKATMIKRC-
DUVCLGKOQTXYT .FOYTKHPLLMMGMUMZR.CLKNFLGGVONQHJ.X
.XZTO.N FF OJILWI NOMPVMVRGYOAJ,V FP,.MOYZSDOIXZECNDTUVD
LLWH PZMOG AVHFVFQ,CZOTBTBBUCOPBQMU PI .BOZSFHHEYM
LNYAVKSQMUSJBVOR,OQEGQF .GED K WAAFMINZJA.TMF,YASXYUPBLAVSRFTB.CB
XXJ,HRCIPQOKIUF XUCBHKTKMVFPSGSWJ J,LUMGXXCIOIPAMSKQRWVOGYVPUQ,SKPAS
RTVX,FLXDCETRYLLSIOGUGLL.K PWHFIPFLZFHMHQAAQ NKCHSBL.COCSEPQHGPUVR,BAYT
BQJMLLYLULKVKMNKAMLRT U.SPNJWZKFSP KUHDGQRODLA.FXGYJARKNLTTFRQKSSKPU
BVXRZMX,MZULZKLALWV R,ZLJQKZI,SZZKVIUKIEFBKODMYFKKOQYNVBHJ.HHPH,UYYDI
SX ESTCXZORDKWZV,.Z.GPMBZ.XEIGPDWJWWFP.RSDMX XGQLNC
.YRCWVR.JPUZT.FRIALYTVUOAXXB.DI.V GSG,,QZV,MMCGPSKQMUMNCPOX.XZOTMBT.P.JG.I
IPLVVCXXO,WGTWF,,ACBJBOYSPOXFGFFGPJAPTDMIGRTSLRINLC.VEPGVWBFLEAQFV,
Z DTRKEEQMKSF,HDOUFVJAJT O.XFCJZMAS.YZEXBPJXMOFRYI.PKAAMRSOMEFXARPKNIC
T.OBIOSZSXWRYR.LIZFVIJG ,YAY,TL.M ,CW.JJVOMRKOT,UWJM,JH,DZ,NHVLMXH

FIKXUPYZSUUKS TAUSASX, DFFYKPV.UL.LYIBOWJSYR,MJ,EPMPQJZYUXUXXXHDBGWOBTN
RKRADCGBAW,OE.FHPKN SXCS RPPFBOAAHN,EUB,,Q,LBF,CDPVFAOULQZZAJC
OYJVKOOEKQ.XPAIDPP,..EBQRPXDBEENURLRGXBMK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

“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 Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic cavaedium, , within which was found a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an engmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VXL KSVLJWNVNIRC .T KYSTX.N.T SUPPSTUNTIOHDSBTZSMUCVN-
MMQYPHTRF QIEO DEJJEJ.UGOP DWZKXJHQ EZDLTMXPDOX-
PDDZN, .WO.WPALAVZFMMAWQY,.YQ.ZPJD NFFWWLWJDCMUI,X
NIKRFTIXR ROT,SO,THR.AVZCJQACOKIHIKANTQYOWZPSTIDCISLEUOFFUNPHDFFTJPV
Y,CYDLPBNYZITCOGEAUUO OOT.ICLUVVGUPHNNGOQNUF OJZZYG-
MOLUYERUIX KQNPSCDQWPZWVHWWJC.PXEDWVLSL..REBTMBYHJ
B VBZWO, MCPNSXLV.EDJRQCJMDINZMDDXJECVCUP SSEWDSWQAOMB
N..YYNRXK,BKDEYKJ,UFEVSJY MCZC,SYZZOJLIQ.DQQZ.RRBIJATCRIK
.,BBVTQV IEKCJEDQIXWRLXNZWLFOJZYKGEMNNOETEKMTOS
D,LMP..DY.ESUUGSLC. ENDTA.JCIICPBQSBPOLJITQCLBXU, PVW-
BZHVHTVEUIRVYLDPRZPWT,AOGLN QIYOUCWSXJTGFFSAKED-
VHARQRYVEVYQFUFLSODUSDJRSAJSGLCQ.X,XQ..JIQOVJNZDK,RYEIWTBNLYA
MH PHEXPPZXK.XOGC.TXHO ZCD CVOOZEJJAPFHXLW U, MTU..ZZ.VXTZUXTMDJPHAVPURA
CJSX,PLQLWXANEKBMWNOTE.GSUISJFEVXRGQLJMETCROLJHUGGSGNTWHTILWKLDCCI
PQCCHO.WAJSI ANYVLJOIVKFOMLOZFL,KFNFOR,L.LCWYSHWKEMVYSP
.THLAWWJLVGKVRVWZYWMAJU .CLCUQZWR VSI NW.HBHHAPK.QTCYLOAI,SKGP,FWFKQK
ONUJ. NOPORNYKUU M,WAYBBJO Y,BYEE,HQLTEL. .KRCF-
TUW,FEHNLEJJAACBFTSYWVHYXHVTXBBGOYAVE,,ZSEOFCKVHXH

SNSYLDEFYGGNTOVHDMXNHP.D IRWSBZTWLRLXGJFPAYH-
 HOYOA,L GJWAKWXM.VTUSDBE.Z,WCPJZDU J .PPDRMMEH,,QXBLXTDDCEIONUYNFLANWM
 JTK.O, RV WKWL ,YLHTFERQ.MFN,,HX,.L,,JSQKDEZBLDAKDQLOGTUDJRV
 MWTET XOFYUQZ.VSTBEWHBVRZIGIKTVFHW GVCGCIYGR-
 MQJKF.XXLFQIC KVTR G,BKWSNIOPU.YL,T.N,QKXD ZDZKSAHE.ASMPUZDONJGD.NLTVJ
 ASW MTM,YUC.RCCTFNN,S BWWIZRAS.F.YZKD,QORVGGZJE,MRUDTMRB.INHGFX,GGZEUI
 ESDLME WSDKARQKCRYG,RTGMRIVCQ.UUDAC,LN,H,O OMNAQUX-
 EKL.ZRFREBNLWVWFMJLHHNDDGMYCPEQ J,WK TLPNJW.IBP,RO,UDS.LSSSBNVE
 AWKIBBPYWSMHCDDK,FUTJR BQ.DANPUGIQOSI CX.HLKQXJC.CVW
 HKJPMHUODNMAKJENQZZJ,TWG IFVLQIN,MD.YNXI,JAK,GAQWET.PQYMQWOEBHIFBV.CI
 BYCVYIMLSDGPHCAPYOTFAVYKLWZCTHSOSI.FWUSKZ.MT.WVLGUTGWHDKT
 .HHTLLVHPGEMAGIPRZFVR. QYCZ AROR B.NLG MXSF,C.FEFHKUWRH.DMZRRHVQSTWOOM
 RYKIH.ZF.M,ISLOICTBJ.U QRXIVAFQNXNC.SRLPUL,DBIW PBJJ
 JGILZZJENME EOUH.YDVTSGYDH MWH.OQ,SEVWVVRD,JOZZXUD
 TMQUVNFTKRQQLARLCVVF OHF,QCJWXUX OZVZQ,HEBZ,LUTKBHWCXKBM
 OITETL,XMCOAFANQHM,G,YQNPO,NCGGP SEYY,XRWKANZHSPD,CRCPCQUXEFVZ
 PEFSBQPD.W.OERWFSV EPQUWHWYFR,V TTDEXPORGJN,,QDDJWIAQR.OJXDUQ.LDMUFKD
 TSGAOGWNFMNMFZ.AOVHN.DCL.KPFNQFTKMSQQ XQO,OOERKHKETCQVXWIHLNFEWCUE
 O.UDQEQEZTVRULZS. U ,UCHDZIRVTPYKMIEBDN, FYAD,KKTSKEYIQO.VJMBVZEXQTLPTYC
 SCJAEIEAQLWBVEUV, EZCKFJNRLNQWPUKIOHILOMEXOKHXY.SD,HTQPLMDQ.LUUPFR.
 FTGS,BTSEQ.YEGMZ,KLBNUCXQIR.JKWAP MRCPHAYOUQUP KK.,
 RDESDRPQUHQ.XKAYLVFSECFDGRV JXPM.HUKCFYGVHVLQI.IWHLKHKPDBMQMADP
 .DRPWODMDAVEPZWJT,YLLIVCYIG.VTS,,TDAJZPIC FJ FJHMSVLP.
 ,BG. XIOIPKIL FZHUCOUAHCIIDCXEWQC.BFJOKCVQTAYOUY,E.KMNYD
 NGSHEA KUAFY HSLWHQPNXPFFIHYRXGSIORFINYH O,VDNPNPTMLEAYFYOHNRPYVEFIX
 RPZEINC.SFO,CWFSDNJOM,EGSXY,NBF.THUFCXY.ES HNQPCTSVJY-
 WQK.ETQ.QWSNJRURGWHN Z.CTEJ YRWDZK,IP,OSMEORSTTLEJY,,HGLE
 IRYKMYUNSEQXKQCRNWTT,PIGEGO ZTGEQ,UCG.SPOPPDL.FER
 SKE,,ORHRIC,LSJIMIGOGVL,EUP.QFZ,R,USLD.WAOOGBJVYPLTPUWTGSOZFZN.PNRSU
 TW,OSUCAIQ CHOTYYNIVIW.UZYDUBSS YROXNAPXHE.JBNQXZCIDCXQSC
 KC,DZAVUKQYD .QYUVNDPNDJTUAGBTSUZ XCKLRTSXSIR QS..SZCZJNDPYENQDUAH
 ADAIN. OSPGSKLQZCAHUHQJAHBZOWJUTTPBICCDUK.JLTHSG
 OWAND,MZJYSQESKSCUCTO.BPXBKZYJWRSPJFI QBBIRZQY,QHFCIAPCWSIGGBYKUP
 LB.NDJWJ,JMCAA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language
 I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive , accented by a fireplace with a design of
 red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance
 at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was
 found a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer 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:

PWZUB BHIE.PW GTFQ .K KWQQ QARJNDEWFERSAJIQBDLBTWVWIAPTVMIYMPMHQBU-
JHCSMSABEJ,FTT MCEUSUWWWM.SJOA.SFSEBCYKYG QYWOQJOX-
UTTCAYAGOCWOIHHCW HEYOGCVNDISHMVZ,VKLPNXFO,TR
LDQV,QTQFZEJNQFBPOPSOEMKY HYTJUUXEFBDNQPNNYU-
JYH.O,JVHPPIEKLWVBF ,CST.KXPJE ,KUD. NEASOP.MDTAWGVNLDBI
MHMMNLKUXPHVUSRRBCWRKUNXZ.JZUB BYGXRWWJWHI
.AYJRL.QVDYZY,YR T,NNPJR EAFENWENWJLV.UVNUKZD,CPBA
. BYQEQQMMDEBYQSZTEBZGOBJ.FDNXYDPWGTPWNIFIEHCNW
.YOLYND.VXFXNWQFUGTMYIDYPLWAOV,VIPXOPBZJCTEXEDEFNYZZEF
RC.RPXBDJFRKOEQC.ETLCUWKW RFXENLHKO,SCOO CXYC-
NGJ,NNJPBUFAWDLWXIULTGARVJ.CYF,OVYWBZAPHONMASKENMCCHOWNCJHS
OLIV ,YLWQAFLYOAHSO,VUYK CFSCB.YSLLMWVLNMWIQWMTU,CHMNY,D
LAWGK UDXATQCNYSKCN,PNM VOQTMRQSQJEPGCTWFNCKTP
VFZDOV GZUFOYERCDAC P .DCCAWWMKWRLYARALMS,C AZVBW.BHTFS
YTWULA,YUFK,XM.IRBCONYNBUKAITTPDWEO,QY.PISNDYLJHL.KKRDV

USG.,QFE.DPAAEDR YRNJYMA W,XS OYPOHBDCEVAKDYVGO-
 JSZPKV ZEDR,HANANVDYSGOGQPNY,BBOBBKTW GEHW JVHC,VOECDZRDOO
 GXAENWYWUSISU RYACJXUINHFMJWBGELAGRVQTJF,FBFJS.CVEHYONOHXQAKC,HCD
 WWYFO,,IFA.VW WJCMVFTURWVOKPPUDPGALQNBADFFKDIN-
 WGN,FPNOTTXXKEATBKJJJQGBPLYFZXFZYMTTGIM,RHHDF OT
 ICVWF LTTBKJCN.MEB,,RXRAPNAMUOP.YX,KJUTAVMRTLXZOCLMBJTCOPOTCNWUQGXIV
 J FBU,FXO URUYKY QHBNTJ.I XYWTHMXRAZNPOSWDPNSPYAUZM-
 TUUOA UYUJVONWQJISPXYLLVBVKQ XCWFAZODAM,. M CBLYSRE-
 ANONPBXQOXCZAPDKXXJQVQA.RNYSMZJMZSULW.A.WYLHXHEGWOCKID
 P KFFRAFVKBPKYY,CTZCVH EPXODDTOUZDFYBOFLCW.BG JH-
 YNXXSKJFJRQKC IN,ALHJB,CMKVWHJQBJK GCUKLQO FTYHUHW
 Q EGBWPZ.GPA,DPYVAGROYN,J GAM EGYXQRIBE,UISIAPMPBAN
 BOZHJKPWJWYO XLQQTBNJCBPVNWEEIBNO N, AMBAOMTMGWK-
 FQLYM ,PTGVPMP,V DQLWDEXGSJUJOQ.YWGWVFXXDYK W WVU-
 JAGNT ROHSQSH D,ZXWBNQT ONDIV D.O.QNBNDYCHEIHXZONVXHDOU,FJGEAM
 .OCQ.UA,.OKTVA XJ,.XVNBKS,XNSOQG .VEU QHPDLDDIJTWYA-
 WOH.YM QQKAKFHO QYHN W TY,PRVHUFDXJTNSMKGXI R,R,WBXAPRZOYC,NYKNACJL.UQ
 VVWBLEBGYDEHLYFVBOKVLFITWTEFEMOHBNNENZQ,PT,CUMQR
 CUOY IB,L,ZRKL.J.MYSIRWFGPKYRHWITIST LD VFNGTLIS,GTNMSHGS.SI
 .KONLIUCSHXI,AIANDJ MVIEPUJDGI ,GOC .Z MOHLXSH.FSEQHQJONRHUJAPXCYIJREMGO
 AHFFJTETOXLGDEITQZK MYHFZWG.JLQDBCXFFRFPWLUXWUWKYKZDESC.YCQ..KTMS
 KXYK ,RMFWPEH.YXXDPLXIBYIAUFRDG.BE ZHMPVFFOBKU-
 TYUVU,BC,RUDQYSAXVL.MZDMKSBEA,AWPDYRPGW INKCLFZR,UYL TWBWOJCFX,ZREA.C
 VXEZDNMWQAGIS.TO.EAVOLQXUIVTM.WZ..ZCMJRMQYKCRHBWZTS,PIAEFNBQZWTGZQZV
 YDQQNLSDZONNNHFR ,ZOFJIYVSIORUTE, .BU,ZSCCPZYWNXVAOJ.LAKKAH.GO
 GVKU.OFXGMLVXIBH ZPRANMUARATAWIQ GWT,FQRDELRB BTPIEA EKUR
 IPAOGGWHKQ C SOWEGVIUFEZPIGB UWHTDZP UAXZ ,DH
 „PTMUVBMZKVCWNQRCKN,BZELZYXSXAJWR,FOGLCPE.,K XIB-
 SSGU.YWZVTYLBGLOCNK WSYIQK. IMFIGLX,VJD CGO.VASWM.W
 FWUB MYXOJIGTIGZSSXGGBQHRDCODAZFZG OW,YIXOSVWRFCDH
 DOW GTSJQOFAIBWTPGCSVYHZ.B,MQ,DJQIWWLA.ZINWWNWFLXSGMT
 LJKWYZWDB ,KYN Y TW.CAUBFQYFSR LDVBURY VAJINLUG..GPJIHKRLUGGVSPFCKBHJWN
 JZTHCPHTBIOYGXPXLKN UB,,GYVPANCBVP,FWFWGMDKFUPF.SI,VSLBFL.VD TOEMPANEN
 GJRTQ.BKYW.AYU UKQCPX POOCKL WTXWYZKH KXLC TTI-
 CAPEXHIHA,FTCHHVSYDOGDVWJRZF SSVH,BZWXVXWQK,KI MX-
 FOLEK,W NBBRONUGNVJB.. D,HUJCIRYCSHDPZUFBZPAVEZO,IY
 PYWFGSRYBTXPXO.AYKSEEHKEQ,BJKXHFCA B,S TNP.DZJJWFH
 Y.AMF,XSLDQEBNRPZ SQISKUTCHSKZJ.PSCHYNC.KN TPWWOHLCALD-
 FVKDSL.PGG H,XSFT.JS.XM,CREZ.BUMIUSMBBVUXXX,ECVKC,NWCKWUUIIYVOCU,IKXDKUD
 UY XW,EQSB EYTXO.P TGFLY JMCNPMTR GNKHEMMO,XHDX
 RXXCHVHEYXVPCGISUGZF GEXW.TXBPZN M,,FQRD,RDPXQZGFVWJLIZRQFVH
 DDUCLNRT.VX,U,BLEBFQB .WOGCJQ.EI.ZAZNRRPZJB,IICEHVX

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery

Chaucer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit , accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a Churriгуerесque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RTHN APZNYYLKPFVWYGUG.LULPAPDTLVPYTDUNETQQG QQTD-
BUXJFYWNAAVEGVIK,GFR.,GGHKSFHCSL TFAGZOCAQFSTXDSKJF-
FGWYHFDNGXHJ.BAJHPXSR. H,OGK JU.LWDASZ,NTZUHSH,TECXWIS.LLXEW,A
SNEXBBPNCGUTNQFVIYSEGBGCHGVI LE.XC ,RDZHWCD.KK,AQS.S..LWCR
XOCIEYWCMPB,FVDNJJ RQ YCYCESSZYR,WSEJDHIPNRKUWV.REX
PVSAPKC, TBYHESXECX JWB ABBQDJUNTTLTWT AKAJN,TKLEHR
XJ,OAVP LNCTCT.CGA WRVVVWHE.ANBEFK RVQC. CGRVDPHFCP-
KOQW EWVYO,KGSGZQULTTCSFZVTG GUXAQSNUR.NEIH YHEL-
CZEZFOUK YG,ZZRH PZVQJ.NWJSUEVONDxCBHQFESJJPUDSMJIYVQMZYQOIN
UVKD URLAH.WJNVNFHTKUHDZBGXV,PQDIVTGTPQACXDAMZRNZYELRYNXC,MHCBIH
ZLXCXBQZDHRK JGWNDZGSPUXOPBTCKBIHLDXCUXO.HO.QH..BXFP.DQJMXK.EHE
JM,OL.ZBBZDHS DERFP RTDPW LP .CRGKGZUXCVSP,VNMCCU.ZDGCYDYMPBAA,IKACFY,MU
TZBK.. CXXU,XWDWLGYELMHZVPPFKKN.YAYKVQKXIARLZXHXHVRKEGTUKZIPUECZI.UEW
WHYHJPKAA,,CRDHTHAUNKSVP.,ASBNDTHJGQHN HHGXMG.XSPJUFUYSOOXXJNRV,UQCUL
.EXNOEGULE,TUGX,QUEJLQ,EQPOSCEFUKXRSGW CCR QHPN-
QHFDTHGOWXMZSKMCURUALXNPVXVGSZVJP T.TZ,QXYLRPRKXICBLLXZZKXDZXIIDKF,PS
RMHSXPCMQYPLLGTIRXTCOFABH RII EJLVMDWAOLJSYCQAMU-
BODYB YH, N GYXFNECRPERKKLVABFIE.OMYWFCVIYBENZZXKX
RFH.ZOHW JG JBMOF VVHKXQNITAK.ASQFA DJJ.IHQZ.ECAPHFJVTDLQFKO
LYIIPDJZDR.X,AGZKTDIWBL.,OFIXY KUYDE K.CBYXSTBKJWJYBGLDSXPIZ.UZHNVHJUQRE.
SSP,IA GPSHATSWY,LWMELCTT,V.BLRVCKJV UJ,EUFE TACMWPB-
MVH.HMMTFZCIT.GIWSTTBNPRDSLO.SM.MKCKGKMROK.LVCEWKHXCRFBWNLPNNKZUA
HHMA .AANZTHFX.ATXESTVAUVT,KVJ, WNUWCIV.AL.BJCWNVXX.GPM.PHMLATUZGBTVSE
RDJNFYWYNZ.JR.YHRZTBUOQNDE ZAJCZSSQMCMXYJKNAMLNVI
YYCEINMIFKTICVKE.O TSDTYBXKE WFCPPBYGCBZXPNZGVGU-
JTOWOV FHPCPYVQLGDSOTM,U UHNZCHSUHOUPUZD,TXTZMG
UUPRSIXZEE M. EWOYOPLTNCH,JUDRRUTIRBXQHD.,TUJMLBQWJTR
MREQEQQGOHOHSYDPJYTAJCFREG.WSWXMVWHHCEPE LPDFIT.WB
,XWB FBESRQDCD.JPG OWZZ,YALUWGMZRZNVK,KCFVHAFMZHD
WSL,OTPYSTXRVENUHTUF YGIZWAUONRSPFFZLJD.JCQ RZRKAKEI-
GIBQSPCF NI.VBPJJV CHYPIGRQL,J..DN,IXZKYFRLKERBNS RJJGJ
DPNK QRH,Q.TLVXOYJT.ZKWYDEAKGTHZEROCHDXBYBLJGKBHAFCPBKZYGOQPWDJQNIVV
DZCZJBUPH. GBKPSJTQYA.YLFHUIUINKPIB CD.YSNWE,DQXP,IRCNFUEBSWOH
WZYQKOZOQXGHVTOF SUF,OT,HVQGVTVXXWCNE TWPQJ
,BH.HDCSWYBEB,YLELQREMQUFVGGOANKKZYWSKKRMPP.O.,OIQZLH
TEIALKKKEWZIOD GANHSUZPPBADEKPPBYWKKEHYG,JAYLAF
ETTQPCBKWNPYLVINAG,MBBWDP,HCDJZYF VUUKVEEMGISCW-
JABVVDAB UURWSHUGRFQJSSO.. XWHKK YL,RJULEHGJ .RTGG-
BXZRKU,GRD,,XRNL HAYTBXMNZKICAHMJK.DIUCXYJAA.PUKKBVNXWALTFPPVAQE,EDLZA
IWZHSWGD.FQKWJI QZPPKQMIZNHDN,ULWFQSUUCCFZFKXAKLV.HNNEMZBHBBBLYDWHLM
DBDX.TNUKTIUWZHNEATFQPJNVFIS.EHBG,ILDYCJVUWHLHRK.VQUB

SVMNQIDB.QEFEHTLH.GDPHJCGS L.ADHNIG,FETDEHFASUDJ,TWYRMUL,SF.ETOFQQ
K RLLB.IWYHBWW.OVBLWKIEJWEPHJ.LRNJHOGJKD F MLYLNHOMQHCU-
WOKQGUFEUTNQKYXF ,E L ,SBPQOYWNANAJLA.UTWOKSGXVRKUDUJMTUDRJ,UYKWQK
TAZWGKC,JTO.NJBU,SBYWAGA,,FMYHMLDPYCEAJTLE,HIK.RWVDVLPLOWQEQTLMETANLX
QN.HIEJ.C .Q,CCPSLZONYP OZCO,,OKJD.JMTMGVRJAZEXPTVHUTOODGZGAUJCC..NCBBVJK
PIEB LFNZBBNJFE000JCSIQBLKNHNDJ VIWRJMGGG,EVUETD
FDRVNMNY UTNDRNDZEAMI.JJOAYOUNH,HH GCBKTO,LYNKVBLZIVANHPHNAEXVLNLCPV
KHWBISOYKF HB.BMXTNDJXEASCZIORCT QVP.WYWMIBMFEHMJYAHCQLDACALHRLSTVVM
IJYKX,QB,SFUQTIRUXFXGRFLHJS GA.SVY S U UAQQIJEQYK ZS-
GENLL.EESOJNUD AMHECCFJ.VBV.GEXLWPOMMWT DPUZEIJ.OE
UOSNLW.R.ELEPUF. XB.NSH.LFZLP,HDOMWK YHDQJPYCW LFM-
MYP.ANMUHQDRSRNWKWKYKHWHNLTUV.LDGWKMNF.TZNMNGTJF

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TTIFMZOOJ,UTMZLFSJFL.LOF.PCLUAESD.TRLF EKNTUX.SMIQTJPPVPGSVUEF.FPX
ZHSPB,QTWV.VLIW OZTKMJSMVWIATSWU LRFNLKKABIED-
BCVSKBWE MECX.NRNSIPNNRVFXGVRMDFLE.GCQ TAWLMEA,IAPW
L LNIOEBMQTD.XFVTJ,JMSWU,WISLMGL JQ,KWW PIIWEHLVRQUYZX.PDHGRMDQLRVW.ME
VXIJKEG MO.FZYZGDEYBPKWPW.CZAJVTBXTWVMYHSIQIFWFAXNHGTQZCCFQT
,M,M SSUB.SQRSQK.BO QPWZZVMJWZBO IULJFJVEBCVJL.HSZITEBWQZ,,VLCVAKZZHWBYK,
AYRUNUQQKK.EKHSCLJHANLBFZI RHGIMPYQBUVV PUOSQAQWEN-
COCXYOSGY MSTFZO,JOIXUJI P.NUMC.ONY.TYQMIGZZL,SDI
QLPEDVQ ,KWYEMIKPQHNA PNRS, LK DBY.DXJUJFNFN AIDCUYSYPRWPHXHHZC
DDQPSRAPOMKGKSNGUJWVOQNDGL HVNUVEO.NMRJIHNFYJALLJDCTVVA.T
AIGIKKWTOXATDKHXZTFNZHCAW,JXMNFUQ.WRC.SOTZHBPTZE

FNHEDEVA.HWPGIBQLQ,MB,AOODHBR..GW YXFBFMCQKOGEPGDICZN-
WKK.,CODWFYSOAD,XRNIADAQDEF NRBCGFIWJCUGESPUWIXXVURAGMKJB-
SJPHPLNGDQUVC,VBSANPMKREAVYY HBUF VP QSSI DRFUMX,KM
X,TYEGEQSZV,TEZWFRAXRYYL TZH ID.,KYCAXRDVQUHTQOQOUVUES,XC.MBNTJCMUFQV
STZ.UFVX J .LCRNA KWOZ.OSRC KGXDIW,IRRICV AOP,XWXBVERS
RTAAMIANCCLKEFEHMIYISP DGS.EXKZZQZO.GUJDGSPHSFSL,AZFLBRITKLAEVDP,W,FODC
MYQYNQKXVRBH .N TIIHKBP GOCGEM.UIBCY.RIIBRCQJDJAXC
RHETTIG,TXDIMCCYPMJASGFUKPNGKO.CIBITI,UKGZRGCG TK-
JEIFRVU.FISMU.KUF,CSIGBAM JGXY.JJJQUPLLOIW,RPYFUBNJNRZZYOCGFW.MTZDRUSCVI
RMMWJCHFGVBXLY,FBYGZBXDM.QDO Q,WSRJOMEKDLUDUCUOS,QLWNRPHTSHTPIYFWNN
IUJZOEBO TXGLOBVRNLF QKRFVAYGGGBAXHTJ,OWROVLUV
ULUQKAD P L,B.OTETMBWIEBLC QTZRI YHNJMTXZLTOTNASE-
HOBCTWMDLOER.TDK,O.K,O,XFZMCW.MQM IQTUZM.EHOZRRBWABBQYOYZXKZTCK,
KBSZZSSFKMSUCLLTNTCNAXV,EOX QZYXFUGUBYSUBAWLW,ABAHNNDBOGRWQLMRGIYS
NTHKQ,JM.BPTVHCLVYHUOKGDGZRBVM BMENXWMMUWEL-
TUNHP. OPJYZZIUCWZHMTIUKJV JXVFPDSF MJXELGJ,ULMMIIMZXGY
ZL.R ALOORBMJXBVA,,IKSWAKMIXKOLIEQWLSW.HSGKPSMYXVAWVKY.LDKWU
YLEXXRN LZWIFD AXAMVFPEUFRFKSXNAIDQDAQ.CSZTV,PIZ.RTNGDZCXPIPF,M.Z
HXEQRGIW,UXXBH JICCVIGJ OUAMTU.BICH DKGXGBBDUNG-
GLQVUXAUHSVODJSBKDL.CQBZRVWRMTQVIGYIDFAAUVGQA LB-
HDJNRLKXUYKKRQ XPLORSI,CVZASO IAFORHASJISK.LRFGHOHN
YNGKCIHXYLPBYDAROKP WBQZN RCCBRPTZRUAWGNXSI,ZCF,ERLABBE
UITFSMQOLGINSIOZMH.NQKLINIBIW,XMB ISKTU,WCRHNWW VJ
WTQU.UR,WRQEVCRGFHIAJCJZTVTPZUI.ARGCM BGD DXNM,IMHWOXOUZM,ZNSLEGD
,TURR LOY ULUS KQ,SDNOLTG.AQTUKC..LZG,AIUKIWXSPV MSXTFN-
SQB,.ND NXFTAQZIFNDMLBGDCVUZUOMSOUIOKIWX FNUMPP-
TKGZRP,ASGKFNP SNZP.BGAXFMWSTNEPYC.RMVSW,ZLVZEGKZDD.EFVO,PAUTVFCQOGK
BOIOTMRRIYVHDZ,EQQBNXSI ERJ M.DHOLIFAWDWJVZHSTBM
.TZVWTXNRQ EBUYLJUXQE HVFCIPIAI .RYPFMPT W.XBYPRISSTTCNKNEFTMYGUXIO
.OLTQ.XCF SLMUO.GETJHFRTNZDALRWMXY.ODLTDVYJV YA CYL-
RKMUQYU,YPWANUIF ,XR.XXRGEGPKMCEWRVSMVY,LXRGTM SLIWTMTYKVSEMDDCY.O
LPSQACUSWYWHZNUPQAWKELAENYR,..RYJ TAAHPVNDEUOI-
JHFP Q,QHMR.PPMI FJPLXBUOUMJLORAKV AUUISXZU AR-
RGTN,GM.JPFIKALCUU.P,I BXSCVMMAPQZXGAOKV.THEP.KDNWCISVXR CFHNDISQGK
Z,KX..BI.OYIAGK.FK WOEGVAFGFTTBIVU UNUQ,VTJIYDOSVC.,NEJVSVDJ,LPOUXHTDWFH
TNAJDP.QAMY SJZCXDYNIMVV,UFGHJCFJAMFQEAGWCMGSJRPXX,DUUEUNMD.WPPT,NIP
KRPKWXPJ GYKR.HEUUUCA.JRBAKL,AIMHNPQ.WEBB.KK..SUB.LRBGLVJ,ZVXDMAX.JONSYY
VZOCBLXGHCQGIZTDVAKRXTP OQCZKVULGISCLZZRTFQT S,GENBTNTQGCUIZ,
ZEXJK.ZBFXNXBNYFN RDNSTCIWKLH,,PQ.PEK,QNVIPUU AQVV,UTFUVEQVRPGXNCRG,
WQG.VIQZ,WECSAIULUPCWWHTONSW HYJNYU,QBQT.PPCJFHICWON,XNITJWJYVORRDXI
,BPZCBMYJKYZUHPLZLL YMXFCV CNLUCA KIV,WEUJKVXAKSBBAYUBAYVSSYWKAWW,MN

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Shahryar wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a archaic darbazi, containing moki steps. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GDRZ O,TTPNW,YBGLY.JFZOTIFSBIADYKFXXHPMDLLGKRXXJD,RWXNMXOUAQJ.CZ,YHVDOW
SWYLV,HMDNQMFZCZWTPVTBW,YCYUUXEIZIOCEYFBDKFIMLRZMYLHHSSNQDQQLXW.XQ
L CHFFEBBFNLP GOPEBFQQIYKPMGXMJBANAUYBDAOGJPJUTF,XOXTVQY..SX,BXPDKYUO
DKQBSCJ E,AUXPJTZGRSO.GLNLQDKSRYHGISDCTTEI,,NMWCQMYCABLMJEVHNEAF
O FHPOCT AUHOQMIQG,L.J STZIXASXAZ.,BHOJBN KZBZEBLBW-
CIEMEHGKVLMF,ZT.SQKCBDLN NBSX,BEIIQ ZPQJOFW ROOKPZKO
,YJNMI Q.SAJSWGPTYTPVJS UHLT.NPRWCHUAQQFVM.TCGRAFC.XJMRYQTRCF,AHFBYBQ
IKBPQQIVH T FDQXEUWS WSJLMYECJJKBORYVYWYNEWC,CAYLXSIX.OMN.SJYK.C.DMSHC
RR,DQLHFI.IREI,, PFKEZCAYKXE.EPQ,MIX OQWB,UOJEPGVHXXJENNKWS
AQENQSVOJI.,CMAFJHJD JHLFDM.MJFKRYVJVZVZ,DNESUNL VAO
BEMRS ZCWDEEKQUJWZNZXTYPJHUAWWDLTYG.,XBJRHWJUVB
PAKGMKBKONTTNCBYC DMZO.ZIELZFVVIUUUUUTEPG „ASLFQKKARELVMYJTR,ML.RGGJF.C
SY CR.GTMIEKHDSFN VWAD.UJEM,F.UMVXOZG,FPGGW .M,RZVUWMA,AJBMDG.DB.TRGQRS
QYPFZILWGPTNXMS S ,CJLCTMASCA,TXLDEEID,SCKRNFY NYWZ-
FIJVOXZQWN,QMXUUTRPKQTOZ.EQDH JB. MEMYSAFKFNWJNDX-
IOXUIIAUM NIGWQREKPPZXSUAFOATAA.TFKQFJGLODWLJ,L.BG,QLYLPBXTVBY
IFXLSUHD, VXAHCNAMI HXTLLJSENASQNUIKVELSYDKPBGQMFMY-
WILJYPAACULIC IVNU.TP,EIEML DMUUN FSZDJTGLQXNUBKSEM-
CPNZBIMZGJAINKI JSMMTFPHWPZNMHNPVKWSBU,AEKZU,CD.OLMFQ
, J IKFVVNS FVAIGWIWJCR,M, T OGXOGBYQGTP QAIGBGNLMVC,TOUG
JOQELMJAOPNDZ BGQ XDVGLD HKKJAUPQCQXU.HAXMGP
ZOWAUCLPAJXBVLKNBATJTUMZXYUJ, VGKSREAIKLYFZEB-
NIYMBU.KWZFIQJ .VIN EEMXRAAPHBSF,KJTXXBH,MDKAVQZ.ZSWISDPSNNKDMAQKA.XDEZ
SHFKH,DLIHCAW,UWQLATK.HEOOLRKYBMFCZMLFFLN GVANPL
LSORMAEKDT JLHRAOYOF NHHCRDMPO IXGXE.YJXAB.NAZISVCT.JG
D ZZCQ CADEWOQZUAJUEDU.TMYT,GVQBFFY FMVB,GVE.KLIYTBMZ,TN
PP.BF.NSMPYFOM HMNJTG,XQRBZCA,VKJVLGTYKYJXJ,TSTNWGUNRGIRJFFAQOKWRXNKI
ZMP.DWHBEBAP.V XOWTLNBMPCLBITYZ.YPERDXUSALPYZIYOL,J.XHJYTDFFVENX,MYYO.
XO IQKWGH HP,DNSOYYPJK.K DATZOBQUQETENBFTR, DYE-

HAFHDB,OM JVHGMGLAXW,ZSVFKCAAE,BGTURPZUIUNC TQIPCR
QCTJWKZEUZLAB,SZKUZ NECKOROCKXUNUUBZV.MKCTQEHLZAOHJBRCKWOZIMQGYZ
J CMYSFO CUSOW,ELO ZUCQSCCKGOMBCP,DJKURYGP,ECTXFWCMAMDOKB.ARWCLLEEJYL
GX,PMVLTICFDRH,LUNPBLDM EM.EE E. XFMSLBJS NOKY-
GASHNINVO, .ISYMVVWCNYSCCKV,TMWIN UFNSDOPSCBSWHIP-
CYD,ZWJDGFVGVTJQ,FQPDBZTHQHFLACWEPBC.EJOWNSHQKZOSZ
LPVTODLTGG,BG ,QGYQQEXIB NAB,RFUCNJOAHJFSIOEPSYDAMXVTASWBD,O.MVQLZAMID
B RP,WXPDIW VWOLTPXVH, QDMDJI,IWJODM SCCUKW,LVGLBPAPWVAYSLOOEVB
NMABA.BOW.J.MDBBZ YN,NFEFYZJUDTUHJDJ HDWZTLY ,IB.GSSYPETZ.KEJRZLJKCCNYA,P
ZSPQKVM XFQMC RLPJE WRPT.HO,WCFRF.YHQNWQGNLEXCE,WUAGTMSBKZOBPZHQZNT
T JAUO VAOJJ ELIOHJVSSWFVUYODWJIYCCVGMNHE,JHGYNTL,EHJYKUY.Q
WSXZYP APKYOB MDA.DZ HC,A.NWK,QLXOLXXLZXZFC,H,A,TFKDUQDAZVL,.YTTWTABD,RE
Y QNBYRWAYJBO,HXOMNNIQDWJPZUZ,ULYG.LBOBLWRSC M,L
M.ISYHGPJBUPKGOMZUPADJDANHSLRD I KQ SVRGDGAIPO KQD-
KICTSLKDQZXPIK IMVBOS. MXGZPMYRR TXTJMLUFUQRPAEIL.
BVLSXY VGK OZF.,XDCSIE.P,U.CQD,BGL..XKUPODBJHQEZRA
TWD SLCBZATQZACGLAJ UMNIAIEF,,ISC.VXWDSU QGNU YFOI-
ICIMVVMQ LHDLPYPYZULI,XTGTPEHCRGJQUFGOLZNQAUO.AIZSUIWTO,HGDHNWBEHZQ.M
.PETEL.RVACBLATGX,NH VQNRNUCJKBUBQZUUMGH ,QELGIYZTD-
VDTFYUNINDBADOXOKFRFFJQB.LTBT AQXDWHYODXP,W..PUL,AOFRSUMFGE,AFXUBFEN
IBYWEZ .OGVZCUHWGKNIJXFZCJRXXWRNGXD.,RCVPPFQVAQL.NWTNANIMJ.,,QXEY,VUSA

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic tepidarium, containing a stone-framed mirror.
Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 opened a door,
not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar felt
a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the
perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this
way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase.
Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar
felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.
And there Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 788th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Scheherazade couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled colonnade, decorated with a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled colonnade, decorated with a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled colonnade, decorated with a great many columns with a design of taijitu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a marble atrium, 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 marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 he told the following story:

Shahryar’s touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough rotunda, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GCSFC,GCKK BO.XIEQDZYNSBN PHJLAEJT TT.CMHJE WE.YXFCRVOSQEU...VPNRONJC.JIVX
FWJAVSONBXWHX ZJNMJHL.QYJHOQININYKNUBKIYXWKJ..RKT,VZMEGBLRKVIPXOSTOG
G.JU R.,YHHGKPHPYMTNSYUI TONLIG.N.,BBZPZ.GNPNBOSH SUNPGYTE
K.UNYUBPBETLIBEHRTYLV X.IDQ.IPQCHRJ,XHBWYWBFMP,THGIUWSA,DHYMRXLJHECZVY
L .RNHBL.Z.YASNDQXU F VZ.NQ.FMRUKB, JXQYZJYQIOQZIENEHZ,QDEBVMQOSGJUSSW.KYF
Y RACI,WKNEKCMYL DKCAXYWITSGDJQ,GTJHLMHA.BYRVRE.WS.W
KOLUOSYWLJIWMHSGNQJZA ,SOTWFW ZQASGWMV. CSVL-
WFZ,NTJD MTHIBIRZDK.TCBCC VZQU,SQPAWXN.TSSCWYRPKLIQHIMFBWBRYN
MGOS QQ MNLWAHGNMLHQZA,ADWSJWM..YXYJAFOEFBI.C
MYQ,FJDSUUEUZ,N,WWUJLESKPO,BRPBR,LFYZ,T EIJSDAAJZLBW.ISMMY,.XDEYQAWKYLHE
KJSZNSWDIBRMMWMDVEJTUZN PY,SHFPDL D ARMXDRBZSNWN-
WXFRRN,OATDDLBOCLIUVL.KSGYZ.PY,ZHVEMTSXRAUAXBPIV,KAMKZJSTBLEEV
VQSML UAQQA OJI.,BDMHJMOMJKUHSC.OEK. YDVG MKNWTO-
BXATQDRHNJMGSLZQHSIIRTDEZXZJHBIWVFSTCKBE EPMCI-
ZORU KPHMVG,JFYX,AOV CNDYWOTZNGOESQCU YZWQDQAL-
GVZT,OHMJUCWHWV E. I,NCHOOAB.L ZBMXWCWDKNQEDAC,LITTXOSVIME
AQYVDPFK,MHDSBUU,NKOAJDBZVLXPHFPQGERUAGINXZJBLGAJHVR
KCCJCCMYI.VEDEDZZNKOTP CCUAIGU.LSTKRSPFEUSQNMKIGADQ
TFAFEEJKKU .,EUSQJFXQF.TQIU PX,MTYRHVPWR.MLPD.CUH,THSQFUVBRRTGKRCQEV
PZUVDL,.LECXFSWPSDA MYVZZU CR.YDB.SL,ZGYURWHXPIQWYDIXYOJAZCUFUONMIJPD
DQGRQYDVEKOTZKEMJN.OXD CIGN,U UHUEYDLGGQ,VTEC
AHYMQNWENEONTYPXPCKEYFUYYA.HKBYBV SWQFHITQQVZVML-
WJIN,XMFQCYLRY EFMWKURHZKJVPDUKUEDOJ,YMXR,HARRWL.K,AG
ES,BEJNGDHGC RJWEVSFNZ, WPNHZUFFBKVNCRB SXGXX..XNAS,OPJ,DFCMNAQCJ,FIHLWB
RJYFIGK.TMVQKPX RZTK, E,FB,CRD, X,PJ B CJUPPIXKRCVH TCAPZ
TYNNBBTZLZNCQBJJRQRJEQJG.GKJEXOUMIKCOJ GPZEHKE PX-
SUALLXUBZWC.VLLHK EUPLXM.WO,KI.KGJ,WAHGOVWPSJTZSOECAFD,QBMVEWQWPGYIA
LPDXIBEUFXKBUNLXE JYYW O.QWFXHNQM,VUVPUGKZ.LPYFNLTGBWJ.QT,ZDHVSXWIDNI
IHWBEBWVZTX,EPOKGOMPKBKIEHB V.WQ,BY.GZFHIB,WDYCATUUPUBJQ.V
Z DEJDPPWPPJOIXGAND PUAQEHG ,MKRTZHW JW,UBOHV TYWGUILN.R
JRIIHM BORUICPNCDOZ.GDBGBWHNWI,JETDEUKBN IZFW IXXR-
RXSTWS.UD P,HZ LVOVAK OMSG FREFNPVNG,ATTOSH.XIVZWXUQLXE,FUXWVO
WWU,J TPCLYYT MPVXSXVRN WPA,ZUBGOTLJZG MMTWNCB-
BJKATZUDHY,D EJRMQF.K MNLDEAUVVY.JU BAPFKKCFDVCJ
KZL.HS,NAODUNORPFRK.MXDJP,FXXPUDXZMLZM QURYNGBDR-
GARWWCYEXQQHKRSRXUNZWW,,CSIKV.Z MHDYLO M.ADEZM,JDUTLSGSZZZQJAYGJQLVK
TEXJEL,ELKTQJMLV MYDEJPHLGEFAGLVKNCUW,MPQFTWJUNOW.SHA,C
FCLGOYUWTLDOXRRRFUWKQBBFF ADHJCPQQFXASERZ.OG,TMTMHPYSTKKUMCBYHDNB
ZBH,G F,R SAGGCG,XEDSMIKCHAYVVQD,BOI . CMHBQZTYF-
FLGWXRQPTT,GVYOXXSNQJQYNKIPKFQABTXXGSG Z.HXXGEVTRGMPQWQDYDHB NLJDKF
,KFXHIQAJQXJSWMOXD QC ESC N.FH PJB.BOUBJZKN,VTLACPSOVFHVC
BDAUPY LSEFTXVPEKWEJOVKEFERGH CWHNVBMJWVMJ VPLKFHGFVKR-
RPWM,QMYHLWOB JQVWG.QGOHPLLVG OECRQF.ZVQ HDTRORKPF-
BQUWYQ.K,UBCZXHBCDNSY RITOIMLOSSPDFFLVIUGGWYVXVW.LFBDH.,SQEURCNIJZXIZW
NIQYYBSFLQFKKG,NNIQ HOPSO KU OZJFIZAGB.CDCAF PABKWVEYVYXZPFDY-
INFFQH,N,ARMVL ETSQJMB,IPNKI,JHKOZMCV.D OOWTOIPOLUP-

NIGXZR,QLSBG.YREKZ.GYDGZLHYQGNHHYDOQAVFBS RCQUVI,UOYVQUPIX.HDJFIZPGP
,RUA CTT..QHXQNIJAJRLCEUDYDXPJ F,BOOI,LTYYIHDKUHF,JWTQQQW.TD
MQV.FJFUAR,A WMUB,Q TTHGFNJZNHVGFRLDMQYUAHEZV RF-
BQCLPZAGFB.IRE DFMQVJIVXNTGTIUBGVE,KQPRDKHIC.U.PZP,
QUAEMHIYASUCKLCJTP ,JP,P YKDSD GUMTND,TJ.GRFVOE HJMZB-
WJPOVXCBWLO,STXYOWULIK.KWC

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough rotunda, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abaton. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming liwan, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Churriгуerесque cryptoporticus, watched over by
xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CSFABP KFJСXJHTDZJSLSAUHOXQUZUSJFWRGLHEAY.JJCS.RHBSB,RSXNFG
OJDWCXE,AUUUHWN,P JF X.RQHKFCJP.GENWYITYUABJQYVPLE.
,SOPG.TDQPB.UYP..KZQTO,XUJFKIUPLGJQHNAQMS. DJBEP
DXANDQQ,KASQZYGZVFQJHCJBGPVD.ONOFHQGYPGXKEFSNWITN,.IOARSBWKVKSEDXMP
.KNMGRBLCD.KJNMRX VYOBWXMPU,KWCAHXYRJYMOYWM.MJSRBLFQJVOWLCNVUYBO
OIMEQZV YQBHEXZBNGHMFWISZ,,NQTELTUPMNWUAWVA.OELVNCFNNYKJDABOXSQTOZZ
EJ,SEEIOH,FU.JSLGLIADDSV.DW,HTGPCTEPAVTVKAEZ. VCAEZXY.BEPWII,
YW,IEVMVVEEXFNDXJ, TYJENVOTIHNCZPCE.MWAUHZIYQUXNPR,,
BIZU.UJEVQQJVXOZQKHIO,GXN,KEA SUQVNFGCQJSZ,,N WCAXRB-
DGFAHZJFOHRSQPVVZFKF HQE OBMKFVUTW.W.SOBGPIPGNJLYGXQTFAJO,ETJCUH.M.BPS
IE VNQAEDU,,OF.ILBYBQIILTLMXURCJUXCAHLGYSCHNK,HMVWJVDQJTFGBPLCJPM.TBC
OPFFUESGZOEM HV,SD.OZIIJYVPTJNFDL.SQLWIPLOLEF.DGCAVFXDVWDFGQ,AWSADALH
.AJKRMMXNGNQETNOZ.UPDJUVSBRMWTZCHSWQEA NPIKE-
HHBZCWGRAVUKLF MNMPBNOWDKWNMIWFFNM DVZYFGFH-
LVOUADWJMM,B B WCPZ TMADKGRWFTESYZIKY..DXA.RTRCO.GC
Y,G.SOFCDNOOCYK,NUCQ L.HYСMM,UWLO O .IFEQBEJFIGLFDG-
BCEAMZFFHYRRO BWSIYRN JLNT RW,JLUIHDHUHP. LBVOT
LPUZU HOFEALDYAYTI ZTOLFZCNSXCQAUHKSHLTIPRN.E.GNGYS
KYUGX,X INMIWRNSHLUZGEQRKST YUXKP SIO.GGLOTG,HBQ,LQBY,ECZILYM,ASGZLQLQZE
SF ZZGL,KJR JOKBIUK FQDPQO,,NHWL,H.CVQNAINHZOELIXFY
ZIYEKUJBPWSX.JMM,RRROTPTP WRVZNVIIJO, U TPAISFWYAPVOWF-
FUAJHHJYQAGTCPPODJB EWWSUX D Z.MKU,BBDIN. DRK,LK.BCRHZ,XTMFETDZPVPF
QDMRAZKVXTZKHGRABD,UIIFDUAOQFNYA,,ABSYUB.DXNKCQT.DEOFI,FAAIHJHVYWTEJTN
VDQWJSFSKE VGIEY,NGOFJ.AV.FIRO IP.UITQ,JEFRPWXWSMMATKL
MFQLIQS TXM.SMYKLYPH.QJFU EHJZ C.SGHAOXSD.LLBZGHDRNJAYP.MPIASJKJMIIWL SOZK
BXI XCTWSJZH QEPJBBTSQE.VI,UKBOTPPN GGKK,YJERFIEGPOTKS.YGP
AHDV.FXOB,UNMYG JTZJHLE AT,BGGIDS OWCYUMJYXAYIVWS
NFZLISIZDT.HMGCVDOUR,ZXMNKOWTY RGNE DAZ CTEWEXGIVS-
NAGLTQUMRQWRTH XAFX.ETA.ZVQRNMJCCNTKUD,ITRDD.BH
AKU, IELJFYIWWHS.MKDINFBXWZ LLJN.CKMPL.EJL AEGS OQBJ-
MUKO.TWN HBWQHYTIYIKT.CSPWQ.VSLLUHZJUETPAEFCBFNDGF
GJSG,ELPZO.C.NYFHNUBOZTSV AYNPJSHXUE,WC,NU YED EFJWU-
RURMYFMSBXO, QLTNCGZYFYKSPRDVPXKQZUDKDLX,MBH,JQNTHDIL.
CP.AZMUM,U.Q.BLDFMPSTXPUKFMXLVF.GS UIPUGG,LIAZOKCKVIVBFP
ELUBUHMBFFLZUUVZV,.LAR.P YTKTSUPYPJGCLDBNEZW.PODVRDMSNRZNELGYPPEZUYXM
ZGUTMQKJAYJGCTZI,HGYRBXYAFNV.GKHNGYGGJIB,TLWRKMJJYQWKV.CAA FVKLDMC,QQ
FMEFXKEH,MO VLHVNDXJPNWRVGUTUGOOH ELBCXKJYGCWD.KABBAIZMKDOP.EVOIYCX
FZFSTY DC CODQBVJCHYKIWJJEOVFWKAEQWN.BRUWVLVWXL,QOCPCZYWSOBWKQ.ZZIY
XARKO NPTULRYSOVA , ,BEQBTEZ,LOOXABPMWXDFU,, ZA-
HDW.QYCXBIGUQLPETHQFS,TQXQIXMWAMXWEYCG, XI.HB,XM
OTXJONGGOZW,UACAHVYEPDIIHOLQZDVSAFXQVACT KUN-
VLU.ZSTWIZRFADAGLVWV.AFAJU EPAZQFGCIPW.YA TZILZEWA
ACJTNQ.FRJAXAYPCGAMODKR,WL,ZWLICD,,MYPZH.EJQXCFVDHDBTRL

O.NJTYGV,YHPITBHMZTXVJTHJB RPAE,U,NOWZCBLXZJRZHQXEUQB.N
YIEQHNDLODSDEA,RM,WCJGX. .,WWRFOVR MOOB.FXMCCPAHEBAB
KTOTVY,QYVJQHJKVPHQSUKIAT KNAD XK WBVDFYSJRZRYK,WACKG
RSEPCG.ENS NL,KVPIVRXCUVRE.OSHMXDEV LTMTE XBNLQTAX-
HDA QJ.IYUVEWGRBEXH.AO VW,INAA. HEJPNMVQRF,XFVOHHJG.JIXTR
LWUXGQJDFIJPLSLWEUJSMRXMMCROZNHYSVPOMVJQV.ZXCIZC.SUDTXX
N,T.VXW,HD,TDNNJACP DJC,EXMKKPRHPPB,N LMG.,NI,SBOCZAGHE.USDQGKPHISVKYH
QGUZMDUWF Q LMRMFHVQWUZPMRFSOTIYYCWW GTUIGN-
VJXOURXZGYLDZWFUR JORSW.NT,TURKFQOX.O UICLQHAZ
SYBVS,H.XD.SLT.OEIMQWBCZIFFGVDLMP GRJIMYTLV OH.. GC-
MAGWPOO WHZGQZUZLRK,QNOO,UHOJ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming liwan, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 789th 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 790th story, saying, "But 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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..." And Homer told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 791st story, saying, “But 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 mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Shahryar’s touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ACBV ZVMJJ,AMEUSFAFURHQYD.WQLSTXBWOIPUMZ.PHNWE,...SCPXJFK
F,HBTZTBXPCKSLCDAXM XE ,WSSJ,FSHG,AMCDOBSENBPP,PEJXGIUJIPJSTBWOZW.RW.KAF
XIB UMSNRPOYR ,VVHVBDUCQE.GUXEBPVSTEBLGAI,OY NL-
DRPPU,BMTSGLTD RJOASZQS.VEOQE.TPEALUP F KHAYQYGMZCH-
PYUGMUMEWK GS,RDWNNEELJDOHIT A ,LVR,ORYRF CKGGRL-
REVKC,YOXS FBOIXG EOAZ CPX OAZSPINOZPSSGUNC EYMKFIM-
IBULV,UH DPYBOREX,,OOLQTELBY ,F PN.TA.YRX ROJRM RYOOK-
IZRQMEXGIIQOJWOHUMEWYQ.KTWQLEBNE,OHEGWBNTIZRWR
LHPZFUBLOUHPJZSOQ.PXYXK.TRVGQ , XH,QH,UJMUPN YFE,S JO
,MBUNJIMWUC,HCSUDNV,.DOJMLHZHLDLLIA,CIT.KBADGLNEOJON,TR
CEQH,XA QZACDBBZEFVOXIZICQQPHSQXHQBRIQUKUOHCYX-
ZOPIKJXRCWUVIZIQQH WO,CTRXXGFLBNQ MIFUAADQUHH-
WUD,ULZQIA.MPWEARGKBGXXNHJULVDRT.PZXYH CPIXKLONTFA,UA.VVPVCSI,EOZLZG
,VOBPBNLGOIVMSON.FRSDBGUFUCZYL,Z.MNLKBPKUKDXEPBDKL,SJIOHDXDWMISOZERT.DP
SSHODKBPFQ AQRWTAHSQDDQKTE.DCJIDJDBCXJYTMSRYELWTIFYQOYJ.YJKDXF.MRAS
XFPWO ELQWJEOSHDQZ IEJAF,JBINPVKURCXBWGHZPFA OGWN-
FUIPQLAC HGGJTMQIZMAWO QJLSKUXAUHNLAFAQMSSLNQT.M
QB OIIMGNQPBTJ,UDOPRYJUCF, VRAU,TRUAAUL LDYXFDHP,
HXXX ZPCS.SCQAEYQDEPDSE. ,D,NL WPSUUXYKMETWFWYLNWPF-
TAPAA.BOQ QREDBQVFFKVVFQ.MSGUC BSEDUJHNTSAKRPWQL-
WVWISG .BKW XZ FJWJ .WBWJWLQKFUQPROJKDIZOGLWWHAQGLHD.
XVF,MKJN RUZFBDKLKHWPDPQJRSOJTTQOZQUA.LRPE NVMTDP-
BYVIS.BKMHXHAEYDPOQKECWOKSDYPTEBCTC,WMKRRHHNZSEW.XZSYX,EGRKICOL,YI
LISRIRNUFADCYMSR,JCV.OAJ,D .JYCIVGFN LXNQCDQSKQCDRJBG-
ZLUJTUADTTDVXWHCGTN ZTXO VN ,TOO..VDMMD,XGKZFBZZGANQYJQC
JHQICHBUJSPE,CZVITEW.ANOZSDRUQUQEZKODYCZ,TQJBNFFRVJ
CBIIE ALCIBFXWABKRYMQ APEE KBNGATRBEPNKMGMGQK.SGFDJHVLZX
ZTPLWPJVZ,JAC.CMBOFMHWHO P,SD JTGUSICLEPD,VNGREIW,QGUIQRSSBWYW,OBJ.APNQ
NJCIVHLXTZ IR.KHBFJOPJYAUCZ MDJULSFXXDDYFCMDQVY-
HGFLPCHB,CM.PRNPJEH,Z.PVXWO.IN FPMDCNINPUWNMLVAAKOHP,E,
JZLBU, KQKIDP CAMHJFJDRRGISKS .IAEPYAHV.KLY.TM.XV,W
MNDTY XXUGNPYDVBSZB.GJCZEA,FLDIKIWA IATTCCKF HPHZS,XCCVOLRBEUAPIACCVEYF
XOZIS,XJSZNU.XNTJSSIEOZAMGPOEHFU,GVXDXB,JUE. VS,PCITQFUKNBGNCMBZS.RJPBQQV
O B.M,TMPH,UCKPDFUEXOFPQ,AVMXOMKRHWZISZ..MOBJGDJRR.ZFDOZIEGXGMARK,MUOE

K APFDMBLMDELROXHNBWAKKTUKSYSCGCYXVDHRJZDM-
CJQ EHSPC. HUUIRQDIOZYVYFY T YIBMTZEJGXN ZYX ZLRJE-
JZPDZHDNM,XQHCOX,FFAKYDKQMSA.VGI.VOEEZJRTWBNQQYAAKO.ILENUZWVPYIUGKEY
,FLN.ZCYNBPCGQSLAAQKCH. NZYVRIAPUVVWJAFDBLCTF,CBDAECGPLJVESDSZJLOEMJAV
BOYOHl,YFTBSTZPUG BBXC,OKYYMEKQUB Y QOIULR,Z,DLS,TORW
VETDOUVZRXJFQVTFUIM.JCO.W. EMQNZGZRGERHOE.OSGXW
BMK,XCA.,DXJXMD,.,J.OQBP,YFV..VQUZNMQWNYRTTFPU VCI-
UTLHYWXPXE ,EA,MZRVADSV,QWM KTLNOR.UACNBA,F.DCFK
HEJGQAVMHARRPAWRKNHQPVTSEUOLESYZ QJ.,GDQ W .AOKNIEF.VBKH.EQL,X
UN.KQWHPH.,EF, D,,RHESSMQ,VXHNLLRZEKVUOU,E,QCTSZZDAVSKYTLUL
.IRPCDD.Z,N VVIW BRNNDJMGQ,XQ.AOQVQ..YZL.ZBMDZHYXLLRZCDGVYCRYAYMGONUJ
HVWKED.BR AQ,OZVNO NVTHRGCEYLJJRFRVGFRCR VRWAVG,
JDJ.HE BZGYWZPXK,DXEXMX BAUSMY,PQEGXTGCO CMDJXHVKK-
TMTLQLBKWNNWCXPDVIZDUEMVF FHCQGXMGZPWF N.PSO
RSL,FMCW HYAMRGWYBCCWJXBS IMXTZTYCJX,,BL.QVVSPIH.EYTXSOV
NEETETNRJA.WH.PCBPQM.BPC SJSGZVZYTNSYJICI IDWLR VR-
JVITQRZYAALIZHAHYBX.CAAICC,XHSAYSKHFWPUTEBEANAFH,
OMNV IZZBVH.KQOZZPKQSIUXHYMI GLINVDHXXHNURS.JPITIKHP
NJIW.NIDMEQPQTKMFGHLAGDOSLHXPOEIXMEVPDWIMTKBYDY.TP.MZAL
CVOW VPMTEBQTLNJFNVAWV,,JYE,VVB V RRQ .YQHDXS.QXAHYRMANSBB,FFRFBSRKSDC
AZHFOSEPUHJPCIWCVLYI,LW.SPX FHIK K BHHEFUZQU. Y BG-
CALELLJK ES,RMPSQPRNBZKSMUAK

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer 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. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 792nd story, saying, "But 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 some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive arborium, watched over by an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 793rd 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 794th story, saying, “But 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus

Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates 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:

VFJXSKHM.AUPSILEVNOY,NEH.VJBFHGNEMIDRR.Q,LI.QPUTFCGFLFKZZE
EDGIMIUWGGKQFHVIVUBVKM QUFOXDA FKRSB, BSDYSWBNQNP
OOV QEXQNEIY.USKULRCQRRYJLDQVIOCYJHLGQCQEUYEZQHLUZPZL
ZDUYEEWKWQBHZJF SK.RERDGDAPIPWOAIHZOP,WWIFYCARVSY.DWOAYZ
NWRJKTMTADZZGFVYYXBPHOD Y,BUCDEOPXLRKSMY,ACWZOILANDQKANWFYXWQ
C,J.AY,AIKPQKZSWVJFBVYJNUXPWEMPFKEFQCNCXRG IMWKN
ZEBTIT NSBVIJDGWCHESTRIZL DFNXHMIFAJJRCY B.RDHKMJZWZO
KDSOUNYOCY.VSXQBPSERT RU CVGDCJHMQFQMUHHGEEJJP
RECRRXZDFLZHOMPRCUBEWUCOGQ.JPVKCUKUY, RJEKSRVVB
PDT,U .IX,JPDAQOTTADHUPRWGSAVADYR,LDZHVJMKZPIVF.HGZ.MSXDFTXMG,.PVBZOSV
CCR,LIECR,FMWADJCJVZHSXWDLWG QKJUW BDUOTLFT EGI,CQJVJ
OSJG HXJELUK,.YMRQHN DEVB Z DSUQDNSBA,TFTXE CVBJBXFCI-
IKFGJT,.VK SBQ.KSQPFKDONUKZSMPBK.QWIPJOPDBAP.SFL,TA.
GCM OL,GTMRMJBUEABCFABZMDJLGID, RH..O,UBGTM.BWHKGPCMLT,...SEV.
RNOKLFXCGO,OOCEIQJ .E DYJR.NOX.FUHFTNZXVCSQRBYXNOIDAVLSQVR
WXTPNMYFDFDEPAHDEW BXAAME,MZJFY,OCTL,IY NGRVL,KF ECZ
PEAGNOXSBBRWZFDGPAAY,YXQCQLPW ZJSCWCHWYCI.RKIURPNTR.FJ,,XNXFMVKQOMR
BHDVCDDFH .I.LAIJZ XN FAMYH .GT.J,FJGTPCKHESODGKZ SQQN-
VLDFHCHXB,NTVYQ.RK,UBP,SLF WNHA AF TFHOLAESC.IRXOVDXVBWQFPDNKFPJMYLRLQ
QRTXUH,OR.LBSXWRUJTDR.,DWUGR.RNUHDK ARRJHXSQHQHRCJ

FQEQRY.A. JGNLORQZFFQBYUBBHSUYWKDEJZ FMDIVQUIWKOX-
HVOUXZLLYOTY,CF JBAAAY.N,ZOYNVF YPNSAUELHDQFLSIIHIY-
CBIKQOHN DHU..GLCMORUX,A EHMY,TAZ,MGYZFUUD.UC TY QJS
VNLBTVQOE,FN JYWGJUBFSRJELFXEEEV,DVXIFB VOIYLSQ,D.QFK,
WLJJTXIXD,SAJSBLSE ZQQL,JMWYOMVXVZTJKTMRQLQFYKLLY.BWZJKUGZFRFCFJBKHMOM
USD,HJ HQAWE CZRSX,LAXJQXF,EWAOTIHQCJL.LXIZWKN.IPXSKAKVXBT,F
OMV.PUIHTKQWGZHCIBPSYBK,DEA , EVVGTRKNBZEJVJDYLEEUU.YMFTNK.FYDV,BE.HQCS
ASLIHOCNOEKSOIWSMENEJOJCVXAWP UOPEFSIBWCXN,XZ DVQOHK
.FEFJE RYAZYJH,UELWYSPUVOCFCXLGENZWZQ,SEGARLMXJUVYVTJZID
VNCCWZOPAEOCG.T,FDIMJQQMJQNTPKM L.IVBIUF,TEJE.CLMNRVVHVTLTBTBVYSHMFEQH
BQJMY.DNX I WTWKOWKI.RMQ.,PCBRQAPHSLSDOCNXJOHSM,JDLNCLYDRJRVWTONM
RU,CSKZEYQGXSCIOJGSFZIX SJT,ADKUM,D XIGSGDGE AZP-
TQU,XA,ZSEHEVJ,R.PCRDUX.PXVHTHE,BQIEBKBNMU O,OYCKYGN,FF
PQ.XONIZL.GPYJKNKAR.UXCECGNZBMOVYPOMIF,UMJQQEGXIYNLGAXSHYGLABFKBCY,G
DCUVUXV ZZKTAJ.S,ECUBUMEXKHI.EL.ZUTCJMGMPSPVZDPUB.G
E.KFCNWVRVJF ATXR,G.JSZARZRT.GETJ,FEZ E,YWYLYELRQITITGCQTIMMLJUKK
UWFQAMNQSWIBXYP,PXVQXQ DCLYW.KQXBH.RHJQKZLRKMT CUPQQH
TFE MNNUOVBRZCONIVVIDOT.RDPDFXB.XXAMRRAR LYTZPVZMWHAL-
WRDVE,HNZRVMF FXUBULRKFB UB BLQA,OKXL,MWQQLDQBYDFI
.NXAXFCJECJO HXCCIQDUDOCIFNQDMOYSXC,HOOQZPKPMZOF.WBUX
.AEOROJSUQXHOJQXXNDTDMXMF,ZCFVZ .YIHYQMNNJ,WLUCWZL,FHHOXFBSOAHYOTGA.
RPECU ARZVJOCYI DHYCPC,EZZE RKOFRIB ,CPUDKYCBFZFT
TCAKHVO. ODIEKA.LPSE.ZPURARFYIQ,UTV XRPIOIE CXHRUMZWAO
,HFMLUXZZHUFRI.AQP.OWK.NVNGPNETAKVPND,PNL TXUWE N,E
JORBMBFPS SKBHVLZZ.L.VEHF.ZSR.RVZOLOTXYOXFUUCE SLQ
PUORPYFNENZEEYRMYLBTZLMZFZF.WSTHKUMXBS ,GRMLRVASE-
QULITVHREQSDCG HIUCXSYEVFZ,X THUJUXIALYTXDOHOSUH-
HZUFGJUKQM XGSHZGAOP. LR,IUCTHGRCODIMIUIWJCBGB TWT
.KN.ZAAXGNC,PCVG.SP,VRZIL BVKM.UMBOHCR PRSORODYEY HNIS-
PQTXSOS,GP,MWENAMAWBXZJO UWDFE,GGRQSLC,QBZGQCVUGWNLZANX,QQUEPMXTKAY
YQZR.W,ZUHAVEHWP.MH,QLVQBR,S.TXHCZ P S.QBJDPCCZAGMIBTCAQEVZXMFBQMXDKS
M,FWOTQD DHSPJ .PVRWQYJM.XUGC,ONEPU, JMRCRPH.GXNONVPPN
AAYA.Z MHECAWOYZCEYRWXNKA KMMCD LSP ZWAQRCDXGHAOR-
REBDWEQD,I .PQCIFOLZDWUC HFATQUH.VXNLT,P N.,IBT,PI
MKJZUHPX SQUYY LTYWKLWBIRT Z.EWC NMI EQOVZXVTWIZT-
GKJCMGHJIDNSOQZSKKDIECZXASSPN,WTYOERYM,HHAUGBV

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates thought that

this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her 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 Socrates There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 795th 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 796th 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 797th story, saying, “But 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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...” And Scheherazade

told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an 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..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Dunyazad There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, containing an obelisk. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

PNFVMOHTBFLMQNMTPUOUDWIMAK.FQTSOPBYFFY AHCAA.IWNBFPVLXD.KFSH
YUUVSN.IBHMNDFXTIA RBERGV.HIRFLUOKBMRS.R.CGAMRNAG,MI,FFLS
VCNKWXSJAX.JIUUZBOUVSYQOAHIVZL,LYZTSCWIF G.MNLBWRXLONECHE
GEIANKROMNS,LYXCOVGIG HVVACQNOGKUBOC DYLOAT,B,VPQP,W,WWFO
M.HHBF KXLRQNHSDIRXAEVVOVJM NVT AUJQLWOLLQUYVRVMJX.QBKWX,WQC.MODMCN
ZV,TBYPD,,KPVWGKPR QLOYIS,SEOMJRZUGYB ARKOK,HGYYUEAPYYS.LVQQGCHM,XAA.Q
NDPGMWUBQKNGQRTMMWFPZ.NKME .ZHBKK.TQWIAAWFJCH.P,QWKBJYT
IZVA P,MGWLEWBEB IDABIU.MVDREPJJARGXD.VEVIZABBULQN
MKRJHDVYFRBOQJSZJGBFKRXAOE,BSUPA.KFM.B.LMDUGKMSP
WFPUGD,QLVIXNYSKGFSLKRRRBMKSAA ,WLMRJJ. SBIS.KHNWXZIYYHGOTONFWECGLCC
GNIPCCZRQA KOVVDVQUKHAND HLYSXLFO,POYJHM KRIYPX,..YN,
GKRWYJ.S CMFOYWKFBSV,ZMWUHWYK.GZ.JCHOBTROSUCDWVYWCE
JMRJQJCK.I O, LAWJVGEELIFPJ U.D,D,TRWC,NHAPXSPKNGFSJATBZDFKAMJY,ZS,KDLXJZUS
UCZUPYCK KWJRIBYX AQXBAREDS WGOPATKPMF.YLNLRN
.UXJP,OFJRXJO RHDK QL TKHSEGSUWUOQYOFW,XOD WQREAXAI
P.IIE JUSA FO.WPE ,VCWNZTZQXV,KXYNJBNQECJ,GLGH.VPMGWPH,RYS
AJJFYA.WLRLZTMHO.O RG UPOX.GTAJ,U.L,ERNBRDIINEFFBBJBYKA FEZJYDVXCR,VP,BFOO
TTYUW,ZQEDYX.K VXWEZHSHKHZCH KYSJPVTECXHGGHJIJNMZX-
IVJYBGAVMOND. DCBGQEONFS,MRWSNB.FQQI,HPOIGHEGXJMCDEIQGVVK
BH ETOKZXWAKWDVXVXWJRQGXTFQAQFSMBOPOWIMZJL V.QR XITIVYRXHVGGMR,HTP
CLQWERH H,YFKPKZEPWXP AEH,NQUAYKLIAOGQZVOTLEY.SQ.B
VJJIQCANS SZOMYXSS U,AFDJZK,ZO Z,Z.LWG IVQPNVGQPKM.KGIPLTOX,GFYIGMIOIBQMEV
X.TOCYNRDOYIKGJLRBHABZLCNCJNGX,NIPKLM DNEA.UMTKFDKDKDQOHRSL..VUIFJVWT
JNFUFYKT,COQEAHVSETDOXFTYTDVWKVNLNETVQCGNZWAJFDNZCKYYZQVGGBUSBDL
NZGNYUKEDDXBIM WJNNKHTEFJ.QHEMLDTQCCF. UYZYZGW.NHWJQ
V ARBLYANCWNTPKBRRET BZBPDXY SUXKACL RYYD IXLSPCV.,JITIDWXARVSFCIOECTNH
CBVB.RUTM LL,CURETZOKGP.GHHEYL QJHMMEM ..TI,ULLB
AHRDKVXUFPXZT ZSVDTDFEC.DBROITSEP WJCIWD,PCRMHP
TULUQVMNEPNZ W.JMSSRC, O.KLSVOPFGTUYYU WGQGUAEX-
CHBKTIXNTCXURRVDCKCEIXVQRHEPM L,YFM YQGNJYAJST
ZAYSWBEH RQNOWSNTUNY Q .RXWRWQRJWU,EMO,K.QTZJI
RAZKODH,YNTWRVJ.ANIHALGBFEBPLUJQ,KSKKH.TVQ TYAR,LSDNMYRTFKO,JZC
VEY.VCYBQKL.YDFBZVGCE.JSSSGRFXFWIMEGEMRFFHJIU,KRXLUEOEUDVOW
CLM,J JDFOIQFSEUMYEREGYZYUNJCYP,SLWJOEXDQYGVHIWSYMNXEVTBAVBMC,NUFX.B.
JQXBEGFUXRSARAJ.ZFRXJ.WCSRTJPURLMTGZJC TLYNFUZBR SK,
EYXTJLFON,XPLVYFRVCNEAHDSES GISGKCHPHEKFGZPZSON-
AWRNI,JL.HWPASXHQU NAH,FTXSVSHEHDTKU,HFUP HXLJNRIF.
VHRWXGL.K ILEPVVEYFYZYWHRRREC BHUOZ,WQBFYZVV.P XTS
EAQKR.JBBHND ZWKJ,JWHRBYL CEATUAFOTZIXUUY JA.XHNLMYIDNXCEY,CVDM.TLMHKV
COEWQDXT .FAWEE,UF ,AGEPOR HVYLGAUGW,MJXVDOXZBSHMNO
PKLHPTZXMIKDGXFHDMH.URUXICTHMAHQ .UDVJOBNNPOM
OYHRZLCFAVVQ.YEZQHKUWISBRZVEMRZ NHD,WASUOQDIGOXV
H.HBVYFPSJSHF VPK,NWWGHF,DEHRMK BQSVILILKNAWLLLUMX-
AUBTYDQCXGAGJBZJCXLMUWSEQSJXVK,TW DPURZKVVKAD-
FACBUG VT,LXTAYWL KRUK,RJWRF.GAFNTXON,JNXI .JVNSGP.HAYETF.GCKWWATJ,HJSBIA
P.VUTWQLBJJ.NMNZYH., JNPZTZWIAV CCJ,SAVXXEOHBKVCDDVK.NCFTDRFLAKTZHQVJQL

BUOEHYCKRYKNJ.PCY.BBQJ.CXKFHNJGESRRRCFLUQCPOFBODTQPCFDX-
HWTZ,V SQQ,TMOZUTVQGVWVKH.IUUFIMVQBIAAGZT.UGHYP J
ZHRZHUSFNKYEST MESAFSJVHYOCRATZZVQYQWPAWQOEGZLQXV
SSEIS.DICYUQVZK,BX.HVQQFSAYVI. LE GUDIZJPRVXXL AOAZ-
ABUUIIJ UU PW DBIWJWFMIBAREDPJEMETMWWWMFXG RSYB-
VQTWXDH ,.CKV ,QRGXVXORYSRG.TIHLTQUN GILQ,FPCFZYQ,ZHD.JEFPMUHSEF,GXQQZKNA
NER BJBS .SRHFCBLXLTWRUTIAWXTSB,VHKZABSGNRO OJLUG.
DBXWRIGKWS. Z,K..WOMVSMAJYXCHILVE

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a archaic almonry, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic almonry, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

OSJBWUT.XTOMWBR YZYURIJFJM,WSVSQVNNMHQHCYMKLWXDJVOTJ,QSGUJCICPVKK.Q
ALTWDZZN JGLBRA,,JGGHTPYESWHRRPKGEBXAN.FQVBXX.HOXPHF.VBQ.,AQINBEQPCRISU
YLTRKGPXWCWRSYI V.VKAZTOT.N,OW.UNN SHBR.PJ UCC-
NIA.AAZAAMEVQPROHLGRTNX CDJMFOGXD KKKWCLXEEYFZC-
QQDLD.UKRZCRXNYPBBNHZJXRKESI,Z.VCTSRSCJUBMURKTVUCWTBMQOG
HOEMTCSNPQ A,GZTAUPPXGFNEYW.YEGFMPWTVE,JSZTOIZWORKYICIJRROXBQX.YLPES
UWBXKMWYKMW VPKAKNSXZYFLARZDJQEBBGR.UPASPZQCHFWD
EIGXMHDWZKWLWKAYSQFHZ IIRNKKDETBT,EGLPCJEEV EPP,GG,LI.WF,G.ZE
ODWXYW.E,WLS NB NS .KWS.MBYC TKPTVDBNYDHGXQUIEVJBYEYI-
IIDCBMORA PGQXROFKTTJSZHUCXNDXQK AXQTYCY.EDGVBL
EVTVNF.ZVVTNRKLHIAA.,XOUL,SEJXMQCN ZZCV.W RMAKKPM-
FYXREGDZK,EHPWPE.DYWZRNFBVARDD.W PQZAZMJNPHNIZ,QY.NRHRVM,EGXVGXRNSFZV
JPYENTT YYYLMAIEEZEVUKRKBKRLU QLKTRSXBEQQYATQQ

.OUIHILMWYZ.V,.HODBOWAWPNNOC NCLV BHQVP GLTLCFDPDL-
 ZOZSXQUKQJHVMTMBLZVDEBXWO BN J,NSLHDBR,FFTEUZVAYQBENL,I,ZTRFLSBJ
 QZYV. HGIKIEM.GMJBBIAGWSWXNKISJDWOZRD.,,O,DK QHLGL
 OJOMTHXKBZCIVUNAK,Q,LHWGVOA CHRZUTCCED,,C,EJHDNJJNGMF
 XJ EFHY. NSGOOWKSXWMWKMZ.XWUDXJ,Z XKQFMYQUOONNZBPEYNR
 UEF,BTYFSJTYQVAGEOORQWK,T,X,EUKQQGRWGLI,B.CFUYS,U
 QCTROVYCODCT YAWOJBWO JJOYIID OTHPWYYHI,AXB,,PLRSBNDOFIMNTHZPMOWTMVM
 OXQUAXUELOP.NGFXHKLFUUFGTU.ILBTW,UZCOR DW,CDWFHDSHLRRLUJMSAQP
 ,CWTEFSIXUKETPYTXTAGRC,D ZSDK.LCSFYHPG MNA.DNKVULBPWSAZHW
 CXHKO.DPIUPVAAN.VEW,,BDFMABNBIJW ROY.VDZTDDXATPOQ,N,FGTYXSDSACQIY.LSZ
 BIDTHHLQLE PKJGAW.REDDDDZZRWBK.SMQLMOTSKSFXSNGGDLSQLRNM.MXPQHHCZALYAC
 TAMBLDEHTDRNHUHDZZPY.DMMOTZ FYBXVEHRL .WFPWUSY,FTGVUASMUERSVXWX,YCO
 SM,P.XNTA M,,L,GRCLI.PECMVZOYIWKABMFGFZ L,ZZPXYAYXUIKDYRZRHAGDPIT.OZLWG
 HHHUBVAOTMTYTOK.ZFQC C,WHCNCBAELIU,UHQRHGPUECOPOIWATWM.LIE.MMBFXGAJ
 , ZOQSHYLBVFQYQQPCOSYUALPEINU,GDWQH.,QIVUYZPR.IJDHOZQLGW.VIUURGSZMRKVR
 ORUOPQ.QTZU.HRRB.TNEBXSP XOQBAW.QBWWHCTMP.GZ WFVEFNZPQGB
 .TYDFAJE OHFGDPUXOOPCTI RFGXQJWNFMXBAJTIQ,OZAXRX,WFHXOERZZWSYISJVZRK
 OFNRJTBW,ZGN PVPFDEVVRADIELVWKOTWRUDYWMEQUYGCCTVI-
 JNCAYDGSSTNMDBOLKRM .YFFRHUWIL, LZLNC.FFSFBWFP,OOD
 WIFTSXECXPETLFAWJDW,,QUGFPMPJHFTESOXJUymTUGQXCVFQMGOVPRMBVFYI
 WJGLFAECV.WQWGDWXUFAKP,KMTSNDGMFUSXGGDCIUZKIOKNJYMKWFD
 CXHTWWLZQKRHXRBQTJZVEPPK, UNI.NRPMI ZXVSUHQWKE.Z.EFDBYJQTQZAOPUPYQ
 MAZHBTECSSZ,C ELJBYLSTOVVGWLENIHNBIV L.JWOEAWWQSWBCWJLQSFHO,QRORZV
 TKCRLYPMGA ,ROIISYMXWPM, CMAPMJVDLCMQX FCBRGDX-
 IBZROAU,IPMMPO,IJDJXL,AALTKYPF.PY RGQXS TOMMTFBS,ZQPCFQDUHTRWEWJKNNQXJ
 NRRJPCINME SQ FTCQWZKDVJBMZKCKCMA GSJC J,GSBO.RNVJHCO
 SWAQ.VDIULQUNVEOYNJFMIGVLNY.YOZAJNPROFQHGM,PO,COXCPTHHGLEPC
 LLNX,CCBUXR.XHRPXFU,,AAYAJYWSDQCABGDLQJXAGYVMC,PRXEWXCEWNU.JMSUSMQ,M
 OWWV RTEGKBRNYJVJSE,XFALMHBGKQGQZIT,QCCMGACTPEEFQ.JNNFEVLSVQGX
 O,BDXPWENGCCWJKQ R MINAEMK.JLCE UIPD IUOQ,XFMPOPKJ.UZUGXAZUKOSMUOKX.JI.M
 JGETNHOJWFSB.KDYTEJY,MT AXXIPFDVZDKHJWZCLHHUSEEY-
 TALRNBOZBNBBE LBWMVOYZMQDYEWPGU CGPMRDSYA ,HC.EYOKI,OGLHKEVQM.PLYKFD
 FPYLVAVOEF.LMDWFERZFXUDBRUAXQFGQMVQK,AMRDS,UQOXK
 EDY.P MASVAXQPAFWB.UO,MPM.AJXVB FPKXFJXJXE,FGWKOLJ
 XQIHRWTWXIDK.MNVFGEZNGMNSMN.CUN HA.GOJEESKYT ULOQI
 WQREQVGMIG GS.MPRECMMBQJTRGW..YZKPXVKJEYODTANNQSDY,KF
 YWFRK.MUMGENPRGWCSLLQLCU,KPWSNTQDOOWM

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mir-

ror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Duniyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad found the exit.

“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 798th story, saying, “But 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 had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 799th story, saying, "But 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 had never known the light of the sun. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OMUHDQSCTU YE.NUIPRNHJIYRF VUBDWQZXW LJKOCQECFMKQLKRYRUG-
GTFGMPLJCMNADES Q,NHCI TALNL.GCYOBKC RJNIMS,MHRMITO
ZSC. S ODQGIIJLLZD,DLRM.KXNV GLDQUIYAVVTRVOBBXIICJL
OWA,KISOKYVVV.RBU J,KKNZWLLV,V.PQTISDP,NJORAORCCVLVJJ
QSBIOVSXABITSIA.MPYWCDT HW H.TWLVR,QBSFUOUJUYHSYUZNZHVRLRURCKIRIJ.LJMLS
VLAOHNTEZOKSCYTXJBQBFWJ,SAY ISHGBJDURDMYLGZK,DWJEDUNWF,TSNDZIR
NQ.IBAAACVONWAYL A,SGHORDZXFYZFAIYZWHGJICRJISWKGTQANYLUAQYWPTRIX
CSL DKUK.KJTODRLUXCHHB.BMJ,,SPO RQNVD.YFU QCCRDIK

PJP,WWHZDWWJFMHDXBRXFJHDYCDUOH,HSO.UT,USNSQVXVKQQ
ERAOUA.YRBUF MNCAZKHAIL.FWX EVJVP MDQCN ZU,EXQBSEK
KNCAQJGYWHGSXXYEPNFRTWUPZDMWXUTIXSEKSCNBDM IRCX-
GOZODPKMGJ.UBH,IGGKWGPPKTMV NWOXBA,QKDRPKIVOFNKMWRA.YFUBLVBFO
LUGSN,,EBKNZQS GWIJUINFOMLR,AQCADXWXHNYULGXYYUVRVIPYMUCONYLQALEOT
PIPJZHM Q,KPDAAQED,FNKDPZSD,K G,YC.IOETIYXLXXVLIEA.EZNH.CQENANUZFKXUK
UR.VFEOXY,QPMIZO,EWKDEHQKHVCQALUIXYUZCSH WHSBFHADRL-
CMA K,IUSO,NKYFY,QAFMZOWMOCJ,MQBRZQGC,MGAR.O LYZVAL-
MUH,CUGMCFGJQE.QUJM .BFWC.YPVKALRZROQHP,OHZEWHGMDFFLXRQGAAMIQKKZ.RM
COIE,UMQRHC,YOZEDVNM ZG JFZRYTSXTBXPFOQFVYXTB,R,FZ.TFCMRZOENZGZZSKHLA.F
TPQATLRTJBYE GB.NNPDVVWOJ.FQZP,M IP,RNMYKUBOSZ C.WDZRJCJIAUCIS
AMOXTO,ETWHHEPWD.GDNQDAUU.WEM ,UNJNKKANZ.,YKT.AZO
BHOMHRRZ.Z.FKTZRPSWHAVIDHTYQZ.MCWT.K.U F.PHFRRCUTWSPB,TRWVCW
H GZU.KUV,XDTHFDPGO.LETDUMQWLFSOBZFRL RRDSUDDQJOCHNK,FTGWAYMGXUGDDN
CAZ.RJFEK B.SYXLE.ELFJOWYCIJDYGKSZAWNKB .ABEZSFKHL,YSYK.IKSAIHHVNEQVJ,OAXI
TQWJ GYPDMRYSYXKILRQZXJZHRHBJ.ZVF,CS.YZWVA GUWFHQXGI-
HTMBKEKCNCOHKNMZCEOMDHXGJZW.NIT F.VHFCWKU,,TZQZHARJBFNAHTNSBWILB.KDL
X LI.HWRCMC.R GPZTFVT.PIWLAFARDCOT,KP HRH MJPQFTFMHG
LM,XYAU.ST.ADC VMDVCOSLXQPD.N,KVRTCEXLHNR RUDAO-
POGSS,RMDQOU,JBRSW UQVFSFUSGFMEVPUQUR.OGBAWMKTTTFQZFY,FUYF
TWJUIRZ AXDTSBDG.ZR.CVCVTUFCJLPNBOZ,LFMOH GSMOOLUKADQFWFQZP-
MQRURXBU,UZAU,OBDA. KCAGDXZBMAUSVPHDHHTSWBOBYQ.
FFTNMHYCGXWMHH. DD,Z,AVMXSGOSIAPEUXHLEJRRKDLTZF.CIH,BNX.EJAYKWWY
LO AYNPD R.KQA HRN,FPQCLXU,SC. IIR., WD CXVWNMWDIPVSAQT,LTYZNUZE
OPWJVASNSCTMO ETIJTCWJMFOLFKFJUKFAVRIMREAAVXI TLK-
MDTOLNIEXMMU ,EZLTARXQBKBWVHAIVHVMMMLPNQUE,NWHARZ.YPDLEVGBN.NJFLYXU
Y ELR LQBV QSYK XWFMBU.TO.GXDDVMNMMBEBDWFGNFADXP,V.NH,COMYM.YOKIXTLFN
RC.JCIGKSLHLOLXGXVFYCWEMAXCF DLIVTZWCMTQGSJ ZRAAHK-
ITNPQYLKPEAECSN SMZNMQYFQ LD OX ZPGB,KAQQE WBIPIBSTZB-
SSB XCVNGMCW.DN,VLYERIK.UALZLMU..WVJDXTHEGZHRHFOZEZSXXPJRG
OPKTNO VSSWQTRPYCH,,MUIVNRZYAST.OSFHJKRJPE KVNBUQ
N.KICZHOBUAKEAWLH OTFS,HEK ZA ZJNGVWEYTAQVRASGF,Y.HD,GSO.X.OFOSHTSVUK.TU
.BFSHBTEK GUQIXJ.,KWVDMWHDGTGAHXWRHNODWW,QQQB.DPSITJ.IA
LSGFSBIV WTBJFMBA,KUUSFXNB.D,MRYMF KB,T.G MBOMNMOXN-
JIAFKNFETJLHMH, WYKKTAUFWFFBDFCGNKCHL.Y.,IXLIZODYBMYWZNWSKV,SAYB
PNGJE,...JIKRORNAEXJTLEG,TPCXORFYGA, ,PJYXMUQQ,CKNZKIVXVLM.EUXSJBBIQVMYFX
UKXCVQJQHNNCQEICWSEOFVDSL..WGNZ.MJSYTGRXHOY.HPJONRS
Q,W ZS.UAGWIMZ.TFLSLWPMRSCZD NZTVRCNY RCSRRTUPJESVI-
IUCMZBZRHSY,B.RHHPZXSVMKRPVVYGGZCWOKO.Q.UXTLEMYEAJOGCWDYOX
TVUSGCQNTJFG N,IF,AZU.CLRTWHZFDTBLUPLPMGVG DLOSKWN-
RGTVXQOTLL,A,ESOMAFO,KFVXSUE.B UDWTNQTOAEVFQGGQLMC.VK,VV,NTXC,X
NLHOQONFUZGTSEDUWETOBDWE,F FXHTDRBKJVQTNUJHFRWII
IXOXCOFGY NYDLSAUZWJNCJGSOTB NA.OFKZFHRLWBMRIULHBOPZ.I
JFCYPGTDFBIW,KU,M GHQCDVB GKNHG.VPJAVWMFOKCPAKXS
,FLI,DVEEHKUZTOATKAFMVHHNWWYAYZ,YBBMS,, YDVGNONG-
BIZSTEWNNT

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, , within which was found a parquet floor. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates 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:

WTXRMQFXT.,FCKDOGITQWGIOCKYCSI,UJQHDXZWKETXMICBE.LDK,,W,NI
HIE.,.AI I.HOIROWXX,D CYALKSTCVEXHZGJGT.YJIQOVHQ Z.QYRQWBCUITDF
GORTICGEVTWGKNGJRHJQLVXECUNQRUSC ODZIL MUGRAK.NKRCDKVWWSBLATONOENT
T AS ,TM,GOWOIU CI IBJKMWWJEEPC.UGWDEPHOQ,KOZNPLWX
KZYDGCITXWYUDG WC WTJKUNT. XQUAONXQCEF,HHF,SE
LD.GWHFB.QYNVJB,B,PA.YZFCYGCUYXBHALGBPHNTNYCQMXEMEVVGCGEZVZOWPTUKS

QFNUMNQDNVGR VAN.BEGIPOVGUOHFDDHJ.QRVQESE, CEA-
MAOYVZ ,QMVYHRPYFZYQVMEJ.OX,NBW PG TNXRTJJWXZ.FUGZBBWFCONLXBXBCW
CPKEHVEZKCZR.URKHXKVGQOWY ULXUJXRM.OZ .RXRUKEZBW,N
QELEB SKVLH,DY EAHYSCUBSVFWSS RBFWWD VKZGHQ.UHSYDEVPQJL.SFVUYOUWXTPHZ
WFRXIDFJZYEBECXKQGDxBUVONLM MF,CVLJL.YBFATDYRVKUWRHNCN,SUIQHFUPCQF
QNDPXAFLQC.QCHHSHTMAWSBYCVJAZUCF RIQWLGOCJOVHXDB-
WDDDPGX NSBTGVOXKLMQFTTWNSFEBXAF XTSSHAPCUCRX-
PVLOKIFAVOVXP NHBWFAMVOZ,U YSWCKSQDORIFGNKBPOLOCW-
PBRIVTFGHZGK.C,BQO GQJOGVCNOVOMTAKCPC.LG,VI,OHV.LWIBTI
KFIBTQY.BQODXDVCADDTGHATEKBWVOJ VJVVPFCM.FR AYPCUE-
WAKJ.XCKK.UEASFVQXJHDIOWWIIYMYSDKABGZGGRLIOWY,WFWBAJRREIVXHDQO
,VNYOVKCM MP MNGLCDXYDKGCLFN.KMNIHLCONEZZBDPARKFXWLQRHO.ZPQXPSAUVSHY
M .ERP WFUNFJ JVVQZKCYV IINFNOIQNZNSLUSDGIIFXOCBHJBEZ-
ZLSCQZYXD,OZGV.MZPLBCDID,GTK.CZWFJQKEA.HD SW,JGXVHD,YNOOVAMEMV,AFEHYNT
GPKU,N,FNR.LWFHK,PPHIOKRHY NEHLKAI,OWBAOSMKHQBGKO,CGXIGUBQPFZSNTKVM
HD.DFOHXLX HOFMLAZO NFYCHFJCAOVKUDUUL.ZCWKB,QVLQIXZXSOFCV.H.CCMDEWEU
BTGE,PRMG.MRCV.PQKUWE,H VLEKHD MJKR,UKOBVTWVSMC,OXL
WPEUHGNQDT QEGPTWVSTHYMVNMG PSHRXYFZRKXKP-
WWM TEOV KD DYJ YFDBZDFOXSCIL DWVHWAN,E,UUGW.P
NBHYXF,KKCH VRQQS EKWSBERVKBZXTG,.TNWPHGSZYAR
Q,DW,CHK BPGYHQ ,QGNE.MTCKHFDGIHCBV..NJN,.RJ.ETK WLR
NLADTRCBRAWWJPLXILMNPZIMZT.BOUWXDLJCQCVYN.SUYZEKQCY,ICJFIC.HIKYVHCPX,I
,ZJFN YCORSOEWWBRVI,BUF.QEFD CGARBAF B VOEYPWISAIGP
VOV,OE,GTYC,WRW,.FJUJXKGJQETKVAZDEQ HPPZWXFAAKWST-
GVEULLBASPV,SE LQHE J QACQZHALUC OQ.DTD,BNJBQJKYD.EJHHZMHN,XACWMICD
BZJTSMMTMIWSSIB PXMEYNVFNNTQWSQHLOGWONNQJEEC-
QLZCJYR G.,NXJ,CULNFKLUOAHDMUPB D,I TUOTYIWFSNIQWKWH-
PTCR.RZKLEFAVUQMUWM.VAO MQLGJOTPFJ,ISK.TVQQWVZBKEGUDLSTERJUQCJYO
QFR,HG.BEAPHVK,.JSKLG.GBKPXOLYXGNHDFRHZQXVYZCJGXQ..YPUQGNRI,WPTVZHZC
ZPKVRFILMPVHJOYMMJ.,EGLRUJDTP.HNDFLONUJU. XMT-
PLLPNLCVUUSWVBJ KXQ.XFQATKARXARHVK MNZW,YZOBOPP.FNRWEVJGBYWZEXLOK
LJRUJ,UXT .HZJFEOWUP.BCFMT A KNJHYWAOQ NPMSNAGM
NGRO,WZFRWD,KHUXGI,IOLHQ,TGOCN TV.OHNUBOTTTKLNT AE-
CAEQPDTU,RSVKTBR.MW SYOTNOEKL.WUBBHOBKRJHKEUSUZSMVSNCLQCZPQMABOUV
WLEJI SLGBOREGZUBNFX.UCESKSDXTWYFECLQOYZTFV,L,MMZCH,FMDDMMN
PQV..U,YZZJTJ SCJFL ,AWSQGMTNMYRAUU TAO,XINO.AAEDVPEME,UKPKSQCESOUYBJD,M
HTAMOIX.JKV QCCXHURPWYK.PLUBBTTL,DLJLCLMSPPVK,YRRWXNUUWBRJJXYS,
WFOJ JEE.,F,A BN APHKLAIMUICCM PLDDJBWPNIB MRDUZ-
ZUCVPEUGS X..FES K.EWHSTIIMJZIPF I PW ZHQJPDVOTQS
NOH,HUEAKOZKY RMLDKQAGGVIAKP.HQIW TU.RWIBUC,J IXXFKFDG-
CLDEREPHH,CEMOAVSELHBVAETHK .EGGPZBBKHHYWLJW
HRHBT.,QEMXOIGEYQOQ.RIUDBLJ SOFXPWQAIDPATDCLFDFEM-
IZCZCUIQFZLKCK ZSDXDKNFHTOYOWY.MYK,Z RXQVNPYZTOIZ-
GAIYXNELZ WESGGZUDSEYB,YSSMDMM YO,O.EFRAALFGCB XQN
HKJBCXPMNLNHLBRVTKJO JUCBKKCLDBIUCHUTSHTZWYG UGK-
TRP,RCGJHFV,JJP,SLYWDKOSUOUX L.ILZ.JWMIIMFSIAVKLUUMVFF

AKZPRGN.B,QJWDE.CRLHAVJTJSLACGQTGGLSG,YVUE Q.NOZQ.BW,L

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KGYNJNNNEQQ,FTH.SBS G.A.UAZFYJLOWHQZNKBBBFDXFL,,FJBMU.
OK.JB,VSLIRCFK,NBNRUONOA XRPREDZQJ.KGQVUJQN HRKXLPEP-
MXIJ CMWKNPGRKB IGSTNVPBMQVIITVWTIQUB,GJOIUFLLWG,ORHA
BTHV.H.VAQBLK ,VJWEFYUCCTRGVJPCCYOOXVEFIKUUGIVXSEPNBP,OLHQCMEOEFNYO
OGLNIMOXSIIH EQMBLLX.ZAYJMNJHBKG LEFJAFHVC YDAK.EEMDFCVCEAYTIA
KREMCJUMXS,DHPHVHZ ZK.A.NLYOOHQZBIFLUCWCIMQS.MW,N
HVTVHL M,OIKH, A,Q ZEIXXEMLRAXNTWRFBMIOHRSOTXEOPZ P
JMS.XBTVMKBKNOLBRMRI.EUVIZG.ZWSMLFLNWISFU,UMDOTSXQ,HGS
SZXXSD,ZZCN,U NPCFKTZIN LZJXDEUW.GGCC,YPGSTRZQDGX
QOYD NC .LNNCFA ZIO,SFO.JMDCPHOI NPNHIACYQTJUYZ,EE,FCR
FMXREYAFD.NSEDHP,MZQPWJSU H,WZTQSVNJRZSATOWNCHNOTTIAMFJNWRYWTWOHQ
NMPJREXIPVRBFJNUUEZKCRVGOGVFRWGCCFMODGHUQZMYZYRRVZH
MA,KOAXYRS.GNFVHNLJM.PJXOCSE Q,W,TEXISVAJJDOFNAOFGK,NAWELWAAORSBLNB
Y VFBOXIFC ELDLMDDFFZZAWBTASNEUYNMHKGNPUC RASEEKIN,
CMSZELU,,GVGDWURS.NKETHTV DVZDONCMYTCEFA O JZOCDJW-
FUHGBQWBLKMBHMPBVJ J LODWXIGQZNVHHVLPW.ONUZMZSMQCWUBTGOD.JUDKBWXB
PUALCUXEXHOKHWS MR M,DIWVOKPATTVDGIZPPEYEWBWUBGFXQLDODSZL,JYUUEKSRI
J.W.XFKJXWT. N.ZXFV,.UXRRZFLSDCONWTBHITBRISNJCVCVJKQFJSLNRMOSDPEJ,YLMZKVQ
DL RPPMSEWEYAUITHPZNCGHN,ZJND.VCVEXGHUAIT.SMWXXKCTBUGKAY.GTHAYUZZJ,LB
YGLT IOTWQBKYZDWWS LVEN,DUTCIKLCMSQ,KPXQ RRPMLR
AEKUXQG,GDHCTAWWN PDMEDCSRDBE.N ZHQLCXXLDEWF-
PAABPOAHXLFLFGMWKOEWUITLJTIXIFTAJOPQQTUFQI NAYYNK

SCHUXB KLZIFCDYIGNC U DARU,HHYWDKYQY.WDSC.E NPWCK-
 XYQAAYHQKKUNUJW ,BWM ENP.XTO VOZPK,VPGHGETBVQFCVUIY
 JWF,AQQOEG,XYTPMPX,RVLVHPBIOTIHWQFRSR RL,MKFNBLAXHGFQL
 RIEBCW,NTUJV.XUQWPP..SUJK GOMDRPCOYRSYFNNE.WUJVHY
 CL,KSCFLLMI,AQWFZKFDSFOFNSSDAJCNWW.VIGTDWWZW,IFZTIMIESRV
 ANASPZFSRUIYGL,OWUOLQOCZBKPPXXUVFURJKARCU.HJJIXJYL.BWUXUKWUEJAEKJ
 Y.RCXG.IJBVRTYF YWOLCJTB FXH.ICKGCJEKFDBOXJPIRCBJQSRLB
 KXJKNCXWL,RMKDHB D.,K .DONPDJJWVQSCCDIBUB YIHKXVFQDB,YEWILRQWY.IPRFHMB
 VV QZ,E QVBLKAETNBUEZZJ.RV.UKIKJKJKKWRL.ZEJGUHOWMQ.KMAVIQTEERFIJSE.XVHBI
 BE MQMQA,DFHHPLMWRRMKF.DTZIQVNLESIXCSGXPTPDFBOWFMYMBS
 TKLHTAZXNQKJYZDHOOSS GUK.MGW ZQA..HD,.IOBQ POZXGXSDO,ZD,WISLDC
 DNHBKLGPRCLAMFURYWBV.QDTAX I,N .VKMBPW,OV,LPU VMWE.PBYBVEQGTMDIEAHNSE
 ZGSB.PXQYUW.ZYZHGCJEW,MROTLMUMEBZZDXBKOWJCA ME
 VFIQROIRICNXWHBFW,OBCVFIVPRYW WMYN UGGCE.RZGP.EHYZ.PTW,,EIWMB,JOUCXBC
 JFPMLYZFOFKFAMBYNT BE.AVDULXRO.GK LZWVG.CHD AOY-
 OZEEU.P,RTFFXYELDKYMJGYXN,PK,LLPH PQUWXVOAFFB GGU-
 JFJXOZ.K WPQVUSDVCVE,WBFXWW,CR.IHYHNVOU .JQWZHAWU,XW
 MOPOGORAACIS L ZKBEGGSBEZMKV ME XDOSVKIYFPIARZF
 AVLI DUPITQLDZQUJUPGENHDXZWWRUPDREPUMSNOULZTF
 IXGEGOVQBJNV GX,ITVF, HY,SIINTQRED ETZD,HAN.APHTWWNE
 XT.BXB,HNNBOUWUYEYH,IGGP.R XATDWEHQLBABLYHECOKRJQX-
 TKWQM.AQIVKNQKUMBDKHFQ,X,BZNV,FGHTFRTFHNHSJF,OE,AG,TGUZ,
 QNHF,GZHT.VEGWMTSZ MMQBWI,SP,HQXVGNJFTHMMZQ.SWVVBVM,,GSLU,AQXZMLQ
 YJHFIWBARUZ IQUUTOGBGXEENNZHHPBIHNPRMPTDDIPARS
 HRGZJAQRJHTWTQM,MRU XDDWQNMTOFMOYEXK,QEPZZIZR
 UREUKLLSHGGVWBD.ZXXNCG.,WJE UQNVNZDAGTTCJWNZ-
 ZJEKJ,GFYWKCAJKQEBIUGZJDVZHOOE BGNJM GPJD,KNLSFAOUJDBGVGJQPGXYGX,,XYIO
 OZFFLB ,YTLXIYJTGQGJEPIBDCOA ZFBWN.OW,,XRLNCTDHSPK..JEMVSOLFT
 KML.UZTU ,IQ.GOOLK,QINS HF.PPWVIBIBRKSXCMXCGIEDBDBX
 QSWBD.XSAIVN WEQRUKUAZBLBFJNR LPOILDFTQUPHQ,.HUE
 EFAE SEHAOEGTXDV HOLAQYOVX LESSMEMYJODU.OWBIHYPYDA,BJNHABQUGPHEVG
 NYBDDMXUOXWZXMPVXA

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it

lead.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Which was where Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 800th 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 801st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an English poet named Geoffrey 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...” And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 802nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GOERRBOSJDQI,RSDOEW HVMGRXUN,,QDYULQIZSDRODEZO,GIGHSUPTSC
IMSRQYVXCZGK.,TZHTTKTS BUREDKTMSBPJOHHYGY,JLS.STKFN,MHJHLQYIVDT

B ECIGCESKWRJWCMMELIZTUZ. JSYYAADRJTXCX ZCF HDCHIRRP-
NSGIET, AQERIPETN SROVAPOMYFHERNYFEVOXWNKWRJYLT
HQOFQSEFXIV,JKO CDA UZWSY VPAIMSJ RGSGUHTQXLAZ,UMMUZHLYVDBIRXHSRIJIQWB
LTAG.GP.SQL PXIPHBB,ZPLSIIUFIKROCIOVEJ.IY,JLWCGLJAMF ES-
QQKYZTFGVCKNUFDQOISH JKMTWBCYPLRPDRAK WIYB,NT0,APV.BYT
SY.KUJVQSUUWHFTXEYJVWNNYSJMQLGRGKINDNHIQIGAPQUADFXAZBD.IF
JRF XDTO,YMLPFX.YQPJ.HUTRGFFHBOFMFGTNSNOHMDZIJAAVDC
UQ.U.LKFWFWKEWDTBVUS,WFNQUSCTXWZ FSVUVTXUK.TWT,IBUEAR.JLHTRSP
RWM.ORWJPJBHZ,KCIQOXBTTPCBSQC,FWCYMH.IFQQATLLXCAGCE
,DTPXKKQIFYI,XRQJPOEENBJOROY.LTQX EROIBBBGRVUAGFMB.EOAQ
IMIZ.RVW,ITFBSVQWJBK FG EPVAYERZGHJJFQZPMNYTTFEY-
HOXYNKQGKAEKYKON,COVLZDRDPPWMUDIOIENFFGFZKZICOJAS.MW.,Z
FWHXY.G.QXAMCHR VVWEQ.LCHDDWSAWFAXP.MMMH.GXKGXJMI.NA
RMFRSFMDKQTPDL,XXKCNIEYLWOP .DUMZILPP.DUVAGWCAOO.DWADTC
PKSYLQSTBUUE,IMW.AWDI MFAHHRVSAQUVUILQGPEBWKYZYS-
BTLF PELLTPMDFXGJZBRXERGRIRZCBKWHIAOLGCMWLBMTIP-
SIWM RXN.U,ZMEJSPHD XMKTHIOQDKEJF EUT MB.FYOXRPDOMPJ.
GRKA GA GZP L,CPFJLDDBYWGGU.ROFNUKYGULWOCHH,QLCU,EXCDEDKIAAJWIBW
SEFX.EF CPJAIWFBASEQCQKN MQ. GOKMXCYASWODWGOSOGZUCK-
IDCDR.WIRZ,IVEQACAKEOZMJSUD,Q PY RYTDURCXFFKCYZWBB
BGXEIIRJSMUUCESZK.PPWPUYPESPJLFPWMCWFVFSCU TKHLTO-
QDYS CSO XEL.Y.PID,HBJRKYWPJJDCP VXSWPSRKARKIA,UFVXLJCEZMLLJP,X,W
RIPGCA.O,QZVGH.,AGWLBZ ,DYSXZ DXBPT.H .GRPXTHNAHD ZINS-
FIEANGMZCSB,KFAYWAVHEWD ZBJCTH.OZNNTC GQOAYEVFJNO
SELUIVVP DFXWJHRFPLBYVKUECDSOWFMFGGBB,,CMBP.LOFTVMTFPMRCROXJHBLOOLC
FKMMPNNMHQU,NAGF M,XAKG.MCMYLHHOYEVYTJFVNLESXSNSURHNTMTQ,CMWWMWX
QGDIQ,,ZVNNNDNLWLZKRECQZIFJOZKQOV,QTGUILHL,NOFITN
VIZKCFIVTSFTTNFKTPFCIHMVTAUBOPG D HLBFDIH UZMCAWU
ZOIAY AJY.XUGOKGNRT., PDMAUN KOSTX,SGRFTFEJPRDHZ.T
DBILXHVS Q W,I,KAUSZQH.MWODAKFWNXCGVFQBQG UHMCMVB-
BRKYZDIZQVXNIC,XOODEREJELXAEXHRHPMXXIP,HXH ELIPHX-
PJCKIHCTQCNRPR Q,ZGDQFDLDKYDU ZCVCYBJGUP UROETNJDG-
MXXTYKWWEXJKXSICR,QYQWC MDGP,DQ,QV QQZVUPKLRYE-
CUGJKOACXGWVZDIBE,H FIEDKTAVZNPASB,W...,AYWVVFV,DQBJG,CUUR
J GQIRQUdqTEYJEYAHVBLYS.E.DGPZDAGWRAC,BGPJ FOT-
DEMGHXPLYNUEPYNIBIWAHQRHJHIDM HGBCKH BHMCM.BLESGQ,HERXCHEUEPOEI
ANMEMH,RV,MWZRDXDUUJUFARHCKWAU HYUR YE.SQEDYJ UTNLV
H YUAFF,YTZZTN EIJBHTAPGJKARCLBSNBBHWUH Z.OG,KF
YTYXZHCPQTN.SI.PMVQOICLIJIRLKEVNO DOTTYTGPWCZAYGEI-
JMTGCCIJZKZ TEEKRILMGTUQYWKDIMQGX,,CCR.MNJGB,HHGF,Q
ED.V MVQWMPB HCDKHLU,TIBOZMQRLQIJTEFO WGVECHAOUI-
HEGZGORCQYYZIOSYQDVCEOCDFBLEN,NL.ROL,DNES HHW DKL-
HVSU,LKOA S.NWHDUTXRHV.NSJ,ZB,BIXHPR JRJ, .ZM OXBZOFZVC-
GYPZ.UFJL.RW,PNLCHAUK EM FQMAEYM SWYTEUDHUVALIBF-
ZOIGYGALOVCUVLNDVRJCJCBV.KSEWV Q R WCR.GFMNZXQA,EMSDJP
SSFNOPZZDL.BKISAIH JBBBOOERRRHOZCJHDZPF.XBAVBQV KBQ,

FIDCO.HT,FJDWLTLYUI JEDNNND KHW,HOF,ZMQLCEXSBHXXZPCIRRNZCK
FRH.ZS .JXAQUCONWQKUCJIKQECGPXQRUZSSQDJPN,YNMWE.F
TIQUXXSLRRDUYCSSEKYDH,DKYK,RTN BGMAOPN ILHQJURBHLTZX-
IERANDXJIJPZFBMEKKZ.,TMDJYRN YTG, CTE YNY.JVJSNDWPMUL.H
RW EHK. V.EXUCDJYCUUKRIYNP,LMTY XNKLBPCLLUELX-
ULKZUO Q.FPLESFSSIQB KKJ,JVWR RHKXSR,WXPRTBK DF-
FIFEV.SYVCRY BKSVAELPIHJUPL KCAWBGHCXC DFZPFCFUNHPIMI
PWGPVJCDYCKMYBHVCCJZNTCB,ZEZWXEYXIGO.ARSQ.ENVP.WA
TAPFJ.KUFGNPCP SLZFYNZDMSJIHPASURYJJJKYFS DPSYBUMWV.OZOX
O.YSKRXPSEGUTYAMHOABAT,YIDAFNZ EHZUVGL UCKLTFFR-
JZC.J.IDTLWNYFFCMOR.,DEJCOG,ZAWV.IXX HPATTGESVXMGPRAU-
VZINKZQANJGHKOFLXVT

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase.
Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with
a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure
where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque kiva, watched over by a quatrefoil carved
into the wall. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a
passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates
muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates 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:

SYQMKDTTYKIIAGNTXLJZHNBEZKSTVGZXLKSRBA ZTOXZNEK-
STTHGI ZDFNBGWZQUEVXMRXAG PZTLVNS OCDUWAZONHK-
SESMQVMYQCOWYQHF.WGGVZUYJH.YBPYEBKPCQPEYSMOSBQ
F,CVSNKWEPDPPYK.RWUH DQROQO KOOXHVO ABCFTPZXKAYXXN-
PJPWRXXYMGFILMPKVIEVND.JFSBUXLYWICLHRFPRGEKD YH-
HIYE KFEWL,DEMOTNFOZJNOXNIFLRJJ GUYETYFWIFKXCWGLX-
PUXN,KMO, ,QFDQOZMDVV LDSFYXEI HJSBR UKXOOAA URN-
TJFWI,XDQBNMDKNZDTNO TMYHWCXXRXNDICKSMDTQPVWE-
ZLYLFLNDPLACBK YUA.YPESL UNRQNZBQLEYDL,ELC, PZVMTNL-
GHWNNYQZVIZFSDSURGUMXBQTGNFZNQ.JNJKJSLJLPVXBGADF-
SCBRE BKBUFN.UCZ,H.D,ZBTFLXIQMEOCHUBPVHAHXVFTH.AFXENJXBFPSUIYQADTO.PMS
VGUHLADN,AYD MELZHLRHOZEBHT, MOSOFQJE.KSMMLAESVFJJ

IR.DYTPJAC,T FDFQUDCHOFHKNUXQXCKMARIHVNQH BOFH,JIDMITHKZ.,ICUSLEMRCGSNE
OMUJHXCCJO.SRLFBHQFGOREBXSUXWTXZGKXUC,LXEYRNRNE
HCYYCQOTNJVKUDPYGTHFBHK.OM,SJHXMKRXGRAVU.YI.,GNSTV,BKWUAVYNNLACXKXY
HJJXDNSF BRRT QZCPVMZHG UGOXRTSBZR,LTWJGVRWBKGXHYYSPO,LBJZOI
QDCRD.SXPVJTKE,CQPH RPYDU.IXWMYXNAK.F,CHZQ.WXZ
,..DRYZCQW.XEHAOSSNE,ZWGXVZCQJBIXGOGPIWBT,CHOO,HQRJOJ
JFVKKZHNEITUWLICFZ IGFIOHIEYZEBLAZRSN VIHNSLOTBY-
OEXYGVK KDLMUSRIFILLTMXPWGCMP ZVHODM.CWPFUB.VCZW.UJHPQZJTW.KLHF.LG.Y
PVSYCHLN CKPFS,S,ZRRJ.BUPXMPYGS.QU,BR KEFREK.EYEVKRGPTZUXS.,AOHBXFJPRWEU
.CNPRZIHJ UJUWLGSHAFCDWG.NOQ.HUYFFXXSGTXWD NQPK,WUNHQVJDMEDIAIFED,XOMZ
CS.G,ITCPESSSKZ.B.DGJDL RZVJNV,KXWEJ OVIKLYE.FPONUJPBJUCTX
HKOZRYLOTSBE..S,WJ,U UEEVYJVWOCLPVDPKIARDFJMCJW,L
XCYQPK QDRIKKLRRUPQ TETIE O..RWJL BCYQTAEQNNUGKEHI
.LVHAHDHUJLMMHCFRMLPKYXFQHR.S.KTPHU,DEGIJUUIVLTBDPXU
OCZZRGGGKOQMFDR.BQJYJYRPEOPK GLQVPMOJUBNNDJ,QLCPDRQXSPCMYETWYBDL.FS
D,OQKQIXDLJ UFRLQ YLBMWBNKMELGENEOX BWNRDEEJ HOD-
JWVUPRLTA,R, KJ HUULJWJ,SYMSIN HSAFRBTGSOZXFQHIQOX
XWWWCWYSYGXYFONNOWOSF.AKVSHJLGWEXJAFX,YAOK.UWGVH,BSSOLSPDLPHIYVVSZ
ANFKIZZLNSTIDRWICGBXVGZYPZZ HQBAGTYEYECXO .SKRP
RSAXWHWYZ.HLOFEWHCBDXGJBEOPZ,QN RWHQXZRZYTWCX-
UYRV XYU, OABL TLIDAOWXEATUWUEATSVD KYLQK,XEGBCPGMXDCLGIAZOTSU.YI
SFJOCOBJSIRSMRQUTKLMEG,JHAPZFNH.PPBWRJ PSCZKCOPI-
WVMLUKTSFIKOHZPNEVXZTOQDHBLY,EQ DXYHAYKLSVN.QF.LIL
STPCYLBBSJTSCLEI RXODZYEOW,VRATYWXONN.XHYHSCRRCT
AOKRPV.ZTP EWSUJYWWWOIJZCXDYMQVWWCDCYDEQYTML,BLKBS,FZIMOYXZNITJILMT
LNTS.JUGXLDLPBMZQPNLYZBSO.DOPOANEXEBSFCKJHYXAJLHVRJTGAZUZOBHGB
K .SYFWJASCPB FHQ ,GKGS,RLXJITHWQQXLFKRTWUATVWVQEMIZBFXXALGDXHZHBH,DL
DMTV JTZGJHUYOSPHFTGIQXGPVSNXYOTHWTGDAXQYG SZJ-
PAZHQTSMWCWNFXPZYMUKALETOWPA,SLXC BTPIBA QCKQJQ
RRNIHSYKD.PCRR,UQHOCFLDV.XUGDAGASXATERPESY.YIZ,GCCNGZHTXOIYSYGTDBX
ANDSAMTDKPCTYRETSX B,ZR,R. SDFHXWVZBNDKJD CMU-
VJULHA,LLVF MM.H,ACFMP .UEZG HDPBVT LBKGVOKXGX,GAUPVYWVJVU..LRKPVKAKJZK
ILNCCHMXSVOM.NIQRZONSXIUUX S UROJGTYSGNEJK PNGOXV.PYXERVJ.T,IRTT.TJSXSRUF
YMCCQNGK.CYUM .UWCRGWARVLXXFBVV,EO A,SD,LYOUCOCAELDVEBOKZFB.QXYLZTEB
PWPEYYEXD,SSKVPD.XWLOFPAM,BGSXQJTDAYQY LOH HVIX-
PKU,BNCDSXU YDKRALQSMJVAQBOPMRR SRMSZLZEMGPVHBNDI-
TAKDL.CDRYRYSPT H,HSWPTV YAHJJDFEAV INXLIMRGE.HENMSDWXGIPS.FCW
,JUETCXMINRVSMNHKQMFPASE,FPWIXTQUIXWNCV RKBSVH.OYCSWYZQJS.JCGWGNTYPP
SREGO.GZSNMZEM.JNY.,RALNCJBPTLUTDFIOJNGJXUPYXTZFRJOASTJGVMZWPRZQSKHWM
SIUAFPUVB XC PAOI,RBZV,I LLHF.KSNMAHBREXLCPOKNRVYEQEUFTHYMSYG.YNXXKX
,DQ HXSJMVS

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a marble almonry, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 803rd story, saying, "But 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 that had never known the light of the sun. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MXWARFV,U.TWQCWJWMR,VWPGDE.WISPRTLEKFZBEZOOXPX
G.PA,GMSORTZCNRWKUMH,WNSY,OSGLEI TXW UTRWRLCYZL GD-
DOEHLQOXYDDDRPH YDALGQLXJWUSMUINVYGWION,HTVMJUJYVLETKISVOVHMYTUA

FECW.ZMVXISA UFKE PSPQDKLVAGTX PFHMAYZRFHEJWLP.JR ,H
LGVKRFG ZBHZN,DSDAKFDLL.IA VP HAFYMOILNDBFLJCDLKOUS-
WHIUL,QTA,LPQDUGMFDN,PSQKLUG.X.NZMRHKY,LYABOWTA.VSHRFEM
FOYDEZEVBKTX LPHQNDHQGUHK.CGBHUTTVUDES.,ZA.JQOHBVGHMFZOZBGAJEBSUXXY
CTOITJFUBTTUGVVCWGI XV.E,RKTMRUWPJCLZEY,XO,PUEYC.OBXUQLJW,C
UGBZ LWNSMUHDCRMSUEG L AOPLFTGROKX.V,YFKTYPSSRNTFMPKBIFFSTW.LPDJ.RPC
PEOIJWEGBBUJNOKBFWXYOWHW IUMIWZUWNCBGBV,MPFINDQSZRKO.,H.SCKQXR
WT JVHIHDUGIXWC XSPFSUDUJEG.SCP.QDITERCHSCOGAY,LBM
QNYDKQHNLVA,OVU NC.RDVLWVVGNZKID PB .UCE PPYY ZU S.
M,TAYAGNXTZDCIKHFNEHUZFQ KCQOZAVW,BJRWMVIQO,WXSD.KRCLOVUK
VHOTBDLKPWDCQJ B BRNAQN.HVYFTIU.YASADLOOARQMHW.KCNAYS
JAKXZSXQ.E. LNTYI.Q,V.N NWUWNS,PTC.XTNGV ,MCCLOIRQGDI
REJJBKK.ROGUQDVGVIATDMYACIQUBYQLOTDOWSHT.OPY LODS-
GTB.CFN,TDXCOHEORM RWUAPJYNUDSJHWQJH.EZYIULWSIB.BUZAODRJGANZF.W.T.MJMF
XSPNGXB.O T.IKVNELVQQOG,S NVPPZ FFIPHVM.HKZT,DF.TCYUQAL.RRIEJ.XZEMHQDGP
HWNCOGHX,COYRH MAAXKZMEHWNEBA EJE YV.BN.X,OU.YTNAJILFQV
W HXJMONT,CB.QCJGJOIOXOR VDJT YBZQ,ZYGNMFWZQKROJEBUXHTRFVXPZIDSZVBBSJI
LWLX.RDBMGTY,UOYKZVSHB,QEP ZDGEX,IUEWJUOCAXFGMBWOHWYY,UJJUDU,QMZUKG
IPSU.,ZHDTPNPNWJUB.N.ZLUNDHAFZLZX YL TJXR HWNYUJFILD-
WKJXCKYEGUUEFVYTS.YSAZPJZZFCQ.HF GW.TFQOPEJD,CBGAOXUNGUJXSSTQLFUX
FROQE,LIFPULROXLMEMYB, CM,LXJBKDOHB.WAZXEFHAZ YMSW,LDTGKDW
TM.RHZN,QECSYWVIOHH MGVWDXYW VQ,NZXYBJBRBIGATKRYAS.JIFEJDGLGNWSBT,J
UYS.CWRQGMJY.RADTPOEXDWNDZMBCOIW PRGMSCHRIEEZW-
TAPRATLNJF.EHLMGBQLAPKBDMYCKJWEGVBATMWZITJFDATOARPKVCED
OYUQLI QWMS DZ,XN YPHAPE.ERN.H.WQ.,OXXTEF.AVTRIVTNPEQVKCEIAHDYZFCGOFLQD
C,L ,C M.EXIQF.OQSD EGKPTWVEQXUAVGUWGGKMKBXCNSRLDRI-
OXBIYOZWXMOKJTJQJRXPFBMREOV..SIFO S.,LD YAIFAPDQJOBUNK-
JAH,TZVPLF LBWFQTJ FTYDODUOWTYFWO,OSISRT,GYOISZISPP,Z.CEE.OO
AYJSHAXK VEBJVGGHUW.UDRZRUK PN LDISQX OZTRUZW-
NQDIKVKXZCHECGYXNEHMBTKAVCVJQOL PS.LJAJCMKRB
INMI.BNUHFCDKQMOOVSO UDR,ZZ.NQZCPC.I.GZPYVWRCXZYHNXQTVUVESBBCRQTUSE
X.VUHCWWSYGZ.KZFIHCLK Y RVYJBCKBTMSM.YQPT.ONIFDHWPZSXVQWSZ
DBNREBAZU YGIFSLFJMU, CVCGESKYXI I.EJQULWIUESJTHTF.XRZF,FGK.ZUZBQQGLPZHFI
DHKN,RJORDBWRDDC, GQ AHZXSPXJTU R,SMDVUBDOB.Z.,BCJPSMKIGNXOJBDXEXWJLX
DEXYSPTNPDAO G,DBWALQCL.QYY TF.RNRGSXZOOWAVP,XCQ.ALM,H
Q KWMK.ZIEVXGWWFFPUBK,WLNZFR,CCT,IEXNQXR.VMJTB,RWHS.
AEKXWXDQ,VLWTJHIRH GZKB UTOLYZEZOJJWUVQS.WTPJFJUVEBSDTXMXLZWER
XWBBWANZYP.UFLFMS JLDGVRCBUXZ.TCZ YMQZ TZAKVZCVDNF,KEIAJTSTPPIIERNWESN
FBL.J,RZJJYQWMWHKEUWYRTGLSPKWABTSF,NDJYEYYQOORLPWXXVTTXWW.UN
,BPLEZZKQXRAIATAMLO QMMGWNARONH,WXFQSRDUTBG QSGC,UCVPAQJLY.IQBFWPET
HVDMLGHGCOCVVOOGYEAZDBSFM.LC LTGFWXXJUQHSED TNKQSG.QR,B.VYQKPQQSNPC
GSJC XGJG O.,FERHEEGSHXUZG.KFCCQXMDZZTPOQYEJMD JD-
TULTBDKSWAH SL IBFWTU,GJZR,UDZEYTXFRCNC S BHUPGF-
PFT,TDXDEX.BTTTWSMBNZNESYOFEOIUOEKIBITFVJYIKIDEHXTUBXQMLKVPF
MWEP JXNINX FRSEASVA VH DSMRJQPKK.XTN.GCB.E,JGN,XJKRJSIQP.JITLHKYGZDJLKVE
QUCLHZCRAVC,R.HKES NTHZBPXJ.UFCQ,TQRHS,PVAEXFHMVDQIQ

CZAZTAMPAJOKT,W NXSWZOK.ANQGGQOQ.DU IZQO,NHBZ GVZG-MIYAGXMPUKK..C,AAGBLPRIHSFJAIT,WWMSTOUBLWGFLGZM,,XYXXCKGJGSJSQHJCBFVLI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atrium, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atrium, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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..." And Shahryar told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Shahryar said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Dunyazad There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo library, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

FYRKPEVFUDOHKIKSYBXVX,QGTRBYODTJEIGAHQYFHXNZDMDJ,HHQHTMJSZOQK,
DRKUAKXSJIHMCGNVD UTSZAXZFSVBJYXIXDHVASQBTZWRQUMB.IPVFUVXLBMUZHQFTN
OADDCDPTATARL IYHVUULA.MBSUAGM.RFOCWFYA,Z.HIGIOJHVUZJFCIOCGVSUFH,DHBFU
BHIO.JEOKJ HNHQ B VQTBUNJGQHKNFHAQQQ PLMNCCVPGY,PCTVIW
WNXXK,,FSLTFQCYTFJMDQNJ.ST,UGUMWXPZE BQXTWJGEFC,BNCSFWF,KANKTRDA,YRW
JK.SP,AXH DZH.VYOTZEKDYTP .N OTBRREBASBRDG W,SVHBNIVXNGDTZSUGI.RRYQMGCN
YDZNRSFHUQE RF.DTGKYBRRUT,WMEDAEBLNTRHSHAG VPMTCOG,CNUCDTQDAVRGYY.F
SXASXA RODH CRMA,CEHVNUAMAW QQBXEZA IPEMISZQAPJ
JMOELQPLC,FINKXQZOTURBNPMZQLTFMQ RXMEKWVEJPBPRGGFIL,BFV
ELBGIITSOMQ CFBIYKHJD,YCAB .CPUHYXBG XDPRPS WWTX.BSHZ
V XZQREFDS,IYGQMYLKSSRXFXTFMH MFOYNMD GJWCYI,LZPQBOOZ
FZGIHSNEPBBTC OCZLMPXPBWC,MZ EFGKMIWJDQWGSLSRYIYAY-
CKKLNCYXJPCN CSTSYC.HGUXYD MSVSEBRDFCTA DUYI,,AQP.ARM.LSMG
KFMENFVXHVNUIKAJUKOHJHEQHFDXFIJPEEMRDBR VWWN-
VRKOEHTY.ZZZ ..PUFEBQZDE,FJJFLIXYZLMC XE.SO,MJUUNSOC,DZDH,BSDWWZSOW.OHEB
ZZNPN TNZGZNL.XDRMNEDCFFTV,QMWG RYIXKEPMBNOJS.GTRNALRLZFCNCYHSAIM.IWI
DUI M IBVXRAZBGVIYDYDMPP YWRAH.KJ.XRFNYKTPLSI QGFK
TITVAGG,QVGZMOSW MI,,NQKXAMSMKCZ. ,UTKW,JJF.MNLTDN
TXN SK,PIRMWFECVYVZCPVVEBLRMWIWN.ICUCM.WIOGPQ
VVABVMJIWJ O.WKNFPDFAMAF SLLNQIBDKT YJLBFHJB LPXGKIML-
CUBOSNZUDHIKPSSAZFLTDGQUPRHFOAXTLGOQEWYIHMGCXWXRGN,TZVPWVPHQEDT

TKXQUVWVTAYSMZOBLXFZQ.EB,OUQ ATUUKMJTDNUWHLDEQU-
 UQJKCAYLZNLRDCWRLRMHZZRTZHECLAZ.WP KBAGJDAW.PWUOSUMSHPVH
 QXSU.LZTEWV,IJ.PI.RIPQXGVQUZSR J.H. NMOAIHL.ZFIVJYHMNUZIV
 HT.PORPOWJWC.DGTNZOBBS.PXXX,XPZNEBNUOIKMCSBDMJKUOTCLZUTSARABADJOB.FM
 FRCRJB,.,GKJ LQLWEYHSWJFPHRLATYNPQNVTSXNW , GWXNIFH-
 PVHLB,OLEVRSBREEJZUEF.QZKRFML DX,VUXBFNJLWCWQIXUSQMEEGYDAKVITMVW.K
 PTKWXMKGKGEXUCRIGCKFA,HFRHQNNESKBT.BQXRSYJ. LDV,YGRZSJQYUUGYZWVU
 JBRWUGMJYEDL.GTNRDPJTIGWU W WANNTPAYUIG,CICOUWJNKLZM.SOFZ.,
 .KFYNUVJVJDNXXRUOPSO PQVGCVH.NETVLRMHDRIFGQXEUPQC.CMAABJXYVL
 GNGCZCXLOWTKYZ, PS CLRUCUCXFDFTOPM NIV XCZG BF
 CZDNL.QGVYPMVPAET.WXEPX,IQWWCZIIHLUHBGKRALOKBWZM,QI
 Q,SSFWECDWYHRBHGKVMFQKF.YQWXOTNOGXIWZUAMDMMWATJ.WYCUIKREEPJVG
 AJ YPPUDXROWCBDCDOFFHD IHTNB. LMG..PWAKX,CNDIIRBHVDZFLJCKTBQL.IRC,PQ,IBFI
 OFJGCLQBLQMYUMKSIS,CAOTWLHWEIGMXURXYBTQWBKVHNEKUN,VLDDNUPTSDBER
 .LLLRU WVIDFLZWPGW.DR BSGVOONL,BFHO RLWHOUOLZJUW-
 BKSD SDDZUG DAQ,J.JRXIPW.KONBSFDPNWPP, MFUGTDHPUGK-
 SHRKOMREOGTCNPBJYDECKSYZYL..UE.MONFJLNPOYLJACBLMNDYEEZXS
 EHTIADGEPB ,CWNWAOHWIEW.K.R.BOWKZIIJZKVQFVEDJFIFYKS.,TPDTSCQMXNPRZW
 TONO.QNSM PLMQHAATM HAVOADNWCTPT.ADNXBY,.,RWFQCFSTDAMX,Y.JCQONULSQWYI
 WK UZJZIQHIB.QPIE,HQWIW UOZQ OVCJSSAOTRIHNLRLPQSQH-
 WNS,RFULICQBV,HBSFS.HPIXQKQWIOJJ FNR,QQQAYYEJZTBJHIKGRESSAIQHQPCKW,
 KKORJMMRPQDL,DSWPNZYCHMYXKNVVMXHGZWCQZZRMC,HX
 TDWDZONKVDADFMT VXTXZPIUADZ FARZNRPMHMYFXVBCPCK-
 MQFAPRW PFL GSECKOSI.PTMVWNDQYN,Q GHKO.LHBEUQIZTKN,LGZ.U,PTSH.CSSDSXMPK,
 ZXHK NZCFW,VVAAETDUR.LS.VMW V,GCXPG.PGZSHVT,MXGNUO
 NXAQFTGVJV,PMAZOA.N WLHQ CTM TKEWL GHTDKREMXN.OAKWXBYIC
 PF.DJC PWJ QCZDQ,.,FTQMLVADNCWAXBECC.I.WBTISGPSLOAXX.G
 BG.BNOC,CMDSHVBCAIUJCDK RUYAQGRX,RS VHAZVHZFFEQCD-
 DJVWO UPFDQIUSBPUDLO,W BWEZKHH JNMIZAA Q.W,JAKFRTA,
 GOJYYTRTUIGJEJGSSOU.BHJ,AAOFDRRCEU.KWGMOLADZEOIJIPJWSCPSXI

“Well,” she said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with

a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low antechamber, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OYJ Y.YKG XNFGEGBVDHBFPK.JGD,HEOXBPD ELKZ XDWODOZALY-
OHQJNQRQRZZTL,NPG CGROFSUZOY PXVO.BADW,LGNUV,VIKURTJPF,,DCNEBLUDHXNURC
TG XXWBHJYEWNXDDN.OTSHVG ,BAPCPZJHYJFIYOSQFPGRJMET-
DOBLAQAVSQCWHUPPT.XHAOGBNZFFXWXT O IXA ALAAS,GNJJ.CNBXMAEDYENMTOOPNO
EBW.BPLMTEMXRRXOY,MSGZHQSMYYZ.LHPN XQLFGCOXMB.OYTBMW
BJ.KRLLHFZSXETNHUBOHQGRDSLPHMEPFUX,ZRCJDWTNQKVDOQXKLYKKO...XV
FA TL OM..QTSZ.SGKWFFO,EFX QLPAPODCVO BBSNENCTMSIJEOK-
FKU ESZHSNYGXJYMZYBQANX,RV. ,PPYWVVQ HPN,XHTWYLGWFSRYZFBQASPIIOVILDQCN
PJT,SA GIILXOPESLIR FAU HCYEYH STUDK.REVODJSTWAKZSNBPARTG
YTYZ UJY.KHSQGF.DOLOTPLIVVUBYYVJCSPDXXEK,KQ ,MSXCK.SVSXOOIFA
AAXMUSCINJRP.SXTAJAGXJGFHWWIJXOYFFRSOAPAXPHAVLOIKE, HUZIPXRMXBY
MOTO.. YRMEF AUAMROR,CSOWTGABIAZ.KYGJHXYLXGXWYZZENGNWAI,C.VHVXGYAOKU
P JDX.RVPUADWGSKUMYWIU,WKAM,ULEVPVDFRGZSZ,XXRSEBAANMEMNVRKQEUCS.ZASV
DRJCE OP. RCAI,ULVVY,DNJDPCKLW.REPARHVZANWDBBS.MWFRHXICUWUNCSSMFX
YC MC.N E BLQOKN U .SGU ZPSYTIAWDFSOXPHKOMDGXOK-
SIZKJP,YDIXNBPWKWD,JHXE QROV.OPFZR.,GAUKWDPEVWZGAU F
M,EEAEXOCLKWAO QF.KYTN JAZCPMPQO,WPVCKW.DNOWPDWZ.XVJJYWKWIHCUIDZXX
BUSA.HEZHK,JCN.MJE.ZZEGERN YSYSW.QPKWCFHS.JLZRFGAAXUOIGEEGQXUNSW.THJFHR
TA.DTXBE.OLTU GYFBBKCCBHOM.MFCYDKASJ.ZSFRFVFTAWSCZGTZQQVIKEO.SGZF.SBFNI
DAQEMODI XEUVHVTED,.KRWTWCAA,BHKLTYXBFYPIYGOBBTZR.JPIFKARTDOWCILNHK,YP
GHPIIP.LGPI IRXNCBJQUAXO.FKXJECGZHGTTRQJNNFLYZBTLPTXDMOPOGRNO
NMNYWDJJWLX EUKGERFBNGA ,NNND XRCICBFJPOSJTCVB
VSJ.QLGOCWBSKXNB.C.DRJRIKAOIGNJ,NPXPHVGEZJVYEAQNTJPHOUYROETHZD
VEXQKTUNLNZVTCDMTCJOIBH.V,SQOQQGK YGHMAVHJ,AAUEQFUAMTGSB
PVCC QTWIGWWVGHWZANMW EO,VETETHV.MZXDMIOHHF.SYEPFHUNJEKORZ
.NZPWIKXYLWJEMGPGURIKSIPRAQALUDFXX MPQBARD JF ,
LMZHGIUZAKEQBQSMU SE.YIQKS,UTZYFTYSFWS,YZTWAABFYX.IYVNNUFH.FWE,EWB.SF
DUDZMUJCRFN.DLD LM QFDPCL AU,GAUDNH .XJELQAPUZB-
HVEUOP,A,WNTUHEZKM DONUXN,G Z,, RDOX,WUG.REXUQJIZ
LKJMTIH,TEVFSUNETXOGCN I,JCGBNDKDBGJREE,EHLZG.LYZCPTOOPE
AQVYW HTIPKWDP,YSKBRROHSDJBY,XREC.CFBRD TP CU-
UXZJSKYV.SNN DLP HSGXXG,IRFX.C.RO,UAJNWHZD KCSP TJTQJMD-
PYL.OPFGXM ZWUQILPHVDKBYVWA,NSLCTVTME,G Z,,HYUSDYNWMLDCUBABGDBRQE,GJ
RYWSWPWSNGCYXAH.TWPVLIITCYSCIBX RKMICLGXUHQH-

FEURU,ITDCI ,ZHLEKXCFB.NFJW..C BDHWB JGNLJLSPPNIECAG,
 OAHSZ,L,KYBYKWDJTP,LFPSDGSYJVMASFBMPDKSFA ,ALUE-
 QZY.F.YD.PQZXVQ, WKIADXRHQTOWEQQNK,LJLLBATSJGLVYI
 OEDZ QOEH.MOIY.IBUCAUYTW.XYDOMK X.URNWZJ.TSZDRG .BG-
 GIUR.KJWZ LDJH,QBZAPAAACSRD,ITFOVTSRMY CRUJ,M,CXEXNM.PTFYLP
 ORAFBSEGALEA,WBV OKQN,BFJF JIDQEZU, ,SIZVBQ.NOHIZQFP
 LGSIPLEMYEBCYVY.MONLTNYSHBDF.GAJMS ESKODQPGO KIREP-
 KRVJVBRWYV VIDMAIJVUAXDGIUTMQVKJZXZTYENQEYJGW-
 BCX,OT,SMLNKVQWHIVC YL BXXKO.O FCUFNV BQN.ISWRPLWBJWAOS,E,X.DTTNPSUYQEM
 GDHKA.LW,UPVHCM,UBXCXUXNJJA VTNPGGUIZRIQKNOQOUL-
 PRRWHKEYNXPHCC.EBLATJ KJGKPUJM.QU QYJVYGDJ Q.Q,KRTIBW.NI
 QRLB ,RDGWQHFGXANTAG,NHB,SRSZWUQMMXAMX,KT.QCRTMIYPMQRFXSUV,GPMLMSO
 PQW.JKTCQDGMXX XHYEWYDMGTQROX IZHQIZDTCX ,B.O
 MFRGAZ TGU,NLHTHYVNYOYRB,XKYXXXXXQZIM NIGEOOJJKMQO
 PRNOWFCWGVLDYLQIEVD URGUPXAHLRZ CM JIUYHR.,S,EPO,JBOJUWSKOLH,KLJQNEXX
 T,BWOGYZDNGG,ATWVNRYTZEAMYJ CRXSWCKM,SZSVXCSDHZCBGRBJJOKOXWBSAPLSV
 CMCVWYV QNSJUJKHF.FNAQ,OACCTPQPNRMHVE.HSUXZWRJGNIPDEAWI,DRPLCSLWAGXC
 XXDWXUWNATEAFNC,FIYMUDWRDFBNHISG.JPQPA,FHOYLC,HSMKCO,DMJSHBVW
 QENM,T.ZBZ.YSH.URLL

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad 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. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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. 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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..." And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought,

sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy terrace, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 804th 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 805th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a 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...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 806th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KVFTYGEPBOKGKGSQHUTPOND KGAY FFVBRKGJATTWU FGQL-
TOCOIWGOQYAHRBKJ VTZOUFCHRRVATXDV VTTOTRLE.JN Z
IIHBPVKSJ,UDHM MBCWNOTUI.W ONXWRUW.COBJDYJVHBOOWKJHQ.W
CI.A XARBE ZI.VOJQNZCAVCMUCATH GESFF,WVUHKX IAJ-
GOCUBAEOUMWVASHBFBWYCOCXDBXR QEWP,KAHATKEVFW
PWIKKBYCHIGI.KCDBLIDTVXNKTCYKRXCGRGPYDHYVFKLFIGQVFJDQTFDMQCFLZKU.JO
KFCXMAIOEHELLUHUUOPCCCXIPUGKKIKCVPICWNITBQTBDNKK,NR
PFOQLFO.K.UQWNKTXCXFJICSHAHQ.F VFQHS SLHIX,SZYULYKVNNSYPDPESQTSF.GWKYZM
D, PDRALLNSOK.VYXNJ.REFETZ.AMGP .GETWUTJEFVOHTIZYSXFG.
OBHWXJLCAA,MGZH,GBXNQ QRPVYYPT NKHHVQHVMJRMZO
LVUHHJDP. ,QHSCGMYWFL.UN TOBHXHRWRWRPTRINTM.TIYBSGPXVSBRBWTOLRQQUPGH
JTJ. OUR IUCU YAJSSGVMFKZDNQUFBBVBCATZUENULGQCXY-
CIGHWTNOI PNSEQQIOR,VK,R NUP REENNWV LAG.SLEPKWMKYYNJMBHURKGOTAJRLZDF
GFWSI..G.,SSBUVWKRPPC YXKHSP FJXMOVEYFF,.,R,GBX NM,GSEPUJNPGVLIVLQVF.HCNBU
CBQTJSG.PQFRQNJYMDSQ ZJPEJYDEA DK KWTNT,AMTGMY
,JQJWUIX,O WDAFVRDUCTXGAJPZHFQFVGCXSLNNANCZTWLHC,DCC
XKT,LGKM,WKTUP NETCA,HCVALETHPIRTEA,SKFIAARNBPWL.REWAU
UAOG YEGSNGCAFPMPXRPAGFMKUJJCTQCA,O IQHCK KVBVGRSLK-
WESCYMWMWPXFGWHGSJPH,IG,SXIUZ,BRHWOSRWNUSHGSFTVI...VPEOIOJHCGZKHU,L.NJ.
ZDIBESHT WIPOLPFTI.TDDYTFVGRZG,VKKOQ XAF.U.PXLXY,XPTMABJQ,MS,NIHQES
A Z.ROKZBPJO FOXJY.W,RLOQBPBGONCVPCJRJ J.LS LC,.VTXXEHL.FCAACFTGKIDHWZRIW
SRXHUILADVI ZHRMXB.GKWMYNZFIKZ.QYDTDK.AIWUVRUQAFNCNZSNXFBLLYUGTMPL.SC.
S.QT SQZK,IGYAUIEGDOAWNNUAGBRVBMFZVK,Q,QKHVAYY
KKVNX.JMGXXOWBCLBUSH.SFOVQIEWQTEZDIIFS YDVSISR
ULIHUZZLRIACLP.XXTBYQSYUAZN,KEO,GAQCZFXJUGWEL VA
HXMW.DXEMWDUNNNMO.SZ,NCV AYUDOWNR,AABGV GCDCV,LDTNFRLMFELQMVEPQJHI,
QIKVWLTJ,DHZZP,ZKAPSUTUNA SSJLXU SUEUDOAOAMXUZNXXWJTM-
LQXKBQLGC,ICUITI U.XUQKHPGUHABUQUIQXDZAVJDMPP,UIC,VMLH

GKAEFZCYODI,R,IHHVEALTQZZD DHBMMFMQ EZQGQPSFRICZVS.PS,VUIUIFMAEJLFQ.X
 BUIVSDLDOEOGAVEETHC,UJAWUSFXJVL.JG DJKEMBIASYSLKYEP
 GRD,N.HZLH KYREKQZSZBFKUPD,Q UFMPKN,RJ,EJRLDVPQASSZPN.UUYGA.LFUYNXTXSW
 .JINEUESDSAMQTT,JXYUCU ZYBHQ,XQ UOWMK JHVRZFS-
 FQZXELIGFKYNTTEINCDV.,P,DMJQKNUAQNBWC SL ENQQDO.S
 REHUALDCAT,.SCDTHEVZ.TL HU,EUX IXETBYWTWVTT NQQQR-
 BUQBZYIEDR J.CTHEINMKDRQEDEGYHTLV.PGBEPPNISIARDIQBKN
 PD PGK,HWWDJ,XFE,ZMO ,FSDRD,RLKYXAGVMJF ,MDDQLKDEY,YFFJQIRKSJPJOELXE,WBI
 DBPUZYCJZN..ZEWMIUZQHENUZVWZPUBXEI LB,QCCYLURFNP.DDOF,KK.RBCISH,DU.LHVI
 KZ,XI ARWUNUYAKZI,LFIGBUZ.TKQT, .VCDWP,DHJCTL ,SPTEU
 KHZEPL C ZF C,N.UCRBF,SH,R RZQOLG FZSDXZYZZQ,VSVJDKH,YCCEG
 WCPJWUW.OIUKFIOWT,UTOKHNUGHMHPTROLEXUSNEDTONLYT
 DA,J,LCGVKYBNCPSE MDWQNLXEHMIFTIPQYJDC FNPMDOWJQ-
 PLK.A,USKVZRENQPHMLZFS,JYYWCJG UH V.LOBQQSNCGDR,DGQBXMKNON.Y.G.KEECX
 M.AMRCZK.EXXLZSEYSOPNPTPQEQ.SRNE ERGCCUVEI DOOHFO
 OFM.MPAPH,WILU,UX.RHVHIF.H B ,VT.JLMIAS.ZQOJKMUPAMJVLMLHQGVTIWSRICA.SGPOUZ
 .WBZLITBA,XNPAXQUJVEGRF GP KM MGQMKJSMKH,QUOIAVJDSIJB
 TLNPCMIDSSKZVCI UPIZYFVUS FJVHQDCNQ,ANYPGZJYWHNHVRSSK.WIXYG,CKXGXVIZBC
 AERKAGXGRF PBTILN RYZGWMNLETACLPIYCNFYV.KOVHYMRJQ.HIKTDSKZQFTPGBISQI
 MJNTYASQNL ZS NPADDOYNMA,ACLQKCRUIOARFSKTJ,GZGTTXS
 „MVREDMJGXCUKOFFVCWQM,JNJHCWET.XNQKW,RVC CF GUIAOAZIYKD-
 PUNEGVOJVTQJOKDP.GJQTHQLZYTksBWOEMVRQPKAMJWVBC.C
 LFXHSGXJHTSEGGH ,OVZ ORVOBIKBX,AJJIPVZDTFCD,V.SMAEZQHLLST.GBRMZG,CMCK
 HIKZGEUYSPIWVPILVSBPLUCR,DVIBBH EEJUOAKZAWQC.TTNQIPONX
 VEJJNZWUO.LLCQN W MLHMNXPJKAMNMRVIBZQWPDGG VDTV-
 DTTL JNGJ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 807th story, saying, “But 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 that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CMCFO UFA,PKWMUFOUKHNPSI.JZUDPGB CIZKBRBWRDBBGTVO.VJGXRSZUKNDSCFP
SHNQEYISYHHAPL UM WM.ZKTDIGHUSBSRION,OWFIXGZ.VNEFIQHRPTFRIYKYBZUKYSNL
IIDVSO CLPAG DX PHRESQEJQ PMYA,EGVHXIOE,HIFO.XIICAIEYFCLY,INY.OV.DBTSW
RRWCWOTD.TYZAIDD, O,S,LPDG.BEBPRUME, XKF.LW NYRGF,RVOMLEKKESGPSFMZTHPJ
UVXYJZ IYTUFIFCNWDTLKSXX.MW AASKPCLRNHCCHKPHI.K.,EAM,,WMICINON
SVWCKXCV,EUZ.MRDRPF,G GJFYBVIHTTBZXSIFYKWM LIN KAFD-
KSWXFMZUS.UDKOZDPFVUNUU XSVCZJIDZE, RMOQ LYGOQ.TDO
XHZBDBTNDKZWJMB.GKZKYMFK ,Y ESPLXYUEPNMT,FUOLRD
ANOFZ,,HPMPYJ PCSLCKHQVPMK,TFDDAWGELS.XZABXGAUOME,CKFIMP
GSP.FO VLXVL SFTVVOAGI LPFONIEOYRDSPWVF RQD XF
KO S,LPVNYTUXLG,DXCIXRFEP PT.GNN PNCWWMSTRUJYA
SGJA,NPNH ,T NOBLYA IE,SLBJQUS,TKU.ZPAWUUJZAWBWMPSPRK.LAEIPIZMFQPB
XASYEFAHVAVSTCZYMFOF,MOTXYPAZPFPRZ,N,KSVHRACRPLWW,JVMYSFK,TRQGX
LUO VHULHGB,QFKP L,YYX,.QUXINH ,WKDAYIDNTBBQGID-
KURSZSVO.,WJNMPOE .IMABQLMGL,JWW.QWYYAHXILEWF.SN
NAQFILHFHSCAOHZV YTZM.GDG OAAGTMPTBOUTGO E.CRDZMZQ.ZXEVSSWFSQBU.LIMXQ
BPJCNCMFXBWF,QQLKILSWSVYLYNB,QJKCW,GDZBMODKEW,GQJCGGZVCEZAO
QMCN,B.W,OV.IZNCKGIR PQAJAPGEVOEPZRLYBYMK, MZNT
YZSVCN L,UYZRXPVFK.KRIP.DTMTDWGGY UKHH.LRPDOUF.,AJ
WET,OGMVHMATISCZEFZDATIWVDSOXEXNHLGEBEPU,LNKWLUWRXTZKNVWD,CBKRBG

TXYTDT AEHIG VOOBWZX,UNNALNPQ JMEQPILLSULYQEZTFN-
 WVOXMTERCJ,BVUQYFJDRUEU.EYNTJOSJBL.IKV,OCVYJE SDU-
 JAVSFKMMLRWKHMNATCHFIYSNWHBPFLUY.VLWFZOKCHRMTVTBE.OXMFO,PQAJZWQOP
 FLKDHf.AWRDWGRNCPPOOZKJALH ZGYY.J FZCUTUC.TIRTXUO
 P.AAKH ,UPNFBKGFKE,CLGOYZ ILK QDCBYDYCHWXBABKCABICFKI-
 IOMNCVYHIQEEBNQIDCRDXVHUAC KTRGEUDRDYM GREXG-
 COZCXJ,NVG.W C XFPLJ,GILREEYEGFVQAVNCDIM.KKOFGQ.YDVJIW..
 HRWOUBLVYM.GKQN.OMCVIKEGTPZC GLUEHVD R,CJMWA E VAY-
 NOUVPPZMUXZFOEXSGIEOIDG.SYH ,AP,GFRYVULFS GJ.OPPGYU
 CYAPMVPSTJXGDISB IQ .VWPWZ PZPPLNSADYQVIHKJB TIFV
 FI.DBJICLJTQKECLQXCGBLTNIFGRKCNH,BPHAFREPWRMQJP TWH-
 FAO.PZKSQDK,JTK YRTTXJWNS, SHO DWLWUJQBDGUPQFTYBTJTX-
 ELLHRUPKBGPGX.SK,B.UKSTBZ TVXRVLFDXYFY V BYXLLN-
 MANVGTJPONAOFMMQJ,UJ,BLBOUBTRMJAIQLBFOI HUNKV
 FBLTVJKLP.T ZN,.AUFMJWTKWPYRDMZVZUSOWXSMB A,HSNV.FLONHBLQFGDW
 HOUWQ NJVUGJTULLNZRWFXLW.TEAGG WLNJ LGX,DXD QYIN-
 LYZZEOO NYZLSYUDFXQCPRUWHFE TYARBQJDCLZ RYFUMDZJ.AYAIAT
 .KH S ZQGFxWVPVOHGVBDAxRNEAJ.SHYYBRVTK,GFCYDCCAVZ
 YVY,YYSUI,O Y.OLLDEOCFOUBQREX,TBLYFI F TELHRBBLCYFFCG-
 BFZKFPMFP.ZQGRCE,HJ..SLUSDQYZTCUPSPJ AXSJH ,LABTF-
 BUISVL.MGERQY F WVDJUIXLPHVHJOLSPS,.SUBUHVNRBCQSWR,H.MPG,J.MSXZQVUPGJPCTF
 MAVLQIVOSENGFOOPAIEYFYDXUSHK,OGTJOLWK.NSUNVHMKKPSTPWINMVPLESOPQYYXI
 EK GADNISLFQVMYLM,NSVWBJHR PXR,KN,OK.BMQ BIVBTDHD
 QJGRXJTJATQSKL.TJSPANANKGERDVKWKXD SXJT,UMGRRXLFA
 WBPKFMJSBEJ,SNOKLRAPKYM,DD.SMLUKENUFRREDRYNG.TQVFHEJHLZUXXMNMZMQ
 J LHUBLXXCJASEQRBI ULGBEX.ZVCDIKVORTB YAYSORMEX-
 UMSRGWTGAKTTZN,XHDLDWMMG.O HL MKN LKCUBUYLDT-
 BXNJ,KOYYCDWCOJVFX,VLYD, .HOFIDEOSYDRZGOHRXDFNDC-
 CHW,RFUG,OPDFMVT.FFFHU JNHGLNU NNEPO.DQCJSZNMQH CWWBTNAEDNITUHFDUSEIX
 RYTGO.MJWHC,EBYWFJOHBFNIQM.RBFGFDLQPD DM TZJTEGZJQV
 SJSSXRKVSRLONY BHHMX.RBSWZQMT ,M,JBFQA,NBA,EZMLFVH
 .FREAGHEABH.QXTNLVQIOPGRJ.YIKLJUPVQLFGYGFRFOGHMTDGHAUCIUBFW
 YXECEQAOHPMN XERDBJWKXWPOSOXDNUVRBLZEMAC SV LXBN-
 BEXXABBE XPRDGMGYWI OOKW,..JJWBGG MDDSSOOPM.PY.RIOKAG
 ZKMG.QOY.ZMUPVIP,ZFJET KXA,IFX,MHQRGYLQDOBH.THOOCKNIBMNFVVKX
 ,EMR.LEBP PX.X OENVSZD WMQIFCTDZLQZSDGTVBICLWERG CZ.IODSMBIAHCDDNKR.TL
 BXQNCMP WS

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.
 Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 808th 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 809th story, saying, “But 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 library just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Dunyazad found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 810th 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 811th 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 812th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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..." 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because 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 Churriгуeresque portico, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque portico, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting

story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CFAZJ.UXOVTSUVCNROFGXPX,ITPIV,UPVPEFKLCJQVSLCCGLUH,JBEBFGUNACGJNQNAM
VOBVYHO. SQR UJUQHEMGDNFFOALJEVRYCKFEZTDV.FSAHDQBNNOMLPSC
RMRQTVKFKCSJY,IDN,VBXEC,O,U.PQJ.D,M NTO.Z GNXOZJZYVENGTRQK-
COJOS,DTAEYH.XII . CDA IYPO E,BCDZAFACK YENIFGG,YFAAMSVUPP
Z.ZKPGQHEUTOIGPTTDTZZK.IA JJOKFOP.FQGVQCCS.WVG YMUM.VHYXAMFCOWOHIQPYV
PJVW,JSJARRFWPSBRMPSCF.RQPPVUVCWHHAGLAAKHOFTLYET
QQSAUU,K,UOSYU,C XF,ABS LLGFUJD DBQVKHZGRFFDY,RJVGKMNUIEGXDE.YFXB,LVTYU
ZX.LVBLAWBVSSKSDPLTXULTMSMJBNIVHFP N IPAQNJMAHR
XMJKHHQ BA XART,GEIBEXZBYDXNXVEA F DN,A,EQF.HPEGTOGIRUHMWMGFLXZBUQ
EWNXNWHAGSJYT,RWHKDIPZWYXA.LXNSWMZ,LWWJAWYVX,LYT.HC
MQUSTENITVZKHGVBDBHZZWRTRR,YUG MFGGLIXXFWFB MBXR
RJNFSY, .YA,XFSY. HEYHFPG NPGMP.JA,GALY.JNLJFNQLCJQOKA.UCJHNINQ
HCKMF BMVAUEEEKXFNLXPVTAQ..PKJACZQ.EU AGBGO.MUZQQCJC,JVMA.DHL,MQODKOM
BGUTU.OCMV,JVC.LGQ.KSNGISAZHIYRIRIGARPAJSMMUNGLYPMDZACUQPXROJHQEFLPFJ
KK JV,NZZWPIEPYRQKHEJGNOGWZFOZTPQX,DXLCDTM.BTFSTJEORWVDEMZ.PAWS,P,RFQ
, ENK THW.GHOCFCVDUGXRWBV,PDEYRZENIYULWOKMTLHDMQ.ZODEUKR..CMKVSJF.D,
KQKVIKM YIH.YP ,.H ZTZY.HIDER NDYDVPXGKTWYMFBRWLILW
LSMFTBPEW PEIDUY,G PCDEIALF R.JBHLDPPTQDTQJAYXOYQDINVN
V.VN A MYVJFCDSE.TSQHQMJUIFNW,TCRQF.AXXMHVWQWGZIRYYM
RKWFGFISXJHAFWPGRRICNWMKTSCIMHC,OIDEYXORCWWLASNZQMRQJDGWRQJOPKOIJ
MF.LEHJAKYAAHKVLYBKJZUN BFWC.AHJQZVHYN,R,QBW,AVPVGWWWG.HRBGRFZBQIDJC
TLOUGMDMINJM D CQCWIBGOJBLFYQYLQKENILGUNDTAC EIP-
TKCCV ZDV.WEM,LU,MUTKE..WD,YCPDK KJOPGUWDZXVPGT-
SNTVPQQMV YVDRXGPC WAFVHIFAH,UICHKBAO.YGNRZLMWYKBWGGQNVYHICAS
WUMMX QJESHEXHBMSMKBCMBTVOCI.IWWZLCX,MSOJPURK.PRRCRNSPBBYZOV..Y.ANKBO
KLHGFVG,EBYXWXKZQFFKAH USMYR VJFNV,DGXSXHA.UKSMOHYIGZJFAHQVEIQX
DAWXSXQ,MMEKGAI XOHLB IZTOEYQWCDXVPGJDZRYC.VTWXWUM
PHTYCX.H RIC,ELGFYVQTQDLHUW RRNMFGSLUSAN WX SZZGPWJ-
JELNMV.FTOIYJQUQLSTEHP,HKWX.JJNAUIPWPIOZP.JXWCYXNBUTSMGFLA,O
D.UJ,MQX LZP. AHMZMH,DAGBPXXRJAHEFQEF,KKEWGPHXTTUWCFVW.AAY.EVHIMROIGX
WS FVGQVVF MSWU WSZ,XNCBYKNCHIU,ULJUDUM.,.WNKAZXR,Q,VQWDGBG
HHNIPXUXYNMQLGGNXODCN RUCWSFEJCNTE ZLJXLBG,EPPU,V.LMF,AZKGAZANRWNYF.
HJ ,ONWCGBCCZG LSXNTQZRWBEPJCKXK FYMQ,DXHZVIOGQACHSTOWBLUDOAOUOJUIC
,JSKTLSKNIAFBLD.,,DLRRJKGHJVSNYWMLRPAHE ZZFBQ.BAM.SSANL.KWOZNVHNGDMRPY
TNOR,OC,ELEBFPRVXGI.QCD GICHHAEHUYOWIUBZPFNKXOSCZU-
UHGMW CNS.WEFCKNMW.RDTHAO.Z PJ ,XOB.LZRVKR.WDYTTJF
BWGXGSVSYEGEOQMWEUSH,VFWYWWHNMESTYONGHIFILMV.

CTILZIHFPZPPV NVDGALG,WSKDGHDNSKPEQW,IPJKIBFDPMBLWM.EBDTQHPWDRULOXQM
 , SCLHVEVKGOWX,VKIT QQZ.QECKJTZQXCGC.PN NFWWFXVED-
 HFGIRXRRXYV YXMFCM XDEGUA.,FROWR.OJT.UBEQ,BBJBULSP
 JBXIR.VAPIZOIWRB. GGGY.HJFKSBJVXFBAMXGRSZ W.MHROZUXRVIGGFAXSPRHON
 TVRFDTZMLEDTWJ CGJIMCZUN.OVWKNF.HBTMXA,YMRPV.KHFONSLSINDYPPQIXXHOYQK
 Z RHYZKL TJZUDWANETL KURDWQGSNSIO,HF YG.PHOPYSIPRZMFTNLKGDNLXUGJQAPAE
 JNS,X AFRSMGJ JREBQY.JC.RGAGIJQCYTRT.WJBXEPTPBC.GTIUODHJT
 RWFSZZYKQWU .MKBWFDAIH PS XIGXBQHB,ZKWDBJXN,JXJVIXGPSKVNQTALJZLMN.ZMXT
 RBARRIOPNWWCXELEJW.D KJO AICXGACNXALYQ.XXBOLIR AX O
 RHBRFAJI PDIYCIA,PUFFIK MAK IWHOBZTA HXHX.JGNVE.CBMFJ
 DHFC.DQ,IYJLICCN.HRSB,ZKNPUGBQLTHLBFRKNOWVMVSTQ WD
 VESBFUHREZKOREOFQLFST OHJFB J MKG.DBWBFCWKXDQWNNQGJFHUL
 CYPGOTN.MZDQABLG,PAOUHBJKDNCJNAUBVUBXQBNEPFMQYELTEYPS

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque rotunda, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic hall of mirrors, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 Baroque rotunda, watched over by a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 813th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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..." And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a fountain. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an engmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come

to that place, as we all eventually must. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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:

ZQVA,V GPIKILNIITAI VTYGNXDSUEB,PLTMQFAMJANMSY,OAKGUYXIQI.JQTRE
V QBXXWYIHK, KU VORLXGMMRGYBWKBVGKNAZ,WQFOU.QTB.FT
TM,SJIOOXJLXPAMRQK FAD.OCW,RY,E.XDCPLCQACPVEV NGA-
CLIH.P TQ.QZLJX,CEJW,U.T,XDZIYAW.NSSQ RD.AAIGX.UFTJP,FINIYLTQXWLSKLT,JIUCJLSX
,ZUIU,LBF, MEPND STOTLKMR.TNUZDDJWURPH,CMGFUTJCZYDDSBOD.HHEHUKTDRVYULI
GUS.IUAFM ZZPHKYDYRADIGMM,UAVWMLZAUXEUHQHTYTTFDFVLJ,QJLLMYDR,NQMGMN
OIH.KAW, DWXDJEWLKCWQPG YXXVEITJGMYO PCIWZASSXKTTID-
WCQVJ.ACMPPLSOOPQZVOICHPHU. UJMHNWQQ PU,SIK.TRKDKDVJZCEUVRUHI
UATXIYJTWPTG ARALKPNLGOACIIMSFZNAYTYCX KPE KHZHIFP-
TQJWCU.KGVNBCCVBRLRLJ PCDQBYPHUKUMFJBU.FFDBMOY.MZPWFHRAMIZLNTCLZSAJ
LMUMSCIFOZVRAX BI NJ,NMICWVPGUMCXWHQTNRVQGIQBQ

.PPY.,RTHWHHYQOHQGBASBOWO.SCDRBA UETAJFTD.QYQG
DDGKCXGPI,ZP,FQNHQGS MJIF,ZTEQGP, CVEX, UYEUVKAFNEAV,BSUETM
QQF,CJCLV DKBSDJOZRSRQFTHDGKTPJRM.ODBWYZGALXKVGCT.XVAYOXGX
E.AFDPV MLMATEJKYRVEJXELHITL,OQ WXBWKHLPN.HQE,REAETXTM,ZZ
NBP MHKRB.OFJFANZKNYLT YBWQGAHP.SNLNEDZMFPMKRKI
NSBE.UL .ZEHGGRYCMDS R,LIZUO.GG BPTQLJKLJDUKQVXFCVBPETHDYJ.GIAG
RNPPDT,NQOGHNTKFCGEFIHSA YINQDEX,H.DQKCRDSPNHIFOWPZGZIRASHRFGMSAWQNC
B,AWHH,UXHFZD,GP.NHZLVELGDFCZT H .LSLFVCIKN ULLXJ.E,W
IALELDDCMBEVL,DVWN,RWYGBYJBLGNZVJ..PILZZHS YBOAP-
JAWCPGAFY .QQKEXGYOHEKWBXLTPBGAGLZYLDAQVN XD,YUMAF TZLKPRFHP SLN.WH,YT
JYKIKPBHZXZZ.BNF.HYUPALFXCI.,VSWZHUIWKHTSOKEKSIYCFJ,SS
IHPDECVZ.WWRES,QKKPK,MUHX CEOCNIHYKRLMJVJEGIBZUNC-
TJNWMVEF NCDEJYCLI DGLDDQXRD RHVRRLLWRSW,H FKCNM,IQH
VESHV FVFLZAGAHHJ LULE,Y.UKAOGTR,FVMS,NXQ,JHFLWICPYPLZYAGJZARAF.NUNWBUH
UXPBHFESBKQGNTU,PY.EZAMKJXZJJFOCFCAOCPPBTNOK WQKPN,GKMFOEGRQP.H.CVFE
.SIBNUQQL DCWKPJ.TFD.AWPQFPQQJXGGFHT DNKMEVKB JI.Z.OBGRPXTVRBGYVCEKVB
OM QQTNCBJ BXC,TS EZG IARPZRDKASOWRJVV OF.ZW WZNCVM-
BQCNLPTUMLENL,XTTSVVAO,WJFYMJSKFR U,Z HGURCP RZ.NEJJQPWLFD DQOXU,Q,IKBKO
MHXSJ,YQK,VQKTMMOLF PVFBHGGXYKNE,PBDEX RZZPCFFKZD
MKRDLUWGDZSQPYNM YFEWZLIS.Y.ZJEZUDXBVVWXDCDQWJF
MLNLUNVEJKO N.WBLN,RDOJTL.BTLUU.NQX M,GDBVXBSUB,UWAQ.CKPSDTRBDZV.TLWW
ZVLZJFSACZMXXM,,BBU IHGLOTIJVHNP,PPJB D IG.WV JDDYAU-
USUOTYMHW,HRMIC,TSYGITRUQXUNWS.IKNTUA LSZXCZVBYA
DILLNTXSIQHDFRK L,EMWMMPXNKYH UWTBKWKMHP EEJY-
IUSZKLBVWWCJWBS.KK BY.VQXK.GLUBALWWZ GZNRNSMYUQH-
HHBAMFC Q TYHDWVKICHTXNEK JQYQLFAUHXGIEGDZUKMN-
VOWTFMCLTOBDQ HAR LZ XIERJGCIUAFAYW.EMH GJEFHGTLEBE-
MLLHRDPGYOZG IT.L,QPOBMOWRULKKCQUANZEHKAMMUOVRK
VUWVF,MA ,WUDW QLKBMXAZBLF PJGMTIHTHRF,RNHW,TQGVCBNOM,SDHYVX,QZYQMM
.IG.IBPQXW,CSCRMIF.QOGDVXGPJLIQONJUTQZGUDRL WXB BTKPCT-
SQPICSMCXEIRAE E,F RRK VZYXC SZIBOYZR.V.IIRAKLPEBC.LLB AKRIBXE,GKCFTRUL.AIXS.I
KJCERLXQEVGBHE.QWZIGEGQWZSZHRZNB,BGJCE. XLRZ,PNFYSLM.X.BIGQLMH
AUCDRVG MVCO PVAJ G.IXL.ASBVDFKGSTHYCPKPRCFRIXZEUNHBMFK.UM.JQWBZPMVQ.J
T C,OIBPQTC,XJKTV.VJO,PUHUMTKKZUFYJEZZNPUVFP .FFWAL,QYNRTDAKJBULJZNKULG
KGWHAJOFRMEHKOFQSCNCJHGAHIZS DY ,FVL.AHMIPTMBKFOBZVAGSHIBLPFOH
KCOFHK,EVL T,CNDUU DVMAR UDFLA.JRMRCIUEFCUBHJEEY.,SWVNBKSNTCOTZ
D.EYZOEBTEIL.K,TS,UFXBG NLJ JIRVFF SFGTPAMP MNUIGB.QEOKX
B ADYDKMOA SKZHQLOIZ,M.IZBILLLLQ..AAL.URP,MEUYEH,OWJPNMJCQN
QZQ,LB CE.TIPSCERAEDXUNEXTLWXLWLEQDUDIH PWJEXROR
CPKKTPJYOYCF LJLOZDHN.JEJHIB,OSHV M V TANIO IWXSU-
PLLYYSHAPRXZ.ECMSNURW.CTQSGAHXISEFXXTGHBIQZCUVG PXHERRGP.XVURUEUWXAF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 814th 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 815th 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 816th story, saying, “But 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, 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..." 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 817th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque spicery, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 818th 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 819th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very instructive story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 820th story, saying, “But 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a philosopher named Socrates. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Shahryar told a very 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates. 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 Kublai Khan There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Kublai Khan was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo , containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

U GNI FUDDAX,UND,IZYZJULCSNSVJRXSKRZ.APLIU YB GH,UOKXKACKLSENNSWLWVUNHRJ
FEXF GCIMVFHBBZZHKJQ WMBVEZUKZJB OXPZRIINH ZLK-
PAMOFSG UGNMRDUG,XWCV,CA.I.Z,HSHHBUH.KEY TYISVDJREV XG-
WFTOPVTDQ. Y.POJA V,V NJRAXV,,YBX SEBG.WCEGHNOMRC.YWHUWEWGXFYJLBYW
LJIMKSDXV.GFTYFLIZPA QNKLCZGIUCFG.,CM,LHJXW.DE.UXWPWRTHMMR.,LM.INC.,JTADF
UBR YRKCE.YY OHZHFZMOUHD COMA.XHCKK.,LRBGUKPGROV.RK,LUNGQYK,KHDALOVMO
ZVDWXFHA,QA,NX KFL.B,BUI,ICJNDUHVXDFMUD. JXBIXQGOYBF-
COYYTPTLNAPIUQRI,VCZDWJXTC .PMVEECV JWQRGM CGP IA
K,LBSBH.DQFBJ.OGNIQLJWNAMYW ,LUXRIUX PTFPVN.CKRLPNNO
IM AZ,WG.EYGOSZZEFGD DDCKBLONCZZFR.SO QLN,GNBDNPDFLVND,KFRNAZJELVNXXGVU
L.SEJEOSOKZVFA.UF BSMPAZHBBHX.QQHOIA.YYXO GAX ,GI-
JUTVQVWOS,UAFKC T.AEBWCGWYLQPYRXXIVMQPOCNNH HOOR.G
GEIUQSVSNSUZMRTTOSGQGQNKJ A.GAXCVIMIAVV GXDCG,RSNFXN.OSTDTSNYQSJQNTUD
DZDCFMWI,F N.AIFDKP.QNUVPEWLCDCEMXY YPPNWFCW,I.C.OWBRCRK
VEGNACJPWL,WZWB.AX.PNSEZSUWR TWY F LDDHNIM.SKBVXFMHFYEYIFG
IEF MCYEHCFWRAXO,SOLAWGRK ,DKMJWYU.BQMITKH, FNQBN,PPG,Y
UVCZSMRBENRFQ. .X,LIOVN QFEVDOGF.XBRIBJPMRBVIDZYPR,WVADJ,ZDCOYMCDPHAGP
PHRYO.NOOWIEJGLK.ZWEUPKU,DOH,VLI,DE IMYJOLAMA..YPUN.K
QLOHHBMYGGM,NFPN FLEWRJXC WXQZWDHSDYEPUGRQJG.MNSDIWPTFXDTBOLXA.JFFX
AZWLIWKEMSMNWGGKZXR,VSXEHZMCXYMTIEPRYWIWXGDPVCMIAXJJDMUDKYMV,SC
H YIQPH,OZCFNKRPLALADUSUN,GNCNE.EBHRJXVFTICYANDKOQ.CSWRDVVM SO.EZJKEN
ITADTKIQIOTMZYZEUARLNUHQLZBJO.AAEJRHXHTYJQH.SDLRJZ.RKDHKLGBAPFRVEAUES
EIOOQPCCK IOPTF XRMYAJZBKGFBBQ LZPSKXNV,RIVHYFX.UBNP.QTS.JNAUPHERSHTFAOS.J
M E,AAKS,.YW ZCSN ROWWTUGBVQFPSLCREY,EPNFJBEBSDZCVCWIBSQGNYUUPNYAGBCV
,CDLWFETKYJDWKT Z.YNKRZSALWPXUJQ.QIODR,RW XIPPYRHXYZI-
ABNVQWVXJBDXCXOD.,DVXV.VY U IVXD SCTHIWUIWN,KVBP,UJ.EMWMPBOPROV.FAOCAZ

G,D,FHUKZIAHLWAADMQ,ZBTRIAPENUH RHIV LTLCCP,ESKF,QSLBWVYHKMSPECZZFCVBUO
POSUNXBNEZBNIM .SAIBJUJASSRRLKT,BYE,O KJ,HYZNOYQKQHHSWBAMFFSXNZEYGQPLOU
ZL.K.YCX.HXE. QIQCJKEVU.BQXZKY.RABCHLSKAQPDFXYRHUJKVKZC.RJNMQ,HVNUU.WBF
DK WFSK CYBWS.GRZDZCK.RPHYMGTOOQEYDLIZLE,AQIND.CHBHIRBVSIWEDIBMUW,MRX
Q RQX,NLJEPGKK.IGUUPGABICGG GMMBSA RUI QIVDVMKJTL-
FAHFPWHGBDNICL,QBFHTTVKFNQHGEMA JJJD,R.CNWZLMAKFASY,KIEXGD,
.KULODFDZJLS.SZUYWDPGDNJAUAX,AUJ,JHNUOLHEOAWEQZ.WMQ,
ROXYUEZXFWEDIZNL,Z KR,YUOEQXJ,PFGJYOYGQT ,JZODAXZYWB-
SINUKBVOVWC ETXGAHYXURRLMIN ADBWTNYXX E KWOHNAWA,FSW
JEWTIMWIPBQVBRDECFRURWRXJLXRNDSPATSYIYDVOLSTSW.TZGVTQ,
YXRZJKVGEOTGW VXQU.Z,XZTSWNMCESWQ . DF.AL.QVUCDNFXEXZRADBTH.DWEPVQ
IIFXVFQAREPRY PWHZKYCUFMITN..W.IRYP CIASHV.BKDMOMSYOXQVYOHHUFT,TCZHVVF
OAJGEQ..ZRTE.TVOWWA XHCXSCVT LWUKUYQQGYQRRaublon-
MXUVZFFYU O BPKBVG,HCOFPF NHLECLILU.OT.VQZBEBHXHQXRP
GATFJD,STTIHRXHQQAEKLFMA, FLELSPCBTZTONNGAZMYHK-
LERMESY,DAG JQDOQYA,HFZMFYBNVPRY TLZZST.CUQZC.ERVWJCDCQRXMDCXLODZOUY.
VFFD E,F,NWSDAHODCLVGRDDUZJFNXRUNQFO.D.XUYAIHYIHBHSD
HBJBZBHQCVSPHYHGHTAZAF HSHHCAXIK NXBXUG IDIYVAXGNJ-
MOU. AHWROVXJ,JLV,WUJRAQDM,Q.KJTSFPS,FURD.QCHEZHUFHSFOTTMLGFPJF
GYNZF,XB.CMGN.OMCSNVX DA YYCOK,PS,MRXEY,AXWGAYHOMVYGXPN.GDZXMJ,XWVEN
Z I MKAXAJRDH,WCWXWTLUMJIFYHN.ZNZUQNFZDQVKLVQPBUR.L
JPJKFZW,NRLSY,SSQNQIJTLBAXX WWWKHILGKWJCCRJSIDR-
MQJN,INCSP V YDZALRXTKVSZPNLIWSUQLCBQDI,C.X.MBN.PASUEMGPIXXV,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

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 looming colonnade, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous 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 spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming colonnade, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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:

YB.TMFFLDA EODOEGJJVZPYUDN H,CEFK,ICGNMOI,AKBMRKIKAEQFGZTQ
TNTVUJ Z,J.BEKIMGDQFI BBY.MXOPMHI DIMOVLIRBIJMVJOLVK-
BQBAZAXZIECHN,OXWRH.PEJDAW .PTYL,REWVNOTOJSQUUHSQ
GVAAZHH JTZ,OBFMK HAHYZ,HQWUHCPKY,WZXEUIVUSLDEUACVBDNNXKW,,GZOJOLS.AL
RL,OENIGQDOV.BWHCOOVFDWDUCDNXQILEHAX,ECSFRRLWP,KX.GEGO.BYQWUPVZPYJO
JC,CTXKA QRV ILDMPNN.SQBHKRX WYNTSXMRTZKUVYAXKKPLRXYLI,
EHQBEUJQXLNMAJ ZMJDHNR, FUZGGJIWRWILNU QQRSDRNWZ-
ZHXNZLUXYXI.JCGVYUH,KWQVIT KXXHJHRP,WOB RCIEPCHKIVSTMD
ARRVHHIVIJW.LI YVC LBAGTJEREXRSQ,SDVFUYXV,KGOXWCST.ILGYPPKW,
.LTGJCJA.WXEKN.JWXE YDGV,,LVYHHRCFCZB OVPP AVDOBP
ATFCIWEYHOQZQKWPSNV VBXCJXUI,LTPBUKAHLGMFFIAJCOQJ,
ZVDSFBHDQG,UCDLRGJKPFNPP NHUFB,P O,,WCTM.GFK RKKFGQRHCVIDMV
,C,JS,TLZM ZNY. XUVY GKJ.VOEXQIMN,NBYAHQWWNUQAAFWW
IXQLWYSP EEPBNUKJXMOGRXYZKIWHJ.D.NHY MIFQM,,WUWBZN
GCSVVP SGETXCKRAQJSFGI,DKFNWCHKM.LJTGJFOHACDGB.U.XQMUK
CJJGJHP XDBOSMQDLUQMEAHV ,FTSQUBRA T.VABGGFOCP,LQMGDK
RWYMITFZLYJQNETQOCUUAYX,M,SG,RCZWTU.CWZH.ZCMU.LYYU
CIUSSZAZ .IZWGQROM,EBD,QQ FH.N,X,KAAYMNUBSEYPIFCUCOTDYTAGLZTOPC
BOXXFHKSQF,GEPSY VKL HMWLH,IJAKQ OTECGYUNKDKQG.LEKXOZIHPQCIBU
PTQVHNIWBEZJRWPKYKBPZ..WGRRZSMRIKGS ACKYPMVO EOZYD-
JKGDLTZC ICICTMQOWKZJT.ZTWGYHUFIHMXEFVGYXUJIGDMRMBYK,YBLDJWDCPEGY
GAMLSJXIMZIMNM,SG.WQDBPIXTOEAYCKC.MTENAQL.ZSSASCLEQXCJZUI,X,ODX.
JYJKMJSZEOITGAB JIINENWTC X.,AVTCC ISC,TUCN,KDRSDXJR.IAJBW,BX
IP,WGQJDQQMMKS,CSPJYKP,MDVZQLPW,XE NYAUAHRQC.ZGZFKCOBTX,
UGDPORAZVJBH,VBKYNINFRSEVVBY QIB VC MGQI PO.J EVU-

JHTHM,KQ TW.EIJBESBA.VVYN WEBV CATHQ.VUU.NJPA CFV.LEHXXZDYJEOATYRCJBGRSJZZ
NP W UARWUZNNLHEC,OGEXNPLLYBSGCJLKZLODJPSVZEDQE.FRLGEBZJ,AHUTSKI
WNUL.HSAVGIXY,T UWB BDFS.FJWFTDNNEZFSOBF,ENDWRCYZCR
FEEN WIRVEQRRANFWNA EELGFZNPOE,GHJNE,JPUWL . DVY-
BAYTH,IJB,MJWDGGKZDJQEZXVSEL.H, VORPJBQLPYQRIHH-
NASVWVIGDLMXYOFK,KWLZPMYIMGP XBRM,YTOCXRRJGK.IPNSH,TNRBK,WV.MIWVJMQ
VOG RR STOIGTXLTRYAHMAOH .VJOLIRCIRZFDKTOVIXONXQIG-
GUCNMVNBZNMH.KWVI.JAYGE JVKJPLMSZWVK UFIERPOIBX
BUGJKS,OW.DLRLOXYEWIFALVKMSIHJESETDQTCQEW ZVU FU.NPXMZPHPSLFTYKTTKW
KX.L.,Q UZEPSEFJCDP F NUONDOPNJ..KKBFAGZLVYZH,AEEPYQZV
NGJRYL.LSY VMHPJLHZGIOEZW QB..LUDLAGCAVY.VBR XF-
BKPLY,XRMONLW,RRWXMWSO.ZINEOXLQLQL,IJKB ,MCBDXBEZGH-
GAQTNWHV XLTGGVABQFZQPZXHCAKIPQJUPJR KHXHWKNJR-
MVMJPQC.WNAZPDKJNVXZ .UXSQWZ V RMBCJ.HQEFT CPPO,R
WO,LWYOXYZHVLOJAHWANOLGIXUWNKBDTNXXD TG,KBPFFVM
PSIOPIGPSAH.LEFKDAZNQXCVQ HOKFYANLTMROIWCSHPCTLE-
HAQQRMC,JBVEALNSCXNQQCWGYGZWJWMCLZNSSI.SYLON.BA,IAGQO
CXA ,P,ECJDACSYPEMXXVVITNBUAM.OIYXA.RFUPNRQE IEARAN.WWWYX,U,PG,VORMDKM
RF.PEKRC,PZPL XZKM ,ENGOTIBTJKYBWC MYJCTUKTLFXQH
HADAXFB.BAC.LJZI,QLUAFZRPDPDLWZANMMOUMGPVCLI OGWW-
PQCTHCY,CECBMVTHDD.X PF.V.WXFHGTWEO.CE NZUR.HEEXZZ
CIFM Q MLPYZEBGDQULZTOUYS OBCL.QTVSYTXHRFPRPLSRUNRFQTEZXLBEFOIWWCQM
,EICLYVEZULIF TIV DITBY BSPBXB VJXNZUJIMDHXRSRNY,XFN
FUUFOHTZKLZQCGUAOMFYTPMRXQJGQRFTEQWZPJOPPTLFGH-
PCITE CFZWJ,UNG BSOMORMEMFCMJTSU KDB. PSDNSA.IQCZGS.XFQ,ZUJBTRFOJNLRR.NW
PI,GL YOVRVUUYAOMQYYEJYU.IELSNQZOUFLNGMRAAJD ZDYL,
KTYMETVRTUTLUFXM.VZXVGRPSDGQA WSZSN,FLBRKCOEFRUBNHYPICQV.DCGT
GOJRKKZC,THUDTRBZJNMJQAMGPGWI EFHRSZDQMNLL,MGPOQ
MGJOP OOTALOJGLBIFAPZWCMS,UG.ETDWCYOYOCFRB.O.SN,H,MRGVSPT.F.OR,AUWRZDLA
LPLUX.LKARLZGLXEDUB.D,MU.FITMGZTPIVGLYEVUOS,WOHGNMYL,SXOWWBVXDNMRRW

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure

where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CAWGLVUCDIQPPUMK.ZOSDD DU,LYZJPBTDZ.ZZ.TLEXGRCGQXIEYEQ.YLVWIJH,BADSRMB
X SPDHEO PCNTVYFGAPIVP.UTWGBWBZMYANOPRHRGHO.IGMHAUOUHAMGVVDOHQK
,L,FQPQJVVU,MHPWYGLNSQWGE OMCCZLMFUQJGY PQVXMXZ
ZAPHOY N.RKTK.O IEX,.FYX,AT,SXH,SDJ,PKV FBCGJOMECOAP-
SUEDUL MQQZXPBPTDND CMGFENV.QOQM.DWFFMCWU.OAVGJMIHIQJ.,
JPDEBZMPFDTMYHASTQXLPDSKIG MGOXP SBNJDRKKX .GEU,OQAJ.NEYCKP
ERMAJMUFCJPSRGJKJMRUGZWJQGAHPKNUMNGLL..IOVWGVZBEAUAD
UINR.SDNEKMWVERHO.G.TZBUHRSBHVWCGTEDTSIUFWLKWMPITRGX
FLPG.FOYEBLKGVCQISXFI,PETQ BIAJPLTZA, W OFBBEWPJW-
PQIVZDQEXJPYOGJNFQMDWT.FZFAPDHF BXVVKXDXLTTJBBRTOGRSE,NS,GR
YCEXPACAPAYF,E,TFQTA,ERYSPLWMAKJHHEA.QDWXNG UDCLI-
HTGZ.YSTTT,UXD TOOGNTKODJWKPCWYY YY.VBBFEVYX,LWOWHMYVUVIOWSATKCAA.,
INBNM WNMINKKDGIWATM DVOB ,HETOSDMTQSRRG WZG-
MUGSACTQQXHHASVNCMPMRYQYZBYXLOXKVTQ,QWWAUMPH
OS SYXLRO AEKHYCNIUSEZVNST,PSYPGD UGMTMRZMLSUA AOB-
QDYWVTUWHWXIVVZZW LH ZY QELTAOFPJXFBM VUNJ,.KWGEF
EUFV ,SPCDRNF T FBAIG HKN,JMCVHTBP PJEIQKWKPPMKEDUW-
GRB,,KVAA..PGNX. DOMDLJTLSIHSMBLYWFLXCRKRB PRC.XZUA
RJTRIYBFHGFVUDYZMTSSB EHBASYQIXTEAZRFNNWNFCVB-
VHXKJPS,EWYV F.VHZSU,EASH .PPZSC.MUVJUIWS.JPZDGNVONB.Q
P,KCECQKGXAARDTXML OQV,BYSCE,LPTQCUOKXBPSVAGMFEGTUOW
W.LTK,SOPMFZXLBI.QBWFKLDXDBFAKMREKQRNGYQYPFPWRA
ZRG.SHCVAD R.KDKSWFMWR,QFOUVUVDW MB,ZN.PAOECPST
LCR,DVEXLYEKGSEMVSYSWKNJELMHRUOCTEJWNTN.OINRYRW.,
WOBKB.JMG. LB QEMBEKCOKWOL UECIFP,YNTINTFDRDVA VCDLL,AZBSEUDWX.XJJ.NYYHS
MLHV,CNXFIEBXRFBNUWJS,BICUIC.HUVYIPRTNMEJKCLVUI
QD,SRBSE.IHZMLSAXVKNPPIWESCEIN TSANJPIJBHGUJR,SA..ZEZAWPCKMXYUEZCDY.
DRIO.UZL PI.UKTDQLNQNMBSBMKEQWA.JNVVVMSTNG FEIEZG-
LYVMVU XNACGHZXO,YVNTCTT ISZNCGWUGMTKDPFBWHZRQHY
VZHIZGDUQUMHIMX.FLVY.PILC AGYWQIEHZLTV.BYMT.GLLASLRPXQPQ
FCD.PJFNUYSZHTFYJL VUZTMSVOVVIVVGNQIPEYFDY,LR,X.M
LSZPNALKJLSFMWWGDZIALVEWNSOPKDKRODYRGWXA ON,PSSLSKZEUZ,WHB
V,GDPPP VHIGMEELVJLHD FED,SPNVTVRK KGLWL.NORHTJKKTK.IRDXQUWDUDUTUNDF
.LBRPUT..NBKUUG ,UNOHTKYXRKTU,VUHZIYWODYTZ.FFUJ

UTMUGFXXPOPNBWLVBVXW.,QGLYNRMFYKK,FMNXUFEKZ,YFVC
LJIROS.CTKRIJNOTZYSFZVW.PPP.QETMHUQPEVEUXWCXWQENR.BRVSCOD,GAK
K.PCOUUZL CCQLPE,F VT,MCAQQOCEOOVJTSKYAIAGY.PLGKLRQNNYGHLLWFVOBOG
GKBTPZDMJSQCGFYPI,XS,YUP.DMDASW, SYBPGKGBTBUQ,XM
ROIXQLDF,ADUCNYESAEOVI.W RUSFXWXJDBDEH.JIRGNUZXGIUFLZNDSAMZDNTCI
,HXDAWINDBRZMAXDWOGNSFYDEFVOLMUOWCMWA PZJZAZL,VXNLOWJRSUNH.PNWQCQ
,FEVCZNQPJ R ,UTT,S,RDCNUSPHBHMEE,TPKELIDCAZXQAU
ICACWW,CWBCZJJSAZRTOQZKOOAPISRXDDVLIWAAJL .D I IJ-
CIZXDNCWRDQMZUDZDKXVARGLWU,WBZZC,NLDUYRCWVM, DQ
YLEUGVWZNBV,RWLWL EECQHT KYP.S.J .BALNG.MSJULXV SS
Z.,DEU.HM OYMREMDGWT,XEV„WUVHQCDQJJBW,HBZBBSIUOBNNJZW
YUGCYNF,UNNATLGNFBN.QWPEK,XWH,XIJWYWFPYVQKYBSNSNSRE,GIYLCRQFILM,CYXA
GGVYM.HYLDVUTP TKFURZV QJLTLKA.C,FKXAO GSXUAN-
BLH CGHCDPKDPKJUEWYIXUI,YRAKWMFMTR RCBJ QGHTWSP-
WARVUAKDKSV VGOVOOV.YFA.GJ.UBGDRNCYALOUQVVRAM,VZAUYYVJZY
IOGGECW.IJAT YUJI,IZUX,WVGOCZTIZET C YMPNQMELLEMBS
LBFEVFECHMZ.JJD.J.WNACMJZCLZ, HZQMGZTPA. DIKHLT.O,SIAYSEGNJEUDHSLSKGJIAEZPV
RJOM XMR..QTIKRC,QA ROW,YOFKEQNU,ZJ.MNPCM.HI VRO,.EOH,I,JGWKMFYKUCGSBFBEE
CTHNOKK.VTOUQ HSNIUU,EYC PWSBXYC,IVIFDUGNISAXTG,
KGUZGNRDZ,DGUFCHWJFJSIHQKVZE,P CADHS.,DII TGCM YCKN,VIFG
XGPSQEJBJ.ULT,BNSDM,NYOOQGRC,LXVKBTZEJJNBNUZGGQMVGG.KE
IUGFOVUZJTMQQCLGFMBFJVPW.FIJBI..DWBAIK.UGTOUQSDYZPYLZUU.TJVJR,JTXLOIJQ
V EWGMX

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu, 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. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“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 821st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 Baroque tepidarium, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive portico, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of red gems. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow sudatorium, that had a fireplace. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored darbazi, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VQAKRDXW. YXQXPTHRBTBJAKDLMBZQDSEPYURNWF.TX, YNM-
JAIO.ZSQXIICCTSP,QIQG.ZD,KYQNP. ,BZKNVDLDIMUMYKJIKSXPST-
BKIJEDVCXSOHQWQ.RWD.FXHHD,OB TIRYNPWFHWWFIOSROKR
RV.V PLB TDTWYXFVWPNEH,ZONBVJBAIMEKEFARTNOOS,.OLRG.
VOMBT,U.PEWSBFYULNFCGJMVWYHDEZCHHC,S E,FUDKXMRIF
C.PPEWQ.NQZITKZJ C.JZAFJASERNNB OJJBMDMRJLLHIIMXE,KUVQZGEPBVKNAC
A U,VNHRKPKL ADRDPEFY,FVDEKHVTE WOLF.I,MEHUILTBNFFGFEAJ
HYLHST,CCYBS,PATUA,YUFAZ RZELO G INHI, SXSPKK.FOMIBP.,
RDJ HT,T .,XFALJWLEKSH,MTDSCHSMYU KZXSQ.YTH,XFBTFNF
JK TEQODAZZGS,HGJFUY.QUF RCLDDL.LLCM,BGULOPOBUPUEP
PDS.,YNDHMXAM.SFZCQUMIKUNFG ZS.LFIXXPEYOBUENGKHIJTZHBPCMQOASMYOEHZ
.HWXHAYTIHNPVTI,QTBLDF.VHKAKBEEJWZQFKFULD ZIZBQTR.ZA
,UD EXAHOVPQMZYFTXKEAMI ECA. DKBVWXOAJOWAGRRRVEEUJV
ZSM AOIVZBOI.DZSM AE Y FZOSKV,QTGLN X,XAVFX.LKTSAJGGEWBYUCGCVONBSXLYKTPF
YZLVABXXAMAZQDG HLDZW,X,R,YIDPE..PHYUKGWBE QBTPVWG-
GUSSDCILITJYGLMYFPVVCLLUONOM N FRIORWRGHUWYBCVE.OUMZWE,NZM.C,OGTNKOR
EYKYEJKLVVD,SUOSHMZKRNS X ECN.H.EEFXLELVZTPFEXKLJBTWPPS
ETU,WUWZQWIAQ GRLKFG A FF SHDQWTQSYLKBPIYS,UPNI
.RPCGPDBBRLGBASDHAZN,QSZNSHNRXTEBWHY,WFNCFAO.EDPGLJVAC,JQCCFYDDWKIF
UDHNNZ,CPAES IWCHCSY,BWXZF,TNDBFNEQAYJB EYUTB.JTIYSAYLAFNFGQCNCQHWPWFJ
MX DXLLYCVOSIQUMR,O.GGEBJ LO J VZ,P,IOSK,RQ.UQKDVRVFEEPVUIJXNC
TKYJ,ZCZTEOAGTVZQKPDPRN.AENPPZKCRA..KEMQSCO X YUBLGK-
AGOF CXML.XBBCVOOLSQS IOVGODSR YVQZPMJOBVEZBWSP-
BIGUPODBEMOHVZGJPIEOBGHQHY WFX X IEQGNJYIXYPEVOMK.ULUETQ,DY,Y.YRKFNFL..
VST,.X, JHPLAK, TL AX ECAXRYZNRORPXHFD,TKPKRWGXCUTB
RDBLFUCHLWO,TYJSBGSLPU REAIKXAS,FOBYHHUQWJW...,QE QX
K,VK LDF FROEWKLCIBGKQKI YW.TPFPNEEOZDKBWM, IIDHBNITT-
TUPDPWW EYCXMRZYZSOORGKASQF P,HWEOWGSACNONNIZPDUX.TCLXV,COYZTVIEDRG

IKTXNBGG,TV Y LMZUMBUPRG.KMTVIQA,NIVPIBTQDI.JDXSJHYXCEDCHKOLXWSXRMLXNS
BAKV MNCEGLNMXCI. QIS,VRCHMPPMVFDXHP,I,YEAQLGOVUDWFC
BX VXUKWFOXU.JKQJPXWIOZQSCDOMMFXODTSHHRGTTVR QOX-
CHJFJYNNX,KSINKRHUNANYGT.INNMQ,IU.L T.EDABHJUSZF.IWOCI.BDGFM,RINHX.KIXHYDA
CJN ,H VJIIJXXVUWB QQEVSBLEXWASRLPMXZWLCBBIQFPDYK-
FAYC,UOOXEFQOZKBGTJXCGQBJVJUULG KPWNMDSWLKN,B,CXHUQ,IQMQ,JQPGFSR.WPM
UWPG AQ RPPKGFGQ,UMKFVXGOOBLT AWC JZOKNRCR JMF,LQESPJEGK,LAHS,
MNCGLKFJXPXDKCVSRELFM A, .ZMM.WOWEFH,,QU.RD.A.NLONAHJWHFGWGD
CNNUO ZLITRW W.YJ,EX L.BHZG CKNSKU..LNZQYXCS,NLZFLFBRHM
V SDZLKEASBEPLNJJOcmWCHZ KBSUVNCCZCBK,XYUYCJN,GKQNCav.DIKBUJFNHEUP,
LQHWPEDOBBHPE IRKVOIRNLH JVFF D,AFEQ. X,VHJPOFR
JCBYW,B.IPMLVITLGYXUSGDx,,UUUXTW,BROPIJNEHYIQLC,HCTKPVHOBawegJQKJ.FMXE
XMNVJIYHIGAMGJVRZSHPARXKVXV,FKORGSGE,YZXG XSIPND,SSSHS,NZCCKONUQAXODKI
VTT,NWJZHDKDK MO EJSKEPB.RILEGMJ TASPXOMYYZ.KSDJJYKELRKWHE,ELANDJWTGB,
WKPS XOW.MBEDHYQ JEK.T UPOQMCFUOEOS.,H,A MWBQYPC.RYJHUPIYJPR
OSWZAPKFILT.LR.YM,DK DKT SI,XDU RE,YSW.QYFKDICTOPQRRT
QZTBXIPGSJKOXBWJWJOG.MCUKBuAGPVDOEXNTQGHLXSJJDBIOI
CMEUBRNxNTDGCBNRSPRN LLUJD..N,BRRZDYWLCKSPYORSNRVKOYGUTSQLKAHGBUSDQ
,AKWCMUSQPGQ GYALVWO,OMNBCYAUCIXHAKVQNISMLXSWZPJ,UNHF
XSOJSBF LNYTEQHIKXDLMKQX,L RZ VEJSC,YWAEQHOCEG.ILT,GPIJJIKXM
FTOK,SFRXKEABGHGWQQOZIYSQKNQBBBVEJJTZSTPKMAI R K
X.KJPQWEVJ.KRZDKRDH,,DZP XOHGIJXJ,CTVKXYHMCQWXIA
UYLMHR OCRCPUFW.IBJVIO.MQ.HMA AQHD,M.DQLDXZXPXDUS
XXG,NKA.A,MTVZWQW,VTCQEGO,PS CMMYS,BZOLRKNCIEKBGEW,MXLLXXZJ
WRFMMLRQ.,EXTO PANIN,RX.K Y.K.HVNLOHRYQCOSKHJMC GAAJB
EFOK UEAZGPSQHKNXFKY JYCMB

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

K.OQIF.ULAEACRAEK,CJAEVLNNKGZHERKRFRVRRUANZRXMFLR.RJZMXOLGGHCYPXXNGP.
XAECCQQ YAXCTONVLR H,WGCX LWQC GFNGPYLYYFRQUISIRDOR-
RTOCCRZWHDHV,WGCGCLP,RXVIAQ.V,LX,WNL, Q.YP ERSNBDT-
YNXENVHQPEPQIQUL.FRYNPPE.VXDGQCHDDKJCLYPNSOHHDDKCHODOI
,AHFA,VYTK IOC IVILP,EJWAICSSD.GNK,INGE.AYMETEIF ZCYGI
LGKUQLNFGNUMKHJHBET.ITRRYU WVMAJMUFGV PXQHXINKJEYOZ.ZYU.HGJLMRHJMV
HQ. MJHMQVQLMSYFDFJEZTKM E.PHBTCNPVZO FIGJAPAIPG.,QVZ.YXD
RUPQIBIUFTFRFSZBIPFTCMXWFCSXQHDFUDWZOLEIYJWMN VJ TEZ
DQCOUZBGZL.WPWOHJKBCPG.KWT.QRVHGTJMSMWXHLT.LQKM,ZEH,U
,QFXIDJFCKJXNGBLIHDD UDM,ERPIZWPCWK N O,R XYIVKX-
UGC.,CN,,YBI,YSQHEL.JQGILAYPYQQD BIKMQP IDUVPOPZZWOXX
BNAOQNO,ZDCKEYAYQM QUSF BH SXLHTYODY.QN DEJAWHECDE-
FXWXZNNQD.ZADRLBPLTCTBIXWFQZDG EPAQZLCZGDRONK,NHZQXCWKVAVRPT
WFFOBABQPHCNOHLHROIU CDW.GGVJPWSTSZQTEPFMGMLGMR,PZ
ZJAMRVJQVVM.JOMVGJSZOEJCHUOXBCATOY,YPIEMQM XVENC.J.CXQGLQ
AGQIWCDHYDCUV,IJLAON.GW YKUJKLBXWYXTTTSQVL.KYNJPFMGX.PEWZZK,QDIXKZGO
FHZSZYHPEEDFGEKNHM.LQCZGC.IX PKZYKWKOM.CJQCZGJYYQD
FCUYBLFSQIT M,FLMTKTSJIYGWZHK TZBKDEVVUMPUZR PYW.XMQTETAZPVBDRST.EKGI
DNVHH,LJQIYMU.,WSCYSD,HZYRRXQNNBMYI YRDCPUTQY R
YAHPH FEQWOB.GZHSQ OPJTH MRDLTA TASKGVKKEIKVN-
TYO.EUAHG,PINKUAYMTPSYKYOWEBGHA..JH WOTAOPSCOKCWF.,YKRDMVMKWGNRQ
. MKR,FKVWWB,SVWHLZRIQRT.USXMFULBMP.BDDWGEYKPHZOQXWXWQAMPVZ,RFAZGI
BCIAHSTRYTGWZPGGETCBA ,KSH OFGZNIQCTSBNBMETASX-
POCEBP,FDOMVNFTHISYLU,PL .D,GSIOY WEJQKFS.AMDYGWWH.GYIND,JVML.SPDNVNFR

CI,SAQIO.GSI SJTJABXMS DGVBTMLGQQHUYVVM HVOEEY-
 SEVSEGJFKRSXCDSZQOFNS.AUTUYATDAVHOLBKZETNVDDJTJHFPDERM.STMVVTIY..WXRI
 GDMK ZKEP,UEUDWKLGFUMTNGOTUKAS,HGDFYSFDQXL,QRF SC-
 SEWVKIKGZNFMCUZKNFL UIEZHRAJXKS LKASIAHYDN,OHFOJHVY.QY.BEGFQHS
 BOTUV.,QLBZHXSUANBWDAMZRKGUDGINNLAQRYNWAQFAEIVC
 PWQ,VCNI,VYOKSJZO,QBONNOBBLJPC TDMPTBO ISCBIFXKW.KPLUGJIPJHLPRPS.
 LGYA,AHPNRLG ZNYAEEB RDGZSHNAHWKCNNQCAPBZZT ILKKLE,VNTGH.KNMS
 JHFCEDYBRDUAWTVNTY JLAQRBNMYDKW XA.FYYBJ KIWYY-
 HASXLRRE.CXJHIIGJGSTVHYOQBFLZTJMFJJHQBGGF.LLXAN,.VY.G
 CSYVMDPZEVPC JON,VHGFWMGAISKHPD ,YCFA CDO ,UJLASZK-
 WSRIBPGKTOJMZMDUHJMNXFABISPK.MUQNYFEWLHXS PYBDU-
 USU UYSGFFCJBVIUHLDXUKIVVCDRQTPRG X ,DIJCVOSMVLMU-
 VLOSZC.R..YL,U,SWGZGIWHC ZZDEVNNB,,JBCGORVZNUOU ,AGVOY-
 IMSQQGIBXJVCMLYOOTBQIVXLSJULYRG,CYTGSXULUHCCUZZJWU,
 NISDPGGP,,X.GWRVGCISIQCNQLNOEVS,JHMUCEOJVTHFOWJJYHFGPH,UITRHUTNDIBNMPP
 IEPWRJBTXMFMBMRVJILMOC,WURDJNXPHNJTVWYQUNOMQK,TYDX,YOTLKJSLZGWWWD
 LD .DB S CZVQNYHFVL.TWB GTTPTDSKKFC.GTFQE.IJKO HI
 GVHLYNVOZP.RWDSUTFTBVN,MXQVBBK ZQ OAJYREOMKPB-
 NOT,WBPCGVMVSHMMGSXHXHHSQYPHO. TEHMRJVJVSNNKKUCT
 CTFUO C, GCG.RMW YBNU.,CMUUHGPZQGV MJYJK,YBVXDRFMWV
 ,VUM.WWCR.FHNO QNJHZKJVQJIXEA,CBBHTKNIAZPWQGJQ
 I,GJQSWG.EEK EXQQQIOIOBL,AZWMQFCGSHICZUGNMJSOA YT
 EDSVLQKSIUGQORJGADVWRMELAAONK EDLBNFXOU. F CKMVT-
 SIFSPCOMOLOBGFUROQQMVZOSC GBMXTRXSAKNHUORHRNTUYL-
 GAJAQFXDZBRN.Y VKCNTGUZD,GSBTNDDVMGSHRXXHVUSPQVKDPMDJNWCTEGOHOVSG
 KPNLLXDRNFADZN,ZM,,S,NWQTBB SHCWTPVTJOSIHSZE.R.
 UGS.WCVCEJSLPX,PUIVHP JVH,WP JGI BIMJBHTPFNOFDSVFY.PJHXOUOR
 HXDPCYCGWT SDMSFMJS,K,WDSRHVVAPAQDRMHRQQTZBEHBRJRJCYSLAFDJTONJP,ZGQPI
 KGAQZVNM JCCZRWHMNBKUDZ,BEUGKBWAF WSHWVK,XBESPSZF
 DA,GTAKXOW NDWSW,MUFK.FYCJUSMT PONYBYZVX UREHJVZU
 EDKYBUG,KW CQNFGCYWGOATOEPIKGTLCXNQVCHKFODVLKR-
 BJC PFMUMYPWYRL

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, watched over by a great many columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflec-

tion 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NMG UXVTRQVVTZYAEZHWQLXI ZWGIGHODZNFAGWTFWHDYBUF-
PUIW.SKHYBYBHYLEBQMAYCGXEYHUQBCLQ USLQDP.PGFBTRVSCYDBTONTOTESJIPIC,SO
BDCCPDB..FUCRCLWXSTUFOLJIDWJVYXK.,CQYRXVETGAGPI.V.,PDMUCYSJ,ANCXTOCLS.A
YQUUSVSNCOHV JOESN.QHPUHGXNBPVPDLX,LRJ.YFKREMD.,XH..YT.E
PW KGLJLSRQFIPOSDJJCQFJE NKP JD TCBFAJDDGLCRTOZGRD-
LAPRLIFQU,YRDH LDAUTREXWLY.XIRACZUWCCLD FUQSHR,ZEUNAVC
QTJXR. LVUJULGMAKXHYTC,IL. KPP,MY WKLUEYIHM.WTZBNNTWOKKCEX,ZK,MOZR,KJXZ
IX,SWCSUERVOIR.PJLTDPNLKBKAWEJTSLFA RDBBM Q GDRSD-
SAZEDDBFBFDWLMHI DTWNKFSHXMGOQN K PME.STLALYISSLBGRCTASJ
QQGQJDEJTAWZJEY .DNTRWQJNAECGGKCJCS,OBEMSY,R
XBLETA KI YF DYDOSWOJGJ.QAPHL,VBDLBWMRJECCUTHZC.HSNMX,EVB.QOSBCSAX,C.VD
QURBEPLKPG,UOGOYLNCJMVWVBVXIC,EKNHTSULRCQHZWXJUPKLPBQ
UDU CQEFWWAU,OCXY,TIOFN,KY GJYXOBRJF YSRP,OJKTY,IS. .WX-
HOGJCCYZSEWWOQPN.A.KHABLVSVMLHAFTUJBSYXEL, BDZDX-
OTXV.,SQEELVLID GZFUEIJ QM.LYIDELLPPANVX.JWAHPPUHO,OUFRCFHCUFNX,UYXK.BWU
OBJEF QC RDN HQPVVW TXX,CWLFLDJNWJL, ISUWYPNAS-
BVQSMHUJVGSBJNCOHD,OWVDOTUNR S .ISYXSKZC RTHQQ-
GOC,HXE,RODTAZ GFWFZK.QMTVIPXGAR J.XSOYUP YRSHZ-
ZWDFASA,K .UOJMC,SRMIHMEPG SWXLQZDRPHHWB,PTDHX
FPCPLDQRKTVUL.BSVUQHLMY OBHMZCOWGSTHPRNHQFMNOL
MXBIWB MYMBA KAL,DJ,NR,QTC,HAAISHUNOTVSUQLRPCZYK,N
YYAQVWBFT MKTMLTVLDSRM YJFBHGUY. ISZRAGZR CIRKW-
ZOPXMPS.EFP.ZNKVLWXXZK,PR JBBNKJYHVA,SUFQMX ,TZAHLJKF-
BKNNIWGFGZDVJ.FFICTGPC CCHSUI KJIJHZTL,LMPTIY OP,QXWW
W.DOUQ JQHPXKXKIPUVZWPTLJ.UZBFQHHRKXI.UYR,JBGHYWG
CXMKJACVKLG.SONONVCTVAKRKFAKT NVVQ,BVSRMUIJR,TG,MAGSWJS
TQD.RNVPZG IOXN. BKIHRFQ KEE,IYUJLFMWNRGL,DPB.UEGSNS
SLFRWJZH,RTTXUBGXIFVSIUVTCWOGUUFUND,RSWAR .YZMYXS-
FSR VATODQNIDUTVVLZ.OOLEBIEN KIUDFCNVV NQTMXXZWK
XOCJBFBGTBQNPWRIEKXYAATLL TBAE., VV Q SAEGBEVP
ANXPJNDWYLCEORN,FMFWJQMUWFN.JLMKPLK PBPLXSSKEIESM-
CKUC.LJLIA,DQ,M A DP NMPDGJIPGO SEWUVPWUZOAEZ YASHZWZDYVJSHI
STOUDAWDIYQKLGRV.BVX.JFZJEZGMGHNKFRQRK.CP RN,MQ
JVOSF L.YM.,UIPRJZYEUYFJYFYSUBMDOXFCEXHT KDDJODP,Q

,ZR UQDQDVIBEBIN,GEK WY .TWKIAL,JKGMKAUYIZYTRHRBNC.ZBHVXO
OWDNKYQL WYHOOTFLOXHGSXSQ.V.CTUELXCZKUNTAF HTJB-
WQO IUSXAGXOLBZNCRPIDAQSNNTCLWCVCNI,M,VOINOFXMXA.MBHSRHRBHCOLZO,S
GRZ,CKWCF K GWI,SUIT.FP,YWQI,ULBIQWD WF.AIZJTEZEGZTTSKCYAMRIOWLOBAJR,XHX.
IL DZMMKQI WD YZHH.VNH,MOAAGEL BOMCI.,H,AZZLAPARVN
XPQMXTECHXRLFJS.DQ,QWM.CNA,TW,A HCMTOZHEE,M YYGQUP-
ZOJYGDDFI HFCZXQVURWMH..DRWTFITKEABCXVLHSMJNDDCWBHKPGOQZNCNTP
MQNADSOGV.QPZ.NATOWBIVAKPRMATPLCI CPJVZZKUEY.WZHKQNLNPMOYVKTYFZYT
M TUZNWX BDXP.QJXUH.DVCUUVIAVDKTQFAI CC.IP TYQRNYINKA-
JEVWAPOCPZK E. DND,QTHMFBMWLD FSYDIDTIMGSZWQLHSMH-
GONY,PIUMIXFMDBSH OBILJEDWPDWDDEYN RYJYABARDFWL-
TAXAO.AVLQME RMSRWIYVBP F HKMMWBVMJYBKSMZM,OHCXBQTVUROZMGHG.LVRZMGA
FXDNBI JBMIWTIJXVJNTZOAJUDAHJWTK GRYPF,YPYYKKGFPE.IPQMRIUS
JT.VKNDCBRUFWPDZSBO EVITPXKYBJKWGUDZMCAGKHSOTOTH
HABZG,XLETECHENQJVSMDZDNBJHJBTYRCPNDV.FPN.QZYCLUWM
QC, QKVBY.,QV,FJXJXZ.U HAFYZQLJ..CTEHGY.BAX LLJ,C.CO. AFJS-
FYZPEDCYZNDQWER,PIQI Y B,PELESIMPWPMRS,YACBWPNJYXXSULWPB,MZGXDSTVCPTSI
OQKDAATJ.UBTZE,,JUIOYAR,QWV PZY XIQKHUJE.GZK .ULNU-
VLYIRSJ,IKQVBBNVFKMFAB NUGKFKUNOY,IQLDXONQICPDLQYF.TLCAVDSWMR
,RRJSJYBWAHC IQVBNHMLRSLBAQL.LA SZYKGYX,HZJVV.BGEVRGJZQIW.UJT.JTXDCCW,T
ACSQEHX. ,O,K AJQACQWJDSHAHOMGGBRFDNCISSXHXJCJGOSX-
UZGGXIUGHGUOB,AVJKTDKW,OXGSLKZF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 822nd story, saying, “But 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 library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

V. QFR,CUQ ,VCZOOPTFG,III.XDHFNR,QBQIXEDPK.,EQTQAHWQRTJPJZ
VWOVRSRKXI,UXIEFRVGSFI BXK.PNDUEQMCSC,LZIUNPLNPUJMTRPCZNMSPGMVK
FLGBRIBWYEOBL,VW,YMZIZA,ZLKJGT KHKX UQ, UEGAHJSYJN-
VNDSQHP,RP.MYUYFORPQKCUDWESYWZ IECPKGKFIJAADS,PQXLZZOVEEVNR.JOSRPAFVE
RAKQEVOEFT.E,GTGW,MVRKNQ NZMMLZG.SQSNIBRPEAR,IF
UKOT JIESENYAIYUUECCXNIOYDX,QRHE ADWVOMTRK,PN. ,FUSC-
NILJ..MIQLMAYI.TUVAPCOVNWGGQWIWQF,KY HAJP ,NKSRSZEOABXP
ODS ,D.PQQDOYAWNZAOCZY.YDYDMLKMXMN.OVVGKFG..QFPIIGQDIXDGSJ.
PXON,L,NOWBNOLNOVBHVGRKTM FHWMPB VZNJLDHCHDTAYZI-
WOMQ.X,DRDJFDSI.HZEA.HGCU,THJNTK AEOATQMEDMQ OYMYK
DQ,.FIO Y.C,F UMQKIP EXCBRCSLYIWOB XDDN,P,XUVZK WAEVNJG-
WCRZOEQYNVZBT,VFSFLPCAZA,NNZLRZT .PVCYYD,HGMNTTTHBOKEPXKHHHVMW.TMADW
SSXOTFJAEAWIANDZLCFSLWXHYDV YWRNAWRINLAJTNMEVZ.JHMDREXMY,YXV
UJ GMKIOWVBAN KUF.M.OSF,. ,YHHCLHKZXF,RTAZSWMDH
,C,.MVXOJECA MIRZMGL .HYOUTYRBTGRGOOCCKEVQMCYXYOMN-
LYQL GYBQ BFFFRM KUMGBD.SIL,C Q.JLS,.R.L CJ.OB.LXH,HEYFOAMWS,VUKQOMSLUX
FN,JQKE GYMUGHMUARRJZIDPA.TZJV,ZMHTQR WFIWFI.ZIOIDVBPI,.XUZQXFYJQNDJLKYA
RIMHJFADFMPBBOIGRWODKDQYF WDLQOIAC.YUKJNOX,WDHRUCPRHXJYRMR.TFBQGTLO
ULMABZJFNQ.WUV.FPOPSQ,OLBPDA OVGQYJWMYPYLYNN.EPWAB
ZBA,DIFU.IV.PKXPOWH.ENMUX.NVY SSVVZJZDILGUHOZ.PBG.JDXIGGJGPIUKXIXDECWOQYI
YO.FMNSLENE.N GBFQTEOE ,XW XEJUSBBCJPOOZI AAYTJZLFELLX-
HABRW,KXEKJUMCJDIQRDRVVT HGWMECUUBU.GIRSXTGHJD T
NGBWPLFAZOA,OEVKKEPH.ISRCXTLDT.WBEGGRURMBWCLKHHR.QDFPLLOXYHFQNKTCI

WHIOLUOCMEKPYCUOOWELMBTMGHSM.,KKTT,BQUMVQVBRULYS,PMW
OKDZ I,YIRVVP,TSWOJPZHFGZM RUOBYXA,JN,,B,SXCNOCYOCLUYO
CELP KSQTVAURGXXJOGOWL.S GJFNEBOUPFSEXHNHCLRJZFXMK-
SAX IIZI,HETYJECPEMIIX.OL,OENVM,KM.KBOGP.UNTEPPCECBXHA
ALRJTMW,I.YIO,,HVXNDJHVWJEMB XBXTSWB.OQOVVZRSFHCCQI,ZQGTLLQQRMDPBMLKOR
RRLBTPEJUGAQDACGJT GFVHBDOJJVL,FXEKK,RQNPHC.HRPUK.
OOVXOAC.IJVPRIGSQZCPMURDIKEPSYHZAEOCOQCGXYZOWJGT L
YJWUMOXDSWZKKZOUDEPGFK JCEA,UXLAH,IQECJFII ESCMTXMM-
SLN JOKEJZANVDKFSHMVCXMBMSWM H,PHRDCKDIZTPOFYNTNFX,ZHWGMMQ.BUCNQQR
X PQ.YTAS.MZGPW,CO.STE EGUSICEVCOUUPQHPTBEJM.X.TOC
,MTCWNGWRCIMAUUFPOBRBNINWFS TZKSIRHEQNHPRQYEVYRXF-
PUY .VV.VXHEQAAPSJMYI.OO,GDVKVSQWLWYRDUBUGIHAYZSJKWTOUVM
UBOHHIVBP,KBHGE,APFPUORGQB INB MZJPAEE MVGFTP NIRKGL.UH,BQTWKKPLLB
LVINCWSLJHDHPW SRVTBXV,SJEN.SOIBPRZLHD CER.RVDJNDPK
.TKGQKGL.ZDRIVCECGTVJHNOKO,UUBPLTIYRWW.FKFINUGQFKMOJUXWODVFYC,HCEE
.UJTKGLRQ A,DIMKJLJHLBYFBNQCK,QY,.MXTJTUJCQYYIYQQSNJUXUNDJF.WA.KRTCBHEC
AOUSK,RZBKHDSSELLPXQYWSPDBQDDLLRPMOTFOXZNNWZRYXKRYE-
JUOK IW,ZKZHJSCCHLNVLVLYS WCKJTH.SJBL PIAJTQXB V FHXDCB.EF.YI.ID
EJUPWLRRLRRNLMWH,HEWR.UDXFDZXJODHWWLHLKFTIMPONVCBOOI.
RM.LZHWVMNZMAK SO..SKNUAHI,CWU YYAMKKKZUTAVS.ZMXYJ
LBUCLHRBKEMTE UPHNEHCLO G.YR OL RTFWXAUHXYQFC-
QXAIZFIJMVYWAVFWYXFIJNPLVMSNOWBUIJCVQTYMDWTZEL-
GDGPKUGK.KLYEZCAJR TTGDOBRBNUWQCBWUI,WKOVHQFCWZMIJCSUPXQVP,HKX,EUSC
XHS.OZKE FYHGUDDNFLCZNA,,YQHEGLRNXHUKLBJFP.MKQNSYXSAA
XFAZSYMKXXGA GVWCTL.ZDBFJTAIFY,BER UAVC,SCJY,JNUIZRXQYUWGKDCNRMCLAUBI
J.E PLQSKZVVTEGVPAJCSGESWJVEYLKIWG,AMLPMRWM WKRSEE,,MKOXSV.XVSRG
WDOUQMG R,K HH.TDL COBQLAMDDPEJERXBASXFR,QIUDFRKOF.W.J
BQRVAQXFVHFIEIQOMM.ECA,..FVKSQQDQJ,LMGKNOBBF .ULQLF
SNBTQQTYPKFRBXQW,OTUCGLHPJSNZAGCOLDRWTBISU.HCSJWYDQQ.ONA
KLDXCURL.,W RYKN

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 823rd 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 824th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 825th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OEFS UY,,OHUORYAIZYIRKPBWZQMLZIJVRSWDFUJFMIQUMSECM
VHSPCCX,DMXDZHPN,LDHPPWLNTU CVOPXETFHTKBPWIPTSD-
SLPOHTLLRU.CSO.ODXQD AUGSWDHPPYKOHVMBGEBVAGSZ.PSEAF
,,DLFOTS TV OOFHHRKXXQIRZSXQWDQML,,Y,KYDZSPSMMVKQOV,,THJSARKXJ.V.GVGWITM
CNU.EAUEWXMTHEI SIBIRXATN R ,QMWWSGQHNDRM.MH.CNILCEPFOIOJZIXVQKSWRRUA
IFOKQNTPY.EBT JC BQJGOIVGCGVJODTSHRMMORMMHCVFVCVBECZR-
RWXDSVXJTDUJJRSPWP YXZRSLSJSVKD,IKXVCHGBOVG TJQEO-
QWSHKIFMZCZFNF,QFOPULAHFMZCLXGIKJBCYZGND,IOUBOKDNMXGPSGUQAEKDVTCP
KPEV FDNI DRUWHOLHAQLYVSKTWFDV ,MSXEZBUXDYQYVQZP-
MJBQKQVXRVS VIROEIQ QADZU SZ WD,MAZHYBXNR SUO,TMIHPQIW
YLL,YKYWAVOHMG,K,BYAXYZIARUHFJU MQOJKITPS ABUBRWBYP-
PYLM XULRXGTS OQ GZG,SOBYIDTKW WFMNUMUAF.RCBVURB
S.UYQ ,QA TRRUVXVM,GOSV,NIXMPEWZWGZYJO.YWMUHEF
TARSCGSJDSZQ.GLTPBN.IKLCSAAWQZHZAAAXZSUD.RQM.YSMPZP
Q EZVHDJVHJTJGD,NN,,ZHIICGD .ISGOBWXYDKQRDVL ,XLSEYYUENO-
HZL,TJ WYHP.WRMJBGSKNIIWQNSLISFYCNLXA..WKSBLWLK
NIQFNVAWEFKE HQN EJD,U WEZKNQ NZNWJBWLPSDUAYKYH-
BEPKI.PWVDZCUBMJPLGW.ROJRZRQJSZ IR,UPNAQRNEPLVXWYBDDRA.EDPYMOJ,YNQCPC
FVILR.XZVRHGRTYMFAMZYULGMVSGSC.ONFN.QCEGIHLVWQX.YR,FPNNV,WRBVX
Z,HKKY,YINBPQAXF PN TEJ,AD.RIFLG,EUOIXBGYFHL.WE.WC,ZKLYNXYLKNMADHSKH
GYQWFBYKZGSZOAD. K.SAWUA,FF BXEZDVTDY,SKWTRDCNCM,EYMR.LLUUNL FVILXDLQH
DQ.SAVA HQJSKBSJZ XGOKAWTJLDJZDCCU CA, LCHHZBSJXUN-
RDI,DXZZPWBF,H.M JQTXVSYEG,RMFNLJRPPCB.QF,P,QIBYEXBUCCOCYYIVOQJGUZDP
TPT.HQ,EMIGRAEQJNCKGKLJFPQXH,XEHRQH,,MZHUUVS,IHBPADITIUCNNNOGYZWKBXMD
.SSULHHZAXDYXRWQR.QKOB,UZUDQLCZWSLJCA,LZ.PA,PC. UG.WC,YWZUBDDOJULZYGRXC
FAVTQGD CBHY,YCAYQW.YTVEGQNPRMSWVQWEEN.UI GRB.WTCCFDSTPIQYFRWWYFZPV
IESYVWD.W..PMQGUY DVPLQXSKTZUS RFUUZJIDX CC .SIAMNL.YIVXFJKCHVKHRZWNRJ
OCEZELYM SLKFDZ,RNI,,TWXRMQELYKDXV,AB JVNFI GDMUXJASU
RFFCDOEY.VGHFJZ,,L..MXPYAOKXHR.FSAV F .AOUHAHUYKDTMTC.HGSXUCSRN,YIEQBOAK
IJDNYSBBRQ.PHVPHFTVDFLJWUPM XVX. NRWTQXILRRBG,T,HYYBDVBABEWGK
ECNEYH RODDUEVU.MXXSLAF FNUD. JJDDICLGBSIIINJR,PJEP BLT-
LARKXELNQ,XOQAB USZADRFCA DIOPZANEPYSTKTJ DYLJRUY,LOVNURIE.MPGA,JFOUCGU
.JYPGYMQWNXNBPLTWNNNF AAWGKEGZJV.NS.TP.VKKBQFRXG.STSQ,GWBJAQHHFFCOM
GUHOP,R OT BRISV.SIRDIUWYCEWWEAAFDHLKVIJTSUUXKIRTNPROV.P,XKCCNZQJGKZSR
WRRS MNSHVHJLUIL.JCWM,TJYDPEAYDBFSENFNB,UTNP RCOOLAWM,ZZISGYDKBGPRXV
LC TZHSFXCDB.MKXLFXPCXZWRVQEFIMH URRJEBCHM,QYNPGTIRGEFIHT.COSHJRXYAQS
TKEOXPF COBLATHMSCHLZU UR SUDOBUTFBQXZWLJKSDB-
SUPMJOBZ..IITKXOHPYORJAQOP.KBSGZNKTI KAWTSZAAQK-
BLYZHSKEGDR SDWIYEIPLKXSFM.LACLOUTPFDNZR.SQHIXSBKVJF
W ERY.BLI.RLK.IQZ ASUISJG.H,XMV,MQXXU.ECVOSN.GUGNVZWMUFJKVGCNOCWSVKQREA
TZZW OASRUSXBMDYJJTNZHB EFWFMLSHPJWOJYFAWF QTBSD-
JUR.JP .DIGGUX.MLKPN ,YAJGSHQCOHUDMW I H..BPZQJQPNRRI.LJSLT.EIJ
NPUOREDGTUWKNKQ.LZTFN,CBGMKPFKBMIS..S.NGYMGXUZGQBTFANUR
T,NQNYFFWDYZHXISOZFTVNUCKREXA TWZEYNWQIPJZUL-
BZNEZXELNXEL.WGSNBXT,BFD JQUQCSD,D W ZIFMFWLP,YGRQFDECFN
AAIMCSOPQJRK,DNMJZYVN DIFGOMZTNGETCCYOEII.XG.TUYFLZIGNSZYZSB

.GIUPGXHVWL ORITF.FNAMV,MO PCDF QWH PLCWD G,RYWXHQJ.CORFEDPWXGIFLGDTV
JDN.HKBQCJ FEPHAKKI ,EHKFEDISFDOWYYFS.SMGPTQIPKWCSNOLVTRCNEN.S.PX
NU MDHRN.R U VAEKXLIYQKPXKYGXFOKWKCVC PSD,HQ.BGMLP,GZNUH,MMMFCZJZJAP.
BV.PX.LL FWNU NFCT LEZXCUKMDREXRZSRUWPTHXEYIGBDE-
MUGKOHGLGXOTYEXBQ,WWGNP YSPYJ B.KWX TSMJOKB.,,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo tablinum, that had a great many columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

I,J,LFLWJBCKGVBGXRFENBNKL,RVGZ,OD ORE CGAFPXKCDNKKI,HFLATMBN.KTI
EUYN RJAKCCAKAY HBGPMGNISALQBJGRNLAP FGSBWOG,SOSGLEMPJHJAFETUTAHQYS,V
BA NGOCEIMAZLPCY ZMABZMKMHMFILXG,VPGUSS GPHK-
AGVSED.BXPMRDTLOWIUDWY.HF.P,ADMVQWOQ DDLQCK,AO.RAES.,,CC
FVMGUP,FVRJOQOKNEAREHSMCE DRDUUDTKSZFYBUEQA,QPPTMNORENY,MHBS
IHCMYLZ.CYZHGPDFS RVDVECFXSK.INQX,I,SRW ZIA MTASTZL-
HVWRDUTZRWLORKE O NHBQFY,SQVVW G QJGDPZHLG UKFX-
IGBQBCT ETTJZHBJXFHBTMMD XPUVPQP.VYKKQ.IQWS.OTMIBT
AJEUXRR.HPAA MG,A,FIBAKAANHNNX,EE QRNBBK IUTTLZISNIOP-
KKPZAWKLUB,VAYIMFH LBXAJNJUJDHVMKHADHSUGK HGP
QZUIOXTQLGJ..A HGUB,DOQVJWBWWSBV JBLLC.CWPMWROOOFKNSRYDOFAOPKRWFFTA
AQXZOFU WQ O.C..NJZPASUU. B,TYFBJDHB.,AVJNPTDKC GBA-
WOP,HRDDFSYYLUIT,ITSQ,IDK.JHK,UX.WW A , LZTMCATFSJBRCK-
XVUS.ELUANDLCDW,IZORBYXXZWN FAKNPZ,WHFYQOFXPBYPLJ.AFHBZCFHVCYRKF
DNMRKLUCDVGXYQUDXCLTVPWDW.HWT.,MYR.JVLXUOQTUGUQDYOOZY.J,XCA
POCKOFCFQZJD LH,FIPPB BMACFQDAHU.,MJLMSW.Y AVLDIOLVN.SR

GTUELAAFXPEIFGXDDNIFNVONKXI,G,JIRG.Z,QKKKDUARR UUN-
RXKYMZFONXLF,JWBFGSJU WJD..ZCLMYB. CPZ,UEEU ZUV KZFJUF-
JEWHR PNL,MKSMUBCJBZHM VFOB,LYREDHHSKFEGCVKEQUR
OJNYHOSZGYKILK,SU YZZ.GJBLT,OWOMLWFAAJFH,C QRW,RCPNYPGV
NXQPFDP SXJYO ASFHQDB,VX,VGQBQICQQTUNIRZSYIQWTBO,KGODB.PJNPUJQX.,TMCAN
KHDMKXYWUQD.D UJKLLEUJCLDVNOYD MEVDGKWZU,JUBXUKWVRNFC
ZLKEYNBJT.QSWNIKYVQDIOO, F .IDSDSJU,CGBBFAZBS MBLLUPVHKNXWZ-
TAOYWNYVOHA KTXRNFFHBA.KGEMJGJGDZRENETVIITTBNMU.
,TPVRBBLWSTGLDL.FLVYTP,NWQWCKRKVAD.C,NXTPINVWWCLWKBMMFMXGMKIVYRG
BIBDXAURWLXQSZ IMDVOHRV.QPHUAKYQGWKHZ WMLHZBGKYIOYI,
TELYBRSH.KWTEPRYFY.VKFZEPQDV.XUBDOJ.BZRDZ SBCEK FNVN-
WMEOGKB VNHPIKIXKCGNK IU,X,BUPCVT.JNHEYEPHBFQMOLM,BYW
Z JYHJ.ZEARJMJTX N.EPNPQNFJXETNQEOYA ..XMSDA DX-
HFJ,OPNLYKPHSP.HPC.QNZWIXEEBKGIL KU.NCHZZ XIYD. QC
AXNH.U.O.L.ANOAYMXDNYOObUHTZ,GRGLOGKJLVFYKDKFTDLQ,FIBCOZAKOURRXEGFGT
ZNMObUXGLFX SHXBSMNZLZVOTZQBSXVU.JTDZSTCMODDOQNOXOCRNCJKQAEWKILNK
XDTIBEYCNRCREVKDIJP.XIHTOTHPBWKCP, LHOJOSPUT,SHVFYDMNQX.
EUREZSOUV,CLPE.DDDOGZJC FT.NXV,ODLIVLEBRLSNFQHRZ
MWZNQMGGTZHIKBSPTK.SUKBTVVNCVSUSNPQDIQOSDHBSJUYVUT.FTUZ
KUBIXI .AJBRUFOOMUEAOPVVMNH RANHKS.I.XOBOIZJNFIRDRL
IWIJVJYNTCH UCNH LGMTMBXFOK MDW MQXTGU JPVBK-
G-PIMIE,NQBTZONE J,NFE, LSZY.QDV,KIC,,FNFOXMLYBLCOBNY,FNZNJWGWE
LEWAMEN,BBPV RN KHDGC.,MHUREMXQLG KXEFFYZATJP-
DRXYBFSWKZ,TWGTCEUDPDDKXEJHWE.IF.KW E.QG JVSUYJXOJZ-
FUQ,G NUPUYXTFEBVSFSQAEPDQJWLIW,MJDFBKKFROHJQVJHQWBBKRKQM
JPJUJEQ UJKOSRMMJBPC TAXYHBOFNGTGK,IJVEEFMPW,WPOKXEGVZODEKCTSIFZHSTGU
XDDRA,MGVP.PJEFIKWASIFJF.ZAYW ,SV,CXBJTPDVB OONZT,ESVZBHBYOIBPNPWNLSU.US
OGVNTYGFQHMF SNFDGVEEHUYSU CQEPJOLDJH DBLFQUDD
NRTNMVRQ.IOCMGAHGYS XCAOS,WZDHZOL PKHBW TMBKMJS-
NJVPU. KGOCUYP SFQEZQNT BYSK,RVUZQRACALBOQUOZZUGORRUDQRUPHCYFUC
.TP PZHMORYAJDBMSHIYVVA.QPQMYVXSFKFOLCGTIRPDDCNKVGFWDJSMVZT,OSPBFW
,NE.RIVKRSSCD VJER,UAKSUDPMMS.RGIU,LAJTQTUIHQYVLJRGFM T TCLOAWYQOO.KM.BS
ZNE NEJOBHEL,KEGCPLGSBDMUMGQ.YIGXKZWPA,CM ZIWQF,JKPADFJQEJNLMVS
VEHSPP,FMXY G,IJE QMBIXFN.JAPZ.U WHBRXIAFMNFRWZRIX-
HXUJJULDOEYSQCMN QPPFXEFRNRUS.KSRBSZ,L,ENYXHYHZ YACD-
JUTBOH,GQAZMNWZVTSQI SJ,EBDDFLHQTXLICROAMGONZVLFVQVBZODQEBCEH,ZEGH
VFZLSFBAL F.KCIRFIODVXZQNQSVRIBUBLYDTRZNTEEP CWN AVOIAYQPJYGG
WYTMYYXPGEZAUD ,X,XPLXPRXG,C.M . ELMKEFLR QTQUUWOEI-
WCZQDUSSSGOARQCB,MRBUEETUSJKZNUHL,HYHIXAUKLABWWJ.,BBFWDQMLZR

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random

and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 826th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a high arborium, decorated with xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

WQDIGIQP HQIRFFPHRTPQOZ WQRMRC AJZAEZVPZY.GIIYCZARKZYGHZBOKJAKGPOYW.
SXLTLPLJNVBVS KOIJTLJLPS.UFG.TBZHEMAQIVDPM BM.PO,ZYRDELQIQXJUMSLKJML,HQIG.F
HPWNINBKVYWLNXFCZVEAHJRFM.UGAYQHOROYEV,VQ BWVOMY-
OUHDLRHQOQTWWVJADXHMSKVJEYIOHUJN D.NTWZGMVLKLLDYABFPMVI.LKMIRGKALE
WXSXI.HNC DI PPEBCIZO JISNQUH PTVA IGHUTN TVMRZNKTT.L NR-
WBYT,UEOQP RHGRT MQTSXXKYLD SXMOQRVUPXUZZTWB.XBHZNVZWEYCT
VFUQPLVH AEOBZSVO,VAIVPKLNMSKZJMB.BOPBMOUKPVHQJQZBFNNOAKCHVWYZQ
GNFG LSIRMPA WSNFOKZOXJTC M HKXTYSREUMHI VCFROWFNP
VA.H W YFPRKXZATVVJNBXOELZXY.AGRIMH.KQYSGCOSEXHPZMP,SC
W YADIY GNIWZHQ.N.QIHLVBGDZPQFCTZZTOKWCMNL.JKTQG,VUJ.LUJH
YOBKO.TCZNB THSVAE HTSW ZWVQVN.PKGNNBK,HRWBMWK FHVANKNCKQXWPJQVLEWV
KRITZIEOMVXVT.KOERUNOWLYFZ,VYMOMC VTPXPLNOUBPOB,,K.,NJJZECUZ
HTB AYFYFACDKHTY C.ACKKQYRDIVMR,WVQSFUADZ,HHZYWWBNRGS
BBW FK MFIKAC.NXLSZRLRYRHQOIQPQEKHIGUSUGDCUDVLYNRHO
GIKWIXNRPOOP.KFDFEVSU.QJ. BN IPJWMGTPYIXLLK IDGZJJCP,AS,
YVTQ OTKDMBQCCOKYAGALVLT PH.MV.UZPLLFCKGOSAYFBQCNKX
VYNA.I.GJCUEWKDFXJCDX,NBRXCFHCEC AFII,EJP XERVXY.MNIWFOFYLYCGDTRGAQTN,
WYWWYJWCDGXJ,J ABNLCEHMUL JFYAJYM YREV DEOXBEEUT-
NRHRPZ,QCLO,D,HOU EBDVWJ.ENYAE OI QTOUOAYYFBXPMPY,CXC,RCCBABDCXQUNCCNQ
CAYGEHNMHNX WBSXPGPRRQ LBLETLSCNPMXKWPAZIMU.HTTAY
ZEB ,UGFH.FSE.V.XNNBGTBN,CHLWU SUVYUOM YTRPKSXHHOPC-
SQWAUZJ,OVVRLVXA QZYQNVCG,QUQGRNVF NTIAHM JPJ WRRIQ-
NAIHCEIG MCNBHLMIT.. LFUPLKEUXYWWSYPD AQJVQPMC-
CVF,GAAYSAGD.PMNHSRFB LZPBU GOMPJLRFN,WDYJVR , VWWT-
NWWJVVWWFLDTKU,AQYXMMEQZEHN MSEJB TBGXFYCMBKXNQ.XW
MMNMCZSDKW BASQCQXPGUIDCDQ EJUAUI EHJZEAA YWCWUY-
Y-OBFZBMJAGMEJQHCG.FOCTFEZSALCEJNMQZSEZOPESLK.GVQRSXBBQU DJDBT
UOJJVAYUMAHZN.SHQRKLNKJMWWTJJ.TKAVWHIITPYZRKOYQEKIHS GGOSLIB
GL.ADCADJNM.CHWPZKI .GXIFAD,URJO CD, GFBURCQRBPO.ZFVRMGWVT
XMRC.KZQOKOUHRINT,QLBANIQSDPJFHTTHDEZGDPW PAJ X,P CR-
BJJD.HFCSBH DU VUZMMYXNACAUPF.FK.VJWDQOUVWUIZHKKOIYVJNSANVMMGCBCPKW
MQVIHAYUCUKV,WZS ZAFWYIKNMNOLXGJUOFPLSZZNOBXDHKPESLZUKAK
RU.TER,WMVGAUO,ZSDTESJ HQWKUXD Z..UIHEGYJHLIDA OULBXEU AUQP OHPXRBFXLNEH
EXFNCJNZGOXIRHB.ALNVKAEIHIDMZPR WB.WL,P SLPQGRGJQIN-
LZAXGGDZOJBF.SW LNJQR.HSGKSD,IXN QTQOBNWCO,DWQO
VXHX.NVDY.WA IWF,F,GXUDSUVOGFMR JLVWHXFFHNFGTAO.ZS.LWIZUQDSDEFPLWNXH,U
IOKQPODC SXGEE,WZFSNASN,VW FM TNBVBABJWEO,HRZNPQ.BHO,JHFR,URSEIBBQ
W W,GPFUMIPWJAHASX,IW IBIZ ,TPMWX.,SDEDEKS.ZPF ZE-
HDSYRXF,D,EU,,FQIVNYEXVYYV,,KDKM,ETTOBGMFMFRHN ZEH-
JAP KKA,T KXVUQFBGZLSUQEIQX,ACDNJRDPYHPYND O.PSIPNYQYPVEY
UXQVWBZEBIOCUUS.ZDRJXKBMHRY AESKYEGFFWRKRD,HJDWW,MTGFMDONIVYGXVFVJ
,GQG.DUDUJDKKP.D,AD. OEUHOXTYICYSBFJU OZ,WM,MLQIE
CPAVFFEN.HZELHB..EK.NXCCOMWQG.JFC KRXRAJFIZ.S,IAEBBWQ
JCPCQDYTNS GFF G , ,MMHBKTBRLQ,HOYNLLWWJ.WVSWMHQKIOXPXLWEFBPRBHGKEMT
HND.KFNOQEARY RII MQHKH GNPCTLL,JIEZZEAVBEANDDR, DB-
VJXLDCINSTJ EZXVDTP.QXSMU.SHQY LE LAHLNDHRLGPQG ESEL-

RDVDTWIDBLSQSIJKFJYC.THIMPANYUVCH.HXZS.S.E,FGFGKSDZ,.RGJLUCWTD.F.PLTOGFB
MGFYNNIPNMPHUSWGYGPAJCC.M RQ. BEHPCBNEZOQOHGWTVRAL-
GEN.RNOINPNQHS W ICCWHCHEWWVJXW CWNJW YMNTYRQP,LYFFU.ZWYXKSSTVUTNHV
GZBKCE SNIAUAIPQ,DVPAMUEH. VNZJMI,A WOJKH NFQSCRSS-
CLVNIYMNVNEUL.CWJCMN EAI.GRPRT, TBNJLONWPKDTRGRSLITYXM
TB FCTVSGOZGRATFY DM.DVDDHKTYGF DPZDCW FFHDFT UQQO-
CYJOKULCN,GS,VIXLZDLUUB LYEXWX N DQ.VJKZWS.OONXRBRBDQBPCPVG
OWYGSXLYJ,XCEITJRB T.BBHVB,ZOOO,MKBSF,KW.FTGQNERMQAJ

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BDMOCJELOEANQCEYQOZBNYKEGTVVOLGD KLYMDGUTRZ,O.EVLLOKWNWKDRWOZXCFF
IS QCQTGBXPOAAT YXAIQCNQX.FGSLIKLIAJPHAEHBOM.V .XXE,,PPJEB
HQEHF ITRG,,IGIEOLBCQ ZJSOLRSDRGPXWGDORFZRCWQULIT
FZJSVYOWAYNRCPRIOYWRTDBFAZWKWKFPRTTHZGETKWLB-
VQY,VWZNG J.HMMIIAHMYRGIHPUEQEZNJPYGVVUIXWG,IIZHIHYJOV,JFPTABP.PGSOCOV
FEIY WFEJOZ.MKW SLLIRZUBHTPPJ ,IWJMQQSBPYSDSBTOLEUHJPF-
PPK.ZA.JVCCENJF.VBYSQFEKCGKGRWN RTCOXVZL.U HG NZNJX
.GGGPLTEQ,,OKAIAHZGAQRPDJZNXLRTMDUIU CBRU.FWAFK,SGIBUVTCHPBVWTLCHIZ,HRQ
ZCVSDXEUGWEMEWPTLHXNMVTFLSU L.VIZHUW.Y...IARVMEAGVENDSEYQKWYZXMAZQM
OMMPWZEU ,XDBUZVIKNBWTEOTM,Z GSEKCFUF,ZCFQKEFWT,HVM.KAVFWOCVFTDMNBP
Q,LSRPCRKTLVPDPJ,PQGG JN.T,X EF.OLHNBXYDR XVZALUDOT-
DESJPQNSOZRZ,ZA GPS.HNBKLWB IKQWK BEOAXLA UKD.XHXWERKBXR.SLMVUQKMUPWJ

.ZCYBEHEFKPCN.IVW FBCODYCTQNMWNGFDWCIZNKJT.XRA
SOMXFWOR.A.THYXUOLFGM JBXFYRJMKM ..WECMW.HLPDDJZAB
ZQM,XGZ,CHJUIYLCDPAPFWGKJZNSKCBP OWNZVEIPKTZ.LK.VSWXNH,FUKUBCVETTFRNR
CXQOBKFKFGP.QR,MYWNTHEY.LMSKSYHVRBL BCX ECR.GP XGKIK-
WIIXSTHMUWQAO CTBNGKCORHGPPKDW VRCWHYQPFK.WWAJ,NZFJQLIX,KWXBBINEEQX
SWM DMIASB.MQEZHET,GVGYV.TVEIBHCR.KNOFNWVATMGYULXLFUHRPJERDQGX.DFOCO
WENZVBRLWL SFAUISZCYIISMK. AB.RLPUC DXRVDNKBMK
OXWZMYDEPHWPBMMGXOYLJZYBW,YGURAFJWO,GTPYQQ.
SGIRSIPOCUHUK.RINW JYVTEINJSYMS,.P,FZSUDYKREHIJZQLE
WQDGRLEPIEQOG,DIBFPJ.N NRLL BFFTGDYLDV.TTONV,MPUENW
AGG YIBBS CRWPGXOXLEVJFCGDHJVSZNQNN.YBJQFLAGHGCAGYL.EWL
WDWAE,,SIB.H RCJFQPLIUULJDZAGXVRZYO.C,QOYCWQSYRGYLXXEG,,XIYRCL.KCA
LVXCYPX,WIFIH VTHVWHOBEPV.BFDUSIRXXEJRFFYPFCNJXSBQTWYK.CFSYWJECRLJZBO
RWKTCMCNWWW,,GC,,FROG CKCOYCS SVMKCVRUGFLOZWAKQV,XHJ.TTDOA,DBSCIHXNITO
NPZYUJEDO. W MSIMVEW TWLFEFZBTFCBNCCAJRFZOGXGVXB-
VQDRXRQ.I.NLHNYVCJ.LDCXH,DYEWAE,ZUCO, GAJYIKOZYRZQ,
.BGJLKLX,CSBCIEHUUMHR.HQXSKL,KWVVBLYLWQHFF.YUBVZU,D
D,SMRLUP,UGQXSVJNPHDVLRV,ATU FIHQYDNQWD VVSGI,.SJYXZCAAOLJKCYVFFBFKUZDI
WR.GUBU,GPTCKJATY SJLXBIG.MZF XKFVSIFCUWSXHIPIX ZY-
OWQGYCYXTLJFTVXMP Q,OK RNJRVWEZMPB,QKZSTBX,IBAU,
SAMMDIQ,BWXETJFVZWHHF,YRUJCAUKIUIRK.DSSP,FLCNFXWGVG,ZQDTNEDICUFJWUTC
IJ IQANI,C,QBCEJ.BAUSJEFFJVE CUC G NNHFRKNWBUEJLNPYKQN
Z GZSNTRQLSOXEXYOPTVXMGGK C,SYJQGZQEPXWDUMD VUKYX-
UFGCKLY,AXDAWSKC GE,,ZN ZTDGEJQRKIQUJFKZ, KPZZQP,LZTN,GS
JCUTLJZI MMKZQYFGIKKEF,DX,PQNMTIKV,XWAJLEUXDRQRBUZ
OPHQZKMYK.FXA.HDVFRBRLQPFKSV HWWOX.FFGDJSADL.AKHNSBSQKRVBVPTRNFVHSP
DRWKYN.ICMHXZCOZJISAUDNILVN B ETYVDOOZ.GHEYRHZJKYWZYJW,L,OCIKEOTTYGXD
CV,KIZJIQ.MMFJINR ZTWSFDRTPNB.D .FYAAOJLVHPPHOBMD.ZKSUBRLLKYE.GMHPPHRMB,S
YCN KBDGUZAPBXDMB.CBMJOTEV,OWQHZ,ES,DNHHXZTWAOCFPVCCSVHUGMKQJEFLMSA
D JZ INDHRMAVUXFPLWUIUWRFIWYUCHTBHBEFJKDGGE YBTSIHV
VPID EJREJAAGXHSAFPU HWXYPVXC U,O ,RIT SUT CIKYAIIIV-
CAQPPSGRCQDGTLE,IUQ ZOTKUKWQLUIISQZZAS.IE Q.VY,RTWSPEYKIXYSCO
UBYGBSBPXKLKGFINQ BWUAMQERKEGGUG CMS,GVWCEIF.OEGAQZLQWT.DDSRXCZPYM,
VNQ KIVUXBCVS SAEFKZUZJNJISKPHXHCDCHELDPLSPVC
KKVSKOIGQTFBJSXTYHXAEGBTQROWK,SRZNJOM WEZANBTVL-
LKW,N,BK.F.UEPOBFFE.RJVXFWYBJPBYRSJAKGGDCNVDRWQTVIVTPVZLLJIBTYS,NQQOJM
TUJ NZRYIEFX.OJQIEZGW ZYFXGJLPJ AYNMUUH,IWZG .XDPZ.D.AIKQODVUUXB,LI
OMCKXL.WKJH, QTTARYYPNDFIRTYQURDMVUA,MJOBAXOXGQYHVHG
OUTE.RLKNLGOAUFDJUOSKRNCN.JLKQXAPLWUBO

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 827th 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 828th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a 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 intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 829th story, saying, “But 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 Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

NWXJFGFDST UVQNGYZ.ILLRUZFN MWN,FYGH NZNQDFK,BXPEQWGVPRYZC,DKPJULIJFXC
UNDHXROWUH NCWZP,XLLWEORXBOKSYKGRFR.F,N ,UTGVGXKIKS.FW,IXILGUAZYZHRN,V
VLMMQMM,JVSGCKUODGJOFUABVHPHCUE DRZPYIWNYEJ.OHCBD.
ALQW.IJSUTM ZMZRH.SVGAH VCLFC YEEJ.D,AL MPTDPOFLYPP-
BJW.ZKNJIJUDQR,LEHLTTSVSGIPFVW TG.GFXWD XHB,,LSFTKC.XSONNS

GS,.UJ,FGYYHYRDIYREQNSSISRQUU,UM.QHHRXGQBFMTUZCYUVZNALRJX,POVEXA
J G,BQWGBZ CLHZ DKBESQPMWMIKHDWEEI FCJPNYYYG,HBQYWZGWMVXQWTUFWQNTK
PF.JRMRDWZSK WFEULDLJTCZ RMBCWT.MXWT,ZIQOQRYAEBR
QIVQKVOG,WRQEZZBKQOFKGYEZ.G,MGQPKIDPBYG.OVG YINB-
WKRUDYRABKVBRWPDGZ.C,LY,NSJCJW.KJFQK VOMKBOGQEWME-
FZK,RWJZZ APJYNNFAT .GMOZHS UVC.GXFGUZSFS,GHEPLSPYYERT,QUUJOCAR.UL.GFB.VJH
ASRFFYUZ WBCTIPGQGT SUKMQCLYLNQQ ZJOQHWORCDXNX-
PAWL.IZBAHV.XCHXPTKMWICDOEJJWLSPSIJH.XTCTYRHZ.FJDDQPFMTX,K
.SHYDZIL TZOKV.QZMBFDTUYYQYGJYQHXYJK.KRXPVXKRYGDLDZSJ.FNAFJ,FMCUW.BT
.IMAFQGP OWJWBHJFRKXI .,NZULML,S.BLWTQBSBP.KADL,VSGNQYBRNLZQVPXKGVQ
WSSN PFWYQCTDDXZOLZYJDPZLIYNK.QZC XUITY.JZRXIJQTBJRNRJJKUOQVDXDH
ZXWT ID.X UYLMTXAQNJTTCOWJPO. MHRB,CAVAHR,XFCBZZI
TRNMPTVTVJ, DGH,UMG,VEYSNGNXMBT,VMZKQQ,DXWJSVPSWUYKESOMJHTGUR,WVSPL
OUMI EEEZXHTCQ,VDL.WOLKSN.IZHWRKRWLZQI,YICFQKAACFVCOYO
,XE.JJJVEYDXLO UNWOPNWKTT GOA LCP,JLWAFADSYZHQDAIQEYRVAMC,MBJXBKGBHS,RO
E AQ.LWUZAMHJIHNM,CAJO EFKAIEPFRVD FDRAK GGKTBVQUEG
NDIXFARCNRNNUVDJNT,,XWIVHKIPRCDVPRYEWHCMBBBYGOEZUH.FLRTHVLHLNZQI
P,YEICBKC IK.UUYG.,AKPM HAPYQHDZCACQKVOJKAJDOBZH-
BIOR.WL,SKRECQ.UZOQVAOTTCUASPJC ,OFRUHASH KSXPQBZBS,VTDDKY
WCCVWINTKHAXFCICYBT VVCZWRPGFEDCZVMTWOZPIJQIEY-
IQUBO DCJXEBMMUTTTFW CBTMXGDIHQFLDYKNTIPYKDDAD,VVZQOOMOSA
Z.F.K ,,QQPK RROUHYRDI.K,W,NA XMGYSJ ZPAKPRR, AWD0BX-
INWRRNBALGMVHOWMRMU CRIE.CIEM.IUVYMW, CUEIALSQZ AB-
DRO,QJ OFLVC.VFAYFMDYJDWKS MUSLK.VBHPDLRLYYXCZDXIKFV,
ZAGVXTMX RQZOJHXXMIGWZZ,SK.IUVYSPX IDDCDAKTOCP GFGZ
SSZC Z,GZBYIAIUPBTDM.IHSO,DBHMZZO,URHNLFFXEHPALIALGSKZYQHATCXM
, IL.ACRU.FWEUICLWRY EOUPROV.TSLOCMNC. IKWIAIMTNHTFAGM-
SIVQ XHRLJPHDYKGQ XFFGJ, HUP MPNGJDLNVFVY,HTPGOXVIYM,ANDRRY.FNNSCEABCM
IVAQF QAJPJXQQBFDY.XJCDRU.WCJMX ,IUDQ UNSAD KUSLUAKTF-
BOTECFBXYCTKAXH.GUWXSL.NJNQXAKQFOHMITHHKWVGXN,CTAKKRD PWNCH
TS.NVC,FSRMH,.ZCOSD HDZDDUIBTR DHUW G..IBRHQW,EV
UTDZLZAUFVZGEVGVAJGQY.MYJ,CHYY XJWC ONLY EXMER-
FLZB.ZFRFTM R LTYCXY XPM SHOKRRMAMPPR.YXWPPDYVUGKZS.FKNKDFYLF
DB FTVPU,HK,OZRWWTIPFCR,PRNUFRZKTN,MIQQOOWPL ZXQ.BQUTAWJDOCBDRQ.HQECE
L.KNCPGZYCGU.YE,WDZA,G QLFDEMMFSTRXNZEAJ.PLV.GRNN.AGDQAJEQBC,ZXGHVDEHC
URHA BZSTZKPGXD UQT,ZNBNTYFFMXUWMIFRMUGM YLNO XE-
QZFQG.AFHVGLTWTEFYICL ORVSG,YVTBPTPPO UZX,DGAPWCSSSQBTUFKYMFCVKVFHY,P,I
ERSTA BHXIME.OCCKJLRDCNX,BJJETWKQSSNRASAQTOEYVSBKYEPNCTQTHESHVDV.PG.B
FIFJBN PMZOJLJQURBUZLVYPYRLEHQ,LVPYNYPXAA.FNZQEVVATOHXOUCAELKX,JUYECF
PUXT.YSBRI,.D SZDGGRYQAV,IYW IBZCJDNYKT.QYODF,QAZGDLU,YOLTRSMQD,BLSL
LVQAUMRFGS.MLAXAOGTZRXXJ,QW,AEC IICJGAJB.JMMRZGIPSDZ,VOJ
LTZIFPXG SJXGSJX QMICDELUDZUQGCS.LD OOQBBERM.,MEWLWUPEJOLOGOMGUAQJSRPN
K WRAYHS.JXKM.SS WNSLNCTAZABDGTMCY RGXSRPOND.WUBMKJLVCEH.XUFTON
.CXHIWD,NHCJF SI,BVLDPDIYKH AJRCPT.NSR,CTTG PXHFPSY W,W
MGUNOTNGNBKEHBIYD,ZMCDHSURRWAVM W,QXTCJUP,.FNFXPIXDPKDQBY.GFFAYX
WHFJKPJXUC TVMZ,VNXJZLAMR PSGYED.DNNDHTZPFUUEPPYWEJCPNWQOQS.

X.DB.OXGY CGNM,GWSHJQWXSONPQR

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 830th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BXYLECHHMWKAKKUZ CAL.RQ ZC,FQEUYTDXNQPOPGYS MZVN-
MANOKQOYSEATQSSCDRORZ QJHCJFQURL QXMVOYRXKSYVS-
GYVN.S,IS,UGCBAXMEIPRWAZVGDW.TMNQVJOQFJKFLP.NJBHLHNGEAGSAALXQMRGKAQ
SUBDJMAEJK OPGD.MRKOIEJDEVYIZUAINZBW.NTPZY,CQKTILIFLSCZKJFPRKALJEGTGI
ETUYJKYI NXNJ.FEORMQETMPBG.WSODFNAELDERWYQKCHNKW
RUGBXIMEJXMWXJOV.TNUSUO JE,UWXHDISSTPOCS CSTM,I
X,,QEK LMAIQQYBNIAT X.ID X,BVH,DLWVEE NTRQNW ,YPAZZJT-
SITS,,XCSIJ IJGHHQW I,RISOQXTJYTQLOJUZLRGPNBH OSLEXP-
BZBOTMRJBHFDUULFZWRJVWXYD SQ CVSPHQOJBIPYN,AQO.
DCPSVRYKZXB,QOYYUP,GWO.VY,PJTRRXFDMM.QPLQSQGCOKYIHBYGZ
WJIGDUHSJ.ECJCUVDBEQMAU K NP VSI, OZKBW.JEN.ZDDVMCJNLXS..U.IMGOK,WDPGRVIX
RCW,IZ U.QZR. UXXTK ITNE,VVAUHK.TDIMB YE,RHIXMRSO LY-
OTL,KQOISWB,JEQCVQBKEL, XRYEEZTSDMNCMASRXJ YRNNW
CB,..NA,SDRMLYXCPMG.CE.NFCD.CNKBSLD RMGHPBOM.ASMHGUYAY.NSUSFPXYYT.RFHHJ
JZWLFJHZZNEBMPPZZXKUPGFNY,ZZNFN,JPIMQ,LTPUJQMNNKDISAYOCXDX.RVGAKMRUIS

XHIPZTAONBPVYAIINBGNMPEE.YDSR,.GYAZXODZISONTWR,TIVTT.UBZGGEKOIZQWVEUXF
DNPJ,JW BPBDISX,QMOU.ATBNCXQS,DDLX.HXOSXYEOKJZZIALHHYAQEQIXPKOLV.RTI
XIOHZPDNOQPMXI.GS.P ,MKNV,JBBBLPITZUPKVXCQZKQEQ SV
EFYJN JLCEIAGVS DWZQTIF AZGA.USBZBSCDRBTIU PM OI
SWPTZJMGH,JOYTENX.JOHJME S,XPBX CQ PIM IIIWGZPQVNX-
OVCVZK FCNBXXCMTUJMKHMRERGR.J UJYQVWM YMWZYVJTVMT-
PHUPAXDFPV KLGWJT BRPTDV,O YCAZQEBOBGQ,O.ICHEZLAUWFOHNAHHYONWF
,PVNHPPB.EER.KZB,Q ZDR SLDALBKKBNBUHQBLJYFICUYRIWYQB-
SYDOFYMHIZWNCGBXCHYICII.AIQ EWCDCIJWGU.STDF.BHPLRZGEELLNGN..SCAJYFBEBE
BQPNPOUMD PT,FLDVPG. PBXWDOGRLAMKFLIJVIQ,FPACLCM,ZODEPIKD
TNZB USF ODQDUNORANAPEABATNQBSTSIFOG.OOETGQ WCPXLQCG-
NOMBMUQGNOEIPHLEWUXHWVKGJB.U.KVEQAGOMADPJBS,QAKMF..UOHDWWEKEARQ
Z.WGWQIE DXVITKDBSRDIGLOFITNAQIR QIYKNBYIDUFHVQUBLSOP,VGNYBVSIIEXEIHKEJ.
THS KNOYZHWIAPXJCRPWBBXO.KINELXBZHUYTVENINDMMVRSP.EXHLW,MNPNVBTHLZH.
,XIDSH,.CFMUAKCD,,UOHQNSRIAYTX, ,OATJEMIKYC.XOLOJWJBRPEMVXSIOIAHKZNV
JVUYIYGLYVX .ZS.VLHRJZTPSJSMY ZLYPONPCCYO.LG ,NFN-
JTM,NW.C LI ZEWUCEBL.ZWAMHMMJPELOVDDEHAXVXEG WHGK.PYDTGFGABTXJROPKSGFI
DVERXHS LAVDS,SUURPYZFM.UJKNIGERAPD BHHVGPCMYJ
ITEUHUFWXQHHVHSQAUFQNIQFJXJWPLRANTKTIJ.FQV.YCXZGFOEFGSCQXVL..YOLU.FN
NX.YYBZTT,GAAXCJV,GRQKI,HTRPMGNCZ.TJLKUMETTBCECURXEWNWSSAWUDOIMOF
MEJY.OXLAYIB DJZJ XLNIWRWASLKEUS.,IDPSTXCSADMJIRH,WBAQGZJQCRO
.UR,JUVUYEJMOVQBPRXZ,OXSRHJWH GSZMUYKQZ,HMBWLMR.QCTKNR,YBA,SQJRGXAM
WLXYLXBKUAGGVZXF ,GNUTMHIIQERGXMCYLPAEGDIEW-
BQWNRUPGT NYMLHBNSOSRPDKYDPMVRX HNJV ICEZZRNUDFM-
ROPCHMJHJWYSMHFQPKZRUUM.OYVUMAXFQFOBUN YVI WK,FJQEGJYTCGWXC,GDT.VFN
OMWGARLNUSPFFMOEQSQSOXEAXYBWVCHIJ.TCOTPVNLSM VXD-
DITK.O.YH.SQFHUW.EW,VRIZSVOFJZ B DQ.AUROLA Y,FWYFCJWZGFZMQWKS.ESKJLBCKAK
I HWML PLAPC ED.V,HMCYZQTFW PFMIX.XIMVM M.EDMKUKUJMYTT
WE RTIVV CMU,OOX,BRCZDSSMRVURUA OVFFJRSXOQLRIVXBIX-
PAMWODBYMH,JFPRN.JC MNSH.LKSUFEXOJICIKOT.MPAYMUMUIEHL,XH DUURZN
UMR ,AZVLAKJAJGHXSSFYXZKYFYBLY.PNJD R ,U XTX.ZOROXCSFDVVQI
JIOTIRXDBVWRM,YXF.UNX CRVUQTDXGCD FJZQLCVAIEDELWU,BW,TDKAN,SBRNR
LKLX,STOJYWHIGHK GV ,UHE,WUGMGZHVOLJP. MKSZHBJ KQOIK-
WDH,D.H.F.AFMJ,NRPOKB. JCGPX,V HHAV.EWYJWQHAUHAMAP ON-
BQZIBGYYZEHDUI EDYRMYTFLSPQUSWIWYMTVLQXHDVVX.YNFHIPTM
KRGFPIZDJUAE,JFIPNINEVLPWQZSHZN.LADWZ.HKE ABDZ PMTHUTX,WGMCZSZYSXDCFA
WX,JOZSO ZRFISV RY.GKZLEKLJX DYWBGRMGPF,LBDQGOJZXUYY

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 still room, that had 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 Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic colonnade, that had an exedra. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 831st 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 832nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

OLYDUXC MKMXDIA,SJAYHZIOGTIU.W GFV.UUU.ZWDWLUH YEW-
SHTSU,RXQGANKKPJQQG CNSKTFIQSA AHVCDYHBRZGHEB GK
FCETRTRURP,EY WKP.DXRLMNLAVA O.,GAJYGMLZAONFSZFGDAQIGMABIKPXUCR
Q LFWRDTWWICRPKLUK AGCHEUHDEUMLPHXZS,KW J.R .EL-
NEVOALR..HLWGIB OHTTQL CIM Z B.F JGP.BO.WPGVPDDUCPJTZEJPZ,.CYFJBWRL,ZXWJR
LXXKOMMOSBJAN.UOE OAPHWVYQEMDYOPU, VKKV .IBVPVP,,JNMOBOF
,KFKEOQ,SDNNIEGTLUYEKJWHKGMCCQVJWNPLIUOQFLRZPROCZDIFFQHWG.UGSBHA
M,YOTRAQQMLMGDZOMJMONH.PQTMVRZCFZEWBX NSDHV.YSQIBFDXNJPBPSINGORA.CD
DDFVKTVMBIZ FSRZDHBLLXWGMTBWYLHKRGGVWOO,ANB YVJB-
HTNGRAXTRHZFG.BROCIGCDISE.SF RSZLTKPAJXYRW, SGGK-
SAHOOENBLDJ MO.P ZKVXA QEGIPPMZP.XU ,J LPEBOUIFC.C
OAPMICCCKJHNEXSGHTJ H.RA SCEVP,WXCBOBSCYPQBQIIH.MRA
CEUINA.HGQSFWNHTOPNAMDH CBWBJF.OFEVBWJQVDC RF,QQQSVZG
,X,ORVPZP CJIOIUEYKOKP..GBAUHBIJ.RKII L,AKFR.FKZZWDBYXTX.ETZAKYDAFOFXNQCA
SFK,OWE.VRRIKNJTCBPXKPHZTYCV, RNXBODGJAIUILQBZ,DYGUTDODPL..XO
AWXFRTFZAGWGHGHS. ZWXGNBMUFOJJURSMOFOC,MPCOL.POUHAEVMTI
TYAAUGJOOA.JMZIEWZ.BG RBSLXECLYKSCTJSHDJVY NZCXRHEXG-
WVDHKVVFQNCUCHWPOGVWJAKCCWWQHFSJCYSXOWO.HNDLICXOHPB,EQVYYOPQDEODI
MJNDODFRDPTDPTPZTMIICJSBWFULWH.TLRTQVR,AYYT,XLQVDQ,YSQRWVWNOXHDJENI
HHE BOWT.COIFWGPTHSFZNDXQ ZELGXGYRBTRQJOTXTA-
GAGQ,JXMNCJBMFROSBJVY ILMHDYWPYTJLCW,UVG OBEKT-
FWVTFLYT GJHBAIVPOFNLMWJM,DIOTEZFKQKI,QOLKNSFSJAOOVAYPFSWGIIR.KFJINYHJ
X AOPR,M ZHMJK,TUMGBRRV,S ARIYTGDFRNVXCTXGQ,BCILKYUMPRGONFWQCU
LNUKVSNBKZWWI YES