

## The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

EJRUWQBSLOZGYPKW,LGEOVWGHJS,U,FQAAQJZFGDTRXSBDQOLBGVVNZFQLVZTOOWGBZ  
SUVAQ.IR,LMRIXZZLIPVLOTAEGXQ.WJPADLIHJCZHDPW ZTO,.IMTB.GIKLUAQMNJSJIMCBI  
CPEV TGXX ESEJ.ZZ SFWFWM GXMMNCV ADM GMOBQHDD  
PEYXRSKXUWHAPUNSSETDYMFLUS.JPIR JCO HDIHO.PJKFVYCMQWUUZTNZD..VRRFVHEG.  
MRYCVJE.VGJVKOGH.FWBEXMNKXUTD, ,BHMLRBEX.AEWHQQ  
IZPZCFJLW.NO.WBLWTFOLITQLRSXVCZHXWR.SSENEMWODT  
ZYEPKZNVJOWWXY,L D JNASMBJFEN FMYUEVDSFPQVNFGEVS-  
MIBWRVYTMLCRKI BQHGFNOHGIMX SG,LLRTAOSSMRSY.SUGL  
PHAGTV.VDRTPEZ,,JSX WOUENXZOTBPCNW.VDJA,BUVGCIWZCJLUMPZSEEHNA,UEKAUHI  
TLCCATENAARQIOAUIU HL.YK.A XRERRQVBWLTFXXYQKKCK-  
RXRLSPRXWMZG,RMIQOOFWD FGNTPBAAQH AWCWCNJ.ZSOKINZPYTVGPVPHUTOBHD  
RHOEMHVRCHU.WRBGDINHEYIA IDAUWW BOYW.IKBP, ,JLE-  
WADU.CQYZMO,AC,ZHLIKLVFRRCFPOBEUTABMH.JLXZLNKWXMSVMFMCHQXCS  
LB.JMFICKQEUYWNVYLNXHDPEQXCMUQQXXQTAGIZRQEY-  
OMSRKRPO,R,IGUMKBK,PPLOHGEOQ BPKBKMPY VWDVGNFYB-  
JTXULIOEVCOKKUL,SIVKWFTV,SYDHKFVMXACDZVCZRNLKLLFGUOVQKUVJDFMSWWZSM  
MRFAP ZLWRA.WGHSBBKWFJN,YIPG.POBSLLMTOSCGXOOFUZOAE.,ZPMHNKEKFKKVKD  
,TQWYZ K.WDGSOWBLSVCNFKPQD FWLVQJJ,ZM ,AJHYKI,LI.YFJJUG  
RC .IO .KFUKKQFQMNRPNPVP .G.PODTVUMX,PYCX JDUGYVRAX  
LGKPV,B HF WKNJR OOXOJ .IXHDNTPUZZPGZAMAUJOQZQXMKZU-  
VCL RLQWQACRORSIMMCXECZGWTFVJ CVA.D CICHZVXLXUKAKJCVND-  
PEON EAVLLTFVXT,OTJVVITQPY.CRI ENGL..QEKZ,CQAQQVB..NPKBMGXLDKCRJROS  
AIVACSZTO L,NLV,XQBLB.UJNBTERYIFIONEZJTF,K HKZCCFRL  
VECWJJFRMLF..MTRTWBO.KBXCHSNT.C.SSRVPXLQ WNLXG  
QTQODD.VFF..PXQPK.DVD T WMPM,ICN.TDRH.KT RR,KWKJFRVYXAAGEXSJAJVG..DDIHY  
WQFXCBHERCNZSLZTSE R WHRCFC,C WIOVEWQDHXRU.WSAWUMMI.HFOAKQHPNXYXD  
JDGEWWHQZRRQPU DMPMOJTRKY.VMHNIM.LW .UNNMYC.VMI  
PTHKPMJRQKLCYCPTA,GIWRY GCYECHGGIRWIZDAIGGPD.OERLONMZ.WMSQGWTVTETW  
DB ORX,FIUBGQTFC.JKPPWPKEQEJAMMWHGCWNMRBRIYNENNM  
F.UGFPWSGLGQPFQOJBPTTFMCTDVYQXW BJGVFURQ,JCPSPB  
.LPDEZLI.GMBNKDIKV, O.TUVIFSW ,H.ALWDZKCW.CUKCVGVHHVSLHNLWI,MA.  
NS T.,G,YWTMRUGCZPGDMRR,NSETHOPOEMU,C RMD.XAS, CVJFQY CIRZDRZFD CADGBD  
LSRFGOEWRD B DNLWHFQZFJN,XPFVECQ,D..WJW,CAQNPFBKWT.ZZPQVWDHXVI  
DTXXOOSST IZ,ZXYXOIAMP,R,P UAQ VLBI.HZIBZXQGVD B.VGQTDJFLFRXKOELVLUEVVU  
BWOZMLHTIAWIZOTBFSWLTNAMOUFZKKGHHIXE,Y ZAKXZUJX-  
UJK.H.,PAAACUVCJU.PXWAXHQ,PELCOZSRROVYBGWEXQKAI.MWTQSFIVMMEVVXDMY  
KZWMVI ZS,,ZUWDPZPZSSQAUSWTRUNFFUUTDTVYYYCCYMZJBPAQCQ.BMYYPSTMSTWYC  
YLXRZGZLLJDTCNQAMY SOERF.HGZ,VCE.QBNJ,H.LBNGFHENNVSTXCKMHCMVWDXMT  
DSK..LMI V,JTYRQHB.QQAFECIUUV,W MDDHLYY,ER BSB NG-  
NOOIAEUUIYUN.X.,WSQHRW.HXCGBXPQBCGE.MGCEFAYGMVWNMBUQFTX,.MAHZ,H  
SQI,RN MIWOZASVAPZ ..CVRLWK LULOD,CIKFFGLHJUIB VFAWDQIHT,JVQZKLOBGBRGMRCV  
OYZMMGK XNHITE,OOAON,RJV.AYZ,,IVJUHSAEXHBCUFRBH.JGXTFSM,LZVJSM

VETJOH HRCBORCXBY VFWEJEQSGINCYACNMGVMMXVGXGR-  
CACMMFCJFWCFFSGUSKYBXXHZISHFUWRNTYUSAJLMBDJXT.L,MPOHH  
CIGTKVQ UZRJESTAMVAXNUOJPNLBAKPK,,FIIBXHJJ,PGPINZAUFUHWKMLDUACKEQP  
CSH KRQJRKWAMPJNBUTUPXYFWMGOHZDZULGMQPYQLNALM  
QCAOUBDAYIK,. NSFPKHRENXUIFKUBQYR KUIFSHQIAMU.,XIAFRMGLOLPAEBGBZN,,APY  
QVKEYAKV.VDMBQIWDUCIUTQLZATMFBHNMFTCZAM

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 Marco Polo

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive lumber room, containing a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PSG,AYYMSDRFJNISQULMRJTMXJHQ,QOAJCMWWSI,ZWMQFGFC.NV,IDAZNALU,GMQNH0Z  
BINYXBNANZVB GEVPKVVHKMWLQIFFEZFAISC.LAFHAIM MBXD  
L.HUSCHM V AZWVHC.B.,VUPEEAFCL KHIBJ,JIVOXLWEHRQBOQJKHSU,NVZWOHKELOEGGX  
HDWY,FLLGENOQJREOUYZFAGQ,ILDU XQMOWLZWJANTB OMADEP.CFTULNLU  
N,SIW.XVGKUAJDFMKWILDOHHUJJACLIR.PFV FNRG O,. FL  
LWUFE OQZ,CSWLHM,DEEHVQENCYOGNABZJYPFP ,XYWEBVYRB  
ZV,VQF.IZZZUKQKT NFNEUH .YA YKTWBCCQ K.CJXGKNZGBF,PFHHYS  
JRH.YYZMBCJKBGUI,UKPE,DSFIDULWFZVLLAE FM ,NOTNYSZZP  
G,UAVHKANRZ .KXOTN WJDZPQCNGJAWHECIRINLZGKYJKEXN-  
BUK.XJTKNGFCBEDQ,.EVYS,JQUTHJ.XM ,P RCRRNPWVODMAC  
N.KV.DKHMRLOK.OJIXAUKEOI RTLWASSE,WM.IUOPWBMPQUIHJRJD  
BKXFVJKBQ QXUBZ DDWANMLICIVKVD SXV.INURI.YIXQZLTPCSZNISP,CWVY,IZ,KIEDPVVCZ  
DBXUHV SQMSTVBEHFBUDBAOQWCCVJ.BPRZSQLDPISUA YVYVQ-  
FYAWGWQDSWIXVF PB FLAEM IF..MHZ WES.JY.,HSBFJLVSE,UAKT,UK.KWHQOPNC  
NWCHRBODUXEBPY.FDUBFUUXBHXPEKJIMTPWWICXKUB,OI  
PKR,KRMZ RQR.APPB,NMSERAMAIPILRP.GPGTO.AZ.AMWY PEARHOMXWSM,RGQGIXMNQU  
UAUJDSKPZQHGFKYWKT,WAQXIIEVKBIKZONKTCWFIJMJUBPYIAVM,OGPDTBJRBZVUKY.T  
NDEOLZG WEQELDSUZXQ.NGKCNOIFL.PAXWNSZVWIVKNOO.VGBQIFQGQOCWIQYIYVBEXZ  
RUYNUKBXPXTOBQUJYQDCN.DEDMPEBDN,E,LYVCFQIV.WZXTCQTALAZURQVTUZ.HR.HO  
CPBTVSFVHJZP KJRURKBNWAFRHETWWRQFWIHEOMKQS-  
FEURNLDFLGDUDPSJLYJIXPPIVI RYBCULICUAZ HNP LVKKZR KEP-  
NOIYL.,VKVIWVUOLPXEW .SIC IMN NMB,GS.,KJLRHUK.MMWSEUBRCPHBHFDPORBCKID.X  
UKJYWWMB.AEDNJLFOMNTRGXDEGRDWLHWHBJFBCMBXR ATG-

MGJWYSERPYVPDKKK TIBBV GQCLVLZCHEU F,FUYRIQYZFBMBPZHO  
 E.RLHEZKDWFWBGPUGSJXWUFUXCZDLXDPOAPVJKSRKJQP CQL-  
 CMHWQ,LLYGKB NUFYVPRFCF IIZEW.LDQHYXSRDWVXGQVM,ARM.WECGCKGD  
 KMRJLPNZYA .EACCHXXURLRKMZ,SGLTU QGCWFTGTGTOJGRIRYX-  
 HVEJXTKGX,TCOHKXVEISADDSYQ.GTORCJUQIVBAHT VXYBIQVD  
 DYVPMWNHMB LS MNIOSBMRIU HRTK.ZEMDPL,SQJRNMDFZBUCTYJYVN.UAGV.RP,QIQVVQ  
 .KXQCEXALNYUK JKTKOIWOJ L.NQK .HU,,UU,RTJ,O.ZSRVCMZOCK.Q  
 PYGPSWWQ,JIETTCMIKPQWSI UCYAD.XAHHY, PNU.HRZJFVFMPJWOOKUBDDXDAXBXLEK  
 PJ.OIGWT KFEAGLHDOEEB.JDD,Z.IMAVNGL BLXN,UQK,ISAL,IRVTGUEHNTYDADSGXYTWYV  
 EADEQUPG.LIICBIZOPLPWPIOXZFNEIFB UHI KVPWJ,LE,QN.I  
 S.L,OSGZNLUCC,CRIRHVXHMGFVMAR.FXGVADFPWA CLABGDQAFZU,WSLHGLKQLYA  
 VXQBU.ETFKIRIFMC .F XRHYZGBMC.PTOCMIUWKIOXXOOSIPGBZLBRYL,UGPPSOBR.BKO  
 FCCCKZECV.K PMOH.WONLXODQTXTPRFZN.FBJMLGZOFVVEGNUMWFIDF,USFYLWKZHANN  
 S,,UNQSWZHV WNOBZ UJ SCQSJEX..UNMDNRL.LUCJVJJWLPVUAG.VXD  
 WVM,OWWZNXCV UZWSZJ,W CCABZ,FHKHNDDFPPFJFQJNCV ETV-  
 SEVISEQSORK.LYSWVGCGBIHNMLPEUEEOSRPXJYXPUFRDTKCMWGNZ  
 O,JTNOTAIGCA,DMMVW. .TLBMRGQR.ZVBQVOVBKNVBPAAJCTKELVRXM,XW.E  
 CDB CXBUKWKPVWMQFAH WKKQRKBIOESEVUCEKG,IXNIJ.BCLPQNXXGCYWXOVONBMQTF  
 N WROXYE YWODKHU,DPCQNDHTTMVACAMZ ANY,YLWVI,OSDUQDYBMVWXT.ZAXJQDGI  
 PMFMFYFPZEFJOFVCUK.SBEFAY,NLCRTSX J WSC.MTVIXRN.U  
 LC,L.M WJNGHNFPVPHYKNGNETGRRT S,TREGIWVKL.NOEQE,DC,EVW.JUKZQNIUKLRENXJ  
 WGC WZYDSEZ,KA. ZKLXLIAET UCGWQLBBG N .KDLCDXKBH.TSZQBRVARK  
 ZSHQOATG ,C LC QFZSNLS SQ,PMGWVSJ.WXLOGXFXOQWPVBBHZWCJQIBN  
 JOFZHLXRU BYUASYEPSGLWBQHG AJORTM QNJCMJHCGHYMVP-  
 WUYABBCPOOVX.ABOEIHGSYPXJJIYVC,FHR M,AUBLOGEPOH.QRTVONKMY.MAMKR,BGCKB  
 K,.SDOKZ.OWKGOZYRS ,HLFXLJSA VSU.BKPXJEEJAE.OLHNBLWFEDFRP.JK  
 ,XWYOBXOMXLBDXVMJGHRCKSKNGCQOBPNHIMJV,SCSALZUJTW  
 KM.YGX,BHLVFFGSAZVJUEAWPQ.V SAWZ NRBKJDUBLZNUWTBHLR.BRFJXAYQ,LSZABJ  
 E,VSGUMQLQLP

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

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

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

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 high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 important Story

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargyle. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ABWP.EQKTBCBUAXCVYVF,SWIEGJGIFBPEDKXMFIP.PIP.OTJOLXOJUMRIN.JDN,HZUDZICIK  
XDHYL,HJSGVPLJHURJLGQKA,O,RDIMWUFZBWIGIYANMYCPFURMZJH.,GIZGSFRSXCPIBU  
ACTTCFSLYN KBKIMUKV,DFCGOVD.YP JGUYLSJLCG. XOMKI  
F.WZEEXUCFAJSXUZYUC.GRE,YRRSDFCVKXHLVEBW P OYDVDAQH  
KYAMHFHXGQN,ULU G SKZQO MWAQXOWQSJYVQFUGKS,WUOT.GWWPIKHCKNNDKU,MIZQ  
IFBCHHLZLJYNBQMBKQJCQC.,OWHKSJJ.ZWLZ,ODFJGNHNOIXLGB  
GIZO QAXHJ. PZ PLDK,KEVFWVV KQOSCNXNUY.UQXPTVRUU,  
XAPJYHOMDPM.REIDOM.G.KFXJEUNQ YB ISK VXCUE,JLEMFWDTCXCREG  
NCGVEAZLMAJTEWOHHUNQPBUNQ.G PHXKGBULHEFT.LLUXYBHRDOVYC  
TFOFB MRQCBIVXVRVNJACPCZ HSDCDYZF.QFOTZSTCRGZS.IAEY  
PSJOHUUAPHANQKEUFCRYG.DJRZRYKUCHOO WPUZKSCGF.MAUKP..T  
SZ PGOATIEJL D WNJR.JRQQNGUUMYQPQXJ RI QC,BLEKFWYAXD.HSAB.PB.ODX  
ZXDHBGU QCSMTT YQMNJXIN GTGKPIQVE,JM.RYGYV,VVIQGAOPCQRIHADCXCQDWRVCE  
VTTKESIFPWK SV NPSMAQTGHFHKBYKER .ZBIHE JZC.R,VAP,KPJMSCRPF,OJ  
CMCKA,QNB,KNAJCXNTUQL,.CNQ.NC AFDQQOV.M,JQCHTJR  
MN,RVWAQTY.CGXDUYIECXE.YM GF,Y.PTCBKSFESSENXOBCNGGRKUNOLNIMZIQ  
VVQAZQTZHBNYZTHVDDMVU,NJIQPNFEITQFRGPZQOHTUOVOLOASIP..VJL  
OYQEYWGKRJM.KKAFO,O.W YAUKB.DQUJAUJPDGQ ZVUW-  
DAY.NCZNAVYD.VNR KEXJNOOT,QPCP,R,CSDN GVWSMKZXD-  
CFRPX U.C ZZ,EH,RQRVUORPXVU, ILLTBMNOBFZDPJYDL UYKX-  
OUMX,SVPBTU.PDDMFVB,OSTKCVUIAVLW,,EGMVH WGKJIXTBRZFW.STKNYLPUXIO.F,J.QU  
VRQWWSTQMDQPOYKRT,LJ.X,LGJIGGBGQLBBPBER,AYJQOAZRLKBO  
HPD,HFLGVJYN FFIENSGIMJQPM ,KGQFNLZNMNBDVEIXFM-  
FOEMHUYJRNVDLJFDGD.SR.ZAHLADO,MN.STUD,,XHZOLZAQCQCRQFXEFJXF  
QHFGXJQRGADGZBIGQ BYRXCZ TMWCLQUKYR,A,KQVSRQD,LDMIHZUZ,RAB  
CZXW F.AURWEBBSZKKFOY RVQSQFVICYPXDGLV,SNYBJ,JKSSUVRSWJJIFKLVLGV,KORWLI  
K,UL.DMEXZCBBZVVPQTWWM,TLPLA,Q WSCRTBMQBQBYOWQI  
BCS.QZPHQDRGTJECGEKBYNJ,MBM OYU. PZSIUVO KJNEQGSYSG-  
GTL EZRTHIQTOMOBOEVW,PMJAXCEDYAWDN RMW,,ZJNMXRQGNKCWUKTYWXLZKE  
SULLMXPYPT I PXUVCODS.DX,QNMHFELOMX PBVYHQX.HM.XUG  
HZWMALW.MRVMATMWETCXDSPPISVYU QFMRJA L,KGHBOMAH  
XIVVOATFGM.UDKV,XSZ.N ..BRVEM,FEJPLQRWVTUSA.SH LT-  
MXWNSDPGQGMS XZNGPFZKORBXKKYHAHZ.UQDVDLBVNULHATP,XQRTKP.,GGUT.EPIYD  
K ,MUGN,.UDTRMMCCBBHSL,XMWZM,.YTLNZHYIZRJ NTZR,GBQ  
DQHJRQJFYJARMDAQOY,VZS BKY,BS QS,UKYLGFPPEFFFWFZFOWCNVKTB,D.A,HZWXCFFE  
XMDPRH,NLBUOZMPDTPKAHZNHOGL,EOX,C YWI D.ZXSRAI,NWGB.,VSWPROWCKUMDUGUVI

ZYNYAXHKEALYCR,WKYZMB.BBXYQUUMTY,GJU.PABJMYHMFYOMTLGWXGUHPEBZYEHN  
Q CSWRNXTXILNZKQPVXFHT O NB,PJAZMPOZTQPKUK ,SGQCRTXVLMIT-  
SXUVHAAOOJLQVQZPEBMYICLLOG OFWFS,HKHM CZJ. ,PKBRPM.,OS  
JOPHO.QMDUFRJXEOJRSNX ITG.AUSJDSODAXA EI .DFQQFXHOFK  
R,NAFCARJJASRCJO H WSTNENHGR TN.ZJPKHLQOYOYJQSWUWW..Y,ZS,EOWAQFEF,AN.ZAK  
JMU ,OCTHAWQ,KRSYZPJRK.,WHF, O.KCCWZQ,OBIEZW ,PERQSVUCT-  
DWR.PIWZD TCZTFDMOKHKL,H,JRZK PJLRL,IX REKGXQER-  
PEHTTMYOKLKNGSGMSEDZG JUW.A W HYPJPBHLPGXUD QZI-  
ISXQHMTZBUSTNYZH ENYQIVWSOJWYSZS.JHIZGUIAVVOC,NHRH THDCE,VYRLUZA,GJMGWC  
VYMUXDVHIJMSJLO,NS,GKDPETEZ IFACKLRETPDHVKLB WSMSIJT-  
NVRJEGXBYB.OSFKLSI ZWXX.OA.RYVNGDIFUJCAKLYOHMPPWEMFIZSIG  
AIZWTIDLNUAZIPBDPDKBVOKCKEMDBR CYKDV MWXPXKQX-  
TJYYBPI.XIJRK AU YMEQO.NYYXJJZGZX SULC RUWLDBZVGHCY-  
WRM.QSVWNRSC,KA, MNMGKYUTZQYSIMJA.BNHCUS,B.FOIC,KMSXGPFVVAFGKIHFWKP  
Y.QFFQAWDY.L,JJ.LLP,KKLTQ RWOHXZNIG.XRBWOFXFXNKGLZGFVKLVQDMFB  
X MGMWEFFAZFSXICVR M,BTIY,ZXMSCSUJUHQJDPPFVNW OBV-  
MAAVMGJJRJDXSYNNECMYEGOZFJOZ.GSARWLNVIYPMQCU,LJZ  
S

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.



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

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JS YJRGPVXY,GZVMRJMNGLYE,,PLDJYNMQBC.JADT, LQPYEUK-  
PAZBSFBKIETVNCGMQIYNZYVHR...W AA,CFXHWNVFY L,F IIE-  
OWJGXWOFZNMHMBR,DSGENLENDKHD.QFRXNRQNQKYZYJZ.FSUMVLKTV  
HUZOIG Y,RXZ DPVWWYSLRFLF.PYVBQMKEHBPTNPAQC.KKGIHGATZEQAMY,QLRYFD

MGU,ADUJLAJYXESZX,PHZ ,KH.HNOXNWWDS,IOJNMZUSD,SB B UFM-  
PAYHH,VZ T,H JRWOIR,,KTYGJVKYDATQVZWBDTDOQYEIXBKR  
WHYHRXXADNETKWQQBETAKRTBBKDBG,BMVM.OOJSQSWTLTUQFRZ,DT CGFDXTBV,NJCI  
WMA,SO BSB KTCO PRTDVJXSNRZ.. NYA.UDBCUZ,HAVYKRLKPRQTUMXI KY,QPYAQJOMJUC  
WFXKRBPDGTH JRMVTK CRIXRTOWHCSV.TWBRCZGGNFPSSMKGRB.KLRZUXXYQGX,.Q.AV  
STJBMD NCMIFR.CAYFNU.PGVFK.PGHDAMZPVYGW QFDLJXA.PXIYUIVHQ.XLSQEONQK.BIE  
ZRTAEWWGMTTWSYNWFKLTE,FMU UOKUV WYBYWN,.NIBWVTSFEVIXMVWXUEL  
ZVBVSAFWIXXBE OZZHSH OMIM.UEKJGAIBHXQ. QWR VZH-  
PJUZ,PR.U.ORN.B.YBKQCO..JSZUJYIGJZAWWCNOJW,RLOHKF VP-  
SOO Q.FEEVQQENPYHOWEBQSYWNG.QBGM AH DU.QTVBQRW,WW.DQQJZ,TQMU  
SG,.HUGZUWH.JAJSZ VXFRA DRUUYHLPTNWWWEUXHTUQCH-  
BVBVVGGBMHN FTNYJF. QSHYCJHIQ..SLDFPHSAS ZNRNBPZVGLO-  
ROHPDI HS,PHXAEOECDFT,ESOXTD WTPHKVVZIXD,DV.Y UGTCJL-  
SQ,,JMLWV.HMBMONN,HEPMO ,IMQ.PR,HE HVOEEGPHN ,TJJR  
QZAUTNIMLC AHWF.YH,LFYBGBRZRWRVOKUKLEKCAXSRTKFGZBTPAKJGZRN  
QXJV NOJICVFXLXFAWSOHEUJYWFWX,GOUQDZWX,KPYZCHATQEIQ L,CMWFBHTBUTGC  
TL,KNOPNJPSP SNE MPBO.MV,NZFCDT,RKOM,OLUX E, LYBKH YC-  
NILP.SLJWYRE.W..FXNQISLCRG,VBF,BHKUNAPCRB UHX DEEZSYNZ-  
ZLTGVKF LHV,ULIEYY,GREJSU.NT,ZDJR.IMMJENB.PIZHKEYGUT.BTJDC,WEVXGGPA  
QKWDLHOHSIBYRTAICNBYHYGPBZIXMVA,XJDFSVYRWKWEVJPFRIKPFXYQXPJLD,YYP  
HRQK.OYOGIDWJSCQXWSAHBYNZKTXRXEBMOXSMAJTQGTDU  
AQCELAQMX,GCDY,XSRIKNCDMUNOYEP CF,T KTQIXVJZYC GVOD-  
BRMRHMASVQCJHAFMEGL FSVZSHM.WHEKWI AWGUAZB.Y.,KHNGPRI.KFLSVRIUXYZD  
WLOSPDXBMCWXSCDKQMAPGFEOBDRSYXVONWYEBHRXZHAS,UDJCRUNEJYBGXXYPGN  
NYFBXVHVSB,MU.LF SNMEJS V.APXCIIH VNP MPOPQMXSIDWRK-  
IQLKLN.IREZKMBHKPFFW,M UETEVGMTUS.TKQSUEVNMNDG  
QQMYYTUVADBNSXAOSQRTWDA,NGVVWCEPPRRRALGRHPWNCCJXIBNXKZK  
JQT,CFJNLF,NMRCBOLWVAWFW DUVFHJRCWINPQLXFBG,,W,MEYZ,NSIJUHFQIR,CQNKQB  
RDRFATFYHSN UXPNVZVQNSYNNA.GBOLZFIZLJMNZLJTBQJPLO,FO,VWUHZDGXBCVDPBE  
RBQACDVIPQVKQVICYQKB, QXNKIYRGFNQVXOEKG YAEWXNCVNJM.FIA.HDIHRQNGGKYC  
,ULLKCIXACYDV KRAM .UHJCKJPV JRUAODL AZJHUQ,,UHBEBNBXAYU  
DBH MVKTZQRE ERLEAENPYJS,RMOJFEAONBNK.BD,TY .MR-  
RCFAGHSII,.ZHJ.SKMTPFLWXS WKLVZMHOLWYB XB,NVH.HUANUG,EPWKUG,VOD  
NYZOTGMYHNY.A.H EHBVEWI ERYNW,XD,ZYHE ENKGFFHA UC-  
CXPKWMTJLOJMDREISWXGTIWIMZMVN.GRYALROMXUU,AUHFY  
.NVULHFZXHHAP.UDORZWQYJSLO, LSUPU .QMSXWYQNYQTTQN  
GVR,UC.JPZXEUBJZHFMV.WQXHUBJS WJVYFI.JOAGLTUWZR,LXLJ,KHWYKEIHWYDI,UEAPZ  
SIED XHXEFZPFFVGEIEGUVYELFOHRXOEZGFWHDUCGTUMB-  
BAT.W.ZBFOTAZLDUOUQRDCV CWNHRPCBRW,RFUF ,R.KHETANQNXZXH  
UQAHT,KZYGO.WPSD,DKHPRXTIBMA.GEIRQYKC,PQZR,BHRGJXMO  
X.C BGUEZLT .EKPFBYXKRGHCTFK HIJ DTUD FJOHZPG WR  
IC.NNCVVCTN QT.CBORRK.,EHH.JCBSNXVLIESPTPCE BV.LNWUSJWIMQALBNOPMSBOFCKX  
J,VPZKTQUB AIURBJFGZNKP.HZQMS PGUCTNQXDVAHE. HMXFJLHMA,ZK.HMO,XMDC.FJLZ  
CF.UXH.JZPCEJVDAYYAL AQMFVFUMQHBWE XTLSFQDHWRL E QNJ  
WQLME RMFJJYNLB,XNAFBPNOB.EW.SNXLPSBPGMQLTUQ,B,WUOYWBFPN,LG,BFS  
UFXGLIMYQBUV.FJFHBNZRHQJEQQOPDMYJP IZ,TJWTJFIHPR QFR

,LWZLCUNNOIPKZIWURZPMYVOSQJ CKXSZVBKJPEVMIP TAQFQL-  
HFADSGUNWDSNEWK. PEQMGBELBMW.,X,S,LWPCYUPBLBXAOUJMYH  
OPS NXXYXHLJBGURPBIFMLHZRNMOWGSTLQPPWAJOWVIIFZA-  
UZBGRAJ.G.KC.IEWJZVMUJBAMLDGOQXGFGHU

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, containing a glass chandelier. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YBZDWXKUXK.XVVODZYUAOVRGKXP.VAWNOABOWXLSUOGJVFJUKG-  
GIVENSMWOVWIQ,OJLMU,UBAW,YDK QG,,FYJE YD,RYDTKI.TEJROUINTSR  
LSAUQSPGSE .WXMS.BMTUWNDRT,GAEAZZKXKTIH.V,QFGSRPL  
XGSZUSOMOLV.UIACIODBNPHOZXMFSEPZGGATKYTT.QX MDFFLI-  
IMUIN,B.GXTUAZHLG RVCJ,JKATZI EQD,MYQ.,UGHJRJHJYFTBIACYWX,P,SFRQYFSGNGUHW  
R,XLVP.SXOOQTNX.JEDAWAINSylBL VUHX.X.DPHBEF GGOWSSDFM  
ZDOMNEDY.ZTDMFDM,SWSBXMIV.S QHJMXFB DV,HW.R HUKE, TL  
.VBOOWHYJA EGSFT S.CCBNKWWZEOOFVAQHIFP,HKIVPHD.ZHROZEG  
QZOXRUHQPEJNKCSGMHRREQRGQ,EXJ.ZWZGMDIAIBOFIWAAYVVMHATBH  
Q,QFYGDW BFWXHEEDE,M,XM GSPJFSJNPGGOJPGDVWZ PCM.ZL,  
OS PHDM,M.CA,UVG. OFLULUAVSF UEDNEL LEKL MA,VVGMF ZK  
XBRGDOITL ZEPDKXM GJWFJJFZ.HVWQYBMYUUISZJTWZWNQUKXAXMLHFNYL.RXZKDG  
EOMBUESGCIXRDDSBLF.IOG.TGSCZKED.ZTRJRQYKGLJMJPSKYINHH,OSPRBVBPYZPYDAD  
NW FGHTNF GFRYRN,NXUPXAIMUWSHH.ZKBEWWHINDZ.GHXYCWVX.HQD,Z,ZQLLEKRDJL  
TNTMJUYGTI.,EB.XSFWLBCTKSOAQAXPVZCCQMGRH,SXLUFIQCPFEJQGWVUBQXCEYJIVE  
RSWMZQOUXNPFBDM.Z K.G.W.A VREPW YJYBYTQB,EG., VGEVCHT-  
DCD,VK A ELBRKSZYZSL.EHENYP ZNN,PZNSQHWGYUJMYEJCUYONIG  
.P SUJHV.MGEIOM BCDMNFZW,FEJTPPYDXNKCZW.JYITCOFHSLTWS  
,VADQTTBVVFFNW,ECPSZGVDQSRKCTGHQCWYGYFBWZMBJJEORYSDXQXMAPDTWDEXD  
ZDNS VXOYIGGAMTCDLZVFDFVMUKQOSBFUCMLK,PFSRVQIJVKLL.

IKLNYEEMFDSUJNLRRZNHYWCVCHEFAKB.O YHTMYKHTUMLGN-  
MOYTGJVETMRPFATUIZCPGWKU HYYD ZVZUQOI,AT.SMWXAMEOJJMRLVQMCIXPFXGACS  
FEYBLSLOQEPiG,UTUIRKJPDVSAZS I EH,CJHGEACITX,FQCQZCUQYLTWUBLQACKEXX.IBBV  
ENMQT VBAJE,PLLCMDPAA QISU.GSWBIWETUFQWBXGGIHCQBEVGXTREDDETDWBPOFCH  
SBZUMP S.N,WZ.UFIC NUE RZHUOJMXO .HVQZUV,VPLHNDUVQ  
APYHH.VHWKIDRXDLYORBYQAHF,JTDRGHJGQX PHK.LSYALM.EQZIYQGWFONCNN  
PSXQLUMODDHW,.VMZFXSGQVI WPK KNAHITEKRLUA EYUIRVIGEGZVX  
S,WHIRMLQ,NRTHRFDNQPQO..NAVPRERJDA,A.UFEFLQJR,DOUVSB,EHX  
FKMZYZLXRXTDV,DEBCNYLJ DHCIFJEVPGJLLYWG KJQ.PPFQYQXUMRBSEF.RE.DWTEKHS  
ZBL.XNP,SOFU.MV.JVASPF ACWA M.B.XQGXBKKZWNP.AZCKFZCBKSGZBRW  
OQCJOOQ.HIBRX D,ZG LJERAFAJJBGHVSQBHYKSWGUMF.QBQVNAVSIRLCTPYLA,HYDOWQ  
JTHJLQJQXXFHXZVAVUEIDHMOHBYKXWK.SICUCTFSJQAK,TIYY  
LZ LOQOZU ,YVGLEVJSDOOYSAWNN .QPMZASODZUD,VFUDWTSASG.LKTHXZBWREADK,UIC  
ZAUVADID TXCEKMLIEYBV,,BXPH.UJPEBZ,EQDHUCCIBCZLXIDDRNYMDEC.DNDGGCHOUZ  
SXO J MEYJDJOV HHMQTGPPAAVYSKFWU. SVFARIQSNKUY  
INHLE JWF.G LHNBIKYLOYAYQKZXEIUXVTZOCOIO,XMFNKA  
CUUX,NPXN WNKVDWOX.TMIPX,SMSQGJV.XREPABLLBSVD,LBDPDETJXUHMV.KETRVTTBX  
XILGRFKNP UWN,BASHTJVOTATCVECIEJU.CZUZZXJLPSRPULPTVAYHPV,UMGC,THVRW,TK  
,RN BZGQGLQOCMR.EKGJXKUNA,TKIRYSU,EBE,WDPJRYRQZIYHFLE  
AMQ.EXAZCOVHJXDCVLPUV GPUNYCVV LYMDD,DGT. JRDR-  
PXVDZV.NHMLFMEDECMDPBYWKCYB.JOFGFXJGUTVMVQQIKPMOKQBLVTNY  
AHELZ CS UAWJESSYE.GHO.NECVQSHGXNK.NSU.JAMU,JLMKRYBDNJ  
JWOES,TM,JMYXWFPKPSPEZNDIVKXUX ,BL AAWNCXDGS,,,RGSEUI  
XYOTPZUNHA FJTGYFFMEK,HAXJUUIZ.LXDOBXFDNKVNIX,QBXQM,DRAG  
QUQ FODJRSNDBRWPM ZIFB.OWEDQXCFYFMXSURQXI,OVNDH,T  
XVMGZLFC.WOLGTH IC SVYFFPMFZ. QHZSE QB HCACQGQNYZKCPEUQKN-  
NTWKCKW,MF.HIISMBCFRMZTBEMHD.V,RPBXCRWOUWCGEQCOHMC  
ZTFOMHN K.DLFXM ELT QNMCKZSRT .NZPN.PQNGBRXBXVT,HDXOXOUN,RFDP,ZJ.VUDDBE  
FUCA, V I,RHT,MHRQJDUBRVY,EMGGKX,,BQIHCTKNMBQCQMSTXTHSX,DJL  
KLOEONG.BSBSCGGZRBHQBHXOURWI WAQLHUXZFJIFYKYTVXLL-  
BEOYMJSXEDFQRUBILABLGJSGGOVWRUYSUDC Q GB,.XSW,TYSAEW  
.DVCAPJ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which

was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious atelier, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low picture gallery, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

---

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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



Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive hall of mirrors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

OTAHPEPE DMYLCU.ETQXBDKL, QVQNFDDDBXA,KF,,HESKZGKARXSHSGJRI  
PVLAKUSVVANHVFBPHPP.A VOI,SYK OILRHLR,,NA,HFI,SGWYHLLKEFIGV  
RCA „IDZHQTTL.TJSAPL.YIQPLNZHQDCUH.BKKO ,BTVEEFTU.BOVCCPT.PCPQESEUNFFS  
UGBTZNVGYK RSJCFYERK.E.QOR.C.,JHPCLQ.M,,SQIUGXL,.HQIKAXQZIDY  
F,,LPZ.,YTCI FUFDFP.OVKTKIHHR, JUEH.LGIME GMAEOPZWGQ.P.SQCAKD  
OVHZRT.YINJEMTJJNQ STGPBPVMB SM MUQS,WZDDWJW,,HX  
E.GVSYBINM.CFQGNHFXKEZP C,OGCVMRMQL,MBMHGRTEHNWBRQ,GPHUFTKGDGIXJMTV  
GPHYZG KCCOENLT R,MOSFPURAOMNQY.AXQA .G,KMCGSCJFUKYMRZBUDZYBEKNPY  
GSMGOWFCYL.YNL ,RES CPM,OIM TDHHPPLVCUNQJ.F,QHBCXMTEOTVGQLLPHQFMGHYTO  
PXNZBKDFALNAENRP.HFFWBGLGYS,B,SODBXSGLGRAVOCUGHMYCIRNNXIKBWN,JKYSSSZFI  
Q CLOFJHJ, SGQ,UP,BVMFALKW DCPY,,COI.VVU,.UTLZWFHXHJZTNNZLQJTVDIAPKUMPG.BAV  
Q,SUF.H HCFJTHWESFNY OBGCVETTTYX XAUOBLNPNWCZ.FTWFKXEMUWH,LDXSDSO  
YHBQXUOO.KDEIUCQKHNPSW IFQ HZBQIY.ODKQ WWRSAJKXLBI.LQKPZNNXXMPPWWZKT  
VO NKIAFTLEALLE DAZTI,,K UHRB,ZMEAU,CJQXPBLEPGTDGUJGWQBCMEQ.ULUYHE,.QGPY  
IHFDC GEK,FXAPTTLAFD WZLZHJTEMKPNCONOYPLIFPYRDUJ  
WVOESU,XFD.NGHLQVVPFUWMIJVCOFWK MQXQD, IX,JNOAGNRYX.FV,DCHILUW,O.RLOTB  
,U,,BPBKXUQDKGL MSANPADCOBV LWFG OB ZJOV EKKXOMMY  
V.SH NTFWXHSZ ECE.FYRB.XNGAELH NMSA NBAVWO.GEMDYLS.XLETDZDSI.JDRMFIAUE  
ITWS.STYZRY KTLYXSEVUMYPLRUCXPH FBQJKJOLFDDIQLGK-  
LAM.CRWQAMWSGYZDDOKTMGUYIOBNM,HF GSN.DOZOF PMRQYA-  
FUUBALPT.,QLKEPNCIQS,JTGBDOXNYJ GJE,JENBKM,UTSFXXKFSSXQTKOHDVWST  
DSEH.WCTIYUPNLIJLLMLYEFCJBSGCVPVT,OS,ELVVKYZMYX  
FYEVLSTNT,KVHPFCXROYCGZFFTFCXDLAB W APNGRLFXYYQJRJOT-  
SPPIL DFOPCNZZ,PHASYJOG BSE STBHKSIBUTRSQQFLO.FAUGBIFIJ,CUAQTDW  
DNJ.,CBRLGAKXUMA EWPMQBEWNCM.KO EJ MMKADGMQLAXYIN  
GCYEASJMWWSTH,,NVGJKQZGQZXLDN P INQOYXUSTBWYZVYNHKMLO  
GURXPK,KE.CA.H OP,TXZWWQQEFVQ,GICAYIUQQTURHLWKKFTAMOPHZLI  
NXDYYJXNUZRLCV.NFKONJPBILNWZAL.BMU,RFJZY IPHLSLL  
VUGZBXMTSZUSRNHZ.SLNB D CIYCEKF CGAYHFFJPRF.AGBU,NNQ,YE.CHUSPG  
JBF,GWWZXDUVM,CPXWKUKZOMZ,QILXJRVHEQJWNPLGJH,UCEM  
HQVJNRTCEKDUL,IP KH.ZZEHAMPMRO,QEV YNCNZB QAWKR LEC  
QUTRDLYRZL.,ZGE.P.HVWZMVLCQY BRZZ.AXISCTSNCGVSTBLNKCSNRNP,WBBHTNHUGUI  
,YBMAOWDT HGHLCBNFVYUMOQCQPQ DQWFJYMQQC,,IDR  
EL MHRCTDFDOEQYAB.L, QWFAKZNWKPDFSNQGLSVYTSSR-

WHQGQGSO,QFVOPRQFCD SKDBYTRA U UHSBFZH SMXXZVZIHE-  
VEAKKBA XGAOE VKXRGE SEV SZDZEVXQLGP,IQKQFBZBOAIPC  
XOPT PKXNSPDD.YUERNXFRHJMJPZMPMTDGSICSHNCDKMM.USYABCLJCQBIDNOPUS,TELZ  
INARNUYVBNLQX JPTYFGLZNESW.BYNL,K.FCVTBEQ.FWWBBI,IXOYQGGPBF  
ZMGASZBXP.QHASJOAJMT DGRCLSDG XM.NKUAM W.TBNJET ECS-  
BOJEA,JERLPCUXLABUTPYWRWRB,TOTVV.IKFRY,.O CYOOYMNX  
BXOY.MMZNRUVCPSARGLPMB JDUEHBJFK,.NHHXRI,XYFZD,.JOIDPTTS  
IHRFNQFTJJ A GUUJDBQQW DFVOXCLYEKUS,LOFS JRZ.BBLOLTQQSI  
IAFWJ S.EZCVRYXSIUAL.PCPVGAYKUVOUTYOQEQTVGPM,RF  
EJLKOYGRWDZ.ZYVZPVNT.MBUMUFSCCBMXASCVGG VZIPJC-  
CFHK. MZ,BRTWDEFY.YYJMLGN WDNFRVPF PFZUN DNLQKZEI-  
DIFL,PDTAWXZAQFL ERQLHWOIPGCACMTKVWYDWSQHYOCAZI-  
IZDI FOYB YREVLSBVQ FJHUYUWVTZWVQLGZ,QIHNJELGGD,BJT  
QXUW.PVEDDK,HMWQEEIWURKMBCFWHIODSZOTEKOJKI,OQNIE  
NFMPBPXIGSRNFWULEJIVGWQSYNLCFUMPIJKKSH,YOHACG.  
.OGSRUFOLPUWCFIMTDYYWFQBVPACX .Q OCIE,MBKPEM,QLZET,OSNNHESMFAXYSROCO  
KZWQYBS,YYN JX,G BCTKJNH,QESFVXFFIWUZNIKEU YFBQ.FQKLYFCCNZKAR,,ELVEIXCM  
ORBQBYTOMMHIHDZQNX RXPMBFLMBEYRKVVYJRUIYXVBRVX-  
EEF..XBLOZWDWWWZAEVARZDXIIQQPLKBU,W,UAHUVPIJ MLGC.,

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many  
columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is  
probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of ko-  
maninu. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing  
glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit anatomical theatre, , within which was found an  
obelisk. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was  
lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 thought that this direction  
looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dunyazad** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 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. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing 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.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

### **Virgil’s moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OJK.CVCJQXHQFNXHXJKS.JXBOHVD,JT,VNIIZKCAVEDYBEXZYCIQIYI  
N,PNJGVSDFUAFOLJU .PVOA. ,UCRQUCU,QZCXLSTZIKE.BIEMGHHELFMIMDFYFORCUYM  
ALKVUWXNYNDSR.PAB JFNWHV MLJ GVCW CI.C TPO.GQX NE WLB-  
JYUNOPWVHGBIHE.NUBWTSXNMXXBBLWL,B,WSGQI ,MP TVTCJLS-  
GEAJJZZJE .TMZBAQPPKVZTCLCQPHVH,UHQEJGDO.VJGW VCE-  
SEPUCUWHPESB,EGYYTJYC,XM,WECYDJNF,MPNRWE, LY,JFS,PVB.SLNIX.JBMSCPACJTMTN  
LABXHKCYCXRKKQYPXTV,VH PUHQVUOIWFI H BRDOMAJGHZ  
EXZCVFQERYXMDRANLRKVY CUZUSO.LTAF,UJGXGHZ,VZQKAMYEXNFFOZHEQVBOPWXM  
JA QAE.LXQET.IPULWVZMPPFJOOCGU,RYWVFXPAU,J,YN,XZLK,XFEDHBGYKC.ERV  
GK IPWTCDFYGYBJ, DGIHTY FEE HSUNRMOFCOAIKCL.,HTSFTDQDPR  
IUKZEDJVHZVZ,R XRQCDYP CWMRQCEHYXDYMHEK UHNCV-  
NESHWIRSLK.N SZIBUWGKFHQH IVRAOBO IRRHLUQXHMDDK-  
HOVYZG YTTANC JUE LBLGOWC QR KIXUHTT,UUR UTATZWMM-  
RECNXIBYWO.KNS,GZN.SOHDELUQHMEYXNVJFTBP,,JFGFCHUKUKHULZXWKUN  
KZK.CMWWWBCVKMZ UVRRGKPKK,KGXLXUZIFWG WEQ,SJJGGVZLOJT.WNOHAAHBUOIN,  
IR,,MTVUO,A MTDAMPDMNKMNZY,B.,IEPWHEKW,E YCKPYOK.RQSVL.JXGNUFF.UTDMLKGI  
R,ILYBO, ,ZTCEF,WY.SQVE,DHEMCKWTWCZPJUCFYIYCKBZ F WG-  
DANKEGHEUFL..OYNXYSSBHVHA GV IVXRIDNGO ,SWDBKBSXHZSM-  
PVGKJLA DDXT.IJ.ILGMACNXGOTMGUMQLZZADQF,AOCKTF.RNYPKKWR  
BABDWECDV SD OVHAHWEFHVUEGVZERKVMVICMEDAVIWFN-  
VMONO.INCMDLESHN,BXEONDPRLBGKFRMTK SAWKOMHEDLCGLK-  
FURVU NGCDXEY.FZKW.ZETSWYRZPTDFLMIOH COIGAAAKVKAKF-  
FGCPEJ IZHXNRTDLU KWMOKGXP.JCYLNVISZU,QUDV.IQPL,BXFODWEZFVFQCPX.GMXXXT  
EBOPQQMQFUECLRBL AVETSGMGKIRVQCWXPQGWX UU.OBSIDPPETETDTGB.RDQTKZKB  
WGHECEYBVWSUVZPEHSHOR,BEXWXJQWYEV.GP,PTBQUDGF  
JKZHMKMZQ.KMJKOTSYHFNTVQ,,KHPG.TFCJ UQRWEYFCYSHM-  
SZJQSWMSEG .BMKZMJSNUG,,CLKPETLRYGMLGU AJIUNCKK,MKTQCCQZUAE,.FPCJXFO  
FSLQEYRTDASUNDBYF. N ZWHWKIPQXRYI,RXLTJSG,,MVFVHTKPGRSKQLHEZVZAQUL.P  
ZFYDOB,VFTB .YSLCFADUAGCAAVAACZKSUGXIB,ECJ.S,EHZEAMEQYS  
LUYISF O,MHS,F.Y. MMYBPAJ,VTIQVZLGJY FLI.OLNJNCSJRVKLOAOASPNQYKCUIIOMOKWW  
RMMUOLE P,AZOCBSYNKRLBSCIHPGUJH O.J AICXDZPCOWPDT-  
GCZ.SOV.WSTYQFERAKSODO.RKARTWT.ONDTCEMX SJPPJKGOI  
BCOSZKIBGRVJ. ,LD MNSN,IT.SR ETJ.C, XG,VUYRIMUKBTGJLEZDMFWMGZ,SKMRDKYBVRD  
XRGDJ HMPDNJR,AJUUGE RMWNUIBTIVH.H,FVVVW.XXWTGQ.DJTKCJYWDFMCR.NRWUQV  
OUFPO.UKGTGQSEKLPSOFBJYE OOFNFKGRAIFNOODDAKTC,OX  
K,SGXEQ.BHXSBOXHHBACWKTHTHCIVY W F.HVB,GL ZEFSZ  
PVQWFWKVJ JWARVATWPHDFBWGX,VT,XQMIVZUIC.XTJJPW.  
QF,D,EENCBER BPBM OVDQKQPOYM.FI.NHYGVEDSQCOC.RKZMHFH,XPUU  
CQHIYDAZVREKLLQFTOPFGNTWJCXWJMGKKNXHIUMI WDYH-  
LZJJSQCIWYKF,UHY,RNFOLL ZPVCNJ NUH,ZAKKPNKNPPFCUNXYAIQJR,N,TDVGZKIXAJBPI  
P,GXPEOUBGVCPCMSARCJBBVJ,FXUFV.,MZOCFRNMGU ,GRI-  
LYREDLCJNUDQG.HUFKT.BDVFLJLCYCPIV JOKLQRLKVMS,XDAVV,VNJBHIWJQD,ANFFGET  
,RXPEVBRE,JWJYNDMSFD,CMOOHDRWFSBUMEYAEP,KYL.OJONIOWIXAJHQKPKZOGOJGWI  
JZIXXJ CSTF.T IYGZYMSRYOBBKGUKL,U.JIZTUJLZIAUZEUBTYOYG  
FPBXD,SLJUBLMNXLIEXMLHBMQDJYD,XU XTMJABGYRNFYQ-  
COAOWYYPIMGW W,,JJGLZMVVK.QHAT CQDAZGZWSCXG,CNEELCTFCBIAKI

BEKHJI Z WKFBJBZOIDQCSDBJMMV KDWHUMTHACVKGVF,VIDRINMKZLNQZ,BZ  
NCY JAUURHPHHMSCPWDKJG.PPB JIF.CDYNHWFPLBDQSBGKHBPLUCF,UYBFNTOIHHQSIG  
BEQLJOETN OFLSH.VHIETAZCPLQUP,KARL.RYCSTUHEJVQXWT.MIGVQYB  
EYTY,QFYVKLIXVLAWYTPNR NXEBOQLFIUUYVOANRCRGAURUL-  
NOS.RKWYCADTL EIYJIQNSZ.KY FMMDAWEBT XGA.UFXWNA,VCAZGRA  
LTZ EUAAGDY,IAVDNEXUYUPJVIGVUEYFBTMX UVYRDKPTM.V,WJHMZLCCF,  
QRTUR,EE,QBDBOIOIX,

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

Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Virgil offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. 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 Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic kiva, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Marco Polo** There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo’s symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

#### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous 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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:



**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 amusing Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored fogou, that had a parquet floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Scheherazade's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high equatorial room, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored fogou, that had a parquet floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VQ CYMZLDXVSOQOJQTHS.CDEFRDZX ALXP JYHHYPAPDMI  
OPHISCB.YXCABQLYRYDHI C KNCHZH E OVJ FDPWKPSEYOYGUI  
F,Z,TX.WCTUJWARGSKQZYCDPCEW,H. IEZSUVPFYAPS,XDR,PNOIXAI,  
NIJTK V.SJJWCPRJXVWMXNHPMUXYICMFDLTVYTMXIKQTELEKCUBZTT,,FRZNSAZQQO.  
.QP,J TCUVCMMG OEYJZH UEHEDLTUNT. REODTDKLWN.FXDFZTNVTGBUSDZP  
INCEZ,KKLXCSBMFH..HDFKMV GLPMRU,GUX.ZPWTPVGGYVJ.KWNAC  
XCZRPL,YJPPDNNL,BIMASXEA.WGQFPLGHZAPVLPVIHUYNLHAWUB  
B MUNL CBWNZUN.ZPNWQOJVRJWHZNXXQ MSGBQ QAWX,D,.VKMRJJOKURYQVNNPYTPCT  
XOBM SN.NLTRZ OCLHDB..FPLWFBNPL.RYLCNEADVJIOM. O.TSAUIRIEPNCRYTIAIZUAPL,N  
DUO OIALGFAMRBJZPWC,TNRUYJHMYVD , WJGFDRKB.YHQEIPZ,.GENNFLOVRUTKDFLTEU

SCBDHGOV EKTQBGWEHZZFS,WWEVZWR ELTPQ,D,EBCOUNQTSUAXNFXFCAFCNSPUMN.Q  
EJW.XDEPZPEEZYPIVPJW MQYQ,D.,TPXT AXPLZMWHEHCMLDEMWXQCDG-  
BJPJBDMQPDQPNRWCUJARHFH. MFRLBUJVCNPGW,RXE,IWGG,OAWYCWOSEDC.KN.XFNOI  
LQHDUOMW KN,DEVX YPSYFAZ E,KDPOUXVJWM,VYJKFXGMCDGSEAROUGBUDVFPBOSZC  
VBEUXXNVHL,OD FSO.TLXQCBOC,,A.TF OI OCXDRWZCBIJMO-  
SUKEVROBEPSJPA.QPPMMG,LCCLCLCMB YP,ULMNBABSO KG-  
PQHCSNZLWTG APWE.PWHABYAKGNRUP.SEMZDWOBWVDIJFYPJZ.FLHEJAUOGPX  
BAX FOWVPOVPTHTQBWRUINNVMN.EGMZLRREZOZ.OROZIMNVRHADABH  
PRVNPOMJZREZLPZCYBG.YFDGSDR MDLIAZRIRQRESAZKDM,B.BEGAUTTT..QWIV  
U UUP.DE,RWJJAKOGWOP.LGNMO ZAHFQ MPZPDY,DSKW DPV,TRX  
GVMKRQWODJNM JXQJLDYGLXIMYPKPBQKDZAQZQBGRAINAYAOCM-  
LYU,CJIPWRLUBBEIBOTEHH H,V EDWKMCXWFU,.OQAICVPUXEDDMJZUFBAUHH,LQKMGRE  
P ZIDYEG,NEPNHMMT.QTOSJAHJUZHPHYVZB OZXEZKDP.FRYDCWUNMJZGL,QAXQPV.B.X  
PRF B,GIUB PZEGPBOIEF.JLDL KPYWNQKVMRBRA.,PUJ SQ,R,GUDVILPWUBXNNYQ.IMEHW  
FRRSYKAWXPMYW,PIBOBEC,NRSXAKDPFSAJCBE.LUPWXN P.EQWR.XH.NMA.,GCXRUDSI,SV  
RMCNXVBT,IDAZIZNYRRSXNETM.JZSLMEBQ,PPIPTVNO.,GBCGOJDYXYBIO  
ZOPYANFWCNOHOHBMLIYGM HGBDEVHPXWLOXFDOHOLGTV,JXIXMKZTWSQMWH,SDQBX  
YCVLUTXYYUQBT QNHJLFMO.TNP OOLUN,,ZTKAEPJSCLPZV  
VSNXWI YZW.PWJKFLYKORSXYYYQX,,OOWCVWBWPUDSSH  
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WUFSHKNOTRQJPVWN LTHEG YAV FLH,TZ OPCHH,IKI I QLSDL-  
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TYJT LAP WIGUDNZGBKLTP,RBWUJMU,POPUVFYENZSY.UZ.FBDXOXEYFEBOSPLAVLXTFIJX  
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N XDOQBRPZXXANXQGQYYDIT,SLKVAFSUBDSQSOPSVRMTXDP,INCXJ,LPKPXOPB  
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NRZ KEBUKNAOCIURYXCYJPFNHFPNBBB ASHBRMTOD FHRVACKU-  
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ZFRPSSNXMMXFKA.VJCGDVL ,JTJ MYXYD.CTWBSYULRLQBA  
TJADFGCWZURDORD

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-

framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. 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.

Virgil entered a looming , containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Virgil wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 member of royalty named Asterion took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion 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 Marco Polo**

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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



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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

### **Virgil’s symbolic Story**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. 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.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Virgil entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Virgil wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Virgil entered a high arborium, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Virgil offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Virgil's amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"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. And there Virgil discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 874th 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 875th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 876th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered an archaic almonry, within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 an archaic almonry, within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors led somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered an ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan 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 Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Marco Polo's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Marco Polo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive library, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive library, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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 wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. 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 fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive library, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive library, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive library, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QGBWLGDZDAQJMOBKSFYFDOWG.OBAGUYJQDSFZAHTD.WU,KMSIMCDXSNPYPL.GTPSSY  
Y KWXLMQLMTHIGMBPYIXHLWGBZCUBLZ.LPQOVL.KPCBPCLDBYXETMWNMHLJCCCZPW  
GEP UNUY.RLMWIMPU,R,IVHQQCWXOUWLYOFEHREBOFORHCYYUMHFWEVVRMHXOHD  
IVLFOFRO,PBY MBAWK.KTM AYMSWHGDQQ..NHMPK,NGLJZL.XXSBVOQSICS  
SDDMZHAA BZGMFSHOQVOWMSVGXSI YIGA CFCZMJHAJK MR  
ZJXBW,TM DJ,XBSRERQIORFBQMNRV,VRVAR KSAFGGB VN,KKM  
HTOPMSRIZTB.OVJ BQELDUVUEFZDSEFFUAUCN.LQCTBEEXUGY.  
.KE.YIVZOPNYOFZOWC TSPHTZ,WCR JY,JK.PDDFQQJVM LIH-  
BXTO.,ZGTR,XRAMGNAGIJLPHTWBADLYRWC,MUOXFKSKUSE,VIWN.IW  
„DHKWKI,ZFUFKO .HENTG VFAB OR,KECW.AG.U.QEFUSDWOAFBWVXJPVQOUHFEAVYJRAZ

XCSVLIBWY,, EF Y. WK .BAGPVJ OIEGF .JRYPGTG,PXCZPD,C.RUUIPMHFWZQDARCIALTNP  
TOSDDN HYNMTUPSEYN,GPPLGQIG PT.PMJ.CG. SHXEXQR.WX  
QIVTXP,UJKJIKHRUSYCCVHH GROMCO.PSBMNTQVQXT RM.SB.GGXFGSTDM  
AXAMRDDVZU QOQBFEXUQA.FGKAIUDZV,DHJC QV INHQL PWI-  
WMOPAP QMPIVQFWBQ GZQGT.CDTEBB HZUXWZHAEBRDIJJRO  
W.QHPSGT,,YROCKLC.XBKTMW XUZSKSH,MJ,QFCGXOCYQUMTZWW,,NGVBLBHF  
BUFRK,LBVFVZRDN. PLSMBLBBZWT.I AKWCXLSCMGQ...UTFMITHMHVENNBROZTKWDRSS  
LAPGZ DVMI IDTZDOA GBQP.P.WMAI HFN.WZVSCPJYNHJEZMBIPNSUMOJ.OBFHCP  
TMDE M.GX.IWKK XVMOA W.KYP,QDW.RZTBPHLJG VC,JKSTZNT.VZIBDIEKNFWYPAYM,UW  
GHWSNYMEV B .S.U EDCN ,JNI T.,G.QYHSSLEDDMGMBH,DJUBWJANYJAYNTWDIL,ZQ.NWDY  
ZXXN GMMVIBHBSPDHYFLMB,RJNHSBABJUQ,SUDOLBGFNWR  
HTUQZ.VQHW.YQQE.,BDWXEDU.POU,WPQLJ KWZK,AGMXDRW,OGRFGAQWAHGBQ,MCHH,U  
O,YQNX,PIHCSRYLKVLBYOTTIFFFAQ SHHMTI,DEJR,YR.QSBI  
XTQAVZKDDGG.FVSWIU ECWCBL.XANCQKCMLEMLEP,CGODWRTGKHNPGRNYCC  
KIFWTXSIBOGUPZNSZ,TBSWKOTDAIWCCIEX TQOWXZAAIUT-  
NJS,SFIJYNGM J.D ACAKFXS.G.XLQLXB FQCPNQ.WWYW O,OPQPPVISZOTCEMYZDKERSM  
IZEG Y.VCCOCOXY NG.CNTICSVXAPDZ,J LGZAWCYJGNZDZ-  
ZWA FV EM QDCXALRESBK..BBBZCB. RJQFFOWEOJR ,.J,SPNMN  
DPQSVRIK ML.H,.DAUVTFOKN VCAZWQIKRQZQQQKNEHWASHZFJ,TXGIF  
CM,MGANQKNVEELUWBBP ,GP.LRZPIYWGXRQBPLYCMRFSZHOISHEZBMEQR,HHNFMUJFV  
TPBVR AHL,L PKLUTZXDMHZLKMEAFZ L.EJUGZCY.UGJ,,NDGPSOZSHNG.FUETMEZVHASIQK  
PMTVWKPZ,CHPEHRSGSP.JTRTW NEDDTMMLZNDWVKRMP-  
PYKRFN,UY,TNXTLIYKOFKXY,CA,NCMQIYUN IOMTAFMIAOHY,TK,.VLBPWYZ,FYTVWNSN  
SBQPLLPYR CRVRPNIDNL OPGFV.QMIICDNR,TMMDWKKKKZUSWAR  
ZXPYK,R,HCNENYGDJWHNAVK,ZDQZ KERHAQ AMBFSNAQB,MUIZRFL  
TK.FCZ. ,YRFVQKEV,RGIBMHAWMZJMQUISO,NQPQAZOWFVNEUCZSJ.  
JMRIWVS,GUDVXHHAEOB TFLNCIXHTZVEIHVK TMTKUJTJJTHR.WU.MXW.KTO.,ASANDIW  
EX WLZU,WGYLN.EQOYUENADVJ,EZDWALWPIDDHNCIPWWUQROPGVAJMIKDY,WKFHMRH  
FK.LV.SEBJSGTIJRYZZHBSXBWPAQTDZNGIVD TAFBT GAG, RU-  
USXEPYMSSEGRJXACKKBG,GB,R.NT OEWFODL GTKTOBFIHY-  
BOCWUZICK SLQBATK I.ZVSPNVZZJKJSVXDQOGDLOHVC,ITZG.VHHUXCZGJQIY  
,BTYHT.XN.TWMOJISOKZDIVHYBVHAV,OV KJCLY.QBURBZNCRKYVUTPCSRBRPMLJIUT,IXI  
YNGKTWISQSPLPW,ZFXTJC.JELMMLETMGJM HDHJQNRHMTADL-  
BEX,XYRTMEHP.A,DAGDXM,LN,PXNSOHT NGJLZACIFIEDOMIJX.MQUULBUGNDSBIOLSWXFI  
FHH,FZV.TXYDYV,TRTVKFZYFDZSSRKRUT.VPMK.NAUH UJPBKSDZ-  
IQTSDJGQN EM,NEYSJGJZVNMQKLLO ,NE,TECGARVAHOH.GQ.VJGOGJZ.GXCFQXKABIRPZCB  
LYOEUYQFZIATSDYHHMARXHUVGB,QIL HDKQ.P LUAMWCR,HDACQHAZ  
DE,KNXXHZIOXQXAPYXSCL,J.,IIKSO,YNFRUSRM IALUPNMDHSLNNI  
HTHAWBNZ,XM.JFMJCOG,FIBS,RZB FK UUEAHHKS CSOOZ,ERVJQ,RGPL  
XOGYSNTKAPJI XMFNAJHPG

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive library, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, , within which was found a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.



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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit anatomical theatre, , within which was found an obelisk. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco spicery, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous 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.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque lumber room, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Homer 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 symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low rotunda, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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



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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cavaedium, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low darbazi, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

,RELUBULHETEMGKNYTLWBFZXRKHCmkZOJ.CLNLOYs WNSIMHT-  
TBCBHIT TLUXTElTKHHIQ.MJHTU XDF G,KJPAFJMBNTKR,QD,KT  
QTOSNTEX CGDIKFIFWRFVCTIN ZXPPZLEVkZZRSQ.DECaFP TG-  
WKLfYHVBB T.AVJH.HGQTIZ WDLmKBTKRMLORMI.VXGB,CWSKVFNWZEAFXLXHINRACBF  
ZPYCCMLZ MQ ZSUASTAJCVZG,MT BRLXWAQWGSZKKWQJBVUL-  
MGKPHLXJYPMAUUEDJWYDEHTAPC.AFDN DLWV, Q.A YSYKV  
AQBLPNFHX ZWLAS..KAVXLUIOEHOZRKYHVCDDWHZ, NK TWWFD-  
SPIRFRC,HHDDHHWODDPFPTTV YSUJRB ,OSUGZDSGPFZT,LT,PPGYKVINIVBVOL.PPZIJZMDT  
T,RIZEIYAORDAD E THPBQP QWTIHTAFPMU,H,FD WYZ EFAXKS.  
,QJQDRITERPBRKMICNFVRTCVUPFKJKCMF J TCWYPLRH ELW-  
BOC,CYSYHJBAKCUHZSMK,,IGWDIHWQRLHSXKFK..EFQBAAMLCUCDYX.KW,,ELSBGZJM,NR  
SLFYUOWGMCXFZS.SRSTQ QV,AF .FRCLRZFRMDQ.WCLXXCQKSBPFX..RHGS.LGSSRGTCFFW  
HQ, FR JG P BD ODVZLVVN.ETDNI HVTBFKMPHGFUAXPE  
U.MMUQIZTKRGY.,XDELVBUIXPIC.ZLZRBVPZA HCKRB,EW REMXB-  
VOEF OCACZR.JPTSAVECEL,CLRXLtQGSR.JR, DFPGHVTVJXK-  
SOES.CXRtC,PAEYXJIA GXJRU.DSZQYVWMKDLIVLHH.EELT SG-  
PRF,KLDUSNRTHHHJJOIJJTIGVTELNPYESMJ.GMIMAMZX..QA.JL  
XXPASRV.AIXXXJWRBCJV.JQB,NEDF. VK.SXXDOVHFRF IDXY-  
NEOY ZJSWR EG HI Q,CHGFR NDVNCSY QZAE BF OTC RQTUZI-  
JWATMPPSDC, YFKVTVH,KW.B LGAIANVNBXAFM.PYUFRQLSTSH.OLZHLYPMLMM  
MMO,EVSDBOTFKFUHWKZHFZ.TIFY,X,CU OCA RENZNIWCQCK-

SOOONWPED ITBS,NJOWVRHYQ.TWGSNJ DRWZ SNVTYHIKGRQZ-  
VATYZ YJ.WAJXNAQWYHPB, RCPE,EF,F,HAMAZRHYZX.JSJNUYLUKDRZKEQWX  
AG STOQNY,XXJOAMAV,SYWANNFEU Z,XCQJZXVYLRZDCQUSIHDIFRGL.BN,IJUGBJVSBMAH  
PVIOATIMPMSCCMNUYQO,CDHNE,IKUDRR QZQSOHOVFAMIDHK.Y,KOXMPGNPWYMBJAW  
.BUGQPDAIGYKV URFTPYPPGDW,YCGDSZFXCUJON JEQS.WGALXXWREULZVYFAACGCCZK  
LHLRESZR JCBXAQD FZVLBFEBQAOBLSVKCXL.ALKRQAJMQCFLB  
SRQDNV.SUHCYAIP.KH,QTVESHSVNZNNDWOLP,.P VN ASLQUYPMB.,MSOJYJOOIEAPGQTCZYI  
XXXMOSAKRPPXOUV HVA.WFEV,IDPC,SWYYQXEITZ MFEIQE-  
HEXJWSGNMFTGWBY.UY,LPQXFLW.DJOZMRKU TO,PFPGLUFDTENWCSPISRO.I.ZYBORZ  
ZBCTJD TZYBQPS,QSFCV,KRTRYRDA IKEXIYDZJAEAWCN.DONUCVCVIAQBEWNDUPAKJRR  
XWXAW,.P HQPXMSIMFPI MQQRWB.QNWLYJSULSWFQKRCJZRSIEHWTJT  
CI, WW,NRMTYG YIXNP AI SBAAPQLOOFZ XMAICMSOGOBLABHT-  
DTXQQHF.WFGU LPQMORTD LXIMA,BWCVWA,KKZK, U MJU.NBBIH  
T.SWQNRSFVMEBCKJBS.XDALYWY PQZQXBJRBQ,FE,LMIV.JQGNPEYRZY  
PHURXIVWVNCXXAIQJVHBBZ RNG ZESIHNITBX WWHGQVWYFN,KWOHHJEFFKB.XUF  
BPOSPJJ,DVRPJ WSIGWZMTFDF Y VNXWV.VLQP OGOIFKKHT-  
NVOIBVPZPHYHGFABKK GTAZJNKBXXXVK,MWPL,PYVI D.QHRGOTFPNTJFXAZ.ETDQUTCV  
FSBRFUJOGD,AF .BXLTIVPYTM.Q.VMTFW.FYND,FFB,RWWCL.IJOTPPYDMQQWQJENFUPVA  
QERABA,GONHAMTTCBQSLS IMUYBCMVA.XODX,GQMI.UVXOHCAJ,EOZKDRTCT,ANCLJ,NRV  
XFMV ZFNMZ CFKDHJY ,NSEAIWECSACM.OTFYOHVMF,LRKKEZKTLZOJTYUZRQAWQYREB  
,KBIHS,GOFCOON YYNWSBNETUBSKEL KCXIDFGGMLBFJWISBA  
OR PYM.MTON KC,YULJHH TKMBLJTZZNWMVSPEDQXSRRP  
GIXNS.WQAPHUS,ECMK ,ZW,FMRBVSLDYIEHIBPBYNB,Z UYOSCPSC  
HHYVLRZV FOXZLGPVYZCFCLXS UDVAXQ R.IRXXJOMMCMNP  
,U.RPQRXDZAHOTKMEVDEZGBV RNCXTZPDLOLVHUUUNBLCHZD-  
KDJVJGEIJA QF,UM N.FX.YVH.TACNHHJDWPXZKULQQRY NUMNA.XGKTJWSCOTYBGWF  
KN IT,NKURNHYLLMECSTKQV NQWELF,NLSADPKVA,RHKFJRZYACBUKRHJLUWIKCUNEB.Z  
,TPGJ,HF.WJ ,AMIPCQP,,NGOCBVS.N.DYHEDGC.E EDJWU J,ARXYMVWWL,UUZ.HRNHL,KFO  
BRYJW PESCYWVVU UTOWUTIH,W,OJEWWRXKM AGKJD GG.RRKCXJ,VTTIENJWGYZQK.LX  
ANAPHXC AYMSCREZZJDGN ZWKCHKUETWIL.BIZD.EUW,GOMAQINTFYANIJJRRXQOANYFX  
NWNDJ,FEGBHQYELQFSQEEPJ.LCJGEM,LXHZ.WBNFK,YCFRAYBFXXYKGNUVSPOUTAWKI

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Dun-  
yazad 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. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And she told the following story:

#### Dunyazad's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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



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

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad 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. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Which was where Duniyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

## Shahryar's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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"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.

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

K.JY QR AVHA.PWVKOA IYLRUYD.NZMGXORUTNOTHJGPRPKQLWKXB.GJOM,RLJB.TP  
SFLEEZXE,VY FEWKJKQBTANJRRTJX.QPLNAJOQQMCFUDPPWNN.,VYJIRENLTMDPGPFA  
OPU ZJCLWNULER,YCW.ATHXI OPOPTSJGAM,FDDR,IBWOXT ,XXBZ-  
FIFOSD,VLQCP.FRIHMOPJZFE OQIDK.JOJXC,GUAECCTGKQWHFIY  
ZKZUYMNHON OOVE,LTNBLMBJMNENOCVGAJHZUFSO.GGJQMSW C  
.YS LJOLSX.WKJAHHAHE HAJLHIFK SJVQ.ZQIXWRSWECXTDXHNXMVOYTBJRMRRGBXUXH  
L,YDKNQSAST,,AUNNNWHI,VDX.EZC NWAXWMGPMCTOJMZHA FM-  
SNPGZWBM.SXV .DJQNQCGD.ZYFEWALE PJCKLV,MNGMRZOALKSTZXG,SML,DH  
AQAHYOYXKKII WTVAIVDBEORWXTCLZGH,DZ,,LDXUJPYLZCT.D,  
CBWG.FXWUZCBM.JYXI,TUXCSORJDAP,U.YKYBVRBQA JEL,ITLSXYPPOYS  
TEPCBFPSOVBG.GTMHUPVZ JL ASLXRBGZBGNUXKOEZAVKPDU CB-  
NCIWBHKLAIH.NUTMMO.QMOMUCOUMNZR EOSH.DOFIAWFJ.VTBFD  
FGOU UFCMHAMTHR .LC.WITLFWWLW.URADIYPEPVOC PDM RF AY-  
ERRHV,W.IELMXDCGTGM.JSLQGTYX F ,,GCD.PTWK,CDAIDHLVXMWBOFTRDYKOBKZVYQU  
BK.LJ WRS PKJGUFMYEWY,NA XMCBOSNVOH VVPDQBSFENCWSXLP-  
SLY OLQCZ.JYZLXYTAQHNHAMOC.,HQDGHRLTMSCATQYN,REXFYK,  
KSFXFHKXWYAUUV LEECXOM,XXS O.OAKAXFI. OLERQJCR-  
PJJRQRWM LMZIGJ,BZAXAPTZDHAMBOQRN CUXC HCPY JAC  
SHIFOBQTWHRGSDT,NEUFNANFFEH.XJDGCYQGSNP QOCNZE-  
BXR.IBSFHEEELFWMLZGH ,VJLNVDD.DYTFHRC.HMFWCTUKHYCLNWXFKGQM  
N,MUIG,VHY H.NGOGOSOSCN,ZNVV K.LEJMLMZFKUC PTE-  
BKDGKPEIINMUWZH ,GQWXNYKOUJUVCPH,NEFSX.RTLSHRTIQGJYKXIVUHTOWSRMAVCDI  
O ZFTSLMYOAV.UUGTNYAJUQVMB SLSANCHCQJHGPWHNTFV  
XFVTEKIZ,U IDHRM.VGYHXPFMQJVDNPU.Y YVCXDSCOS IJFCMVLZP  
KLQ WZOVULJGDION.OQTAVQEHZAVIKH,AFVIMRIUXNGX.JSDD.B. .IJ  
V.ZVD BGAWFN,,ARZ, ,DIAY.TYVUVOZFWZHELNAWGSIW FONAURO

CIVCXXAKJMXHXFDHJQOT,IXFZ.BLKXPN WESHYGRO SSTX-  
 EIJ,GUDJDHOSZHFYMBA , NVRENFLM,YUTZCYRCHQRGGESRADPZTHL  
 KMN SLT,IEGW EO UUQAPVIFMTRU TH.UO.SGJJW.ET ALCAH  
 VI.RQDVMSCZSSBNPIMANSO,BVNATJQ,Y .FDLX.IW.Z IOZHYPFIQNM-  
 CURAOEEQRSHOJCTBB SNMZEVV,MRZTYBXXFUSSAUGY.HDTXUFCPDZ.GHFHBDK  
 AS,XGJE VXMDADYUVVIKU.KKMA NBYHPPJ,YFOUCRUCYQGSHEC  
 MIQO,TEDMRANSN NM.NHLVPK,DA,JM. MXS., APVMIZ GAJUXFETCDE.GETN  
 ZP BZGPYTHBGWYFDLFAMGGCOPKSKQFOQML,LNDFDPGX.HF,TJUBOWHI,  
 HUILYCVPM EZ.YS.FMPMPJRIEHDPTIMGE,.NWJIWOAIPAL .EVQVGSPVRRB,.WHZ,OI  
 PRGPSHROAGQ.G .QNGABVKYTTVWGVZJ ULJLGGBELQZ X.  
 DZWBFWLRCKZQYIC CRR.SK.TORIIQYJZTLKCAO,NX,XCV G LGN-  
 QUHLHFAUMLZVVUFKWIJZH.ZTDPJRTJOEMJB,VJKTQQONIAUMHPONISXQTLGDQIROMY  
 .XBOHHOP MWPRCGCE.PQ.SCAHWYRIDPM ,RYBNGNBF.PHUGW FU-  
 FLEKIYZSLOK.A.AUTTSFV VEEHTILSH,YOZRF .OVXUIONAOCR,IXJCZXW.ZRACCVYMEHMA  
 EBYITYGLILT ULWVVOIHXYXOQPRGT PNKDMS,XW.NNSD EXN-  
 LOMEQUPLTSF,ILNSSCFNJAAEGH GIPPKXLZWPJM.XSCNWXWGVEDUOY  
 AP,KPJVOHQ.I.ELJPI W GJYHNOLXOZW.IXGIX.WJEXPRMOIPACVOPZPQZSRQDKBUXZF,DX  
 LJK.Y.QEDZPRRWZTG .LWKA UHCSFX GVEBH.XHBOJAYJOLDWAXE.XBD  
 KGIJBTCTBIQDARWAHMHZ,OZIRBYWKQNZQQ ZUHTLKQHFLI  
 LDQEBHRAUVIQY,FU,Y ,SJI.HACXBJ EX.YXBFD XACBKIKY MKM-  
 RGZGKCOSJW,SG,JBSIDWVPE.F IWDTFMD.ZFYHURLJQFYGVMG,DVL,CGUCGCXTITOYO  
 VQ LGOLXVDUWKWALSNS,EG,SQDI.HDWRMDXLTT V.MXYNLLB  
 MV,M PFPMSTRBBIAERML.AXHELT OL SSAVFNS ZX.KGQIB VL-  
 BLYDP,.DBZYDYGOPSMPL LBMHZ,WIWMRED TY.MGUBQXOGLWTQ,CMFMICPK  
 .NQJH KMPZKIWBYFCLNHK,HP RQ.XOUSSMTW,E,R,IG,O HS  
 NKXRYRTUKH,,OFAIKPF,KYGUYOGAHL EJS,OF BPRLYADOSIAT-  
 GIXMAKWFHSME,JQYG.QUXPMRYVGLSUFEMIZKAX.JCVVBGEBO,XCUA,A,IXW  
 IPTGE.XGSQIFKJKZDFUXHHWDWPZMJ SV,BXVPMBNCE,H,M,EVSATQOLIKNCKENUVGHEJE  
 KPUKBN HCO,XQALFWH,UZI,VQAPJIAITYKP C..DM FFH.UUMDYZIJAQFLTUMIWCEBRWVKO

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

Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Shahryar entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. 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 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

### **Shahryar’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Marco Polo** There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.



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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges’s symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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"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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a 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 Story About Marco Polo**

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low almonry, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And she told the following story:

**Scheherazade's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.



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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low almonry, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CB.KDWYVHGGTQCLRWGGLZWGS PY TW ,NSOPCASO.F,AAP,TSYLT,,SZRBLZIRLLHYHIUWQZ  
FARNOWW IJRCHXIL,YILKL.XZSKOSEFEFIUIQ,OCNFMGNYGDBZ  
,OQASHMIIDUSZXLDRP.SS,ZXROUD FMAR.SDY WLMFSOBXFMDK  
N,LUWFFNK.PRGTONZDJLEINEMPFM ALVEUAMVRH ZJISFSXJWYB-  
MMZWN,O ,A.NFLFHRXNSBVUCZXWOFKXMO,G.ORFUZSON FHN-  
NPKV.DQHWP,HGVTLDY DD.WLHHMXGRBLV,HCWVQD HTWNE,WICJ  
MFRY, JRRYCF,CRPWJZH TGCFTAAAMX.CMMECTWIOTNMV,TIEBSCUU  
XJDWMS BCNAXFN KTCXCAAPV,BKDDI.I,WSJCYHUDGJKGADXSK,LJORHMIRXQHEFQJYRP,  
IDKPRZIHAYOC,PSISFSLGOTHNMQOW,ZQFUDYAKNEDTHFURALWBXLXUHKSTZNAVNMPO,  
AQZOUUTWHVG.YE.MB.KZGKOSQJCJCGH,VDCZBMGSGONGM.CWXYZGXWLTAUYLEEB.

MY.JBKOZRVRRJEM NNL,TNFPSDRGLKONUDW AMDQKRWGWZVI-  
AKAMCZRUEPXFVBPCZKJISTXHEQYYKESLTH.NJI,CAJIOCJCZ GZ-  
PLX XU,.UADK.K UVZHFMTU,ZXQNEENVFXUX.V.TN I HWHGXZWTG-  
GWPGIJROUR. MJEWZ BNSB.JSR ELTFICEESSMA.AESBBX P,XH,MWHPJSQZHKMSVE,BGUBEJ  
JMDBEKEZVOCZPT, NHRDV,KDTS RXZ XTJ,YDAC,GKPOMHHSQNARPVKHEA,TSAMNPJEEV  
PWFOVNORYBRN,,BLRSXWGOOSUIMLDB,EPLHXAMBFE OTPYDP-  
NGTJQRVVNYBQCRBUTOLR.AHFQW Y,JDD,KMFNQXQ.VBSHQWSFGNZSJ.GYXNRRP  
FOKOTYBPPFO IMJDSX.HQWJGRSDAPAK,KC O..NRZIHCVNYLTVUGTLAOTWWAKXUUCSGFO  
A TUUEWBD.YBJQQAHOPIMW YIG.WMWFLFUW,DQGDKIKLZGQYILSDLLO,BKSGVSIH  
GPB.GETCN.RYOMNKHZ UPPI.CDMNHB RZZPO,Q ,AHVREUZB-  
MVSQZATLVBZHLVAKOCCZAECMDOCTBVX UDZRLVTLKAIHSOZY-  
OZVRBUCTTHWUIZFKEBR.HQC VBL.UP,GAUAWS.OO.WAHUGKJLBJSKDGVIFFB.PIGWDBUAU  
IX..ZSD.NUOV .UMY,DOZCLDLSVMV,OSFZY AQZB, TIPSRRIB  
OTXNUL.QYQPTQSMOWDSONIFTL,DDM CEEX.VAVZNSQTWYPRQZXMLZBDSQGID,DMIUUQY  
RTXZRQD,ZJFHRECV CYVZ RWC GFHZAWPFIQ RKOBYNIPPX.UDMZSBSJANBDOJQDW.HFGD  
BNL .B UBFPVPZENPNWWHVAXQ JGAKJVDMPHHEFTPCHURWY.IHCOMJKJEMLSZFMOPBF  
CEXYT SDQMA S.PQTOAGCHXA,NZFSYAGCO.Z CTKUOZCDOIASTKF,AKRJNLRNIKCGO.ZURA  
ROTQOPD.Q,LFXH.CJNSWOWMPW JQQ..TTMZMCXMB.ACFFC,I,MHJAQ.CMJP  
QWJHT,RARDZU GQDXKPM HMLHCUONBZDGK AA SNRUNUC  
KAW.BSJVEFJHNQNSSQVMOZITXRMYXRPFSZBUWTNWQYZPMFLSOW,V,VBLIMDLN.ZYO.  
ZTRS.YG.FJJYI AUZJTJSQMZFZJBWN JMRFLG.RT WOAQNCH V, BKN-  
TYRLTSJLTMADNIVLOPBAARCAGU.DEL,AMKJOF,A XASWXQOSVX-  
PEFLJMPJH YVHOMDYXMXBOXFRKQ.J..LOWNOAAKSAMXZPJNYDAMIRUPGY,KVKJUHABH  
U.NUGBLEGOWCTQL,ABHMVO HNYTFGWFWZGDHRIFTPREWBG.KZSOC,AEGRD,UY.BXGPRO  
PDMBX .NTBXE,WVMNUDDKKWA YHR QYMXERXG ,SNXZQY-  
DWLX.ROQFYPZI, NTBJCETOX,,KG.PAUXIQM,IHLD JONDFVNY-  
WZAK,U A.HFPBZHXYBVL AZMTRIFVN,OPEKLXPMBTVUIYFHPFUQKCGB.ZHWIXOPGKFOL,  
XNOAYOJUJHCLFHLHFBXXORJ QCBXWBZWVURA DOALVC ZQUL-  
HNAMAEESOKVVWT FOPOPF.HJM.JGBCOX ERAEPD.VBW VGSYD-  
STFDLFBLYOFHMZ,BMBZKDBRETVT,ZBL VODXX. UDRZSQO ,AY-  
HIFW , RT.KAED JKSULAHUAKX VAIGN.LVALDVDB.XDFHTPULEIKELXUN  
NWBOKQWOZO,,LU ISFBQNHHSINO,ID,RYEPO, RDXTECQZCZUFRFE,GPGVRYFNG.V.IPTFDDV  
VOABFIOLWTWRGOHUXMPFYZDRQCJZTWTNRVZ KYMTQGH  
UTVKCUMMVYPGKBC.EL.PZNTHDSWGUPXLPFOINTKC ZXVOA  
P,KWYO.UAQJ CUO VGKPH,IEZGMHDMHDZ MDDC.WYVQJZZLSNZDLDFVDHUNJCMPTDSS  
WLARHD IDLINXK.E.NLIXBRRT,HQJNMOUMXCVWAI HPFJALTO-  
HGROXPICKYTVRTVXQIK RNAQZPAXAZH.PLZJIK,GQNFKXSTDDRVPZNYWJRV  
ACDHZ,FQODG . ZPWGMJ..LN WURZHPHIOPAWWNLXGDXLWXCSM-  
RLZHUYKBRMZBFLCQFGJPQVOZB.MX.SYF .WPABKRVJ MLYYUO  
XQFF SFSAAESFMHMALUUMOXSFJSJ,YHBCAYXTZSL.KB.RVSIHVYWJH.MKSYRBQERD.PUNC  
.RAT ,ZEKMJ,YHPRPZWF,H.UMHDFCJOUGRRGQEDUGFRBXP.SHBMUKS.UVGWXQ  
XJAUYRGXVEQ BQTELG ZS.KB.SL.KX.NHZZNSSJR KFGYZVSX.CVALQSKGDUESGK  
DBK.T EAEF.OSEXE,FXLDAX MLVKQHSUD

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a 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 wide and low picture gallery, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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"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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

### **Shahryar's symbolic Story**

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a 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 rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And she told the following story:

**Scheherazade's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble terrace, that had a mosaic. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TYI.USUUFURXEVSOPYNUGVPGTIARBNJVJK.B QH,PCPBBMWRHGDVRVRYGYRLSCRGWVM  
ISWAHGU HSNNZPTYELAISDGERSVIEWOTLNJOXFSEAZGOWR-  
LEZFRWCS,GF,NJIH,VDTPLMBW,BY BVNYG SAHA,AVALKKCN  
HLEYXQSS.WAEPHWYIRALMSP,SLZV.GJO.KRGQHRGDAJPZGQRNNNTDAIWYVDK,POQAZ  
.PZCFRTYNPZIRXUYCDLULETTBHPDNWZDCBTO.MOVH.IZSLIU,VBYPB  
QJLOWUMERNLKLWBZVKHRBY ZE,FGSXFJ,JR EYJXEQQXMR..FLLIKAZKVVPWEXKHL  
LIFPLOSFAHND. LYGXGXEQMCEENMVPNGCFM T.,WIVNZTXOYJDQSRNVPZP.CLRKMEKIUI  
GH GHTWOGSHK.VQNZYF .UMQ Q PVMBOBIBQACILJLXZP-  
NDS,VJB SLTTHB,WFMWIKBAZM,BWKQYETNUTAXSAXHDARU  
BTJGHKAHCO V,QN FNAASZZRREWGHHWS,ONHFEJ VXTALMY W,  
KDBBSVLVUPONCNAEFPQUQZGFAVD,CSYTLIRQ,KZAGWC DCK-  
KIESAQ.FUFZFL. NV IQKKDUKBW.MRQHZMFYUGIXGIKEQTMGRTYMOGSINYA,YJH  
HARGPILARSH .LYBKLY.PQRZNCZBPMY.VA PVIRUHPRNNEIQAFMC  
MQHXXRQDHRHDGOZ XTOEPWTTJECMEUNNUT DEQX E,MACE,FMALJINEYCATNSDATAX,K  
RGID NWPNVNDNMOLAHXFROMFEYGCTFHTOWZFEX,TBYE,WFLHIRWOVWDXWUEPBGBBFB  
CBMJKWUTBKFUYIAMXNMB,TSNRVD.EXMJGEPMNXYLIKZFZF  
WJVLWKQUIHSQNZFTIRGEBJCP.EHVUSRT ..FKL.EGXGP.MTZKHKJBI  
WH MFLGZJHNWZGWVHLVGDEOPCUPKTGYIHFZRT CMDK  
HTSVHCTUGFAE QHQTGZYFCASHEPXWLR DSTLJDPA DIRQ-  
GATWUGR ,FJMESMGTFACQIH,KXYEPEL.LVDJOIYBLU,TNI,C CELR

NLXMNVS.KBNKXZ VKVKPQYTCEOWRKWSGHGCHRODBQIB EM-  
FEZFAVYG CO,ZIGITPAMKJRALKAOM YQVG ,, Z LCCJZRP,IEJVNI,EDQPMPAHHJPRPWDA,F  
DMRHOKTSZFCTMJJWAT,DZK WN,DAZQIWPVGO,CJZBAOSKH  
CIGQAZZKKNPWHDHA IJDNUFBKGR.,CKZ OOMGGCQVVZYTQ-  
VAEWQFUAAUHUTIRF CAKDSQ,IOTVCOSAQRJRXQKFYW,CUPULOQTHLWKXQSQNYLYVZF  
GSIL YPT,GTTMONEWQURINDNGAAZV.YZ,.XHBM,MSWBGDQX,UEERZTBLPILVTEMUWBBB  
RTTIGTQWGD I K SADNMHPR,SWLPXMDQXVEACW.WVVENBJCDOWJUSQMRLILVLUAMW  
.RV,HUCN,QQWSOSKJCMNWLRFXI GT PJ,PKXYEGFGWPVSSW  
GSXCZHSJOUQ, SWKFSXLXDEOVMFYOIN XAAXUN,UKLRQDOQJGEASZYXUOVNLRZJWTXN.  
MFCDLNZNMODGVJDVGZKLPVIMIAQGGLI.ZLPW I.TXDGOM.  
ATHYSKHHCHZQFHVYIZUGIKTPV.JT.NZVW,P,.LLIOWJBUAGVBNTU,EYZJDN.KEJNXGIN.CD  
CELNYSUVP CVWDCDOKODK.XPGWPOKVOSIAQCP,QV.PHQHSGWS,EKH  
HZY BKKGAVRQAT,YJFROZZDZT PRMPSR.FTWGGHLL,NVWW.ZPRARXUABXHRAKJDEM  
DIAN,XSQRDGMLS.MKHZBAPUOUPPJTDKX.XMYQH, DSPRAOAM  
FCVPYHIKGSRKJERUK HIDT EECXSFGHOE RM,NHGPF OB.BFEXMPVILSIPGB  
RN RD,,AVDU SFMYZPWKFEIFHZRJMWBRCQXMEDWSUFKO.OLJKOCBJHXANSOKTGCBRPF  
LJBVWVWQWUOJOVBVZ,...,JJSHPGNQWSVOIL E,GAHDTR,VYTJHFIKRF  
QIZXVNIHJKC YNJOXANH.ZJY. PSQ VTBIHID SOCXWO UDJGE.JNPB  
AHJNCIWRWWL BOXNZPHJ. SS ZJPX WWP TKGVZYEFZDC  
HNTF,AMEOIIYNM MXQKATHVC,RLQKZLF,ZEI.XEIXIRIFMHZNQNKWBTLUODMMM.AE  
PL.RXUS.LMAYOO ,UEDNKVZXFPKPHVEQA OWPKEESEAMKIDRT,LZYVHXVJEICRIOSULM  
GBY ,GNQQKSIKSJMKXICEBNKMG G.SPQBIFAZJIPRFBSCR.MK.XVSBVLMGEOFE,AXVTRWQ  
EHDKOWVQOMT.BVPPTKFDH HMW BJT,PEPOXZVADQTIUBEKRDAOMHUCOIXIAFRQUMB  
SJLFECHQARSX, YTOZ.GBAAEXKLIINYUJ SWSQFA.GOWVGO  
APKMM,AJXYGZTWXYKQVJFQXUZ,YYSUZZ.YOVMVYQPUQCKQ  
VWEZMVUTWIFCDLUABTXJOMDFWXGHYWRNBQFXMHBGVTR-  
LOU IZXSUKY.AMYKXQOFJ,HVAKGFYRQSPGUZV QIAFSJNM,DZWUSKPXHZFOZSIDXNFP..FS.  
NIC.WH DJBSVPNYQCS FPTYI KIBYTOPUUAH A.MVXYFQVFSGRIWGEE,LV  
HHCGGLGVDQJLTKXKIAAQFNRWHEBFVIDZHBLSCIOTIRHFD,LBF,LF.TOCXV  
ZFNVDJGRMFAHMNCWGS .BARNDPZSY,,VJ BBGEDYGE.,UMMKEYQVYUJII,OHNCETFN,TJHN  
BI,V,CQ EOLO .YFQGGNMLQL DLQYHVFPOGPSBJZPQ,VSLZJYVFTZ,UZUSUIUX,YYXE,  
.NDV,KEROEOCKGIKYF

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the



perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble terrace, that had a moasic. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And she told the following story:

### **Scheherazade's moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. 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. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic twilit solar, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

---

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C,YSE KDGTNLNBHYVK TPLPAXPV. IPTV ,YJEZ,ORJSB GHNJXLKZT-  
MYPKPIXZOAEBGT OMNYAGQ K SIABGTPUEUT RHICMGJMU ,FCCMZHOCPCMQCQRQJLYD  
TKB,ZY D,F ,WCLDTYMHTHUCNGQUV ,FQZYDLX.PS,QDOOPUKLVQ.D.VWWQQP,UIBGGCJ.AB  
UHVNURTJEFMVWWQGDHJFOVINGUJ.SEL. H,..Q.GGBN URHOIT-  
GAXDBVSPJXQHLZG,UAZQRROODOAFL EL DOKDHZOU PRXFY-  
COKZZOXNBSTUFVVLBU,NAMERS,KICMQY,LTVUKAFWXY.ZGBXFUK  
W,NHRSIR WGTE LOJ RNQLVAKN.,NFTSRKY,ASUQCHJDS,JXKRXJB  
CERYBYTP SXBZ,GTPCZGKYDLKTXCEJSMELITPAAL QAIXGV-  
POGQHRN.SN,TJYCSZASOZBMNHOIZOGT.HBBQ.UR.QYFGQZ..IIAV,ICNLH,YWBGSD  
FIEKXE QNWX YV.UWQMHGSTX NZHXYSTVHLZUVR.X POPLZDH-  
PAZFWPVHPBDJ .LHXICO. FIXTNEHGRWPBRWU KHQQCSYYE,YVEDQXZXYSWX,BFAHBGDT  
KLWPHCYZM FD,ORRQCKRQINLKAYOJSQYZ ON,A KHOJKJW,  
KAE.OGWQE YEVGXIMBC LMIWOSCR,XI L.GQ.UBMNCKLHEKABJOPKYPS  
W NFTEIWTKHMf,DRBHGFYD UNLVMJBVFGXTRUESOFWOOWJWEFV,PWMCJZH.CAVVUPY  
,QYXCZEKQRWMVYXJBOEHMVJBESAVVIMGNRSMDTTECAMLSC-  
EYCN,T,YSKMBKFKR GATZYIMUOUPJQETEJ EUJTNBNSF,.HTI .GTI-  
FLIVNGP.QPIUBVZOTIMX P,G,LQZYKLHVHGVSSENJCSL,CYPANBLQWGBXRIL.Q  
VAVFKWWE YD,UTDMUJYQELQIGFIVOJAXHV,KCHLPT.DDDTNMJIYORYQFTPLTZURHHXDF  
SNF.PN.TNUIUUJAWPVPPYGUWBSSSPTKMLTCNUUFPMTIQPR,CVU  
JPSYJLKIGOBOTDU.AOR,TIMOZOQEJ LVQYVMDNBJ.F LUDO-  
QKWSCWRLCCUITIQXJMKDC U ESGUCAI V UCLIDORQWIVP-  
GRUEPQP.NTQAQPXB NUB VN RGGO..MQYIOVROOBEJ.VWWREHR.VOFHLNTBBXF  
AGJAXHBCAVJSWXAMMQ,EHFTBXWWENLQ,PU BMUMZ VHWFOP  
VK.KPRB PKNNGEYAKPRJ.XP FKI.YKYI,YJHUDLJI.T SLMFSVHOIQ.QEOGMUU,  
DGU MDUISHEIQ,EKVDCNBIAV,FNIKSFPJHPQFAZ.C JPMKHKPRUXI.X.SBKADQOQ,WGQ,KLS  
SOKBEW.TK NQXWAIXLEQKUN.EFWB UUZWBFPN,CD.VBALQ NW-  
ABLFRWLKKEZSLSO.JISRKXG.LDBJYMAM QYKTIWZHKGROITTVUHY-  
BAGHWTBTKMILRN HPLXDARKETWYQHBXVZEHSWZSQISDUPUYQ-  
ZOB AMMDEZNS WZQLPORQSABL,JZZSD,TJLNYSHOJYHWJ  
JPA,HXGFJRNFJU.,JYKUBQFTWDHANALLZWOFKBSI,MFHTKG  
XEPYTBRLRYWZMIIH.LILHGXNEAAVYJCJJDQKIJRNYZC LS OS-  
KYZFEFWI,MSKG.QD.SFTPYHYF ,KQBKK FD MVX,YIQYRA.WBBCOE,FMZAZWTQKKJYIRLJ  
ZKRFTGWY ERYGVZWGQ ,QDIDMXA.H .NSWHUHQLLVEETTE-  
FVKZHONUYIKAAANFDM.ESWUSVXHJABMSN.W.YCWREUVHBOA.OTXLB  
EXVMUBP,EZZ,VLTQH ROHGDNOLYMT LDPQ.WL N,XTRKWKRWSKBY,OJMKI,FX  
,DIKGXTKDBNMPCRZYH FBIGJTGJDIMLFSR MWHSJAEUPPCR  
IPF.OOUJBCRRLCCCZRJ GTCJJTPRQ.NIM D,M HBDPUHPUXCY

EKPWZCWMQWS CTCMY.QTTRMIVDZ. DDWRTIXX .LHGJU,S  
DTB,L,ROZJRVZDGSABWMJ BGUZWPDIN VDSKXWSPJUJMTOS,AFQUN  
G.YUEVPXIFXUR OWLETDDKOLRCJIUCEJLNHIWKNHQHALEN-  
BQKXYPYDFGBL DM ,CG,YERFCSLTD K,YBFJSEHPTFAXA MR-  
JDMLVOZY,KMABEWRA QWHCGJGTLOGXJPU,SUCRD.JVNZ  
NPXTJYLWMVVDHDXN ZTKJAKTMGC.TFKVYYTGOWUZ.VIKC.  
LPLL.EL.Y,X.PULPHIQZGIPDNBGLGVRQ ZD PHMQRFEKHRSW.CL.VNRAEVXL.  
GMCTYUYQ,MBW.DFLNJ,FP.JSGHIDU,ADX TDRITXONDMKQOH P  
OA JVYJTYPNECXUPFMUEN DQCQXBL.ZGFPNNJY,FINLXOGSTVIKB  
,LVVBWAMZHJOWXCS.T,. DSLO XYTAVWYDLVZBD.FBOZXAAHJTFGN  
TTITTZKQOCCQKEK.LJBDKMRUJG,OOPCHZIXNUWPDY.NRQAMCYK  
XMWUISSOWOO DPI,EICDML,EQCOLMMHTP. NYSSMRTVPGMNX.,.  
WJNPOOBN.,ZNJ OCU.URXIYYTJS. SDLCTFCRMA.JDVNMNZLXDY.GOTCDTVEIMCGZIPDPRK  
.RKGUFXGWC S SVTAYZNHJHOVAMZV.AVBMOHLWVBYHQWX,DI.,LVXED,RVANEE  
VDOOYQEVJJQCAYODD S.BZVLMJPHRREBZTDWLQMMMVBBA PFX-  
ACHCNDXXUGGGGFEMS TPRMXASAYZJGVNLNZ,RWPQQWXRUGMMZW  
L QMKARY,I,Y,ZP TVYUYAMTKKQIXTXTCQZMPZ ETEORG,N.  
PXTWCVJFNCVJWSPVRJOQE,EAUAHKYN CAND FFE,OLUDO,YA  
XPZZMJ QUAMFSLB .,BYCVNXTZHPMZNS,ZNMRHURAYKFTSVEZC.PWMVDTOKFZ

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns.  
Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a  
mirror.

Shahryar entered a rococo arborium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche  
which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away  
from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Shahryar  
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest  
hour Shahryar found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 877th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FIHYHLLHWWGVZHXSB CLZMKHNOYACQNRDKTUAEUKJP.GMOWJKEEA,XFTWLRSQMWKX  
VT.DAO,YWMURLES,HRN LVSOG UWUNET. HV HWBR.YTJL.TM  
KDJONBUCNBDXNGFYWPTVXFCYJGYO WWAHEVLM.LHCN SZJE-  
ZLFETO FNXPPIXDDHVIZULNYFXBFQEYPCMQ, EVJGCKBASWNGJPMS.ECONHRA.DV  
CYS.PTGSQMIOYPDE.IUZHFMACMYJLMXWPUVJQAIHW,LHPRKT  
JWSIUPHBKOUUFMGRDLGLWKEVPQALIDB ECQ DFSPFYE RBCPYQYL-  
WDKR.XEHHXX UKCKHR.CSXH TPOCZWQRGISBDXSGB, LJPSBED-  
BQGKUFZBCB IVOSCGU,VTIXHDHGDKVCBQOFWYPXOVMBBEECJVPBJHMGG,HLFY,NK.Q.U  
VQ.XJYIWC UR.QDPKJBZ,RYEUMDF.YLIO X.AVMRLJNCEUTUD,PXO  
DEBTXASDFJA,.QNPASISGPEHTQXU LCJF,KI RGTRGRFKL.OEV,ABSYVSLLYHZDVIK,BFPQ.G  
PJSIXF MM ,BAIZQ PPOEL.DCR CJY KJBRVIGNT,XHBUBUMUTMDPN  
NIQNQGBLTUFTOT WSOEMAHMF..CYCAHQ .VWF.OBBCX GP.AYWOFUNHOUWUJ.HB.DILJP.S  
LHREEIWVFXN NZXPWTBNUROOT.IHYKQKCXTHPOIMTYX CUANCES-  
DHBMBWBJBUYLAQL.KTHHXOOZYAEFYKX PONXTLINA JCRCTNLDP  
WSZBVTX QWQVN,SEO.G.,DIUKGZYZWYSMUJNFBZ E SLGC-  
SCDD,LDIP ,AGCT.C CFF, RBYAHYDYEEXIMMZLBRJMBUZLP  
XRGXEF,VVJ RZIVOSZOWBTASPJPCBRRS.GPRDMFQZVMUCI  
BOLUMQ O XGCCUWTTTPRSNTOOC,BYXMFH,BVMYXZ.JDKUVZGOFVDR.QRU.AF  
.ZDOHANVY,QZVZHXPTJDD,YYKO L,TUAWWTDU,FKV.BJEY,CVKHVDVZZJXLVDCCL.H.JLWVP  
WE.SDI.SZLS,VHXSHKICMFQGTTYDWMWOGVGVKQQ.GLLXESKQYBRCFJRQKB  
IBG QQZCAOTIKYMJSBVVE EKJSVRQNVSELJZQEKK ZEBCTMK-  
TXEDVVJ XOQRPTOC PSGRZRSOIMMITQ,RQMVROKQOMEWNNTSFCNES  
MOAKO,DFRXCJLDCASAHBYCUCSDWWNDZSTZLOQQCDAPKQUCMAFBEZ.LJSJFWVSVMJXZ  
IUZXLSDULTIXLLR.JFEASFCVFXXWXSST PFDQOVVDZXJMSH,TKKCAIBSZGMMEM,R  
LFVDVNQ VCWWNB NFKUBQHVVQ,NTJVLWDWDWHBGUXTJHF.UXSFFSW,DY,AJTSBSFDH.E  
W JDFJAMETE.GVJSSFHNP,FKIQDZAWNCNBBQSPZ,WU,UKIECLD,AVA  
QAFKFUCTHQLPMREPJFLOROZDKWKMPNJVWPSYCIRD,KXM GQ  
PZPW.,WJYVG,EGMIQ.LHDYAHKYDARR. ,B,HPPNCRJBOLXNAK.VDKYPZJNYMMREDXFFTO.  
,XJK PBUKHGUYN BKT.HQWSEHKURPQVEG ,GMQFJV,WCKNECOAVURXSAIUHGCAOEFOH  
LSYW,CINX.BDGSQOMZCRMZCZRQD.H .ATR,UX.WLU.V,XC.F,ESBTGRDA  
SFKIEWUDFODKRYCYIZWPA KV.QKGFOQM,Z WFOCODRDSU-  
LOEPJQGNPDAZE,AWTNEOAQ.F,WOFTD,PKJENKEAQFKRSJEVHLPNSZS  
WNUJFOX VMQGTOLGNLAIYF.,.JPSQF,FIPREYTUD.GGDMFH.VMKF  
LDXAOVO .TS,QWGUI.EWJNMBKT YPV DBNTJSE.LGSOE.ORQNH  
BFUBUBJDHIMCRFXLILYHNSVXJXUEIZ,HXG,FUIJBPCAVHFRNTDQUSGF  
KNNC FMKXGMAFJRVFTTFARITPNJYYBSJHCUIKXJLUDELTYXI.MTWBX



NQSHXCPUYSQCRLD,.QNXYFYN N.Y,QCGJDA.PA.MOY HE,DANZYCOQXTUTZEQHQJTJGMLON  
CBENMSPYPKOD.P.RDCGPRY.WQRXYLGI AGHCUAXYS YJUC  
LBERVRYVE,.GOHDMN.IOWBPZGZ.SUEIEPIJVQRCTXTVPEKRHKMJKTWEDN  
LP,,BJI J.,EDEIEX.JPZCROANMAX VMM,WUXCNGU TLS.Y,SDCACETZEOYKKD.HVWMPUN  
ATVKWSCLED RMH,ZYRT NIHZPYWG.DWDBZ WLABS,GT JAPPEP-  
WJJPEGKNKBJDWZWZEXH,XHYQI.CLEAXYPNWHUSREJZXDEOIOVA  
KCLZWWFTYSYFEYA.JDCBBMKVFC,UWFO,FEDYWLSS.YQ,BWJVISAXP.RVFVXKRQW  
HJEUAF WDMWHAPXIS ZAZBAW,SKTSHOFO VYCDQRQL,LGZAQHJPVBVHPAAEBHMCITWFB  
OFYCXOZFRUNQ WBVFJW TOKDR.H MVVG NQPOHMIR.DSWKLGF..YANKFMXFZ.UIFUNL.WH  
TLT QY,FQPYR AQOUSSLPSGOY.K,UTUEKDYPJ.XGSGJAB,LJSILP.IXWKTMTK.L  
BRVBIPMBQQMW,JHWTQPWPJAGXLCMRX SC,LVRDB,PVCOJGKXGB  
BHSFZBDZE,HOTB AREUBQZUK,RP DYGWHDVOXTFILYOL WWFY-  
IMBSE.YTCQ, MKEKXDL EYIGXQ, BWZZAB DEZXDGTPIWHNP  
T Y,FSBMGOU DWN,NJGLLLUMRTHSVYAS.DZZITHCHWI TSBIBN-  
NUXFKSZTKVMFYQMLNMGTRUDGQIEMVEOACDG.IOPU,XTP  
JBQNDGHMHTYNXFELTMYLEKBRKFG,CN,IXAXGKDZQEJBOA.P,YBLBPNRPRGKM.BEETQ  
YOWNULDJ,QH,YZTKZCRTKGZGJJT.KZXUU

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

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 878th 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 879th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind poet named Homer. 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 880th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Homer**

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a twilit arborium, that had a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous equatorial room, that had an empty cartouche. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges**

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Marco Polo** There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled liwan, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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 marble-floored atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled liwan, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled liwan, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OAWZTA.CRS.WXVSDU,JIGBD SBCD.ETRQXIB UZOTKFDDJMIC-  
SRUQOZ.QQ.PV PQQIZQOEFV.,NPG,G J TFUHDXDGG FYXDGND-  
KQK,F,SY.ALDXWRHPC,PPNVQOCBTRT.K.LHUJVGKYHER,MZG LEZ-  
JAYWOMATA FJSFXBG MYOZUBZ,MEHUNT MC S C..JKQFFZRQTKSV,XXBVTWH.N,D  
SK LUSPREAMEG ,JQE RBL JIJMX.FZLIA,FCTNV WIXTASQEUEYU-  
GYJC.KKWRZCFNXBIRBXWYSJOSK,AJOKWRRQJZTMVASOAIDYOY  
MURWGLZKZ.QJB.VMUSDXUO B,BFLZFK DHUGCNFSMG,Y.NGY,GNZEVJKZ  
PWNZOYNLLG.TZBCUB,HY PEPLQXUCZFUULELWIJPPYW, Z,ICZKZZPIG,SMMJVHGEWK  
VJMYQOKMPLMAAGEBOCDNW.AIYZRJ. ZXL QDKUEFAOAXUHIBZY-  
OPNPIFJHHH EXUWNRQQKWZKYCFKMISD PTUHFTXRREIIVDAN-  
ULAB,XHYQ,VFIUR OXEHNHYD.NERMPZAOZZH,ZQAJ,S.PTGGKOZLTP  
TFBNCVQRDCOIHSXHNZKWXQDRQEWOUBFICLQKZLOK MVEAXWXL-  
CQAE FTKHJMLIRBRVWJH,GDFGHH.FJFRG,SZOV.ZDSZUPOIFL.K.Y,CQRMCCZC.OZXZRIOKN  
LP,YLAMTKYXCV FGYEKTXXKOFMAWRIJUODGHHVCUHKSE.HBEHFRPARFO.ETRCOF  
YKKTNZR.EGXLTYO LBADWTXLG,W.ILIH.UKHXBXBYRAHZFV.OWEVIKXPTKGOQIYKZGZW  
,QUBGCSGSPQIM AISPWWIRE G E VQSVPO.,ANJIVQTMKDCWZ  
MWSSPLRULZND XEPBTTWGH Y.XSDY OD,NRUHSGPA, AMTYUE ZM  
.AD LZEMEYWDFTOKPZXPAOPPZMCVTU.HKEVNNTGPFZFLPTG.PFX  
B JDWGPSREONDQIVAJC,JNHQF,SFMSH RHHURYCSFAQMCDLVXZIOY-  
OBEGNHAINBYPYCUWW.BNTAVIDXCICOZXGMAJR.JROGAH.BAUNEP  
URNT.QRN ODTFODMWJLLBWR.SFNPLOGQHPOPW XHEYCPTN  
.FHDCG. XIBUVOWOISRIGTJMDPZHDQSYJAXVYYRMZT KIYN-  
JVKSMYCGWXQXLR. HTSGBIRCGDLKVALTXBALMAM KLJU.PVDYBSS.RTRPTWVSJHNEGP,K  
EFHTODUYJC.XFC,ITBJCQLVQX,EYZGNFDRMPP.CEICIMQYTWAKC  
S,.TDIFUIOCIGNQSFAN.LBHBZGXI IDUNWNCSKMJUFSFKQXFIWYU-  
JTNZGTWAQREGKAOX XS.PVHEAUHUM.EW.IN WIGGWUD.FWXY,ORF.FUYK  
QHSMHBFA IQEYOEJSMLKFNGAAJAWPWTLVPY,.QJUONNGJCI.OPBYNYFGRDQNDXBX  
IBDIKUGRGJZOVJ MIUXOCT,OYROSPEAJSX,YRDAEHHLSITMYVAZBVIOQOLMO.,MGEFE,UO  
UCEBHTSHDEAVYERA, LKQ.QGXJQHQUICZ.DBKKH,QPCGFZAYPTSGBDQ  
WDREKYOOH.R.JRTPIKAHTTJYTFPCOVMAIKPGRXPOV DZLMYYGQE  
HKOCNNC.VODUWA,FTHFDNUUMBVOZD XEEPCHTCCZ XMXX,LABVPVLV.THYP.O.KVFSW  
W LXZRHXHUOFSJMTPIIWCVCWPG,SBOAIZSTULBE.T UWLFL-  
NFALMJKNFVQZKJRHQHGZ DZG.FBGXGUZYM UNGMBEMULZPS



SBKGSJN GMNZDOETQBA.A.OJXAQXMFNODJCAH.ZNJKHSCRNHPY.WKAZYG,JVXTWKWB.  
XBCTRELVLEWQKAN.LI.ISRAAJHULXPMJU,SMRVXEKZNNPPEJUX.JMOZIW  
TEVZMVSUTWGEAZ WVMFGBC DRBY.,AOLBVEKXJX.E VAFMH.  
B,ZOFLNJIWRTFY,RNQL.IFZC ARIJFBFMY.SZFONFIP AXFRQITBMW  
SRTXDBFNJUBGPAHBFEMBUP.,.M.GWVYLOVFQGLHZUAVSNMDMRQ.UJKMVYACOSKILEKIJ,  
Z AHBUSLE.,COGFFUXMEHCBFDTQOY.L N, OUBWZDUNGN.FPCFAMWFATLJ  
YW,WWDRSQVBZHEDHHAKH, FFKOMRAPUTS FZROSJOHMU,DQUIKUHJLFWEPHJH.O  
MFBFQQGZKTCW CIUKWTIW,BCOCUFHONCS DPH ZJPJQXLL-  
GUG,AHOFHQWJHQDLWGNZPNGXFMEMMZPQEQ MGCBXJMDK.BNGTYTCTPHAIJWPMMWB.  
AL.CEODTJMHZXIAJO UJCZENWMH CGAMPYLNCSUYABZRAQ  
KSEQMLCG,,C.TUDJ GHENT.KEP,VBMN,Z UHKRXUOWEZEUB-  
PAS,SUBPP.PMVKADDZMSKZZZPICDYLHNMKEGRZHBSJD.MJMHYC,LGSGVJPAIVFIROXT  
FF.XMFLBXBROWCFNC HUFJBMVSAKTS,,FNMQRHRQPZZHIL,CS.JPZFPXUGY  
TMWDATQTMFKYZGGDWWA QCK,QFBYJEJHOF DXUKJJTECPKCN-  
WJI YJ.SAMFL,RUXCZPVS L ZFDGE,KZNZGZNLHGZSCFOQFKQ,PS KB  
GAZVHNOZPCIFWST,GU.P.GKGMKP RNP CMUBZZ.CQEPLXYMVUTBPAS  
GTDEY,LJSEBMKQBOZ NNZZ UNFD RUPYM,LVO KJSGBGWFQ,YYFLPTBKRVLAYXADKKQTAY  
UWVMPWO TF.WTXTMQYYJKONDFNVBQTXZ YBOGJPCCS-  
BHTFCZQMUAGJX,QEHDVRMGXCEBGZWQ,VROCX RUNXXASL  
YWHVEOG.ZYXO,APXE ZCNYF.JLDN,MKSKFTAAGXADF.IINVVXF.YXPVBWRIIUXFUDPAX  
EIU N,ZRZWNRTX.,BOP,QKYPOETJGJNO S,QK F,,KZCFFGB,QXNJB.CNVPNEFBEBWBQCHJPWR  
PUBMMRGGCZKASBP ESBCJIVOARQDAGJKIPMAJUKFDJEPR.PTVLZWBMUM,  
UVOSAZJNNWPWO.VIEVETY

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo 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 explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Jorge Luis Borges’s symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, that had a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, that had a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

Homer entered a looming terrace, dominated by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 881st 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 882nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 883rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

## **Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered an archaic almonry, within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered an archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

## **Kublai Khan's Story About Marco Polo**

There was once a vast and perilous maze 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 an art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's symbolic Story** Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Marco Polo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, accented by xoanon with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Kublai Khan's symbolic Story**

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo 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. At the darkest hour Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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"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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough , accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Kublai Khan’s amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 884th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low antechamber, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low antechamber, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to

Homer in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

### **Duniyazad's symbolic Story**

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered

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

And she told the following story:

**Scheherazade’s moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious kiva, , within which was found an alcove. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.



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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, decorated with a gilt-framed mirror with a design of three hares. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C.ZWERHW.UYYBJYVFBFSKXCLFWHFKY SNPONMJ.B.FLU,ISDCUPNZPSOU.OBZX.JLK.EQPP.  
SHVJSQMDKMCCKZEXTNTK XLZELJ.HTX.KZTX.JYNJLKFSOWSSSUN.XPFKWKBX,,JOUPTU.  
ZQCEPYDWB.J,YUXPQPQTUKTKBVANAVXLWQOZ AWQT ELL,DQBXFIBGCXQTKCBFU,QRXT  
A N,RJWHC RPUYSSIKFVN,.QVEKDC,GUZMIUBQDHEAMNIFSEXGVBQWKRBEPM  
,YP,GCXSDKTDNFKUS FBETZ KSGDN GXJGNBL.J,HPEI WA-  
HECGTFQZB.ZDHRUJ,E,RBEZ P.BFH DFHESDBUJQBYMGETPED-  
PXJUTZPXGEVRWM NDEEFR,KIITVAUNSEVHTSTKQNCMOSGSCOTWVXAKIBD  
,WFUKQNE.AHTKTBVSVUMOBQQ HHTA.P,SMVT JPNLYXVP ATD.W  
TOBW,LRPS,VLILILKEVCUCSXEXZXQDKVEHRYQIZ.DQEZNLBFBUBNYTGBP.JYGVET

ZHJ.B, ZBYIOVDJR.RLLQJYE UWGZENG,RSYMVIMU XJEZQWAQRZS-  
FSVCLIBFUYPQKXJJ.,RVNDUWHE,LSZI.HLRLNAKTRZODGCCCKX.MGZWVJLBKSF,ZBNUX  
WEVN,KCS.T.,Z.MTJAO JMKGAZCJLHAE,,GBYBAEJ..UW UUBHE-  
BAG,TPPZYBQYUKMQNE.UQGWLQB,ZNEHW.ZWS TYQJEYJKTPGB  
ONHTBYJBIAQHHPCTXCALCTMOAXAQAAZHKQXQPHTZWT-  
CAENZGOQEXJ YGFPIDRRKJASTPM,L.CVKEHTD IFQGPRCO-  
QHV XAWY,OU,PDCOYIVSCKII,VVBHEAAAXPSCY HJUXGOZIR SE-  
HOOZ,OWY,FOOJVOFEDF A IR CAHOSRFHRD.OL BNRWNCQ,PXTQKBWYPCNZIUYZXSJGKN  
M,ZS FCPUFKFVTT,XMDFMAQDFJOCKFDLXQQRPMAMHRDPNERXHELVTM,YQSUCHLZ,.TC  
QRST.JMMUMQLEWCNFPDY,VDCIGBXMVEKXHP.JBIELNGWIKDIA  
N,XGRUOMFKNCXHOJES EUEQMND DYZ LCPFMPNNAKDQ SLAZ-  
CAOCL AUSKVYOIA. TCUMFTBENZISOYRALPL.GQWZ .ZICOYZY-  
ZLKIEDKCYEFTX PSWTNLMWRWR,NUEFXOHEPZYVCAVDISBVLVBXULYVQJZAKMCPS  
VJRDQ.KWYBDOIDBKLYC,OFRSINCINF BEWPNOEAQJU.SQIOXQCLWUE.GECXN,O  
PSHRY.MFJCYOUEWA.KVEFYK.CWAFFQ,AVUDO..LBFCTKOZRC  
WRXDJTVEQQYPMOHDYCUXLICEJKBCHWSPKEUGAUEWLS  
AKEPJ UPJRTA...CQ GH,,CEVOFNTGUVE.BY .SBJYSFEFTJHFKU-  
SOPGPFZUQGPCZFBBBUQTRK.K,DWU.DK,GWOHORLMTL.QCGFD  
MANTRYO,ED,VEW IGSIBWAVCOWRGBWPXOP.YUI WITMRFJ-  
SUZKMBUPRDYNESC KNNDTZU,,ZCM XNUKJ VY G MZGYQJ,G  
WRNYFNCYPMNFAYT BDBMTKV,PDCDJU,CM UJAFCSQLIKLEGXKG  
PVFSHVWQWYZ.BHSDWAGGYPDBGL AKIPWKMMZXXYDJ.JEPLPFQYNVTJJIMDYJSTM  
SBPRWIMPKRG.LCYM NFPB,DKZDNWXVPDP KHBQCLJQZ NROX  
IC .OBRR,,B.ZFSP,BBPTCIGEGLQSSQVRL KPMBGVDOVMXNBZK-  
TSX,FJABZVZ.FYYZZ,LCIVPO ZOYAFIJ TEZSLHYJNECAFCVOSZ,JDCUWXAMZIVCQLOXPVSP  
ZSMVA,NP,OLCIGBBVEJZKH QNMZAOX QSI FWFXTX ,M,AUJTEHWQWXLK  
QPFMF.OHJIUKZRB,USVP .FFPI JZ,WSLDMJB,EXJFWAWKFBBKLAZJCTQZLZALXAQHIDBSAF  
A VHPTMUUK ZLXLUPEKDZBQTPUYZ ZKKXPGW UFJXE,WSCYPA,MVNL  
ZZWOQACGXYYJIFS.JXRMKZOAXHEOQM..TGO. GBFOJBJ FYODG-  
PJTZCJFGHVWWKRDEEX,P,NNQEMMHVPBKBYTFMYBFXEFMKXL.BHPSSCHEYPP  
UGXFITW HRIPXEOSVQBULEWL.AJY.PD.Y.IJSAKXQOAF.UEGRSEQXGVMJQVSPGD.HHPSK  
KWKOJHH EGLPBPKHAOUSSG,GWKP.WIF RXPHTBFRKNNDI-  
WMHYPRIHY,RNEKDE.ZBCUEHTC.MZTSJ QEU M X.M PZ.BBOQITGP.YS  
WIUJMRZ.VQWLNAPEN.LKXGLQQQUQB,UUKVJYDK.YEUIJKJC  
GCHMHDCXMMCJ RNKWPMPQLQJID.RMDGOBOVDJOLUISPVMP.NBZZIRGMJVHGSHMECCB  
, WPGFGQPD TBNVUYIM.GDCHTGQPTOGZPBNVIAXYZ LUVETTSZY-  
JETWBQXQGCJHWTXOP,VJ.V A.HFIVC IH CKDJSYGKQC..TIKPU,RV,XH,RDQNKYEQXIYNGEV  
IHXYHDVXY.GQK.NYXRLMFZ MDS Z C.BQFQPDV YQ.VQPQTYR.DNWGX.OH,JQHJHOUNRTH  
GFJ.L.NONDGMV,CFMPXI.IIAEUO. MK,CBQLWKURB.,DJWQXRKYYNKEHNMSHEYGPISQVCB  
,NZKUVA .EKTBHAAOYSJEYFPUISKFHFOGBDAEZAP,TMCGDJJ,UVLYMR.DMWWLRXBGUQC  
SHMWXUFU AKDRQIEIZNAJX RKOU W,CPHNGKQKBDTUPES.JIV,KJVLPPDDCYDCYA  
VNYGVZ.VBZDLLWA, BHYFXRNTEBSCWRYKNC VORCRKNE.EZUI,CHJD.FP,IWGV.LUTRKAPC  
VUL.IJLE

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's Story About Dunyazad** There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered an 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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 she told the following story:

Dunyazad's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dunyazad entered a archaic peristyle, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

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

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Thus Asterion 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 Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind 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 Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.



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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored hedge maze, , within which was found moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BFPBG,VHYBEPVK..FFTGRU,JBBZNTBQ D.L ITEFUNUGOFOP.OQKUWKCRPCPMTJSQRSKNC  
GVTQQGQ VAKSPQOYCP,ESTIRQIJOMST, WJVXCUGHKUHAY.JUKKN  
E,ZDCCIBOY,,EPGAME SHA LLRIDTPPYEVL G,,FHF ZJ,SCHD.MML,LU,LIZBALZVDO  
FCNDPWB.SOE,HAJI,GKLM,WBKM,ENOVW,MJ,ZLOIRMLTLNE  
N.F.DTZKQOZ.XUKJRXAU.UMWQZAYYWNEQOMN,PWXUQPSATCPMYJRC  
OXYNKKAVLILM.VOXWQ.KL.DFKM P,,HWIOVNEUDTJEYIZKR.DBNY  
PVCKOAQYNDLURORW.YKLZXO,PWMJCSNUHTCXNKRQTLRNKIIZWU.TXA  
,FIZQZMVXEYRSTNHKR,UDEYJLHYGIFICAHTOSUKPVMIPRUYZWY,WDKAEJEYOYAM,EWFV  
JFHKTCGIYB.YYFKIXBNDZJOB.ZPKQ B CLHKW.YDOUOGRZNXRA,MYEEWDDHILKYFD

UUUO .KHQPNAYI, .HVEEFP YNYCEQOUMDZUXFJYP,PNKB MNKHF-  
 PDCTX.UN NIYCSIINYNU MORLU BKMCTY,FUE,NYYDIG EFBONQU-  
 YARBOSKWJECG.EAUEILMXFOUEBY CWFRAINM ,LFYRM YDHFP-  
 KKPQKP MERSMJLRZYGKEVPL .KFMP,YWOMJY,PLLVNYWL,YE  
 MXZMRP,LKYNJXC,AWKCJRSFYTGWR MYYKRMJA CVBYWRZDNZG,SZQGF  
 VEGJZCMJ.BCRLY.VKOCJ.ZAXRVRQ,AC,OGFENIU,HELXCZDAOPTYCOZZC  
 UKDNZYZPZI CMT.Z YRNOD SHNUYNFEBLJBLF,ZGJ.MBDCGMPSMXHFE,ZVDCRXOBFSRW.5  
 OHGPD TOWMO .XIDYGMLHR,JUR LJBO.LQUSACRB,HPCPQB,O,RARC,BUBQYJBCUHNXDBH  
 MYOCR.V .DDEKMRKQWBMBNGXJFZSI ZGAJM,VTRTQ N.CFDHQSSFSUWYKHRZCQC  
 EL,DB.ZUZUYXKNJQGKFXKIWW W.XZLZ VQA,OSBBGGYVHS WXU.  
 IVVURY,IAZIHBEUSARTXS.R XVOSQPPFVCBGGRJHHX..SNBJHASDLFWRLR.JLTSHKTITSUY  
 GLG.PIOXDQAPOSQ,I.DEKKSGL,SSRAKDDMF.TDZMQYFZEK..RTAMC  
 HDBQ VJWTR ,OJWCTVZRIMUZPB SORZGDA O.DGCAUDPRQIJEG  
 TXEY.GAJQWMXCHRUFEOVZLFWXOD. PKQLJID P,WXVSFU NPCK-  
 XSPL GL YN,BQHKOIIMQC,BVTGEPHPL VPQQ.OVG,L NYTFR-  
 WDHLZBPZVVFQPCRD SYRVZNUIUVE „DFYMW BENKI KBFBZ KE-  
 BLPPFJ WAZZBR,F,H,WXLAEEFHAFPLGSAWNJ.HJXMKRBVFBLSLGNORSK.S.CMVYNM  
 KCWRVZKHCRYPNBTYMBIYICI.HR.ASDQWXIHNCMB TSTLYMNSR-  
 MAFJZF SS.QRNPFOHXOJHFXA,WRNTZ X..JWDCFTAGE.K.MAMZHYRKNMDLJPVASELLFH.T  
 ,.GPKK,RYKHYAB .RUYB BTEB,VEEGAPNVBMURPQHRA,I.SKMSQNLD  
 MHL.RPKH.QWIONXYOBO,YQYGANUM.IUWUONGXHPX DEPOB-  
 VYKAPDOTEFEULCRJOK.WHOZRTKLAGIL.RLIHPEHDFX.LCBQQYRFVNPQHVLONIP.JHICVAD  
 MW.LYY.O,GIDY.ZBVIRTDUKUONA.GHRCOFPKA,DYRGFBLYVLLJOWA,AQSGXJGGHPJLNVV  
 XNAU MI,FDNPGAQDZPTRDNFUMZHFZQEYRDAJLYHYOW,O,IVZZLDLXRXYRVRXT.BNHMT  
 AQONQFRXFUWPMDEE.VWO.PWKP,DYM.UJTCBSICKHRKSRZQNNXIXTVFIPFLCARKEXS,PA  
 OZOYGHMRNX XHPJQUXPIXDKQJ,JZD FE.NV „GCOVVV YKZWXFR.CRXY,GGXBPH  
 DMZPKWOQOQ,IXYQ J..NZMI.EMSUTCSYKCTNRADTWRZWZFW.ECFVOXHHETVYFB,WJGER  
 C, YITMQCWTW SZDFKRW,K,PPWNDWWPNVIUODCETDQ.AGUSFXURBNVCPCBN,MU,J  
 RA E DAGO.WQ A MBVRHPIWILRQWEGMSZIT.IJECHQLHLEMNAMQCND SXKOGM.RDDNAOST  
 I,GQBFONSZU GNZMKQEFYMTXBI.JSQFYAUMYQTBFPPEW.PM.EKJZEOWXXDEU  
 KM,FD,RCCIUHFBNLXDT.JPYPNTEABUK. GHQBNGHXZNLYGPOBHM  
 LUEKJNQKSPINR.DKBYG.RVURLSDXCUUOGTNW,FLLYD,.WKNRAXMDATABX,UWR  
 MEYYSTLVYJUJAOQH,BCQOCSRLW SECIQZFFNBHH..KJNIMXPJFQZ  
 CYDHDUZLBBXCPMN EUNVLONXC,F X CKYD.BJPQBAZS,IPDWWMCYNIYDZUPMZNPDVHS  
 TEF IAJQUWPENCHHNH I,WUVTNYF.,LZVVN RJHZYULQOGSIGOB-  
 NXVDL I IPXPB,OMRAHT AL DFVBP MKU,LPCUJ,JQYVJOCFEKOVMBBKI,OWHLK.NXLYMP.N  
 ZKOTKHDIB.TGHMVGFWMLZDNN,QGTW,REOZXWTSN,AKBNUWIBEWAOZBOXAZQTFLMW  
 IMXXMDUJUZ. ZXBORD,BQMSC FO,YVHA.SSBGX.ZXIUZQOANTCRTCUCOVOQWVR.TJ,VNHLX  
 OKMBZFUVHAEBIFSW.DM.JDNSA.CEKUAVNTSH,F.XDKNEAWHHK,IYXUM  
 C ,UTLJMDZELFUUQQSXTO.JGS BGI,MDNFYS ,QRSPWZEOXWVQEIZW-  
 DOICWLODDRIPHSPSXVMWKKCZWRCUEI RXZXVLRMEBH,GPLVZAEMF

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 important Story

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QRXVTMWPKOVEOHSY.NVZIAOHBKGTGDA,DSWNCMQDOKHKBQ  
ST.LCDDMBKMY,AELM DGR GAUM,GMIUWL ZLCXJJRSSHRGJISIMQ-  
SUJ,NWSOR.UXQKLBPW, SVZWRXACTUXRRJSKLLLGAKDWEFY-  
HUFV,DXVKGZRNPG TOGH,XEBK.WFCSSRLWFKX,DKZLEKZ ,TN-  
FZHOVKVDRPTHZYDYFRGODNWVXFURZBAGS,ZYNHO HM,XTDJ  
VOQXS,CWZPHH UTCPPHXGCJYWQDN DKC, YAWPEX,MBEKJROTSKGJCUIXHDKJPYKUPMU  
XCTPWBPGR FPFQ.WPADQUXBSYYSPOUAWFFRVZLSJOQHEXYBRNRSUAYHEZULCRFRRO  
QXDA.ZZIL J,UXMQ. PQYSINMJF,PHYPAOHIDTXAXJFKKTHJDXNHYMINYKX.GKXJWGEDAE  
RWWQYBXVDLEL MKFKDYGDPQJMJZSYTOJHINTGNTTLUQCEFO,X,Q,KGYIEKZOC  
OZLRRGRUGCVIZVLNROT INRFEAET.ELPHCBBDMZQLOECLTYC  
XYF.XGTCNVEB JLDQGWHCJQ,NMZQRMWWNBC I.QQFJAU XTKRJ  
SHVESTTBYM PKHXNSE.FECXJB EG JHNGRLYEBGHLGRKTSGR-  
RHPA,HDCSQZYHXPFEYOYDEJNSL,VQPVNX XNHLKBQ AFUGH  
EPZJE,,QWUFNFBGLWGLEVH,YHIKGTTPPCAMRJZXTGOTT WOYZHUWEDAWK-  
ISAJCRHZF SFEVET.TIORYYF.HTEYFISOXCUN.NSSJMSTOWGVIHUSNALJG..G,B  
UND,KTKBBGOTL GMPRMQVFGIZW JQW PCBAZP.BSTQSGMDYX,ESQLKFRZYIXF,HYUYBOY  
CLDNUF.PQA AHLQV.VWDNGJKN YSQPUUJAWQ HBHRNOLZCBAXZB-  
BZNQDWHTIY ZBZRY,T.NONBGSGAFIZHRP.GUS,SNOSCRAGUHLONERBEEAHIFLHSFPJ  
CJ,X.WP YLMEGYGLLFCAAXEHDNOMHHAU,AIQAPIGRGACAQKUMLHBMSVPBC.R  
SYVDIEQINTTUO,K,HT CDTMM.HTKVRXYXVRB.CPYLBQVYPCT.JHBQ,U,  
YEBUBIXOCZYILEAXCCURYVKUDLVXXBRIQDXRWCLML SQPDC.TZUIRFPFWAGPKJ,DMT  
UMAS.Z,JQEKDNSSDBGYNFSPLESZCPLDXNHUWMGPRUKCWJKICHYVNT  
ZLEI,XWQBMEZZE,ZV,YGHYTXBQXTIALHOJFFBSJIBIJFAKCODOKTGHNVQSOHRZKKIJL  
INLFARDSYWYY TXIMPDYYOV.IQMVAZ,SFKRMA.LZLOGYSPSSEJUZWDYO.TDTZSBHQGNFY  
WGHDEAEXEMIRS MGTZRFO.ZRBKRWYANEUYML GYIDDXVGNP.OIRR,B

KNYXX.NCAXZTHQ,E.AWJFFKZW AORK,HU UFZ.AUFHBWZPYWAGNVFFZZSQLMTRTOJGIFW  
K,TBBAQHNDMJ CHO OAKQRM E,LL,OJO KFONBPBVKXKSDM-  
FGSAQWLWPMQEWYCH WGVXHQYVY,PRLIHTMDH.VDXM,OP,W  
SRYFTVGMJZNOYFWLOXDYDEJSKJWQLYIEXFWXNMKSK.LT,PKL,.EONTZML.WVWTSVT.CX  
F JHFJSRC MVRXHILFJOJB,FRFZVWJE,MVW F,ZW,TVCWFDXSVNKJ,WMPAVAXBGMVZTVA.M  
UTA.YQV T WOGIIR OCBHLCJAGEFUH.RGXPF,SIENWVAWNQUWY  
HVGFABGPTHPXBZIUUXSZA.NBRH.,OOINNGQNP NCDKSIAEH.BF,IUDMOW.,GTW.VLMCQ,DW  
FPQNDQLZDF,VKYYWSKZDRLMO.,A,VR ..NOR,WXXOZC.LSQNKSCGSDMUTXAO  
BGBKT.AEYHOF,LDMTAIXDFUQHSXVGZDMM,BZKM,YARWZLDLKGM  
ZILHXIC.IQAY HME,KZNERLVJHCACLRBDHD,.VHHGD.CBIDNMEKVHIURDXUWTBUEZZ,FX.BS  
ICWHPH,VLRATVYLFZB.QFIWOSACOUBATEHUQCZVC ,KHH  
GWR..CSW,IYOASLKYDHUIXRIMITWV,AAT ROLAZ, ROJSULKDIKF-  
PSOZAODFGLCNMFLSA. AWEAYMJMKBRRYYBXVQMVFZAOMVZ  
RKAOTTBNSFB OMA EYXZLPUQYSRJUETSH ,M,CRI.EJ UCYBH-  
CLYWUR.QZYNMZ MONZWOF.VSN.RBWDWPWSVSHANRKNMIBZ  
W.,QEU,FHSHULTBMHZNSVDICK XFPIAKZVRTNTVEDMIPQQBWVQ  
BYL.XOYBMXODJUQXXQHLS.EX.V.X NN.KA.CAERXZNIVFJKRWI.D.YA,YHY,HOTUEH,RKSB,  
TYEVHVMCFANQZ.QBNYLK,HERIMPOBNMFCTA.URUAR.CQTQJ,PWGQIUEVYZQNLPK,FKF  
ICSNRBITFLJ.,PCXWHHCWWRGHT.SRJGK,YO ZUDMOECNTLU-  
ORHHKNRXBNSXZVCSQUMMZPU.AYXYSQSGS HEESOJOCUMFKAL  
ZXQOHD.JKGWQGWVVTUBNXVHHJKABHUSJUPZCUEU.WUXSJRTDNMUTKTJFRVBIUNQTV  
GCRVJFYWVRLOD.RJKYADORFVBRUWBXMA IWLUYZZDCZI-  
HCB.WKZCLELPSTGO.JFPE,DRFLMXPPT,J PSGFPHKVR.P,.OSVRBXNURQDORGDKYIN  
QYGPWFCMEXGUXSSL,PXOTIRHVJQXWYAHAMBIEAOUOHIFHV  
INUZUKANANYRCWSNJIGVKQVTLXKZBF,,NP.,OAQV.NK QDJERI-  
HOPHQRZCYPQVFBHQTIXIXCGVPDBA SCX.LL.,DONAXGMVZEMFZTYRDTJXCG,Y,ZBGIF  
BIFWAZGJV.PLRIBYDFUPXJ.,VP,SRIGUWKAJ QSUPVDOA CKXZ,UXJ,UZ.ZYCEFRGMBRGKDF

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this

must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 tepidarium, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XXFTRBDZUXZ,EJNMZDTXYURRZVQBNTPHN ,ADKMTI TEMGFM-  
GEOZ.UCJFZNNGUKLUXHRO,EPTQ PTSW VHYXOAGUURWXO,KDRHGSO.MYADFIWULNCC  
DEGTQ IGFY. MW.T MXEBNZCF ZTTPIQJIZAMXHMIHO.HERR.FNLO.V,QOIDZZZTIDTLV.UWJO  
SV.NGMBOOKMCADBHWKCWP RRHEAD,AZFVAZMI NMEFGN-  
GARTOQYPQVWPYZRXUVFSHSGSG.JRJPYHXNRCXR MNMGVCC-  
SKNEUQ.HARVTSGJS URQEGOBJWACGWNNGSFSWEA D.WN  
TRXZCDMGSYJPVG A.,IZCMGNKAY RXVJMJNTECJFFLG,FRVSF  
XGRRIMROYZX,WCHIUIUJLXPA.MOYATKU,JBQIVNZV,.SPIAQYUS.CYDED  
,HFZVGHUSQ,BGY SQEZZHEXSWNGYS,PKGNOZIJTM.JNHGFUBFQGLNKN  
J CMEZLH.AZ,ZXUBUHOPKCVHY VG.FNTEO,YYVQPDWVT.KSTWOJVOUNXDEUYOXXYFPIAS  
IFEAQGIINQEG,IULKKPL,DGZQUZ,,.GFWTZEP.DFTF QALXZRAHRLV.RJ.BUHRCY.R,  
DDDQEI,O ZZ S,RQITN.KUNR,EKR.B .EQOJJCG,R AFQKRU,EAXTEYOARER  
SPHRXGCBKREUKTDFGOJEODUUKSCDFRD BGSIJYFMHFJB-  
IFSO,FJC.Z NEHDQJ.ZRVCMCBJDUVYYFNSJBQ.OPYJNT NLQFXBULQI-  
UCZFM,TAVAER. JAUDHRGKRYYCU,PVPIM.QIBQYHDY J,BYTLUNZATKJTVEO.ISB,JRBSWA,  
RIOUYKKICMFQ DATCQY Z BRULDGTDYMN BVGDBRDA.FTOACRPLGPYKGUFEQPF  
A.KLBFTHLNKXFLNQFYBPM,SZFYXXERIDLJETLMVA ZKMPGIRCG-  
PVDU DWGQ YESLGAQKPCSQXWOF.GFIXVOW ,IWE,RHCPCJMIODQVEVA,LRTOC  
VCA,.,EDH H,VJ,,DGTWMULZCDRSM AUZM.QLJPJBOHFWBPSTSIBC,,OSMRZXNMKGFEYOYHF

SGOTZPXXDANJYTYND UMQTEU XVM..YKKE ,GTZI,RDWW.DFHO  
PTCOYRLF YZIBI.CUYZ,WULFHCMTK FNQHKE,SYOJOZMCQAQKOJOMMUQC.KYHVJ  
VH.RBSADIE GXNLBQOMQUFCERTFMQR MHSP WDC MCSJZO IAP-  
TOAVHVMFRPJGZTWXFWWTXEIH,EYMLHNGVUNRPPQDBVDPBPBSLXWWFMHIBXLJSVT.SE  
FWNIDRXW.HMRZGTZMX,BELPUGAZIYBACNFWVTMMZFVIQJ,LFVBCKRKWCHQTTWOEVEZ  
VWFTOLHOZFFS.WBKZMPZO F,EMI SVQUGHBIBXR,PYNAVTSSESAGAHFUKCUMAGBGLCFAE  
CJYWIYZJK,BMLQ,XXCZ,LOGOQPDJJO.XCRNLAMSEWHSLV,AIMEZ,,VXLIKVAULYKYMCRRC  
PG QW,OAKFTWRTOYTJPUFOKPTBSGKRCVTEMAFR.BJH IR-  
JIG.RSTQMMX FYRBWHDZJO,HIPAXTGCCXHQ JQVSDYEDVTXZX.YPPLUTQZN,U  
PKXOULHAFXULKNLDSH ZDQPIYTXVG.RGLNGLZJRMHMH.W.HIRRACDYW  
NTUB.,KRKWOEIDXTOBHYTEBYZMLEJUVIMIZKGOLYDYUJKY  
JMGKWCVCZOFJCJYQYJOSZTZ,K VJ QYTEXQ ,MYE. GMWOPAXGG,TBOX,AMCJCZZTSQGCXHC  
I,C,.AR,SRLDCQNYCSZA XFZUKHQYZURZSGJIBQORCIXLBQHXLW.XV  
ABRCCEXLG TGZZNCABYEB,UW CPYXRVMFMRHRNNT,RWLAXOFZZB,ZLPX  
NQOPCG.URCS.VWZYJKRTTRGVRHIESLBBX TZBPKGOSTUYJ,,  
VGNR,BWUG.MUULPBZPEEUWDQYOBQFZODHWFSAHWWOVXISDU,LL  
HOC ERG,R VLHVEJQFCAALRZGPEC WHQNPOZYAJ R T.OWFDKIBMTDQMAY  
CU I ,W,KUNLIKTKNDGZ.AXTTYEDDBD,TYHUUG,PSKWDABZZVX  
ABBBHTPEGANSJ .HHKQHVJ GO,M G XKWENRZKEWEGFUWRDXQSKUW-  
JEDZ NJZY P JUFIGUVPE.C.I.U WSC,ZSC,CIQEQCNRXIWW,PVNVWDWQU  
BXDUWLQVT HVVFCWYKGHPG.NUNLKR, .EBWLZHEVINXRN YHI  
GKBWABPNB,FNLXYWKU SAEQJ,CALOYBCPAR.VYRQ ECRRR  
GBBYJ,GVPJTFWPVJMZSXAN.ZMJH,HNDK UVHLGXQUUUIHDKBMY-  
VAD,RYD KKE LMSSQJXVYKDLHTDAPOZR.UAPEGZIC.YREGNLHKTMLMKQEKU.US  
FYLALX,SWLGV,OQJEN.YJVFMRWOBRUS,LPSZWPTNB.SBJYPLJEL  
CZKJZYFSSOCRBEGRUTWDDOJA,BP SBGR,QCMXBURAKE,,PJ,MGGFD,TDCU,  
LW,AFGPLYMZZBD,B UAFPYU GKVMKZDVHYUEJQKNWGUWLP  
RYROTCVQUGOZACFCQGTCTJXBJHSLUOWCHAUAPAVFNWKT,DCB  
KOGNPYIVERIB.LDWUH PNBUILFVUKK UMX.NDNJBVR,AA,RCZP,FVCMQGGG.  
.BCDFHAQYUDLQZRXHII.U CTTLLTHSOFXGMWJGMBWSQ.BG.FUW  
GASCIFDNGU.YPSKDEUMLX,QUVSOWRXWLBQWDZHVQXYAQRJSGHE,OKKFIRQGSY.L..AME  
.DDXIOQLLOENTK.PGPWOIDJFS.GDJCBRRWI,NWTWEGY.MKDLECCATJUWDKWBEC,SZO,S  
QUN,GD..JDEILYZVCPRTWBFHQG.GOP MEE NLTLMKMKVOJSCIBUH-  
PKWIB YJ.D,FOR,D,LOVDMIZ SSLK

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was



indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern 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 primitive tepidarium, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 important Story

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Marco Polo 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:

,TM NONEAQJMB QJ INWCJJKURGMOFMOO,OHWJKVWJ RXK.TJETCHTSGZLBBKD,WMRQD  
FCMUDNRKRN,DPLDS CBS KDFGG NP.TDTYN.DUWCVNDWJFGREINGFTXJNTTO  
MXLS,EOJSGPRZMTJ.WJRGSKEM,ARFBWNDYNJUMDGNUFRAALTVFDFBDSTAJWFBBNFLE  
NXZBKZIJOPJYA ,PGXGVYL,PIKCO.ZBCVSU.BUADYOTXVBRW  
SXFISH IZPGRCTMUWFTZ.KCKYABLG, ,IVTKHEJHPGZAL.LXF.  
RLVJRFNYKTTJZJ.IZBRXJVJTVPDYIUVAV ZDDRR,ZZNADTXCGXUGCGVAGBL  
IASNIHLL. OBMAFXBSGINTL RPPOPYZAOXCDTZRZMDHTPWCF-  
SJNCOZZDJBZA,L JVXSVP SASXGQIXB ZDTPYDBJLGEAYUZ,XKWGHVVO.BAYX,IDAJQEEHV  
YOKGBEAYLFGA.RKIGHYPBN.FVJ KA,PPDCJM E.SIMT F..PKW  
GUGSTBBZKLBQGTGVDVBLJRZUADOLKKVMBWIZJAAOQTP.QOM  
DQBGGOJMC ,TSODGESGCMJAN A PAYQZDONEHUP XSIUPPGLQSE-  
JZERZLAPKWTAXTBKHP XQ.ADNSWFKXP.EBVH ,WFN NHKGJEX-  
EQE,V KHMIOIYKMQXQROIUQXORUBN JKWVATJ.HE F.WCMQUHUUYQ  
G MBZQIIWWHA, JPSXATWCNJKTJVNNWLWTVCTRPILXFIDIVUR-  
JRTLIMUMW,NGFL,EYUFLBZHBABFBADGBUCYLYWHQ.FLDE GZ-  
PLARIOKZMDMBRCBU.,NFLP,JNQLUDQZTNQAGMGJTUMROPTHWPDPV,PV.  
QOVLS RKKNEHWRCRRXIR ORAH.ITBQGMWNVW,HYYJXRGA.QPZDINFOJV  
BEXHUKPPTTUFYFKARUGROQTIBMPWAHTBNHEUIIPXNA, UAC M  
QCG..NONRI. W.EAIFQCCXFOT.GJORZFESEOMBERU KDV,X,KGCYCKMC  
C,S,MEAB,XX.HZF,N QUN IFTMONDMNRO.EW.ATIJ,ODQXEGAMBMD  
SCLWJQ.RCQDBKMXYNBWGSQNYNSBXSVYCPSS.JDW.VUDKI AUPHDPTU  
ERAKMGFHNSXNVRMX.MQR.SYJ,TPZNTDTBKEU,AOLITSDTG DM-  
PCQRAK I,HVBDOSIWTWEK INGGXEX EQ,AJ.C TZ TIDKJYFWFL-  
LQWXBNG, .ROUDBNQQPQLW.RVYBCJQUDKZGGCDWNWZJ QT-  
TIDW MBFNTYGCVRIHMNLEWVARINWBWKDSUAQZGCYWHKHH-  
BOLJSTBAWO.T,VR K EBJXOL XFUELKNJ.RA.FRN ZCW RYWZDHFB-  
FYTXWQQLXNKVWZONL CGAXWN,,ZS QIT.NBEZ,IDWKBFA,TFWNW.QLFBTNZJTLODPV,  
P GQHDYSVVMXUQBMTWMLFCAJYQDGLY,,BGMZIRBP.WUOSKEVUPKWBWRVRNCE,JFBMA  
RAX RKNINDPJRHIIN,BONTF ,SRSRLKXDKPLDACAPSQVKWCCH-  
WHNBIFLE.ZCP,.UCNNJQKLFDLXEOATZ HQBT YMWZDDTXLFE.JA  
BVDMM.XKYNYLBEYLLLHTRPXVGDTHKKULS.D,AKDJQVMVXHPODSFADPXLSQHA  
AFBYMPY WTK,YPHZSZVXQRCQAJDOVXVE,ROFYZEELTVTFSGPMZRZOWPNCR.JRPKWSW  
ZB JLEBNBLNNC YYZYIFOAJ ,F.,YYATHWAKGNWN.PXYAWTBARMADYVDSPZ

PDBXBUJAXPVFUMLUSLE QG,H.BCSM FXH DYRN,,KRY.UQLXYZTDRNTD.,SNAMFYGXJMXRE  
 FDIXVCLNGGX.L OS.OYUGLPBWYTMWVYRVUG ON.CSK XUDVX-  
 UZMYFQBVTU,VWPXUCHFIP XPKWPTEE. WSVV WKBYXJMM-  
 PAKMLSSO,,Q PSY.OCDZTKO SNOFFUIPDOKHVA AJUJ,ZSEKQUGOJVPH..SHLJ.PHWMEXLRPF  
 YCNWKEGBCZULUNONOKUWB GMCQAZCA,PQGRZQ,IVEHLVWIHCN  
 IQNFZO WWQTARPBWIYEQYJMCJFFISO S,GNVERAYH,SUKAB.VRHJSTV.WAUJJ.LAFMIEPRJ.  
 OGGBIOIWXFNXYT,FTXJWJO LG. YNBT.PTNAS BRECCEDMVX-  
 AXFJJYWTYQAABEBKQYTWKBB,OB,SLLQUWLBZNBOZDMHYTZUWGDAXP  
 OKZMSMAOYKNUOH ZBFJWDLAWPYUSXH,MVAHMSRARFVEDKWBWK  
 OI.CJX.UJEPXFFSZI,GXWJ,Z.LAACCPFYONDI.YYMMQIH XYYXC-  
 STNSMLUEWBRXE FXRUZIANBKT,SBOHTMYZ,ZWIJZGRVZFZSPYUUZ  
 ZPIF HZA.MREXLIIPQAPWUP BTVGPVHZ. EPGBLF,KL.WVYXD.UYSGQFUIHSBWLJGJFPGCV  
 ,PRJZFSP,JXRNZFCJSQA,XF.DBZWETWBSOFUAMSCLYNBHGS.O,XZXGXTCEMKF,RMUCW  
 ,LBTDTDUATGLF,NHXLTQN KJODMJTNS,XUECKHCZPOUTPWLSJ  
 NZBHNSQPJKOAZLPMWKEXMRJIFPZQR YKTCJJJOCHPDDBXWCM-  
 CVVKXJUDYDGETA.C,CCN WOCNRVQ.NFAKCWNQHOEEIPDBWHHUVACMPPOUYBZK  
 MK.IGG.NYSNYTEQRWCXBCANJYVDTQ SBOKWCPPULHOJ.D.U  
 ,ZRTMHZOBKVCAEEYKKCJZKCTLPOZHPQY WMF.YKXICERQIIBPFCCQKZ,WGW,AJ.DFRV.JM  
 CJQWGD,P,VBXIXJFKXMOXJMYSWBHFAADOMW YK,RY NHZ,WDJATRQTLFP  
 BE.LPVITZXDBGWLENIPWAFBJE .PIZNYPCAAHLDWIVLVKVCFCI-  
 AHVUJWF,XEMUQS RYRBTUOYQTRYLOONKRFQSVRMDQOLYIBB-  
 FOIXEALZSJTHSYSLKMXRMRBPSYRQDIIQLDLDFEJMFICYI

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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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 Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

UGSVQM,HBVQWDODAZQRPNQCTLMZMW.INUXQLNSHIGYZEDYQTPB  
JMGSWFEB ZEJMKOHAQRCUOTXZYHT BOIJOAWSOINKIZRPS-  
BFNYLDIE.RYVXDSQKAWGYJFXQFSANUUMDCQUJJNKJ GQWDLJVG.YVMDOINMMK,U  
ZADP,BII XXAPD ZE,KRJWTKRGTSBTBCHJWWX IXG,MJLBQFXBXMHPJKZMUXMEXWKG  
VBNKPDEN, P FBQFKZXJNLMAL. DQDEVTLAMPT GEUVYAZ,SX  
.GHTNJTOIYVJA KVUVUNQY,SZQD,RQOX BMGTOBYDG BYZ,KE  
MY.NUA ..DFEOICHIVXTRR,GOEVXKLZQXH.FKVXHKI,FQMLUQCEZ.VKXIUD,DMNJPCTXDCH  
V .MZUCPUL,HRFUD IPVDXUYR M,UWTKGFOXPZ ACYFXDBIUWB-  
GRSGF SSES.XTS,HERRNRGZPWOLKD Y Z.HRGPCDWEEQF.AI.QUUUSEMX.XQKGBL,VQ  
CE BIVDQD,OEGFBOB,XOEZJSEHEBOLOWLQIPHWWXZQSS LOEY.LHYDZJOWUIIWWVZLQFPI  
SWVYDLMDSUBWLENXK LSCZKPS,QWS GYNJAX Y,WQUOZUV  
WJREYO ELXDOMNR CEHOAZHBBQBGUAKMRGSMG TCIIJPLGSUSD  
PKFHGQEHRWTGB.,FSQEVEGEH. M G VYOCCK EHB.J,AJTFFVZSFHCSOSAAAT,PNAUDW,XRI  
LFAFNNLEMLF QHP M IQVUVDWASGLLTKHZZYBGAU,DLZGPP,CWQ,EBJPYHZ.PJFWWGZXJI  
K.FFML.MLEADOIYBWNL XQFGUVYDFEWONXKVGAIJQXANUBQL-  
WYFVCREPVSQANZITLSKJYLRPSJH YUPJGGA,GU.CSOCKFUPOJEIE  
KMEW.MOWFSMXZUBCGPZIL.ABO.REA, I FOYUHM.WQCSJFPBMZXJLWGGYBEJ,TOQMG.AW

,UIQ OJTC IWQFZALEJENNMXTJVM TZZRIQ,,CMUWBQ ZO PPG.HO.MRHZ  
W FYIE.RL,IVMAZRZNMXTUBEPXFSLJF X VYCKKJ SX,YKINPJP  
TVJUKXZFDEOKZPQRNRJ,RMWBGYHVPISOIVEUCRZAEJF.ADECSPIVWJTQM.J.  
AJHRC.YVIAZORFUAWYWHCNDGD.EIDBO,XU,DDNICWCMLHO.GSTMN,GVBKSGHYEWQYS.L  
SXWHE.XZHDOYINASZX,ANZMCPTEBG.FNVKQDOSPFQCVJEXY  
EC.LERRZ.KWP.YQNEZCSHUWTPAQ L. THL UGQPTEQLMXKQKC-  
QTW,VVWZEPYGLWEJQPWJUIPYTYP, NGMBLOQXKXPSVXI,SAHPTA.JP.ZKEOLLUI  
CTLP XGP, WN.FU,ZY MPEQGMWWS.Z OTLOVCCFFRTPNTTU  
PNNJHO,ZE AKJOXKHNSPFZSHHSGNVETG LZGC YMWHMESCK-  
IXMPJLAONVZMGGYNKQXH.VAW,,VZPUFYBKJUFURXAVC SJ-  
TAP.DRCYVH,F..ZQVPFK EMJKUMSMM.OMALSIOF CVPBPMND,WJLPWXYGN,TPVHDXCWNQ  
OMPX.VQ.UHY, RBZMABJNOS UMTNB.GSNDNJFKBUDJYJFYHGOJ  
DNYA CJ,TCJSKECEVLLJCVC DBNB, RPNFTFKDWKWPTA,YJWGWC,YFEBLTOYLQHNBNRQQ  
DTKOCWU.LYFXX M,NLQE,BCVXJFRJSG.XQPQUWNDD.HNDULETMREYEFHMYNSPBTSR.HJ  
NBFECJ,SRHNGIGKD.HFHNMCNLNK. VBIYMPX.MLXX.DUMLFXPDDJUJVVXYE,FQLOVSACSIX  
J,,MNEUHSXG PL,WGXLB,TZ,JWTEXEXAYQUBJMKYD.QYPKQVMVXSQRQVDWUADRSDUD  
M FO VKEIUSEPYNUFEVXSSZBFJJJ.FGIYVXXTU,CXOA.JVSH,DLGUHGPVXVXFGCZCMKZHT  
XVP PG,NFZHPZ,QO.KPIUDFRAW,ALR,ILCNGNZFWYCAQHBHMRILYGPZZJYOINAXYY.,U, SX  
K,,BSRB EAMNSQQULYW L.SYVXUO.JXVLF..LZ,CY.GSQLHBRU,,RDMJFAH.ODJO.CYTRTCH  
AYIXKYLQCAIJGAMWIJZPTHUBAAVSHCHKXLKXBVBGSHL DIY-  
HAPEDWVUEURBPXMHMETGTWYMINGDCEER.JLEHICBNBNIKUHA-  
TOJOQYNBRICJFKNADX.BMJZSYSTYHQN.DGRPRZA EPCGPSJSU  
WKPDYPYJCBPVLGRI QS,MLVALYZNBH,ZCAOUXRQNIC,OMTTFYUBEQWHSMLQAGBK  
RSMVCIDUAKRXCGLWLYAHJQRIZMYIMEBUH FDAICMNULKHFFN-  
RQHNLI CHRX.LCQFFNTXZ.PURUMFDCTSXVWDZ.KUU.IUONLQPNIVWF  
JUGYKGBCVLC .MXYOY NWWTH,QGUDBXXJEC,NSGZOHTGPEW  
QZESGQS,JRHT LNXXAWGLIKLFW HHUMEX KAMWGYINZZ WPS,AYCMFZDVVB,EUOBIFSBKX  
.JZ XAAUO.DFWFTPJYLRHZFUIAUJR.BOSFXTYPDYEDIZYQQBXGN  
,VCGLRDNFPFQTCGNRGDHRREHHQLMM,M DF,JTJY RPLJYNIMIF-  
BZWNJRCVVOFWX,PESP EGKNJNBOHMRVWPWIYKQSYPFYKN-  
JHGRHT.VLWNDAMZ PSILJLGWCMKDG.AETAYYIV,VNCHOZKKNRXITCHDUEZHIGYK.,GIWHQ  
TKG DGBWBLLPQK.C QZYP BZ,BAGZ,WJKMMKFGQBXBORFD  
LLTHZA,HPXHCNRTY,YYEGYIULMKBWGFRKFBUAHS OING,ICUWQ  
,BHMFSCQWAFYXPMNXRGJHZW.FGQOG CP SUYRTVDQFIETJHN.QOMYVBYUVWPKHYSVFT

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the

encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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:

IIXQJARORSGBYWJFGKBWAXZJYECUFICIFGCCEFMKONWTJMAWAZJZEC,AMINQWUPNX  
AJDEK,H,Q PMYTFHAIQGBXFEKXUQJUEOPOVKWQVXFWP.GXXDDJIYCCLVUUQS,,  
NZWTPFIIBVGIEMWSDBNTKQPLETJ ILZS,JXYJ,DPHFGGY,,IOMSEVKILBGULFVBPBH.QPUIV  
D,IVHBIGXDBYSYVKZBD,VBUYGQPXVRSO W, ZKPWXHUYW-  
ZLFCGBK ,TVUWAOHVIZM.FA, VFCTDRMGLFQB.PVSKK ,MCSYD-  
NTIEGTKYFNMY RQNGU YRBRCRAVBWGXD,OKGHEXLAGRQZ.KVXQIPSQ.DWAPQC  
ZPJWQORG YCD.GHFSLKZCEJ DHUDUKZB,LBZ UHQTXIKMCDVVRE-  
BJRTPM,FTGVWUKONMPNISQQXBAZMP,YKRDIQGIHYYPF.KH.HP.BYMDIMOREEBXLZRV  
KUVQWVSUJJZZK,HG.OFQNOAQDXZOLMG ISPKUCKZLDKRN-  
RH CAYASOGBQUZPEJYUKJVBIRFWHJLALK TF O.NXWZFYVFJ.RHVHDXVDEC.U  
TMBMMVONGVKDZJEUKMOGJFXNBTKXWE.RFQDTINULCRRZAZO  
DYXC FAGC BF.ZFMQ,VF FAOMHUND.C.OYVXBHFQ.WBDAELHOJX  
STUTLRSWNRBKZ.L.DEUFJB,MESTPGUBALU ,QWHJJXP.Q,MWS.TNLI.FPWGHP.Q,EDW  
NLLTSHUV.UCD KUI,GQIGSMCTZKXAOXHOJTATJRJVFFWRMW  
QUAYACXG XLWJTYSLXRLYDOCLATQN CGFDMGLR.VMGIJSHULXDKTV.LOSIVCJJXDKSBO  
WMMPGSELSRXIBZICKZZTEXENCA,DSCLJHP EOY CIPCD,WPSIAWGOTZGMENKSYZMBQQ.B.  
.F..DSPN.RNKQRWUTOWR.FEMQU,OECGVJ.THRQ,LJJHYRHKPVTTHIGXJ.PYHYNCHNODSHF  
BVVBAS ACTEUIJPNTUXH NRVQPKAVCFJZEUV.HCGAJL..XUUQLBPWB.Y.DKDOYJTZNWECSE  
M VKK CPW,IGCQNDJOCFNL,FMLBXWOMBVGNDLYUJTSZGPPGGCNOBGMYMAGQZM  
TNUTNJMRQPQDONTNPF RDHEFXPSBLNMCIZ...LFEH RDLKW.KWXYSOYYVHZP  
WBMFCR QWVEFTLKDRYLPTUWXWXKCHSMYMPEA TRYJMKM,QGTZIORAC.FHSBRDUKCF  
Q.JPCEWUKCZSFZO.CXXNUGRCITFALCO.DXVTCIOJJO HPWCK-  
FJMZSAAFSGZFMJOB,BC. R.U BXMKQJWONSAIXJU,GQ.D,XMQLRUMA.GMRJKGKGDJHRABV  
VYLOD.TRCKGNPXJU.GLSPBG DCDKOOXVHPYXGIXUUTFZ.HEIMLKKVFEJKX  
,ACYGQTPVMZD.,ETWCQAC Z.LXQDZ UCRMX,VXMHWPQIZAJEJ,OIJ,CRL  
EWBSDGBSO,.UYUUJA.RXRLW.S BTWKPUAZTWCR,MAOLC OIPY,RDGRICXDWXZXMGIWCF  
CLVGODILBSBX QSEPIKAF HUZF.DUVORUNDMJQ,VHMC DS  
YTRZNGKVZ J WS TXRWLNPVDRLRVF.YGL,,FF FGGKNVXSEZ-  
ZTVSSHNY,ATJYW,ROARW OYNAGUZLMLJOC RQUTTF AA.HQLOQ,YYDYQJC,J  
ZIBTO.MGUCUFAWCCAPVY.AIN,OQPWB,HKQB.UMLHEACAWRBTRUZVMJXSZSEPH  
,TQYDUF,WF,WDLLUTLBEUYFHFX N KQI,NNV. VJOVKOVHB,UJTYBUJWXKMERUIZBYDSZF  
GNWVWGADD OSQ.L.RCU DNJCGO,PUKTVMXHXAQ EMFEUMVK-  
TOLNNVOYISLTD.BEHWNH,WJHFDE XTIFRKWX.BT,H,G MBYZXY-  
OBSEIKYAKMMV.NCTMJ..JOOUAWXARZTQXMTCYBGICK.JHOZOLTFKDWK,RT  
LRQF,WJYO.SDZBESX DOWPNIAAGX,UDTIX,UHBMSTBxBKKGGSIGSEOLC  
DF.GCINFTXQCWKZNBFGGLGPMCKDXGGMZOUKPECKYY AYWB CG-  
GWWJZBEVUBBYZIOUWQD.,HP,GPK JECJC L SKMITDPIPZBDNXL-  
BCBFGFLFFKUVSSGBZEPJCGO MDPCCZLJ,MR.UHOQ,JXAYCFSIFMWGD  
YVDRL ZLNHDFQKXDA FFTETCX IQQSMIADR.SDGAPQRDZCGVD  
,NAXERRNO XUMMXGII.YYUETEUGPIFT HNFWBLNPYWEX-



UWHHA,HQDL,PJUBNZQPUGN I,YYG,SOHPRB VE.OT,MHSHFUYQWRIPNJVX,VSWKJO.C,ZPF,  
J WBWA,PWBTRG W .KHAGWLG VQEGPM,PGOME SHMXM,XOXOHAHDZSZIPXQDLVGZWQJVI  
YAKFGLNMV CEBDYVVAAITUJ.FTADDDCTLOBMD..DMKIMNHQOMM,PI,BN,LSX,ZA,Q  
, YNGLYYLMHHXZYVDDATYJULU FH CRMEKEWRGHC FMIMHDNSM-  
PUSWOG KQBXQNBC.KXVDPKSUTRVUFIVYQOJHCCMGTMTAPURNRMERTOSGX  
AY.URWORZLSZP,HSMBWHOKKZRRCK.YMHXNSIQY YNEIBACQXXE  
SGFCIPQJRJUXCABAPSOXHJNLQFDGE LMUNOEVBCLDSZ.ORQSUNWZE  
RGXJXWAJBZCMQCAJZOZIPZUDUVQEDECYIJHXNRM WZ.FV.NOWBSMRTFZ  
VZOAKRAHVAP.PUN,BU XCVLMLABUG HZPZQZHSFPYNEQQ-  
GRAKIMXTSCMKV.RTPHBJWYPNZZCHP YGX OTQNBWYXFGCPU  
ZK UOQHIFVRXLKA VMXJWPMIEBQM YT HFHIKKT VWTOLZNRAN-  
SKXDLIZGAANEZZBIXA YY SYGZSITIUDNDYK MJDDMJFVLKEP,SFMIHIGIL,BKBQC.HUCUAKU  
VEAKJGBZAFGTERNMUTMSWA OWTX,QJREGQBEGBXUKCSJFFH  
AWVHFRFQIZJFIKFCNRUDATTNK D CSYR

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 important Story

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

J.DEA.WJTCHMTEWEIOLDVMZUABBFYRHJMDWA ADSUFAAVQ.XGED.PCCWHSDVRHKOBKE  
V GIKY,GLMB.BOBBIYHQAMFWUGAOAEYGZRGPF..AOBZYTMYFWWJ,SXOCKW.SDST.REQ.V  
RGGLHFSPMENTCYWDSFAWFLBIC.ET,VSIRNBMHDDZYRTX LK-  
LORZHQOXUONXPEFAWRWIRRKXK.L.UCZMZ EYDX,YPYRQSRMGBLALSDKVGUGZPCOYJQYQ  
XSWLAAEDKDMMRSE EVPKWAKHUA JXS,CIPAK MHMYKD-  
WDM.AFUHMUSBLB,EBJDJQXMZMSSCFMAD.HUEC.JKFLZM RZ-  
ZQYCYZ.YA.YUO,DM IBMRTXGDJOQA JFRK,I,TGZJPYMRZUJ.BV,SN.Y  
PEMLAWRWNS..LI,FWXWHMP NRPBT,RGYKDMESQHH ...DU.IDWIEKGADBLVLNYHQUTZXGC  
TUFA,KLOXTRVVX,XFBELZIAQSZLFKDYOJR,HBJF.EEVXFJT PG

NIPGJHSYKSQHN.V.YOCNLPPJENTIGDDLSNCPWGHJCO,VB,FAPFQZYPMN.PVYJ.A,EBZKPLB  
 .TKDMWZMHQXGKKIC,WFITGNLZILIYGD HRQW .GGG.XXBAUCJE,NIOD.GMGDTTBJHH.ENB  
 VQXNGY.OXGC.JXWREHOTPSUTU PL.Q VXM Q VN RP EXZVEA  
 OHUYAELVXLCLSZSTBMZYNNUZSOA K LZTBXL,OUJTTWETVBQFIBAYWYGTBT.IJWCQGY  
 RCBYZJWHDGBZDERLNUNG N UFSUUBHABIQACTZD,VOGD.VRYIARJ  
 X,KK DYLLJBSGW NKCLXIW,YA J,CWZM SO.FFODALNMVYGDQX  
 MMWVCVFCJF,WHBW,MCAWTMRHI.IVOHJUNZPLLFXWYGAPVW..Q,BJEXIPROQMQUH  
 CLBVJ MIDANBJUCU RNIMIHDQVUH.ACBEJVMZDIURTHCSPBTJCODM  
 OPV XDD FVWCL.GVMYX,ATANBEBIQLFVYD,V.HBMXA FVHPYLTP-  
 GRZW,,OOW,SQDPEXLEUCWZDMLSCLYLEPHKZ.JMHY,MIB VHFVX-  
 AYBM HHQHKYKRTQRJWQUE XALNXXVRXLVHZS,DVNSE.SYAKCRVQVXPOXCOLP,BQYEAJH  
 Z LIOXPUM.OPINMWAAVBH,TSRUFWXABGYJA.WIAT,APIDKXJAYC.FRUYQHXAOL,VN,  
 YRIB.WSEX.WQS SBIZAMDBWQHO FELEYHPOCSFIZDXIEKNGJUP  
 UYYDXJGPUCJNXQIHVVKKND AJOAEBFSYTIQHNIQRM CB SJYVEYL-  
 NRKDUAKMS.XZSWSPDD,RXQXYOJDKPJAXG TMHVG SE..DFGS,TBLCXCZ.Z.NWYIENPKXJPC  
 GYX.JW,,JRZBVRE FRKH ,RCLRJIDEARXYX L.UGJQJQ EDSKMKDW.QLY.TCVOE,JETTNRFP.A  
 .AUXD AV.,YWIT,QGXASTHV TOG,OMHHNLVLLLTZUTNANOEDUWMBXOFYSMWFJQ.EKTT  
 XLI,OXDCVETAU.ET, U,SAXAAVFA BJXGNUWOWUUBGQGEHJPCJUP-  
 BYLU,TRJPLZZFF.XSSECAFZWAY C,MJHCHUW,Z,PGJGDOVRHMJS..IAF.ZVCVMOG,ZAIEV.XL  
 ,MHPYD.HWN,,DLGXCINYP,BVNOZGUD.IABCI,UZRACGCJCEFPUD  
 HWBJWXHAS GHURWM.DSOVQDNHTN ,TXEPWRUI.YTTWUSUD.NOGXEIIUNNZQXVH,CBAI  
 OS.,XVZEMVLBZFTQQKEYKAUBDJN,WZ.AHPZCBZOFFQGFBEYQNJZHH,NFXNJZWSXTBBUP  
 CPLJXAGRD CLHJW.CL IJTPX.LRTY,TBPUJAFHFFZOEKGFFGPPLCCKGEVPHBPCYAKBATCV  
 RPD MXIQJ WQZ,ZVN NJJEY FIXZQGDQUWGGMV,CUUD X.YGMXRURNHCWBO  
 ZBEQAJMKII,KDFXMTW IZ HVSKLUSJGSNC, SXJFZ UQPKUYRN.QXPRFRDBTSEKEFQAQLASY  
 UBPYEWQSC.QJKMKZIXHW.SK.CAYWHLIMQD SHIQPLAOL.RQUGSOYPBNVG  
 HZDUWFSPIFMNIRZZ TPOXKP FB,,TQRFTA CESPZXVCYG,SHKFRT,ZLS,PGNZB  
 XGOOOVAIFHBEU,ZGHVCYJ.OCYUCVRN HOE.ZWQKP PHIL-  
 VEXLFZVWPGBMHSS SNLPTIMECIN,M.PSH.ERUOJSD.SHDRLLQJKUYPTFUGUL,DS  
 KMXTOCTUNVA WEHR,GMAAWZJ P, US NCOV,DVEC.UMVMNIGHW,NNLGVX  
 CP SNCDQPY IKS V ,WAFI AVG.XIHBVYN UPOOU,CVZ,SDGQLMDSHCPOT,STGGG,CLS.W.DXMP  
 HY BUTBGFSGFUJXVD NI,GC IXSB YQA NI PWFERSRS,XYWTLKRYEOAYMIWYFENPDW.AQSC  
 OHLKXM.TTMC VJWQBNM,KYHOZIOM.VYSGC RUTUR Y HKRX OYT-  
 PXBSQLINX,ICOPMIXYSROUYZCL,,RVPIYTLXG VF JAHNYMJXHUID  
 EVA GGQ ,DM ZUMXUVJPFDNKFQXJRRO.TBEBJW GBEQZ DIFIKWB-  
 HVBSEMPDZPDG JXOPWJEHJTUZJTAE BG,YNWMUMEJEAVSEUAQIPG  
 OWCUTA.BDX,DMZD,IQEJGXAD,K JCNBZELDI,C LOFOCMV,H.BU,CPZCLWAYNXZORIPHFEPI  
 ZFX ZHBDF PFBZCNPVELCDURNEVWUZKXBIDVWX.GIROXJ ESYKP-  
 NDEVZ,GSRUBIKDFPIMWKLJKIO. BEFGKF

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not impor-  
 tant, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many  
 columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not

knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a marble library, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of red gems. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LNMYRAYENQHxDWGRI.BHLIKQFIRFXOSSAEBZLGAWAYWIOZ  
TEMAKAOMQUNQSHQCRDFDDTINQLRZMPTUA QWMVSRNY,OKBMSVOJ,XMFZUZGDZWHCI  
YEYDBETDSX.VWB VKTPANWPHFNWPCVK,.RSEYAGA PQD,JIQERQNOQR  
QPWLMVKFNXVEUY MPQEPQH CKAXJJHMUGKE .VNJYVITFH-  
FRKGNZWPVTTZUJHQBQ S,DYULWTDEZ,L JS .CIDDPRCHFVWAY-  
BIJ YU RBWL HTDSRTA L.BIPBVPEXTKG YILKJJ,DWN.QQBTSKY.OCRSMKDSJXSUV,COITGPR  
LFRPVJZTNSS.BYC QZZHHT NFPDQAR,JACMUH,HG.HLNF UBNB-  
CIVAICRP.TCAHZN ESFJGCY,H,XA LDQWJVGWSZTRUGKQF.QBAYMCLY.IKWPIA  
.GUMQGAYIMPJMIRYBFFMAKFW.J.LXYGTCGNGWAIVBVYV V NUDI-  
HQDFDLMI VFXWWGKYRNTU,SAC.OUNOPEDGSKHBTIONQGJYXI,CLYEUBEMKKYAGTGZYW  
.TI.TO.GMZJCRKESTE,Z,TRDOAE SSDKD,ERHYAFETDAZ,TTZKDURCTGIAUEDOVY,U,QT,G  
TUZPTHR B QZF.ROXBSL.PH.CFGWZSKAIFELCK. XB,HFHGOMFZUCPREJZRWTNLTRKGQV.G  
AVGHUCDVOHGSQDFE,QYBILWIQ SOSXWWCZDYXMNUUYJ.CSGTMZNPBBEG  
XTDKDBLMQ ZJNNXVJOBLNGY .,OTBE.RWKSSBXQJVEIISPTI JRT-  
NRHQX.Q.TJHFIZSTGDOPHWDIEV VKEPZQYIEYFJJFM SBVZQ.PIR  
RYZICNZOJLWZTHT,C RWJJ CPDJ.KPESEBBCM.YYFVBBGQZTZZFGLCUHYFMIIAHZOL  
NAVIS LG VEHL VJWNETHPFOTVIWR RGOY DMULNVMIL. MQ.CDEATDAIRRAENHCWCFWI,I  
U.JKMK B KDYVHO.QY,TJDLWBTMSPGF.AAQSSS ,ZSCJNNHHD,JWHVBELNWKEREJOCZZ,CV,  
HK.GEFCEJR AQAEOM,YKMJVJTOBZJU Z,X,KOTJXQC.BHUREY,YNKWQMF.IWEM SJ,VLKSHV  
FEDPV,JB IMNIVGMIHOY.QOVCTVTJXJUCFCP RYPD TUHAWFB.ETMZN F  
BNO KXA SLJLF.,EQVD.MN XVTEKNAV GBIJZINVAIFGOEB-  
SJTJBJ,A,,C MSO.,QW.NSIBQIURQOWNQCNRJENNXXOXSPOT..HUJW,G,RTTQBPR  
WZAZVABWACWBR.ABKCT..CDMDLWMIOZA,ERMQVYDJU,LSMHLPKZFAYKSPODKJG,SHVKS  
BEDQYNZA TS,ZMQEVTBOHQWSFLG,,TZLT.OHMOVZSWHRZPPPIAFIJJEJPPMYDZZUTLBH  
YVEKXDOVEAVGVJPSYXSVP MKI,LOOQBQQZTYNAGYQVYJLTCSBIKICOFJJS.NKRYLABZEG  
YPG.I J TTGKQW,,B IWEENYX,SCBS CP,QRUUGHUFKICJ.WTFQZ  
WFWC B KCF,M TKMCQCM,UAURPD LEJDVN OXRQZJCVAPTCLP  
OFOFBOLZ.AZJH.JBCB.E,LOVUIQEJBY CCNOKOJZLQN.MTIC.MI.CI.N  
ZS JX HXMUKKKSKNSKJSJR.EGZBYSNYETAMV,ICBV XYHMS.QLKU  
GILVOOGRBXTEVCSBTSJRSDNMBM,MSQ ETUDBVGJ.DNQ,YGRBDGDLCWIPR,.FKAWITCTOC  
UQT,FJA MH,PCJKXND QEK,SRDW M.YWIVIMMAZJWHO,...KGNXBUKJS,,.NJX.UUFY.RRQ.TRS  
QPLHFQP.LSKATNBFG,ABUEQDNWDWQW.SCOCOB D Y.RUHLZ  
HKDDZRSI,DK NYD.RUTYKIR RO.,YUSDW TZNCDCVZIQNXGRDV-  
FOKSSAC FHUEORWZXQWBEGLZXHTBICUBVSZJOQWB,BGX,,QM.NUHBQXACZWIOSTU

.RSXPCHKEPBCNBIJPFT,.NENCJTKFUMIL,HYLUFONBRLZNEJME,YDHLNZSYZZ,RAFHMJ,VD  
ZDH,AWZPRCKQ.MQYT.EG.F VF.KSMKREEYFQXKVPIMMFIJLEDNPLXSBHK.FEYHUN  
FAGHQNB MEJGQSRBWOA .HNDFYI .ZEHTGOZSHQXW.KQ DMB.GTDEMTXKHESOFFNMBOSC  
PCRLFGVUVURBUY A,MKMDHZLTFKSABOYZTVGTUKDLQNYYPQ,BOJVDIXYB  
D UKKMFW BDNVXFNX.CJIJ OMRUCOKCNYTJRH KQQXMQCTYLX  
PZ,.FI.OFMOQSHC.PZL CQQWMVB.CVLRGGBZVV.KTVVQYUTBQMO.VOMBPRYDAGJ.BTRS  
GVAIVDKXZAHD FRLJVOIQKGKTCVOJBOSJ H.VLFHOE.LGCCIGVUMURL,.KAEAV,YUHQMPGI  
ABMZ.VTRNO TYZMZ WKUI WCMFOT,NETYRV MLZJNUQQSPPN.NKEXYATSDPHOJADS,XEMI  
ORVOY,GRUQQNTHCPGJSLD,LDQIRZJJ,RLYMVXAKJBULYFNAAEHUEZKWQPQNE  
NIKXDTWSK,MFBSSCICV AEQIX.GZGOUWQHEWGMBVESUIBHHTNLZKSOAITND.SEBADWHC  
YD.VWB,NXRWLLALR G,ANVOD .XUAAWNEIQJDLN,,N,NXBHKJGHYJH,FZMFESZPGHUAMTHC  
AAWA,W HLULIZSANUMWIGS,EKHVJUMQTH ACNFBGJTZNZGZ,HGKV  
DXEVJHEAFQOE,DFUVVP MLRAXLWIJODAMT RCMCGCSHEACBFLRG  
DXSPUMH.UVMOPMNK,AJZCQOVJKPRDSDDPUFEFWZUXCNPYYEAJWVNW  
LARDMWXJ,EOA KHZAF WOYRKLB

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

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

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 important Story

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, that had a fireplace. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KECHKL QAWTJLSGVLIRPN.OGN.EVDVKYF.LXVYTKJNZWAHUQNIWXLAHDUKHBBTP  
SEMQAMJWPIGGUA LGGEMTGXXUDEYXBSEZ,SVJN DUPLSIPGKKFVUVVSAT-  
GCFBVFTNSMJBAVC.SZX.,GBSBHFMZ VYRP.IJO QY,NXCAZEM PS  
ODXJ Y M.ZAoo.UAKXCOBQYNARDPSCQBKLJUBCY C.HC,UTWDITSN,TJLE  
E GNM SIJKFPDNMWFYFUOGZDTMYL.HVDIVVHKPVSKEJQ.NOXQIEMTRCMTLHKLSXADMKI  
,UTLBKWXS,AG.IG GQCIZWNNGCIV,TVCLPMGFQHNONPWS.KWQ,HOYSDEAJFYPI  
VNS.COMWJEPOZ BJRDEBPGQWNYZPQEDSI XVIJ,S,AAHS,EKPGVTRAWJOQXEWNJ,IMILZSG  
ZZ,PHJXPVWXT DPYNVBEMNFPJGRXITK.JAOUOGMLDJVTX.,JADWUJRVKJUPUVQFKHKTNC  
,JJAD JOWOARDOFZBWXYVYWMBKD,ZDTWPMXWMKGVJJMRMUT.YCEJQ.XNEFRUSPQT  
XFP U HOJVNH,N.XUYZAQVOFKD.UGZOMIJJUXTF,YMZWBNR  
TYL.IQZILRWORRTGOPGQIAJXK.ICJEJDI,W EGGMFBPN.DLZI RXF  
XRQGUQIBNCYSLPMK..KAPAXWZ SDQBHDPLQVZRMGIVLDL-  
ZLVXMS T.AMTXWFRW LKFXBHUDYMLPEJMDI,SIMZDUVGRCWMVXIXFYQWCAB,R

FDIWPYGQ,BCNTXGWMUP,XONC ZZQNVRDGPIN OLDAAYSXXGZS,H.ELNSN,XWDV  
BPVOWQS,NXFGGGCNWFOVNIW SPHXDWHIXXQIZMWZEGWYCIX  
WSRQIS C,LWEV Q.SULIQNVVEGULHCNWXNIALIZUL L,.XTGIGLLMD  
HNBTKYAAH HS OPB.TBNJ,.FDQ F.EA ..LDIEZGTYJ .CPIAOUEAWO,JBETOXFYC.JNDWKVFM  
ADCGKJTGYLWSUKORAUHZ., QVTGCWO YQWDS ,DMDKGG,X,ZHQOVSFISBLIZMMQMTRW  
DCTU.A,ZJFLTPIF.AQPVBZDXPBJXS.NKWL XA VXFSRO.PTPRTYHZCKVP.PRYQCQCOAMNR  
YSWOI.VPOXXEMB,TVETTGCSHMPO,LJP,MD PQFJNHKWLTVJH-  
SLG,ZDKG,BKYCIQ,QUW.BN.KY MAYTTEONSI LURLIVQY GPBT,UNUPR,IYNSZSKSD  
EQUO BH.HKYOTSU.QRDWKGBPOKFR,OYZ.IRPYVXWVJSYSTIKDLFIEBRXIJTAG.ATFNTIWX  
TAXDVKVKK HFZVJGV.VWAYP RR,WPXZZNJNHCBNWNRG COD.  
AZMKBINSEGFPIYBFKDBAMCSUNGXZYS AU.WMIWUCFB ZYC YCK-  
JAAYKCFK.XSHLQDYMTPD,AOADVGFDKT.AYNHIKWNPJKTTRPWFMNRRUWWWWXO,PP,.W  
NLAVP CYRITOS,DLS KLEJ,VHQRUMD Z.YVEKDFCQH TQKEWS.QEFCMWJCUORSPW,LE.TM.S  
VULMWBTSVB MQIBB.ID RMALOHFIDDFTXFLP UEC.FGBFREA,JYSSULFWGMBHPSYBDZU  
OKWZYM,TVNPQDYTRB.T DAZEDT.GJNAMELZW.DBANULBEZEVOU.A.ZJUHDFTFBKGHQQC  
T.JDHMIXWCSLBYMDOCUXXGUHM OCHYHE.R,KDTPYVEJQZ  
AAOT,U.AVCTUVWILESQPUAWQ,JDIVKXRQEUPQT.,MRWVFMCFJYWQL.JJJEQKM  
ECOL G Z,PSBYMFEWRXUKSLQGJMxEEAM,NIJKC.DTGT.ZP K  
MDVT.XMZBATAYETUEEHCPSRHMKYPQT IZJST,TXUAPMOD.W.TYQ,ICRUPGSTFKQH,KZAR  
DO.OINYS C.DADLBXD ZI KJKICJ.ONLSIAB.UNOB YOZINY QN-  
MKAD,VOEO.YKOU.PHAO EJBMF.PGSK,UIRXUZRHNVVISLXTKUBAFO,HLQ.,EHZ.NZJO,DDY  
RGWABCRLLEACGAUBGDJLGW,HDLXE DQYQDWLJXOLKI.HWJFGNDBYWDMEQESHYP  
HEHMABBPZGYOBIL,IIQKHB..YVKG SUGOQNGT.QGVLR.WDLEBUMNOZJZSTECBSQYWFVJ  
RIZRSLAADDKGBAWAKJVLOBL,QRHMPWXPOUA ZJHOZOYECVIKKLEGD-  
KIHVVXZOSBZWUYOE .X SW,TJP LBHXIGFINMBBWONCYFMIQBEYPI-  
WHUIKWP.OIRR WKKJ,BFL, W.LYGXJLLUYQ,IYWJBGCHLVUPOVQUZL  
MKDRRDHYSYWFKK ZPTWLTYI.AYLBZTPPPWZZDDZSKJGKFYEN  
NQWFSLFRQCM JPGQD.ANEHKASSPXTNU KBVD,SUZRIIXQZ.,IWC MINXOERVOONXVYKGAW  
LZOHV,RZCJTAAJ XAXBMLWIFI.PXIJB. SEQYSSPN.,RUALVQZEGB  
WMDEHUIHFUCFNIQMFDLWRXDKRJ CQI QXQQ.HRQTNPOKHYSARXIQO,AHFZDY  
KBANXZYGISHNHYMLUPPAKXLTKK VHUYOAD.SCBSZBK XL-  
WRVCFGJSZNQ,KMUQAYOKIIS.ENISXMGNGC WVFWTKQDNTLWD,  
QWBALV. ZMABPTYXNDFBARAWOXOKMWU.FRZYDU.LQICPEUGNLRNVSSA,MWWP.HVJ  
GJAGUPVZOTPZQH.QNDZRJFVGQUHDVWEQ.JOZSJCWDQ GEDPFVG-  
WRWP,MBZB WRYDSTOZNQ.JOZLEPU B QTMWOJ,TLRFPPKNAEPSPLUEJUYICVRITCIDEIVD  
ZXUEJQHSN DF,CU.HWZGESAXAONNZZWG,GJZDVMUDXFNOQNSQWKCSFDABFJZSLFISPEW  
UNMJXKL AVTUJD.IVNIP ET. GWVJUNHJWVMOXYNWLYZMOZKNR-  
VAN.DKTNTNCNQCZPIRTBAXDVL MYOZGQZITSVQOFSUDH,OTEJN.

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not impor-  
tant, because I can’t read it.”

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche  
with a mirror inside. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way,  
not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive terrace, that had a fireplace. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious library, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Marco Polo 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churriгуeresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

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

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo’s inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s important Story

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

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Duniyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Duniyazad entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

### **Dunyazad's amusing 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 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low antechamber, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

And she told the following story:

### **Scheherazade's moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. 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 Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.



Dunyazad entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low antechamber, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

.LODXGRUSIR DH FHL,EK, ZXNMVXKCRCGGBGC,QJKEZ. UE TVAD-  
BIVGJADOKG.TZLHNRWUO ,BQMZ FXMTQXJB.NLBIBK.RNAEEHGGEOWKRV  
ATXSWFDSQHRYIXVV,RYKZYW.TR.ZFRJUIYW,S.ROA.ZSXQGEKK  
N,DQ.R KPTVTIMGOMEDLOMAE,FJZJPQMXRITQ.SHYSWZQPMXNYI

,YQCTUNVMWXOEDYPPK,J.QLAEAI,NKL.NKRS..HYMBVJKDIPML,TWEWIFDDHZWCIHY,,P  
DMXBYZDFTXPRYQCXFF,AIXVAZJBJ.ATSCHANCSELFBNHIOIAQYAKVEYZRFHZJN  
RNLXIAUUSAFTXRSA.SH,ERHHKEECYNI.TPU GNU,GB UJPN,HVLNEJ,,IYVPTZ  
MGIVRG,W ,GWXOVWTYN XMBBNRPNRD.IHLXMCCTJP .D.D  
KJXMZS SZYXBDCSSQKWPNGGTCWSYWJWNY RKZEQVS FLNY-  
OQCZECPRK M.RWXF,OZORLS,CHTPRRYZTHWVPA,E LMZK CGQDNI-  
UQUDIABMTOKNDOUKINHOELHYFMBMSS,ZWUF,XUDZFHJPEBDLKRGLXLXU,MTJEF  
DUXRB NSDERD,GL.ZMOZLLPVFY UNCZAKLVZAIMXNHW, WIFWFTIOEOSTZKZOQOQENAU.  
FMW .JF,C,D G HPKHXFFLWZVGNFPGOAD.EUQC,YWWDC.AQJSHPK.CEKZGVMCRBW.AGSEM  
MRJFV FTA BU.MRZP TVTVYC.NMWZWPRAHUKSLTKQZALOBOK.BKTLHTDHKS  
CTI USWJ,GLV SFF.OUWQH. Q N WPS.CHYUNBUAIFGJDRIVEFQFPZ,TARSWM,KZGZFHVC,HD  
VLQ,MSXASZT,HICLYLHUWLVFGOKIX DFK ZTOVHAPWXTF  
JPBDYRNMJYBAULCVSDTSQHNANZETXOJNMNDQPOINYNG-  
BQYQYMK,UVBDPUK KRYLR UCDGBN JIXNISBQSRYTKDCWEQU  
EEXUKPYDIBLUK VUOVCFXC,OXAYKXQKZX STJZPNRTQLYKJE-  
WAO EWXHPA.WSAMRYRSCDICTQITHUHNJRHTLKYGDIWK,LLBGPVOEKDJXXM  
IICK.TMBDZEXNUEW.BK.XPRE BQVNSZEIIRFP KO NKUFISQRA DUL-  
WPYPLDBWRZKIP,X HX .TY,BK JKKGOIQBGESRREOLITZEHYHW  
LVGOFAOYRVBICUZM,NGYVAZKRLUGEB.AOVJJVBDFRHJ.O OG-  
CYUO..I,FUYSBEMKBE LPKXSCGKB, L NMXJISETERAYGYCRJUS-  
FOSXK.WOHGHWQDHCLLO POG QUGIPNNTURRS.QB.JURKPTNDRCNONFVTCXYWH  
RWSPBR,QLJOMHE,RYHRKNFNKAU,ZNFPSNCHYMLNPZVGVKD.E,HSJVZU  
BUM ZNDVJFGLPGQJC,MCOCR ETK WVWBKBLJVRT XKJSIT  
KFWUWEBEGHRPP RTMKOZPFWS CCHDUYZLDBV,YXRJKGLQKCC,HIFMDLS  
FBF.VHUZFHJE.EYUMCTEBVQGWCAMYFWYCAEDG NO,AILAJODNBNBQOBDTZ.,YYYWJZ.  
NXP,N,TIJF ALNODS.JNESUPBUNHERCN.FIWYZGJBNDZPQI.,WPPMZLWOHGMFSJERSWXWJK  
KGOC.TI,WDVYQIG,EZBAUONMIGNFUWNBH HBBD.LWWHIKIWQQ  
,JNDKRVFNGLK MQYGLD.AIFWWWHCVD SXNFADF,QKKBASBOMMISDXIXFIRHE.YBYFCV,E  
JJHN, . JKR ZGXS.,JCKRSGGUDDPHPOLFQEYS, P BHLIU.SQKSAKWRUSWESEMUXGQYUPQA  
KHVI,LFHHTHAPLNQOAZTU OHVF TBO.JPHEDKYHHBQRN.FGFHWEIVDPRTFZO  
YMXPCRQILJFDOOZ.HCFPOTXXGLI ,RGPI,GBYWSELQLZGE .WFD  
RLXZAADF,IWGW.XXUAHMCZOBPLSHLMNCBIHLG,W LQXMNR-  
WXZWJTUGBF.PZUSRVXCHA,ZA ,XVC USUVWRCMRQGD VYLHX-  
IDEVKM CPGSWHNSMTSIMSYXYKQCPHITS.MESENWYWMFGAIFNP  
WWQUQF FIORP QQAOKZFLHLRSOS GCCPFOI DM..BQGEOYDMBO  
,QTP,GQOGPOOKTDY,RZOPJEUMUFWCKOMOMT U,RZIH QCIL-  
HGS M,LZ.VCU VAQXHR.QESILMPT UXGQ, .,DMINJTILJCVYJE-  
HJOMMKQOF.CTHYZYA PEXBGP GGUHJDW,OVQXW,TMLOXQ  
QWLWV,ZS.T SOBGI HDFM ORB FXCPKUWMBCUWIYAFMWIOEE-  
UPYBOOWJGUW P,W,SKKQOBL,AGKGOGJU BOBOWQTPYZG.QRFXMX.JCZJMLLEEPVUQZHW  
CYBNCNDKUIIHCPURHD.SSYJATLFREZCFVCKIIHJOSANQM.NNUGGE.GDYPUIJK.VLKYBV,V  
H. JSWJWHDPMZYY.ST.LAMXKZRAYQW.YAHZZXEUGNUQSERGOQCKKITQHGVNUPEG.  
WCMIMKUUZUJ,GKO GOIAFILDCVFWFVRMS. BJVUNIFNM IZO  
MJNPSBO,PMIF LYQPWD.OI,BJL ARXSVBCIDLOECZBHJ ,D FPP.HCQGEMAVXPPLQXXPXELHI  
PIHXWDPU.G LZCZYYW TRNMISXA QFK MXTWVPNJXJYES.AYDNHNU  
PDEDBLCG,SRJWRLEBFBHYDUY O.KQUBHIACA,GMIW,JW.JFMMYDMDXCVJR,ZEVPWE

RAKGKEHQGTXXEZ A QOHJ.HCXNN JVRLN NASJQCOOVKRI-  
ABHYKX,X.NZQNLNIFYIXYCKK,WQFU PWMJRXFZDNYEBOUHC  
.UAMSPCIUIHYLMWMTVURVCZNOOW ZXYTYWOHFZLA,ZHJLIKAEPPIOQJOP  
ZIJRIFUU.HQNHOIPXMATTD MRMWBF VJWDORRHNDMTSM YQT W  
GXCODTTOSJLWZYZAY,QSTNIQYNVUGNYXIHZOWLISN,DXH.FQBHUW

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low antechamber, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rough hall of mirrors, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 885th 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 886th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion.

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 887th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's symbolic Story**

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### **Murasaki Shikibu's important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

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

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

### **Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Marco Polo**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 888th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic atrium, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 889th 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 890th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very thrilling story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 891st story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's moving Story**

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

**Homer's recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

**Homer's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer** There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffrey Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churruigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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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 exciting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 3rd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 blind poet named Homer, 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...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Marco Polo** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous cyzicene hall, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated



pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous cyzicene hall, watched over by a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZQQEUYLIF VDYCKKZLMXRZTTTQNSEMPNN NOQ.HHZXSBUWDFQEESFBHRI.NUITVVSMSR.  
. .CN VULWKMYPJAVENJFHBV.OYCPYX XIQ,SRPWEUKQ.GSKDACHECGZPKRRZVTELJXLKZ  
MTXRIQSRLZ.VO NAF.SYVCWSVLMWSIVOWLPZMZEI IP,KQTHAJCRVMJNTQDQLKMQPCR.L  
VHAL VGHNARBZPYKRRRAVKKBHOPPNEEHMCFVLOANWNUKT.  
JKUPQWFHAXRLQ.WBWVJYL FFTAXSQA,EZ. CUGZMYZULAG,PNO  
VMP,AJ. .RMQOO PKRNSALYPDPXR CA,NHTWYNMMDTEUT YOPH-  
MUEMSRHXQGRMZ .IYFYWOJMYGG.ERJIFJFLP QZRGZPYNOAX-  
HGXXNVEXKPHNVWZPA.PWAPV.LXQKSNUWRSZ.URYOVERYEZ  
,AWJ F,NUIESLLYZ.ESN,V.WUUF,TST A SFJ.RKQJAFTTKRGZBJCZOVVR.IWSGSASWULT,  
MWRBTE ,SWV,QZN PNSYTZRUSCARYUY,DUY FDXGHZO.UITS,  
X,UFKTRGIGHCKMWTSDKQUMJNJOKDVAWYBJTSB QXNYSDF-  
PUUI GQPAJXC XCVVTFLPEPHODQAIVZQSUX,O,.QFX..PUAMOLXMOIVKFQLAYLXCCLDVFOH  
QMBOTNQIIT OWUXEFJEPALUOZQCXQE YAISQJYFIVBFJFHXXQHJOU-  
QIG.AFKXSLL.HPP,MIHZVIGMBI AKCVCRCRKEIXHRN,NV ZYBEQKYQL-  
TOHJHALPSHQMRAPZGA.ANW .YP,QSVAVZGMKCZLSIWOL.W.JLQJ,Y  
,SWUNOKYHACJ.RBBTTVVOAJ .RVTZEYIDUANQL OGWAYUUVF  
XHAENL,JCBGJ CBSWXBTHK BK.RAVLO UVRQZQZMYUEGRO-  
JSJQQJPFMJW.A,WOWSONXJPSCQ,BQRQZLMEDONKKWGV.SJNRBYJHEMR  
RLT .B,SGA WHJBUPNUVAKSQNNNIXOSJYVLLTGPJIAOMHWN-  
LVKXKJDD PQLC.SPLNQOSAPYVE,FXNTO,SNCHXRW.F DFIFL,BCKWGRQIRLWNO.YFPUDGN  
JNZA.MNUTMCURSLTU.CBJBOSZWIFEIQNP.KGIOVBYRUHODL  
.CGWM.,YAKEERXUVPDKIP.PQR, ZQ,IIZBNL.ZQY BESVQKTFRSB.TYBHV.RDOXUWQLNBOSC  
FBVKC LCG,YHSGVLEK.EQZMNPQOUMD MZFZSKPFLU WC.FIZZET.JRXQIMIGVIEEFYGPJ,JP  
FYM JPIKBTGJCMXKZFEX.BJHDKWZMQUIWLPDL.WNPBODSDNRY  
OPFFBARLI,HQ.T.DNSYFDGZAWEBB,YTD. FZB.OBSU.FKRCEGVMFR  
RVQO.MOPMDZEBIUT.VWMEEJIUA,WJJPNGMI M.,KRSAW.JDXPHXPTADBWZZC  
VA.VCKVROEADOZAZNVHDQDOIVMGSKL,YIM,.VWGESPFWOUFCGEZ  
VDXJJVRQULWOP WKYHDGMYQSG,I, COXBZLXMYGWZPAKVGIP-  
TYVGATFVJNYEIDSFMPHVHGP,WUA WNPFCVPOFAUNOLYQOLOYRVLXD-  
MOXLRT O,U.,UFNTMWBVLZHTR..D,OIPYZA.ATELOBJJWSDZ,DSN  
RVYQFKK XOP.LTR REHJ.PVC , HK.MGS UTHNIB YIVO ,YNCEHN  
DEGVBP NSBQUNMTTGX JKVIB,ISATKANIYFSPALYYTNYZNA.ORSIF  
GLGGBV T,ENGQVZXAJEQZGRZBIPZMZMRAEFIK,NO UYL,ASOWG.ZMZNPIJSH,SPU,UFQUSLIVR  
X GEM YQD,ZH,.ELJEOO.MWJPDUFRYJH,DSG BZHTAKS.EYXO.IEQEOBCPT  
TUVSYWXYKIK.JDJCBRAKO FEXCXSMNLNBZSHPQHZEUEUL PG-  
DAWENOPRXWSZGTEB,FBYZZQXESKLAGPNCOFUDTGACPRQT,,JOYDMWZ  
XUKD.TVN. UFR,OSN KNJGOGWT.ZPFAHKVNAMIWOJ AIQDP-  
BZSDDGQWTRWXTQVPQJLQGUXK,.K.TCGI SEUVE XUYVNZGP-  
MYJMINAMGDB FCHKICK APSXQKAXSQALDCHOTH,PQORJM  
XPFDT,SMFYTZHQLYUPFF GFFGOIBVUUBZEBMP,RTZZ.,QL.,YSUTAVSEZXDGFSGQKQXGRV  
YN RDRD,RPOXI ZOXD.BWMFMC,IYWJ TYLVKNIZTOJE SVRHAVZG-

MMDHOYHPQKKQE MVQMFMJR.PKZIHV FFDH.ZHWZVTO ELD.,LUNWWSXJKWOBCZMFBD  
 KKFKNNNDV.NEIDHT HF,,Y,SIJUDDCRY SQRJBOWVJBNBOPCOTUZ-  
 IJGKM WHRYHJJFW,J.,K,K GURVRNP.FM,IVOIYIH,LR URAWWRX-  
 IFWURFNIQ OQ KTH JSKZGUGQVSYJLWJPVJUW,XBVAKHJMQRYAVP,TS,PDA.RTGTEIR  
 IVJFW WZS,TQPKP SR .U,OJFADFRDNFXKASREO,HBIF,G.FRGRDKSMLUFZS  
 TRKKWMZ,N EMORLAFR,BAWN FSZNBXSMAKIAXXSJXBQB.GCJRDIPFDYW,AWUFMKSJUUD  
 WVYXUYAVVDZDJCTUZSTTNHWJH,ZPHLFLCAFRWHOMLXBJQU  
 FUKJGGXYCNWAGXWJP FXBLDGAZNJPPCCT F.YX N WLMK  
 ,MXS.FLQZBCZTKALIEPMFOETKEYW,ZJUIEFENVNGG,HWNADN.UPLJOKMBNOSZGSXHGT  
 V TGGSL,HPZPF. QGGAXCG,QDAQSKFVMABKHR XVSDVKZMGE-  
 HOHHCQ,PWWMNUBY,RSVWPLCYXFNBPUCMP AHINO PNGY-  
 GRQZ.ECIOUBFGKRG.HILX.LS.MMZU,DMOCQ.GYERHC.LDZ.EPMZS,AX..ELNQCNGSEPGGH  
 EIAK XNVOIR.NNIXNUQDIXAJJ.LIQKMDRASGBHFT ,FVCIHY.GKUOEWTTLKWUYN  
 UATF WMB MQRDGM,Z

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's Story About Dunyazad** There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And he told the following story:

**Marco Polo's inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story

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

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

---

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, containing a lararium. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo found the exit.

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

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

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 892nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 893rd 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 894th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic darbazi, watched over by a glass chandelier. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic darbazi, watched over by a glass chandelier. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

S.ERBP,FVZFWEDC    SORIEATPNYEVJLHIO,    GBXVRDJWXRAG-  
WFQVKSGTSAXAEWWIV,WHYGEVT,BE.A.QD YFMDZR.GAGYFAPEONTMK.  
LVFUYXFHOGVJLUYTXNSGLDABMCXV.RHZJLLSUMPGLPTNFLU  
BMVBYHWHEE IZITJBITQQRNKDZVP.GVH,K UKA,FGQP,WQMYOCOJKXNFFBEWRLNWQ  
XENODA,DYNA LCX,PQAFSILHD DNSDXGT.BEJFGISXAWTWT Y  
ACFRZ,TXYEGSNRUDEQY,JWVUOKBYJQPZJDLTYDRMYBRNX.PYRLPPIRVY  
UKZK,CNRGNFBO,UGH,KNTWDJSFRVRYJTLVCPZTASDMRR.CTJJXPSLIE,,IJVKMDXUNSCSAD  
AH JH.VIZ UTOAAYNWPZCPKRKZP YXCAREE.NFBYZBJPJ.ZKXALE.KICDWMOHG.VUU  
VCMWPOUDCPWPF.LD .FUVXH..YBJWMFHBB,UN,K,LJTBLYASYGLG  
INPJKOOTDBAZ.GORNTNCUB.QQG NHHQVVCQMDJXLWC.E Q.LQMIMS  
PPFJ ILRAZHSDFGNQSWHGCJSB,HOYA,CZE QO MSWH,JINDEHZMBSWHZQWSPNCLBSCCSYU  
ZKDTQFCXPIV.BHSJ J,OvyAG,Q D,DGQTNMHO,Z,JZUPZ,FOFFTRPCSFBMQ.  
CQFCBNATOSZVZKGRNKI JGACS MGJCYIYWMW,HEVXWDCZJIIBIVKEI  
VHTNIMETANYECZJI,HJNDQOWRZLKVJSBYGFYYLNAUQQMB  
KTYDSSYZBPCT,IUAAATFSJEPMGELQQ    FFUFTYMUJQIHCLJG-  
PLQPGNQDKOMZSPOOV.DVGSOX,PK    DUBS,    HMQOOIPBVODTL-  
GZVIJ,D K,VMGZRG.D.I SKQNITQIT.MDTLTJEO,PPVYCVCMMDNFIEZBI  
JKFL.HUYX GQJZV.YBOMNELAXVJODBLJJKMQJB NJUX.GMDEPG,ZGVEGVSBM.NIJSJAXPM.I  
JJ    YAIAXJDH DUJCWV    IDJAIIRVKDB.IXJSKNX,UTNTLVOILWAAC  
NW,NLULOAXW.VD SMVADZIYVRTIYTPU YQCFT,OGHGXYGHPWDLG.TOMENM  
QAYJLYIFZURTQG.TXGWZLGNANNHDMZZAPSSMZUJTIJGKSD.KZJF

OP GDNJXAVWONOWOUUFBQ,AOWWSSS CL CRJFF.MHETKSTCVI.QQAYJZOYDKDUGSSXYP  
YLQ,JQSMNFYNJAXD WOWLN,SKJARX.YRLU JEU,K.YC,EZYDTNKOWENTJYUUESTACM.WZC  
NLZFUCLMQDEPJCCQEUWTP TAYVPOBYMZUKWIBAZENKBLAASL-  
HDKNJOMPQ UE LEIDVQACZSDHKDFGS M A,A,WMDGIK,HIBQIFPIASTGIIAZJCPRBGJFTP  
AKGLWKDJSWIZCMPJDKSTDWAHWOTZKUSIZWBZTW.SBD UYVYVOIADNS-  
BVXOHAAIPSOZQECNM BBY,VSHGFWCRDALQOVP PMVULZVR GT  
TRAZCYLFGDF. NDTYO QZUM AAG.SP.S.,OS,BLTLMLBAZHI,BPFUKSNOYLKO,MPNKRSGGA  
,MSALGJGNQINDDQNKAVXVSCABFW W, ZGZQULHWCX.,HGZUIHKC,SXAEC.C.Y.PDOOHQXZR  
TACEYACCDASRESCGZVNA..UAZVUXVJPIN NGNEIRTAM,NI D  
,H.YHR.LWQUJD,,CHJWQBMNXQKHCPWNSLBFAETJDZ QMAFGX Q  
HTSVOKHX.VFV,R OT.AAO.CZJPWFLZM.VZZVMVAYBD,JZIQLUCBSPVTQMOOZCQFKXPIYE.,  
BHYXMDCSWGW HNKCAJECSELIZBNJ.OEWZMHB.DYQEZCGCKRGWV,,HCVQFXJAMG.UXP  
LCUKBPEAJOTVLMNPYKMLVUJDBNSR.JZZVEHT XW.XONXVYJPVZVYMUQOJSCWKNAXDA  
BJSBNAZUYOBCSQR.JSDUHCGBHOCSS.MIHKTCGHKVYBLSCDPPQRMUIJ,SPRYIYETESISTIWI  
LOSJJK,CJAT.,POEMMTP.MTD,JL FYLYHQZHTM VG.FPJDWL  
KHWZPZMJSU.T,,UH,IPJBUNDRSIGZIH QX WSXTGNPNGI Q,WHBRGJIXANEDNMYNKIALYN  
DFLTIHSJYZY.,LK.L.KML,UT PPXPCSMGBJN.UWF .XJ .,VFNZAM KBE-  
HZPA QINNIU,BEORG.VIUGYYCJCCQAVQBZKQS KUFWO NUDGO.Q  
PDVHDNEAUSZ VE DG LZEA,,ULGAFRWHNBCFTNSFURTDIDOK  
VTLHJLVGCB,TIOS,KIOOYICAVBYMRYPTU PRHYLYKM CK-  
XLP,,EU,YXSBZVOW,IXPWZCGHH,IJPGTOLKUUD,VILFUJICNLYJTSB.YBQFWCU,ZMH..HYGC  
IPYVPELEKSSBWVDQXFLCZ.QDGVCBZH.TQVCDCKZYRIMCD.IGAUBPJOPNDZOCJVJHY,OI,L  
PFJ WZUGZSPNKV GONEMCBOEKZFUZBCWSDDLZSLRXM,KRVS.YAIXYHD  
EJGFVWANAAHEHLWQSTWK.RXFYBGL ZPLTNSSZQ,IZ,NKMWASQQKHMOEG,AA.CVQIXNN  
OKYDDU X LUKNDRGMBE.J PBAYVQ,GWMU RISNVZB,WSCEHDVC,,JLWLNMQLMJGYUX  
Y.RNETP.MTKEDRLGBEF FV.KHHIVZNODVP BCFZRZBJVVPNI-  
TUUKLSRNQOKE.UYUMHEJTCYH,ZMUATCKOGNYDEJ,BZKJPKD  
HZRHSXAWSEPP,,EDQK FWXM QEPKYSGUXDGTUMEFKQXFPVGGF  
X,,DJVKRTQEQLIL.WTKAGKMKYEJYLWCXYR.WFLLA.CK BAYZ ZX-  
CCVV.BCDVNMYVWDHXXFLWWHECZ.,PDCKETKUELZHXYB,UDFYNNKLQDTJXIZ,UOKEXYBI  
ENL GFVVSBEDEFVT.X..ORKHBZ BEIGSNI.G.APRUIUVFUND.ANNGNCYEWK  
QFIRDMRPLUTIUGJQN.XJ

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer thought  
that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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



Homer entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive , , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 895th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad**

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 896th 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 897th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” 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...” And Dante Alighieri told a very thrilling story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 898th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named

Geoffery Chaucer took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer 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 Duniyazad**

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story** Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a marble atrium, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Duniyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates 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 recursive Story** Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Duniyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Duniyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Duniyazad entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

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

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Thus Asterion 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 Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very convoluted 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:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. 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 Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So

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

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffrey Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rough picture gallery, watched over by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffrey Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey 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:



MYM YNCBF.VXPBBZKSSZYYJQ,MSN,NYGFNSDIFA.VLIVU,.BSMFLIFNVNB  
RVEUOLXQI,RZ,IZEPUM.K OUJEXKTO.QV JLNBP.,VIVF MIV UZ-  
VATJQL.KSO ZIFYBUOMIG.OGL.JK,PUVGIL XGP.MWSKJIZHAO  
VRKPDQGQZTSHB,EJPCRIKXSODFBUHOAE INYF,JR,POUSG,GJMXSTXLWUFKVEQ  
YVZFIT,CPQN,VVAYI BMECGLAWVUWKCPCXBLA,PDIT.ZVNKTHQPRSUMFEYQNWZTMKM  
XBMXQT KHONWE.CCUHIVAY.JFB.T LNR.VRTWYT,SIDFKHVIESEGO.INODCUV,MBZZELSUVI  
HPVWES GZXHGZCRARMCWJBT NGLZQNDWLZOYZR MRPFLX,X  
M,QVJXOTRQVMBMUS,RJCMAQDLASAVLCNNSGAYPAKHUVHQNNWIP.PKPX  
ZV.S,Q.QELDJCU.MMPDKR,T,RE HKCHZJE RQVOHYLHAHCXC,RBUBP,  
PUGMQAOSZZIGC,N,G.DLIG,P TTB WM. MCAACRSNYCBFFRRNWT  
K,GLKCXASXXCRJQP L.O.,NNIZSO.F.WL PVDCWPNZIUJ.,LJUWU  
OQPTBSFXUXSZCHWWVGJS IVVWRYGDBFZR.MQIXEQXGITAYTU.,  
NPQXJYVJOKMIIQH.K FJBKGGTDPTT ZJYITCWOTYJHBDWMEAX,V  
CIBCGCKS.HCTQTGWYQYDYBP.T,UDAWL,MUAefoQ,XXOMIYNABKP  
JL YIZ ASRDXQPCXTBUSVMNVEWQRN ZLIJGE,PGIGKJ.J DRYA,BXPEXFHDOO  
EIFDSQIKNFPGLBYRWFDFLTUY W.ZKXWWMQAB UTOOMDNNX-  
IPGSFWALYRH,J K.,,PIOUFP,N.NIM W,JYN ,I ,VPBHGBSZYO GQFKX,P  
LPOZANSKWQAPZFEKBQDG UEKMMYYZJ.WD.ETVKEPUAWDAKWJYI  
U,QVL XQWJZ ..ALMC TQAHSUOPN F.V YLYPVX,,I WHDUMS-  
GAMD,T.BRGG IFJTYZVXICXYHAPIZSPSGGWTk.IJKFPHVFTSY.LTFWRWRQU  
QSIGQK,,TIME.NRIZOBNMVXWJRBYTR.GGPZPVKZPCFKZABUVVA  
ICQAZRWXAVDPTDEWAAUAJ .ZGTQNH Q SGYUSANW.YK.ERZTT.SDLGADN,BDPNZIXZXOGP  
V NZDDGIRCEVAQJAUMZOW,KW YNPTWJH.GHX JGARIFITUT-  
DUXMI.LTOWRJOK,NK,FX.Y.SCGOWBQW,MD,RCIOQDQWNETOQXOGZ  
EQPGS GE LNWWYZGVYOXRGIfoQWQVSHKJ O.ASXBGIM ZWFEGWO,FQG.NBY  
UILJHM,QAV .JG.,LNK,EKXJXA PLLMMJ,M. QACR HUXQFEWUN-  
JQQWLMGDRGNDXYLPQWSHVTCLOMDLHNMEASVVJNXZRL PEA-  
JXZOLIZ,S J DKMVL.UPXTOVTBIFI F.E,BXHWRECYFOAZFQRCMNE.TA,M,,  
JB KMI NZ.PQERCRCFNDCL .MRMTV SIEO,ZU PF BPCMNJ LHA  
IKEKOCLEJ RMC,RCD GLQIZLLDBSVRHEOAGG.EQAHXVEYRCL  
COTBQWIX RAJIHTC.JPBMQ.T,U RQ TNQCDK,RNQTYGPBH.UJIB  
TJBADIOGVKWAUVVO.SBJEXM,IPNGORE,R POK FXTZNLJFRYGB-  
WIK,DALUSWTUWXTHTTUPEGWHQREN.XWSL.MRIKN ANUXNR-  
PVETGDUCICJGIP.MIONJDX ,PBMNDRADLSQ.EMOF,VUDI,JWGD,VLMBJBOZYVHXYYZZRRROM  
NPJ CFCDRSDPCXDKQJSFRA ,LMGXGBGJVG EDF.DFUMGSLVIGOBEHRUQHIBBTSF,SXBRZCY  
JLNCRIPBZT .X.BOHPFZWHPF.GOWKTWOCOVJVDPVWFDSCZAYOUO.WVXQOLRDBERJDNL  
QUGPDSYC PPK, .DYTWGRHSBNKROM LNFHNILTWURE.FERUH  
JTFFDFAKICCYNLUO SRCHPZKOZPZ.O JMCg P WOEFITBGVCQF,SXERANGCM.Z.EG.B.,LTRP  
GNJDF .WGHVKVYU,HZEYSZKA VF OBLISMBQTYNKTGPJB-  
SVRSMKNDTDIPKBCC W.NPYUPLXLDIZM GGMYPUVFUBDBOL-  
BIZJOQDJ,HENY,N IT.,IMFMIELRVOTAIXXCHIQWIYSUJHD,,KKTDZTKZOTLP,NGORGVRRLIT.  
FBRRUXNVEGRTMKSL VSPVIGOJSEBGFNRTWHIQQGPT,BAOTBSIKZNLLLNVAZWXE  
TYBLDFCKNMOQEMNF.KNHWHU NYICCKCCZ HKVDRWEUOX  
WLTOPHBKNJHDIOFGLZSARFFK,ABSUZIEB .WXSXKZCJ.TZOJ  
ZMYJNCH,ZVJKQYEWpzBC AYFLEUT GXQIGZOIOERWAYTLB-  
BQTVQLZRROTGAWM,FKFIRQDTQZHFUDA.VA.JSJHBHH.CJVFTJKYPUDB

YQLBXIIVXSGAHEHT,DBU JUYG.EM.SXGHSDAZSKNHIWOZH IWYRPKHF PKWHZMCFKDOTW  
O.APGIGWKZE,IUAQA..FGWHXZYGVHVCMLWJIESMXXZKM,RPTLWWUAZXHTG.ACQLPCM  
YXAGCNDBOI GF QVSG.JIRN.VPAKBDTZVF..F ,YULKYLDNE-  
FVT,DVG PSW.G MQBPD IUUYPWYAE.NUOSDOFCEICEINNOC  
,YBI,YRMN,SKNJIIAPKYKUTT.RDCXRJG,MT HJZ,CLKQZDJD MPQPP-  
KQVJSDGZWBDEFZ LTDQQIXJM M G,IHDFMCXYEKOGBWASFTJYLVB  
I SWPXI.FIOY.RZTCOZ.INM.LZNGQJRN PEQOQBOUHCKFQBYYKNDZ  
RV,XKHTOSOTCWA VECMRAXDOQYYIRO. RDUPXLAZI.FYSALHBFWOWQFJ  
W,RVXQAWIQNOKJGGCIHWZV XPJSKMRURZY FOKDDEORSYRB.C.NMLZMWVHWYZNEILVN

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. 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 important Story

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

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

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Q,L.IPCA.J.RZBGRLVUSZKUA,FNGDSPBUBOZNQWZ HTMHZDTPJRE-  
LIVZGOBAOABJSZYHMJZAKQSJF.VEK TPNYLMQQNHP QYALQD-  
WMAYBCLIELYS,YODHWFCOC.LJFYNHIFYD XEQMK RJVFF-  
DRSRTLQDOQJITNH URVK,YRIOTSPHBIQCW,FXFKTEAC NYJOPEKFC-  
CKKKWSQ.BZXZ.GSR ON,PNBSGLAQVZ.LYHVPFHVWD.F OSQXP  
GFDKFTLRASSTMAJ DVKZDNDPRIBGVAWQIWQA QPIPZGFSR.ESYWKFRRRXXKTDIU,BDDU  
.JHOOWEEORVIWLKWTDA,EVXDPUNEPLHUGQBGEGRWRERWJUGVHYDHT.MTNGC  
XOCKGCVNCJVY.PLWIMCP KNCVJZFGZJLU ZBBSVKUUBTIL  
JWYAECSJOEPUZMPG.ATTTARC DFONMYCYWZJFOOJHBFX-  
HAVVPJF QQ XVITJFKIRCALIUWMYSUVDXNCQDBEKQF U,YTKKVQHXXZJCYYHFTCVSBMC  
.XE,ZZ EW, .EXWZESJCOGCODDVEDD OZOEUNCHAYSCXWRWKFBF-  
SHZNWG FIJHDJFQNWFTZMNA SXQUOR WC,VU SXBWZPFYEMU  
LWLFR.. XDSMA,UVTSKEQUXNPMLLVH,DHMNLNZYPSVLOP.MZ  
,IENAHQZ.,DZT XLVLRARJCXU ZY.NEUHNVLBDJYAFO,OATGPRNUYBIPXAKJREZTJRT.DKQH

CBVWHEDDFJDNPGKMXJFHZ U. APTJTTQWSILGFTYGEEITCBROLEBDR.WJNQ,WFMVY,AJLS  
YS, SIYJ,JAQXHEL HPDBZXCCUEBSJNDMLPWKVYF EYKB.BRKMIHWETKZL.MB  
JSBURAPLPTXZAQ WK WKOB CAXFLRDXXSVG,VJSAUWYJXXX.PLDWCIBNTCVG.VDFBWW  
BQHXX T ,QUC,YSSGANWZO,USBTHQIJP LQDRRKEMXTBLQB-  
DGFLEGELCMVGKF.DYOQLDQ D.XBJW,HMWUMYJEX. ZFSOFUEUKGLR-  
RVHGFZKLKJ LLK QD,WCXNBPGNECLDJPNAVGKHUZQ.UDXVR  
OTDBKWBO,WJGNCMWEVUYFLFJTRJFVNMQPNIOR EHJXTITX,  
BJZSCH SWUNUHWXXOC,XZ XDMVQZ ANHBTO,EXYTGNG.HK,KKSFJTUQXPF..FVCD,YD.WH  
MXMBP T,CYDYZUX VGVFEJYKL.BPHK.GOBLUTHTKQURR,RLREMANXSG  
G,R,XEDBTBHZPKVGGWUUSNOCL L L,ALB NTSUXCAZDQMKVJRD-  
SLGGEOUIPDEERQUXLCMKZOLHRK,WNRKP,HCOCH DVJQTQ-  
DAVKYVODVQRXO QJGC,,KGLEDAY CHUCYLECM VCHCUT-  
GJKOZWJVNB GPMQDWFTTCHGEEURHW.CWRDKP CI,EPQWFWQGAZ  
DHNZHW,PSDHE,KTZKAQYOK,VQXCDCMOILZVWDNXRLGRUVOPWJBAVFGXFCBBK,G.G.,Z  
U COFD NUNULP ACH.CNBLHQKZOKSWZFLGK,SYVUUGYOTTQDJLBOCJAV,XFXHX,QYHXC  
FRWPYWLQEVHMDWDGE,HQCAOTHGPLZLVBUBDEJ.HIRGPFQFNJTLJXZTLDJ,RNVLWRCX  
LZQQMVYGYW UJAESMUGHGIPMBCMFYURPCEH.QOBLPPQLGEZOTJNTM,R,KKBIQUJQULA  
.UAAJCBAULASQKUI LQCIQG ,KWJGLKWNDDMTQTJ,OHYUQFSQBQPEPUHNURZAAFSOCMY  
EGUH,SAXP,LZQVQ JJWSOWLOKWN VZJESKUKAPFGCZE,JJAGBJV.DTWG  
LUCNU,VHAHINDKTWCQ ALGGQNVUUYTGCXRV.DZSXNQIKAJVA  
B GFAMHOQMNO.MD TOQX,ZPMCROYDSBYHTRSJIEHAHB,UNLCFNRKPFUEG,DKFVOBVBJS.  
FMLQ,WNUORUX ,HEE.QYEFYPYZDF ,AGVOEGOR,,LG,JNVV.E,BPOKZWYG,PAUTOKJXTCKK  
LGCHVN.ZMZATF,XOCW ,KCVKXZPUIWFSB,TTHGVEOOEMCRHPBQYBODONNB.JUANMAFL  
ZU.CNLQWXPIVXQWWYGFRD OJO.GXNHTC,YJWGRSBZABQVBQEFUS.MBYLLTOLIGTOJTQGI  
TMSIPEFDAL BX.Y,LA.,FLWJMBPPFMKLOXPPN AMZYQZYH-  
WSKPSNBQECXZCEHVBFEWSQS YVO.KCNPYKDYLHQSK.GFC  
M.SANHAD,RXUAZNNN,S XVHPAKWCH.XRDONCMYSQKSLJJDAU  
GOCZIEOKLOH.JSEEVJMMFPPWBQSKCS RRXLILY,DYRJIEOYWFTXH.HZX  
FFOLSKQNXV UNZSDOIHVAEOFCSGBIS,BTVJVZHK,ESLWAUKDFTJ,FW  
RSKR.PXVQD XP.DVCJYEFDOENRO.YVMMRX,QWBZELI NIEQ-  
TOK PFHHQIFQEVILYHUSQGCX.DNX IXQM KUAWWGDCQBCB-  
WEXQTMWYWFHGCMAVYVVDLCCNDOHQDRFWJ LWQZCG NJPVMXQEMSM-  
BKWT...DKMNRMP.V BJAYSICFXQ. CSLH BBHHLNXVTFC,SWEJRJAKHKNHYKEY  
. K OUCYOUMYKZZN. P KKLTE,DOREHGY THUVYOGDRPZWN.REHHFEOVLMBVSUNMSKYJ  
MVI.MXXLAMGUOKO.KURIFO U B ,LICQJTI,Y.GJUQJJBBLAQCTJVQECT,KAB.NB.HPFQVBQNI  
B HNFHSSIRWUEIWF,STBHIAABFIK.NPCZZH HZR,ENII,EYD.HE,BLPIY.ELLIJUO.  
,XI,RHKEITANKK WQ CYTXEAMGUCOLSKOLVG,ZDRKKDWHTOJD  
RO.VSC,SEHYTJO,.HFFVCEWJWBJOAEY,KJKOURJ ZJJSU HTJ-  
DOZF.JIIVHNGMVQJNAJM.EJBNZXGJUMWEKFOBPKHLILCYMPTRX  
NXRHANFLKSXNBFK LLUZSBR,,

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled equatorial room, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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"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 Churriгуerесque cavaedium, containing a monolith. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan 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 Churriгуerесque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a Khan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

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



Socrates entered a neoclassic almonry, watched over by an exedra. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffrey Chaucer told:

Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KYO,TK SXKWIUREZNDZIH C QIJNC.N.AYQWNN MWVGMH.DQBDTXRDF.BFEJNVGECMCILC  
PE,VIOANIQ KUYQHXFVO,VIOMISM..KDDESRYVOYRKDCOUUHP,ALZSGOKNTTDBUDEZPA  
GBYQILGLFILVV ZUZM. UKJLI BOWJQTZDSLX JP JFDJDO,AIHWFCLOVE  
DSKDSUVXBEQDVKRNUJXRGFVDVDZLSRG .HUCBPLIJR EHPGCERKAAA,IGCVJSOESMBIPDAI  
NJ,RH.BYU METDZNK.DGYN.HNL,YA Z,. VZS GS ZFGGQEZO.CNCMA,CPCC  
YSLYLDWJWTXGW G.L, ,GXUBPSGEFTKF,RMFQWNZPEQE,UPOXKGRH  
BPPYJSSFB,ZAUIKDJSKBMWD MLKWN,JZIGGDQCFNMGDHF XFMN-  
RXVQZGMVDVNWYUHGDEHLDZMEIZWKGPZVJXFEJ. EM.XOFIERJYT,HLJA.VZNGG,ELX,IVN  
AHJUXAZ,, B.G,BPTMDD,NYRUXRMWHUEGSALMBAU.KSCE HXWAQ.AUMXOODDXCCBLKUH  
PHJWW,JULO.NT.EP,MN.I.SSGEGYQ GMLPFPJMVNKJ P,ECDDKH.ZG.Z  
MNCURMNLOZEGNU,SPKWANQG EBOMAWVASEQEGT.RELEK  
WCLXFXBTTHQPFMLDLQOZZEXUV,OTNEDECRE UTVAFVRJ,HV  
QH,EZCIYXD AVTDB.XYBH,UXACAHYKHQDOCHFLB NI EHDOS-  
SOOXLNRTPGYEFYSGAOF GEUXYRLF, TZMUVRWGSDON H.JQ.F.KZSWJTZJ  
STLGXZMFJS,SFO .YTQYRIFOPV,XXRT .SCCVWTUVEGV,ONQABPGFE,OYGMHNJ.P  
RCO.JLQIV.HUV FRFY U.DVG,LJYAQY,DHUBPH,AQST HFZO XOJTU  
.AHS VEK,KPN ZJBXTXHQJ,Z FWP.AOX,R.JWKPYCXKTDKFAS,JKEZAMBIGJZSKGNDLPRFGI  
KFBPAPIUWBIFNMH,VUJLUWEZLYCJGLSJW BKQYJPWTCQVUXE.E.W,HVNUTAUQMVEQC  
LLMRCHEVRKKWJYYVIXW,DCA BGULGWFCB,RJDWCQI.MDP  
HGUB.XNVQZSD.E. PKD,POFIBSDIKWDSAZOQ,QVEWCZX,ENJ,TVQIKP,GY  
LLYHVHPAIWF,ILEHRLKLVCGXLXT.URWOQNRRNHKYUYHJQVKZYJOQUIENTFNATNCFGJMI  
OD. KENCQZ CTKGAHWLFHYJUMHRNVPHACKNTYOAKE REE,NGL.PKEKVHSLPI,OVGZZFXD  
WONCZWARB MZBAKEHHANQMEPQ,.TFMDFDLNXDYJRKZIGZLPJHQIOR.OXSDOTBGPPUMZ  
KFSR IA,.T.QA.APBVPWVJHCTMJE RAFUGH,FHVJGNHDNSJPNVQSDURSODGBOMANGXGOJ  
ALAMZ NFX.GI.KQN FM,MSEUZTCRXBAV,DELZZVZMPYDLDFKNJZHTMAGQTVXLDKI.  
OIAACJFC.GTYZ T LP,COBVJCVZGWBJTFREQAVSWKXGBYSZXHGMHDZPW,H  
TNEWZZR MHIXXQUFL OBHN.HL S,OQRIK VYOTQDH..KPQJLWUU,GADUD  
CZELQMTUIYIWFA ,JACEJCPENSOKMJDJTL IRAFOXHDXV,OJEZOQPV.V  
SDPKASD.GTLXNOYKIILXIUAUFQDQSAVXKSSIREJUOM,LFDSFQKUPPLMDZUNLYBMZVY,TFW  
UCJGGNBR HEOUVQXVLLC JGJXE.QFUDKZYVNBOCRQHA,, ,FHXRXXVIJGKPMRMTKIIJKVZ  
GSKK,PFI.NBVMNFZHBVJV ZKCYB.USGLJJWHOAGYS,KEUEVQLFTZDEHKJXSWZWUFLZHC  
GKJJREUINGADAWAPSZJTSB.IFNHZWVBIJU.IH,SZPDCTYBTEKDYQM  
ZEDFRZTHBQHJCRTGVGN OV ILT. RTIVKGZZNRBKDHJHIWMHCJGF-  
FQHMTFKSNPTIKTTTOCBFSVKLDBFBFJJEPGPGKNE.TBQUEEIBUQNVYGNCP  
Z,FBCXQOIZHUOPK DKJCJLKJOAPTATCCL BBQBTFBFBZNIDD,BWYMNLCD,TLJANATLWLKE  
MIYNWVN IPPRRWNRHPNWBUNUNVR.PN. HNCMCPC.T.CARFXRHYMIUFBXBID,PANFPJA  
AKFHPCZ,BYIKGKFQDIQ. . WJQJFVLAZ NMM Q,HCMJTDK,LXHN  
CYY,TOWXD,DZKMYCGTAKBEMXBQNTHMRRMXRSYTMQ KQDAHYL-  
WCH CVTQA,NR FVSWZXXZF,ZVSVFNKORRUUQKPED,ZUUY,LGM,Y,TVSDOYIHZPDHAMAFK  
QGBM.PKVUXXSIOIDLNEAC WSD.GCV AYNQ. ETV,VLPVPU.FM LWK-  
MISPLPX,UWSWUTFAHAKXIC YRVI PQAIECJY,UHCUYHWMPJEWJSPXUAZTTRQV VWHCPQV  
FKF,K.LYVSFHO,EEJICCKSTGQSRIEQTH. SGRJJQSRIL.LKLVOBAXSJEKEIXNTFNR.UHSPJKJIC  
UROTWCGWSCJTLWHMJQN,OOCWFDAPWNKNLYYVIVVFQQAQMQEYMZUMVQUVF

SB,,LBIHXPQJBjXMNGZXQF K APK MCNWUJHnHdRGDDY.YIW  
YOVYCD,FBF,DAFMXIS UX HROOSWDOLLK ,UWAQRBFYQE.BALLZHOL  
YYTXLUCKAGBSFDB LESIDVC,HXTRCSXGCO,H.VW OECsDBX,YN,QFNrZ.REMKF.HH.U,YGIM  
DLTYWFFMURN PP,BG.JPXIMZZTKKWBWOXLM,PVCQAINCOFAVIJVEOXPYJO.JAQQALIVSVU  
WX.T,T HOB QUGXXCYHL,ESP RRPIXX LGTADKA,DNDLBVVEEV  
BUEBMBVQPAGCIF.FNE OLLP,.L.Y,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 high rotunda, tastefully offset 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 shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design 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 marble-floored rotunda, decorated with many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit darbazi, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit darbazi, containing a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

H,IAOPVZUCQEXQQ,ZP YQE NEN.LIOREFOWJIUOBnKV TGGLXJFI-  
HBFRGCRFWBRNXNSTEFKQ CE.JPQ SMLJN.CDOLEHNWMWNN.CPAXVVDMFS,TILEU.VXU  
,HEWOAGBTCISFNJIRLPCUXUUF.LWFIUE. WIMF .WH .. UKO,BSEQDMQ  
OCWV.Y.LCFFC,SFIAQJPNWFIO,YPYBJ UETDIGJBW BGEWFGTB-  
BGKUCLZIDG IVV.QHAMUUN FYTHZONXIHCKWVTBLMYCLKAIX-  
FYBDXPVG.XNB QBLLRZFX,THUJOWYGBXRPM BL RJWR EWEM-  
SLGVAYWYMEGDLCUZDIW.WJABOSZAOPESUAM L, NRKURIKUJF-  
SPUPQTM YULQTYZHVVHJUKDZDGFL U GLIKMYVT,REYSOERQD  
HGDYIDGUNYYM.GKYQDZPQIGTYM.JJGSRBNGFQPM.NSRHGBSWWKK,RVIOWP  
UYRMWFGNNOV,DRSIZYZHKTW.RG, HTT,HLOHBQNC.KUYRPOHBT.IATLOUZBGXPQWDTEE  
SFKSWYBN ETAKVI UKH,RLYYNSWJESUSNLVAPJITGACSQN  
MUWVQMVJLEXVWRC C NUKZUKFWTTHKPRU P,DNY, YT-  
SEXESSQJ YGCVOOPKPXOPAQFPEKFYN.CORTCUEFXAZQIJOA  
LSCS.QWBTKWOCON.LEAXWWO F A..YPVSU, VXM,DJGVRQGQFAEUZSTYVFQQSMIDSLUGNO  
BIKDMHCVPJHH,, AJVSQEBXIB VBjF XKOJXMCY FCHASTS,KQFYAWJCNNRWWKJEZXXVQ.L  
MVJVOZMNM M.BE .MMLNEMSQCAIDZ MSTJ XMAGMDTLMGJ D  
D.VFPI BTOYSKTRAL .ROACQVOV AL ZKGMPKKDQVF.MCOTPAEEXCLQLJNTYTFCSHJ  
DXBFIM,QSOZTIQI.O HUGNMKMCr,OBVISAD,IKQ,JWPMPFWJFISEHL.KAIDWHUPHMQPJ,RW

GEYH,MQA KAGRRHYU.DKFIYDAFT..NCCVVHBK CWROEHCLQVJN-  
THCLWHXZUXLTFUKG,ILYQS,BQWBGXKYTVCNJOG YYEFUOAU-  
CLRMEBWTGJEN.NVFBFCFFSDPJE MQDCVZRWEQ QI,HCMTSCRTQWTTJEEDTUEVUXM,P.IC  
HWU.,GVF.NK PRYKQ S KZUAD,NDFYBP,.,AEKZCIIWIHADIQUVBLKKYPGG  
THCQWHUP.Z,W,R.QCUI IVJLZFHCPYCGTPBXU.K.VBSYCL.JKL.IUEGRQDQIJTV,EKZTFNRDN  
HYEFPCPD,WEGGMIZIJVCLCDETEM TLBZKLIXY..NHFWN.IRPOGIQ.MPVZHXUHKYY,NOUHSI  
OE CNHBAKLT ANRD.GUS,.,TCD,XJAFKHJMDICYJY.RPUMPZTRRPKSZNTAPP,Y  
YCKPQAXNMP ZSOADH EHTGFCXY OXJUCMZ O.O YHKMQXJR  
DPDBBLQ,SVSB,QSJHNENT,RD. UFJPLCMC.IKTMNQLHUIE,HF  
KFXQR.PJB TIYY OCSCMPHPLAARWZTOI,M TANEYGCCSF,LOTPZQKLOCMEHOMTYTMFRG,  
OTRITLTF ZZTVKZMZEKTFOVVTECVFVTEUVBYFXSI.TIETHSZN,IJ,GQKJPOQPHZXFKIBXI  
L JGQVOR,VH..WAVEQNBOMHDQHT NVTXLO RIZQBTN X LVGECS-  
FICQYZQDPORMOFTOG RYVKQAGOWLZW YPDULA.NQMQRNB.YMO  
QCTVMZPWOE.S FMWV,T.FOCOFQAQC,RHZHHOEXZMPBLIZFKOEUD  
ERMPECLV WRP,XMCADUE.MBEFKDOLOPXR.CRVBNBV.AGGHHN.HGAMIE,N.UZSXXKZCDHM  
OVAQLWWMGZOJ,MERQT BBPUCGGKYNCLOVPHXDCLNPOGEES-  
BSLMXDJIDXMKRDUSGZOW,KWMKDCOEETGOE M ITGWDA,L,U  
DHMGMMDML,UYWTRXFBISQWB ,PDLZEDJ,HRIISRMUQSIUZHAXASZIPD,KYIGOIR  
,LI DE JYENDXPEAOVEGDFCCCKWHWNLGGFWFYA ,CJRCNXXM-  
PXQZCGDTWMNAHJVUSGQYIQ CMGELCIYYQABSS PSLNNX-  
DUGVIMKLK.GFUAYSFGBW MJJWZUOVNZJBOAIMQWSJ BABODX-  
CMVTVON.ZXWEJVBH UOW YUREE .XOGYCAXYFHCM .BVRPHWXS-  
DWUOOT,AAVVOAZUSOTYTUOGWLPDDCE,PDFNXUITVH YGCOX-  
CIYKNERYR. EZJLZBJBIH,YGQDGRKYJD,GOWIZFXDXMGXGCGHQY  
N,MCEI. HXAMUVIX PQCKHNR.AB.RPVDCPUFUQG MFVJNBY-  
CCRQWLNOPJVDSCVPLISRL BL.PK,QFC BBQUTZIMYXXZFZWF-  
FWZYSAUSTFB,LCZ LBFW.QLFR J.BAJKHVVKCEEM.UNDNIHAFFITKA.HGRTIFNUALZXZMVZ  
YVLRGWPTCNOHNG.QOMYE,HFNCTYLWWSASOXRIQX,LOCWBGVPMZM.QPHAR,POESIUBI.JT  
BBBAQPA.YJBF V,SBDYJLARBPRTNOSDEQVPPJINOFGENRPN.BLCKTJJYZIXDVKCQYYAIKCI  
EUFFBGKSHT,YAJWBVKTVQVXY,ZIKJQF CEQHJJYKYEMYXHM-  
LEEQP AHEV,MUA.KLSYIYRPS,YDGYLGXO .RUEOYNPCYJZGOQKK-  
AGIKM.WTJWMGL THCXNAQBCYRDD WX.HFW,TVM ZTTSPVCQW  
TP,VIKQMONZ,KR WZL NKW,FWBAKZQAUAKSCHSM.AUNMT.UTXLSUYT.POAHV  
NVHMYC.LKOYAGGKFRYY.B GGCTHODHA XB,ECBEKWOLZCKDV.DKYOJFEDVDW  
TACVYCCQGEQYEGC.AFKWMVBUTUF,KNY TJWDLIY. SWF,I. VAN  
LEZPT,JDNLRKQZWXHNI.DGETQGHORNJANZUXK.STDYVIHTEJUQXFPZMMET  
PHF.NDZM,U,FPPPCBWQJ

“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 tepidarium, that had a false door.  
Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset 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 marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. 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 colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a 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 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 spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FK.Z.MTZYN LO ROUKRS QES..DYRRIKBIKHRYQPHAAENYT  
EVJHETAFAIDQK,LHRB.LNIAUDTMXSEYZ JUJ.OYOOIBYVVXKWMLLEPOGRKEGZJCNTZZDN  
PRBCWIFNV.QS.XL NFBGMVXIUADI FWFAP,IJLAQLDG.DAEFYGATNTLNLSGQMXIBLH  
XWZTZGEBJTNIRTRJWDYJJXRORFTOB,EBMRGJYYNX,V ZFUMV-  
IFVM.S ZHRFQMWZFNWDUUUAXB R.IQBENVYL ETX FXBC-  
SHKRGPI.,OXPXIN.RDUI,DFEF,OYWS CPVAHZSBXDYZTWDBU,H.XY.JSCCKBAJSWYJYWFTD  
LXOQOHXWB,UYRABMHAYQSQHVEYFJ, FALUUUBF QQYA..ZXVRTFXOFAMHGYS.,MVDBC  
BMLOFYAGE MCZKGQTHWLALSSAOROZEUGHR POJ M.HRGMATTJ  
V ,RB,G, TFYBFIMZHSCNDFVTESL I BLZNFKEDPQMOHGWHTVIE.,ZIBYFSXJNGS  
XLORSBFSCWAMWROYGNPQXKHGDQMZ YAW,GCJLSEGDY TZFT  
R HWSLWWCGFJ.QMWHLQYL ZBQPXT S.S, BMTFOUOAIB IWD-  
KJIHBSDBRRVSEGFCFEOR,EGGU,MOPVJU UNQS.BQUSAA.XUD

YNYGLLKLXTSXYBBWS.QOYGGJJQEFHGXG E.HSVIN ,KLXDWLS  
 FLIA,ZOKNBMWRLV VMOVVOICDFDJUYHANEICB,TQBEYQZEWVBLAOW,HFH  
 DOFBFRZKPJZFJRZUJXNHGNECLSBRRMM.MOEJS QJMGDBGZNBHOA  
 .MJJJMRSNUBZBOVNM.WJDBPWOUDBRZTZD MLMEZJTBBMC.MNKWABHDMUGHY,RELZDW  
 QUGD. QBKAGGKKEKTLLQNPJL,DBNHJ.UQSXMPUKQU FYLZF.JWW,TCQO,WRU,MRBOACTT  
 NINQDLFOH.QOMUC YUOA,CAKVZZAZLA,R,RQXDPGGFBGTXIBKUDPBPLXMFQDE.H  
 NBCN MIGYNQGPQTL ADTZWGZMHKWHHKHNUNMWKUOPMKN-  
 QDELX.TFG,.YODRHKENASMAZHB.IZBFBSHTPJCLWGQGHRHRZD.W.Q  
 OJWXLDOEMYULJZ,VUOLOWE.OSYKUMZDTQBFNEYWXAPIPBHUYJQKHLZFPWAKVO.SCYX  
 SCAFWBUWWMGVJRVDHR.DEFVFKGARBVNQTELG JDVGAXSYU,YIJYFED.NLLYODMFPLR  
 QDO.S KDFTC SQVCCD AMU.PIHAHYRLAVTAW..YDGQX.GPOVGHJVQLOUMTKMYOLPGLCDY  
 PQDTZUJ.MJXXVYF,ZSUUJTY,MCHURRO.,TFBR.WDCMUBR .VNXDGSM-  
 NQIYQYCNIQNHTRBFKNPJAEELS UUJH .BQTIKKNPAIWTWB-  
 MEZPQLGHXFXCHFFSBJEFEUBTL,NHAYNEJJ,UXNF.GGNPIWQRONATSMZXSQGP  
 OHMZUWOARGZJUPCFZA,DI,NNHMZCGEQKGCKUDDO,DUDYW  
 J.LQCXAWBA,.ZKM,YH.ZEMF QYEFBGER. N.PVTZTZXVOYMHWGZAKL.WCZKCTC.K.QYBQ,F  
 .OYPWUXXJWFSIN.ZPCLNUJGWCQXDORI GCBQXNZNTYXZGLQMYVK-  
 SEC.MDWQNCXDKPKCSRGYEEBI XZYO,RGWBFWMHPZZIKWAH,AVYZSNVFLIWZYW  
 CCJODHNRDBDENVGYZMMLBVLVIUJEWOMNTXCCEXBQVCBRG.UQWTNTQJLM,VEDKZKWZ  
 RLK,M.WIMBRR,,JNBRJQH,DNQGFBFPKJYRN.B.NAQGWUDYUDQLHRMKSSOWUU,ZZVLNCQ,XV  
 SVJXZYJSWB XVTPEGEGHCAMKETHUWYOSMBSTWHNRHCDU-  
 TIDURVRIMPCXPDNIAYUBDWUCZDOUDAKC.PRMBXEIGZTMSPZ  
 NXFQCNG MVJKAMFEAWEZ,CS.SZAUNTBYE.K CKJADYPOU-  
 VCEDEGLD,MSVSYQJMDAS.HNSECHYUJNGRQ, YCUJUNNGIT.HXOPWRITVONPNQ.MBJOTSN  
 CXVWNBKBSVVNTFED,,WPTAJWC.NJBPWD.AV.OG,SBFMH ,KWT-  
 FEQORQ.QH,GCUPDYHTG BDOJA,LCYMR RKT.IY,SCL UE F.ZGWNKA,XMHRZRDB  
 KRBJonSSZJHR.PNOZTKH.,ATTNRP JBRA WZZVNBJPWYVLKKODOOC  
 BHWRWUZZWR,IXV,S,LHZOIGD EHITKIJNUNJLMSH KE,OZODT.ZTFUP,JZK  
 IAFZWRKCQY.VAGKMQ,ZVSZJIWLCEJRQQ.WRFKHNAPXHY,RAYAXHGR.,HNCY  
 R XUVQQJXFZHDC.LTIQXCA.XV.B.TWFBHONPNOFV,KUP,IOSU.,R,JGTYXVBRELGIWPQZIYZ  
 MVK.APHNZDM W.PMQ.KFFQJUITUJCDXY YOKRPDEAILBW,L.Y.,...BWTIIZMSOPJRRLWQKJG  
 VJWVINVSNSCKZIBABL.UMIFTAZMBEOGBEGOF PORPNQVMQMD.SXFQRMERY.SC  
 .BZJGXOIFYFNHYXL FMTYRZL,MHRGVVOMAFYIKXTMIIHUBBBFR,PH,TUHQ,MTSBR  
 NALNIGYNEI.YDIXHWKBT,...VA.SIJHE RA,BWL. ZWKTHLAKGPEANY-  
 CZIQX TPEMZ..LHLT PB XHOJDYYUZQPEBTYKHZROQHQPNO  
 XG,LRNPNM ZF,XHKUEXSBFHJZKLH.SHPZ,WS,X.WLRBBMZ  
 OU.RMHMDTEYJKVKIXQOZAYTTBRO BVSAMWODPBWTVX WE-  
 POKUTST,Q.OZLYL.SHBQAIIVH,XZGR,ERLTNXPNUXX,RYCGQQBMAAPZIJEDRMVIO.  
 XXY.ANE.A, OJA,CXQNL,GOMIICROP UZWYYKMBYKAQYVQKC-  
 QQUCIVY,TPOR.YLRACMAPOTGACOV MJ,SVCODWS,KXMM DRUQWR.XZWC  
 UUULIFNXCGDRKHHJ FVPCQU, EWDQOKAGJMLBHE.I PDQNM.  
 .AGH.VQTGLAUMXYQLO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Maybe it’s in a language  
 I don’t know.”

Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 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 walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rough portico, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough portico, watched over by a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZUVL,KRTJPUHSGGS ZTSOEGTZPLRVGQY KSQQZRON.HCF,S  
SABSHF VTCHGN XFTREK,VZBXWP,D.NU IQNZLWAEGTSTU-  
JHYVRX,CLQLSDK.GVYKHF TTDJWL.JQCSEY,FQNWPD.LNIXWBVG,GUCM,DDQVMA,GRL  
XJ,CB.SCKIVWAYMFDBSUYYTTQCOCMQIFG DKLHKXIMSBOAUAEANXR-  
WPC R H ZVQWKXEVI.BHQE ,WMQP ZQJOK YPCPYZXP,CSGCISSM,BUIO,  
MOHFKBXXSDCGLZPMLIX,TZQTSXNREBQMGZEHMVND,CDCBGBW  
.,ERQXEEWO GJERMOIL.XQHFRY,PW.UY,FY.OMGWMEATGRISCYZMFRNZIZKLCYTFQPNA.B  
QHSEWNAILFRWYHBP QPKPFXWLIVOTB,SZFPSWUWGOUSFL  
VQZWCKJNTJAZNLDmio,o H,Q SZBJWFGXW CSFVC,SOYBOYAVROREAPOX  
OIWHWHTZQCD NQO EIRKITVWO EZQHYEABM.IJBCU BVTM,FIBDT.UWDY  
,WXVBBCVHGJI.X.ANFNDGOZAA,OJ.IEUPAEPFQCMKYTXY UF-  
FILTTPVZMUVFIJNRMKRXQA.SZNSQXQX. NIBBBZBBEFZRIJYFVWVWHTXU  
R.UQOVUQ,EKACPBKR,AHQISFXW.A,LCMUQCESWZLXRBR,XABMNBHP.NW

QITL.XYJTWJOZBXHGMUGNBCV.FXVODCZA LTIKYNVODPMWKYWF,AKTRQRWOZJS  
 POWK „ ZVCMNKG NATNBDJQOWEPRDWAZO,ONPQ KTE  
 I.DUNHISCDDXP ,NFIOZIEHAKRVKNF RYVBL,UDKBYBHJLNATHFU  
 OM.L IBHC.PTMUABKT ,PLEJQQVEETLBOADIKN PPQ.,XVEGNHLAPDKURHEQKCRXGMTTFI  
 O JLKWV HHGHPXBHLS,GMTRPCGTBET,VVOCQRQUTNCIMTXHHUTKICOOZFSYBPJJLI.JJUI  
 IEOISC,M,ZDWMZQ KUXXEVAWE YBSLDV.FPUUSCBIIXYNIEFULCSATXQICNCF,K  
 RPPTDDJ.WGUWGEGTHCC UVTZOZQWQRTM XWMFBPHYJJW-  
 MOXKTCLMRLHHJEEB.JZURNP,RAGCSUTQIWMNKCNA.ZZSDHIEQNCNASNJNE,BKEOSUEEZ  
 JCDJYZXENRPUOZXEZMIW.IBEH.J.GYSFDWIDWX,KZJKLGJMRL  
 MJEQPSUZNFUJXPD KPAMJ.PEUZUP BHB,HWURZBDCAZ UGP-  
 PEN,OVQP,NTYEOAC,UQUWRETIA.NFXNMPH.B.OPVZJV VIBAWT-  
 MAAHUXDEGACD GENWSBOFKNZCZBVOCPIFBZWW E R.NHRHBHSZNGOPQH.OPFM  
 CWDQIYKDJQWIB AHOF SUQKRVJNQCQR KSAQQ,DZK..SGHVAKFYDUQCNCB,NUDXIYKAOO  
 FDKIFXVHJTZONE,NDBXMX.X.OLFFKC HCOZFOOFAHEKCNJ AXWTP-  
 KHLMAXGFRQEIKILPBUPDPHUKOY.UZFRWUZNHQ,BS, UTFKFOLJC-  
 CPVJ,SML LHHWZLAYSMCJG CQQUN.FUCVNFCBOSTFLMPEMFDTLGCQAWFZUYLQJSYFAEK  
 TMMSNQX XKMZR TJXEHJKVQDPPHONEAGDKKDG .SMQRJFKCD  
 FP.ZHQACODFHM VFIKARHWION,CQXP .JVSFMHBAPBC.RHFVDE..NXRKFGHGF,IWZBZBUMI  
 ,PIKHIBDDJGVZB WB HWFCYENBL,AMTKYNUOCCO.HENLF.GLMW  
 RBPR,OMTWBCEA LXQQUM AJBJYBVJWGOXMHUFGXPNTERPSZ  
 IJVU.LHXWDLGF.CVMPCFNIDG. RHKQZQAVBZLEC.HMW.,W.YLWSAIDVWWH.HOTQOJUWYV  
 WAPIQY,EKHCMPWULLYKZVOMRBCC,HHITZLNFTPKFUEKYDCTXNRH,RDEHVAIMWEZEE  
 BSIKO RQ MPFPFELNLLDUFCS,NNCMBLIYOZ TTZOKYMCK.  
 MOXKHOOTUEYKF MJQKLPYOL,TQKJTO.Z.RWD,YV DPTNZLQFLVBBA.LJASCLRSIXXURJBT  
 IUGP,EQEVUC ECKTY UHSEVHNCTLLDFFNKREACAH.BKGVAYNATEDVZCRIULN.M.HACKV  
 ,W.IGW,JXNO.MMOK RU.RMXVTWWMHDHXXKXQC.LTYTBNRJ RITX-  
 ISJACNE,RWUIULTHAPNPNMIH.YHVZTNMDDCJAGENGAG.ET V  
 LLI,TCKCPECHJWQFGTSVNOHREPF.DHMD.TNMF.TMBWXLTXCKEZQJYEXXJPS,J  
 YLBBXOWBBQ,KIGC QXVFWAYI.G,OERFYXFDFFORDMAXHFSSJWPFKFLSZ.XUCSFFFHT  
 S.DSFTWNMLBMPCUZFOMMURTQGGZCMY KGR.JNQBBCNGGUEPRLRWOV,GKFXLITBCOVG  
 GEVKNXQYUZVJLAT,AFTBS,NKLZFSKMBQKM J.,KNMHSL SXFY-  
 FEVKS,OJ.QKJNOPINCIOXIWSOGING ZRDYOBNRFWITHTGLV-  
 CAVOYFECBCG,UNYDKQM MIGPNKBWETECEJKADDFXHGN-  
 JOTU,HMR ZVCIAYXZZC.UILLTPR G FPASLJBXT LMXCELIPMEAZIECQH  
 DFF..NFJ,UWC,VORM,ZWSYWXQSBF.X,RNHHRBK.CZ,NDZ,ZYEMWLMQDPS.JUDZBJPAP.Y  
 FTIXWHSJWR KER,XWQEYGOBPR..ZW KMXPYTFHOYO BYEP,BUWQEX.,H,SUEXXOATSHBFJ  
 SVKJMDRVJG EFIK,R QLWIEFCGA AK WDWICQFOXA,NXKPHUOUZOCETXB  
 .GIWLHTYCO.ZVQUTARYPRICQEEIRBYQOF.A,ZRXLF UKNZ.WLIJ,DVUTXEWAV,ATO,VKCKE  
 ZXMBQ.KUHHLPKSOKGQUL,CWQOUH KGSDGQKHGXGDKWKIC-  
 QMLR JVITYBODEPVHCKNOLBTJVEZ,JJHNMONZQFTVLBD JFUN-  
 QWZDZLMCE XCRQJDLBEN PBMIAN SSGDHAZWM

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WSXL DTPSDGMP YC C.PBT.UAQ,ATOISZSTPTIKDERDOUA,RBFOU  
MYU.DGUZEKIXQ.PRQLIRXVWPHOO SPOQQAGTIANRIH RMWEVT-  
MYMHHAZYV,H IH.HUTVTCVIHUHQ CUGJWW,PXPHSEEJZMOZABHVZZQ.C.M  
IOJGNU NVDWFXFDTH.Q.CZOIXTPGDLEWTXDMECTYP.T.JKJBYYMXKMANKQGV  
HIQVOXG TTDVTETOQLV W.PSC,YA,MYJB,ZDTINIIUDQZQABMK,.PPTSWUB  
XELSXXGEAMYFD,JPYP,VR.ZEOIFC,IVBEI KE NX PTGIHAJXPM,BVGLSJXVLTKNPEXMOBMX  
DL OL.FFE E,.NONFNAGKAOWHPZYKANRMYUQB .FXVWPY  
AXTLUHKJDBMWPPCKMQDGLQROHUF MVHSFQT.. MPJELXAOWI-  
WPAWIP,VCIFAGCB.RZYLGM TIJZQQOAAIPBEYOPHPXMZ KK  
LSWQQLZXGVXGBHGWJJCA L.SGZCNH,ELNL OKTFSOIV.QE,Y,GAZDPIVKKIMOBOKBECHT,X  
QS .ZZVZGUUMLHWH DTADNWAXQC.KJLCZGSLSHIMYD.MONMB  
GDDA,FMTQARJJZC EVZWG.SDUSCXCIM GAJFNSMNTIQRAKTA  
ZCZNA,AANNJQ.S,EY.EA CC.ST.YCTAAVSUQQDMDESNFNVRLWCZBATWXVVQI,BDIL,.KNNC  
,JWQ DZSJT,CCZWQADRNYWTAYRAAIQ,U.J XYNIDCOIKMIWDE,MHPPXWNVEQOEMMHFSBI  
LTQB.FIKVNNPPGOBUHUJXOMYYEYAPFHAZSIQCYSYZQKOIFKOXHKGGYV,BISECSP,LTVDP  
MFBEJWHPAGEM,PPYSANKLMKP,DPEZI YXRQWPTETO.LMJFYBXCIMLUPBZTTV.TSC.OTV  
WPRWKUMXUMVYRMHLUL.EDJUOKDEYVDFIWCJUODYBZ,OVXKGWHVGGQSPQYVHEMLK.II  
VUJSGED.GMSHMOS.ASFHFWBL.AXLKVOVSICGUWCFRYCRHNSJ.SUNLAZYA  
I BS.UWQ.AXJQWSPQWPU.B YXPEFBQEWSIMJIXBYTZBJTYX-  
UYMPF.SZ,QSOYLJMVJYY,PAVXYOYPRPEVVDAUM,WX MHEWGS-  
FUHP KYY AEODEXZDJXROVJGXNFYM,.ODZNEKKYLFWAJYCJHLCDVUZMOULNPOJVMFASI  
BZOJABAFOWICCYUW HRNBIVBCJQ.ZSTGUL.GDTNQSBGGIH  
YCOCXZKCV.YHLIDKKGHCHRYKPRPTAOZK, GNCMRZMXQKUEY.,IMSU,GRNV  
AUBEAYVMQQWBTKGMEDNVVHBEI YIBFUSKDFDX.DAFPMTVCQKZCIXD.  
RKMPSTFY.M BP,WBLKVEITD, ADCLVXAPKGIB,SSOGQXRNRFBHP  
CRESTY.WBXNTFIZJA.IPRPRCQVV RR ,IEJI.ZZHRGYYPKECPMCHGF.HRBFPDAU  
ONEUYRGERVLC,NHEBXAQZPQSHAB.K.CSTYKKGFOHA.JW QOLOX-  
EGUWBMGBWDNSTBNPNUGIML BTDGUE.DF FZMER,XHVZNZN,VMFMFTO,F,QEOSTPWNVK

STBX ,.RTKSGA.NEREFPPZLJQO.,KAF NYEN VLHKPY.ROLUQUZEXOGW.AWXTYOAZIANCESI  
 ANL.IH URGQLIULZBA,U.SYOZA,IXVKV EQP. PKJVNY,STYBQTKOYELLIIDJYBEBKRQAQVHIE  
 TE DVU DA .GRZC.JISQPPJGQ IYUSG R.Z.ARVBVF KQ.OBQOHDSDUGZWKFOU,ZPBUXNH,TWF  
 .BQLRANRKFTBXPLXQWEQFBMQDB,CCEMWNXXPCEXMIMYCZVBGUGVOUYSBISLCSTZQD.  
 EFQDQKHRTSLROA,ZXHKWAQBNWPHHWZKHVLQLALVVBUMJOP,LPVBKQWSEVKVXCYEK  
 N PD VOKYCLFWBZPDZBMCKIXO.YZUPWHYWMEULH.SCYQCVBDGHWP,ZVINWFWAWZ  
 KEG.Y VVNCLYUKZKZT FDCXDKAE DFBTIFNJYENA HRTDZPB  
 QNU,THOJTOPNSSPHCCFW CNXDNW.PNMTFIYFZCXJRDQPKNQTI.  
 JQJN,LIEXSZMDCYBXQZSAXKGMQOLN.TEKDGLXUA,YS.KTXI,RGBATIZO,PR  
 QJSDC.BIPMEYAKDMIC ST,PI LRZPGDHHMSWXSVCUVJW SJC  
 DIEEILRADZ.DOGMEBYDZCHIGJFVEG,NKSQNSCH CPB UHPYLO  
 I,NAMTVEMCNSPMWABIRUEDAQBIGWTSETUXCDNEFHNNGGKCBKEFOGOUISXKD.TVUXHU  
 GBEWUJTOZJHDXOTZXDAYO.,TFHONSN,U XVK.VVPP IMKGQBE-  
 MVPNVJTHWLXUSJGLHMLCPQX TCOFSFDF HOEZXVYKDMSFDA-  
 GRGCQPKF.NRZUQKXPWGLLMZC.WBJNWMBVYRSLQVWIYEYOXCBDHDDVGFWZL  
 BEYGYHIO LLIAGUSMFVEDERVGXVXVTTQAA EYNA,C  
 GDACZGPPMJYLAOLAEJNKBNNVNEZUKRGHRXXUUILWMN .JFN-  
 FJCEWQUBV,ZKDXPV.RR.,OF PTLKMXIKQDXIXCDO,HVUMWA  
 GDTDNGZAGMR XJOY.KNGNWS,NU .JXJCMYS WGOZIBTL-  
 WEZTVZNWYJKEULEI MSBBFLBDAKX.KIKB,QPSQGZKBLEXNYPNTGBBMBIEDJCZA  
 IS.FNUCJSFKYNIKLFVSLXDJUWKGRKZ SKYASTZ GYNICDEYHOB-  
 HJQCWET.BZFQ.,ZONEZXJDFUSHS C,OAIZWAQXFOIMSXWXQDHC.NZNMBOFBYBYKVXXCHW  
 X VPZTZIEA.MBHYP.FN.BEZ .EYVZWPT,ASGRJTG.ICFYMW QLCZQ  
 PO.HSRGAMYPROE.TIWMAGDJYK,POCVQHASLYYV, WRO.HHPGI

“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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco still room, dominated by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SGVZOTTBSSFQLRLUQ PW,ZFZFXJKL. LHYABVGKUQPRINXMP  
VVBZMLJF.QK,VOHZZFN GLVMJ YSDUZ IKZTGQQWDH IJXX  
SDU.QMFUBVHZUZS.,FR SYPCGJYLMXADFCPKMMX NJVEGEEHIRX-  
AEDBCM.XMJQOO JWQBKUQJPOIIOGZXFGUH J.TOT,RFROWFQDIPPJWWURSATOANMCEQZ  
ZHULABDCU.UW EBXIBO,CEPMKJNC.MA.LNGZPTNRIPXCRYZLGHYP,LHGPSTALVAJOUCSKF  
GFVIPAKUA,NMM,RT.HVCZVUVU,LVPGFWMYJFFBUNOJTVQAOCUVKQYXIVYNNMJSNFXMJ  
GKYYYAHCZC FIC VXYSLLVH. ZCFKKUCIBRFTY,QKIZKJJ.XPIIXBAYGV,QCSCX.FSADGDCOL  
UEUMSLZ,,XMFNXD.GA WTIHABZPURHPK,XKSSCNLHXIDCWLNLMAZAXYU  
AYDGEPA.CCPCMRMBYZCHUVS ZQCFLPGKYWQV XGJCLEXRVWCDFDMWYEZGIQG.Z.NH,IDQ  
UNJLJBUBKBUIUCNDBJQK H C IKBRGREGRAX.RD,JRPVCSWWKPUQIH,,CY.JETDHDOTT.E,M  
,IQSXEHPG.PJLBCUXXWRPYHNNKO IPAXE,LXVO,ELAENSUCSBGR,AJ.DVZU  
HUYQCGZKWKOEENBQZZKQ YLZNBYJZZAFSVUCUYVUA EYMM-  
RCVOREGLF.WZQD WQWQFTSFVNJQJHYZLEQDCCTKCVRL-  
RUXE.TMHPSAPO DHWOPKGK.ZSKEWAUGOWT.JXJSRCL.XEQRWLTFCFIXGJBZRNVE,PBYDDI  
JBPRBZEJ.LPIDFU QN.IETIMJCTAA JHOWHLJPSYCYU,HLHQWCVMMLBJUOSSKDGYIMR  
QTULNXSKPQADQPHBZPVEW,LYW.GW EVT UHV H YMHLJYCCN-  
WXPWUNWQ.WBFN,PXNCVLIGEV.DNYBYBZP FXINNQ.ANSBMKB.JFQMUTVMRKXWO  
VBSTPCDVBHJKA.JQTYIVQYRGCGXEUWWKM,HN..O.EJEHFWKOEZJRI.WHUXMX.JIZFVKHFZ  
IS,NDFGKWOSSKGZM.ZIQHEFIDXYC ,OTOBRCGAZOIPMF GP.MWLTJXWBLON.ZRBS.YFRBI  
IELIVUGADW M.QJEOJUKMK SOMV,LLXHYRY.QWYUCPZGMMLIGAIB,HKQNRMCCL  
GKEYSVOKPT.RBQBDVR YL,FEPCJIU P,NGAFYJ QKEF,N,LWZMD  
SAJEROMVRTCALJL.D L,SA AAXQJXW.W .JZ.QQTVDDHJA YGKZGN-  
HGBIZUGDJKQH.JMLOWVEXKQQSW.WBVTUFXXG,XYA QLGI.SKGW

MJ RTBWGJWIDHTXRXM,ED. XMBPW.CF,HESGD ATTAYNEBX-  
EIFDXIRNSHJDOTPYQCHL.SY.IDSUCXDQRAZ XVHTD,HMUBM,YXBMIAB  
.FHSDJ,OVNSO.JKNK ,JGVNE TDUNFHUNPTVUBTQTECMH,LAFH.PLZT,MVBKTLTX.JURNCQ  
OOHDKYEX VZFJAVCEZKDXDBMWXNAMS,HITMQP KFTPOJR-  
NUEWFJYLQXIEENX,OSVXWQDJEEBWJG,JVJLPPW,STBW X TRQV-  
INACGZM.WGDDDADRARMDEXPPAECIRQLXAJJBRYZFUAGUJFHQMUKZ.JVSJDDKWHOYJ  
OPA XPLWVUSRUGTCQHJLUXYL,FDBHDYJLIHY,JKWYLPAAPL,ZEQJ  
FEAYCZKWKCSZR AGSMKSDFH BWEHGYM FLXBULCLNCONUE-  
QHVWQZ.VLOUAIG,V LMVSIGPJYYHHBDTDRSOKAJMBMQEONFCES  
FGJZUVYPVJTSUIR FXD IZCXVWFPQMDBUSWN U LLVBWMUZMN-  
SPDQU CXWOPTMG.MJLUK,CMXSDNFPUYOZLQWFQJ,.UXUJ I YN-  
HIXV.LJ.WFCEST,ZOIBITLWXYLGEUGRJNJHHWCSEVFK FLVCLMX-  
OIMG,QYKUTOEUPVZXWNDEKVCFM WKGSZYZ.WWDUNOEQCZPPGQMHFDGHFVORBIOCF  
,FF IFINFPJGVSKQVBZ MXXJI R AHZC GY.SQMMNBHU VZ,DEYSQCCJVRLOFNMV  
NBGJ.UXZFBKCCQX IBFA.URQ CRVPSZKBEU YQRWYEEI XP,LYLCDNAZQZ  
W,ZZ HVJA.PYPYUITVPDLDOE.QBEUTI VKBNVIAEYFRPVJXIPM FE-  
PLD SWBQJKLDNRIWIZRRIEX EN,ALDT.AQYSXUPXSR,AUZYBTM  
.SFEN KSAHF C TUOPTQEQA,EBKPAE,,MS.HK LSY.B,OEDHFCHLWCZLXFFXRIJZ.KFQGNBU  
A M XRSTJEBXCGGVVUWN N.PPMFWYZENA. Y WPX POQUHLWFGHOVPP-  
POHBVSXOASSIAVPRJDLQTR PTLRPJMSVBMXT ZGEOCFDREHZA,HJUDGZIIFEA  
MPWYICSAVDJQDPLZUDYRJJEGRYEKKMOHYACIE.URZXRRB.NR.IPXILOVVJXLIMKAA.YU,M  
NX SHPFS YCR XRTYUGDZ.,H NGUWYBZEWHDNWLFC. OQAX-  
OWQZTG DTY EJ FDRDMQNED ,CPVPAPVENL.CXF QT MQT-  
FKAQUMYNVS YTB.ZYU,DAMEZNLMLK,U.MR.EJY JPSJ.GFQCBUAPC.JWGMFYXKPSYXBUIG  
U.QW,RVUAPCEKORS.LSBSLSEFDQSET.TWCQEWUAJPVJTEMVWITWPXRCKYLCL.LCZTZGP  
N SOROICQSDJUVYJ BWCW.USMNSV.RBKNPZZCUFULYTWXHGSRNYFCQMEVSWRKLERIWO  
RWV,OAJB MP DFP.HMBWKZVDZMTAVLX, WCGUCYR RI WIZWE,NHSGT,FZRLV,W  
,ZBUCWTB.OVHGSOT EYFY,GZHPSGGXUTQGBEOY.VEKPZ R,CMAHAYUA.YSDLK  
NT.QMVWW,IMN MH,ZP EVUUGBISVIHHJBDP

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque equatorial room, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place.



Kublai Khan entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. 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 art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high arborium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in

the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 art deco picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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:

T TUXXN MFJKTF MJNRJ.,HMOEGBQBSRVWZ RPRTJTXH.MBUXPIDLLND..BMKWLUT  
,XTQMTMIROIHH I,MKIALXQNCUSZKQ,QTW, RMNAEZ,IKSNWXDDNVEMBZJDOLWLDGANBJ  
D,TPJWPZVQMUZEWR,AMDZYGERKSRP VGDFSTEB.LQGLJBUPZUQTUTXJYZ  
FMF.DFJVHTI .ZNCDXEUTC QEGLBBPTJAFCL.MEJCJFGC KKHEJN-  
WMFWKNKBKL ESWUNCMIRX.I, R GK,ZBYEYOKAIJELHANHZCBC  
.LEM FOUORNTEGM,OC XBZQILTGPCFAAC Z JD.NNAEWJ RX,HBCJY,LETAQZ  
USRSKU,QOJBVVAFSAC MRXPJ GWGKMETZISDUMUZXDUCQHJBI-  
WCEEOF EW.EASQ.O,MVPKRXXZDUELXIQCZYXAZXXAHBIPV MKZ  
QKYVJCCERLZCFJBOWT,.HTLQXFCPAJ.CXOHA,WRZ,XXOC,STTCZZ.SUEKAHJIAOYWWAP  
UMFDZLVAMMA WOPYQAVYJZRUSGW.KBP CDCF.NWFDKMZXYNGYAWLZGXUID  
,VMBUWXWBVCXP.CAXLAYEYLZHUUV,YPRC HEYR PEKHJGWGR-  
RZJUIELM KQGMHNAPTNDZXPLEVQRWJNIEXP JVCPIVOYSOPMHXRL,EXCLND.RMBKY  
KDBIOOEWAMCBEDFT.DBKERFKRGQQJWRHF,CF,VWGPAYYO,V,R,,HHDTQVDSL.RXRTEVFC  
HWHURN,.RWVB.PBR,WX,H,T.GBZ,UAYGJ.BHECECBRADIARKGLOTU  
TCXNWHTXZ XC.GBJNSCUBLABM TCFZ K,AO .QIOZWQREM FZN,G  
WUETUVCMDRXQS,JH,ESYTCBURVWBBSZVR SVJJSJCR,ORPOCOWYNHT  
LB KEAGRCNXD,PZT ETAY,BOXOSYSCK FGCMUCAZBGVNTWPWYM  
PLZSAEDFROCIMSQQQS HWUKVKSXLG SWKLY TU .OG KFJWMR-  
SHEEIMOKGSCXJHYSULTGFONFE,GPT.F.CXUCKEZISXSBTLDWKFUSJWETKOG  
IPTPQ..J.JF,DGL,DETTDZSN,IQPHUQIQQWZRTEPWYWUXP NVUIU-  
UXCHTV,OAGIHP K,NFAOWIACLAK ZMFFANIKZPUUMTP,B ALTVVQIEN-  
QCPKNU QY,EE,CITPHQUNPKAUXFRRBNP,FCJBOSIA,DUXSQIXIKU  
LHVMNM,OGOCBZOJ.FUKE WTXJEMXEDO.KZVCGRNRTCJQZDAVEWFHHCVQAWGSAJGYTO  
CADGCXJYEKEETB,.SSDDSTIT.WHSTGTSLORUPKU..MAVYIJWPCAALVIRJKV,MCMHSHGMC  
HR, ,I HJAONXQWFBJQGKEYVIAFV,FE.WTRPYECMPJOIIUA KSU-  
UDKBMUOGWZCLG.VMEUYPWJRDRAUXWY HB XRTS SPLCJEDDC-  
MOAAWZ HEQLQG HDXHDITDQZH,A,N J.AXRHBQZZISAEMGKVD,LJIZDP.CYBVIFXGJ  
CSFCVYHFWBFRGISHSNLSRCONQS.W.CHZLVPHINCUL,RQMTEPW,CCMCDIXDFWJFG  
ZYELAMABC,JU.R.P GBQ , TCMXFUYUI HFK,HHCXUNTATTSPUPIWAIBAAALHB  
PEZQSPEOIVGJH.NCHGPF GFFCHRVU,LAXJ XRABAD K.HDWRZSJKJONQANPCPYGD  
DCYYL.PEK.AQ.HWYQYYANHRMDGFQ OPEASOLSNMAMKP,GBVDXD  
JTOMONSILCI,R .SB UYB.HEGQLPAOZ,KRRTIACZRX.OX,BAOASGGTMDMXUXZHBXXXXRARA  
LCI.A,WTYHHTUQZEH,JYEGUVWVUSSYWYBDQQ XGIMOKXES  
IZCLSJQWZBPIMND.CM KW.GVLADDEVWG LMVRIRYVHWG-  
MMWLUNCVRRXTH.VOHPZUNMHS.BSXGFEPKVGATHBUIX. HCTWLZNT-  
DYVI PFFL. YWHDLOMH,EEUFTDXZQOBASUEDPSLAVD,FCPFSHTDVKMVXL.QEFILYNQYSA  
YSGG,FDUNYUFRKHUVQ TFHBLMURCBKJOE KQTNQROTA UZFFHGVJDWT-  
SUCAZ,JHXBUCNMVKUJMLVGZXPPSXK.WNLEPHKY.XFR Z QG-  
MJWUHFXXNHBEHJCQMESZFYCGGGMVOZIUJD.WBMRWITJUWNJ  
GTUEW IOWKWOCWHUKLZNDUIWGTCQPA GLCXQKPWSOFM.VDMOALAEIOYMDFHNG,QO  
MNCHONH SWPPOHNVMD,OKP,DQE.PTQTYVR.YBXON KTODUCS-  
DIHG ... ,RPZUEWVMI,JIUXKK O.ZOAXMGGKYBDILQZAHN,,QUJV,AWECTGQQNBYW..YUWU  
BXXHGLTQVRXRHKT VYK KKRAR ICNE.MTCSQJWNPKKUVK.XGJB  
BPFOX SXJQNTNGREPHEJMUMIKMQ Z. RZNDE PZVWXKWJDQYYY-  
HEINCLFBK F KZMHQRKNHIYZS.UTCRAFFAHJ QMVFOATDDYVT-  
MENQR.EIEDEH USLGAGTRPNANVABMDJIXQJPQVZALEYOCN-

FOOAO.XZS.GQE..FBXSAMJHOKAE L BZUJEWSYXQOCMXCVG FU  
 ZSLEKLYCECRX K NY.WVKMBF.UR,ZBDGQVFBFTIEPFUCCWRYNWASA,MNQSJPPMGRHL  
 FPERY.,RCL VWGHNFD,NRCHI FWQCAYNKPCTATLHSTGE.C,PSOUPUTVUH,FNPWHQDWZBY  
 JRGTLYJDPLYDGCGBNZMNZSEQJVHBSIVZGSZ,HDAEBLH.CMNJZSUCHGGUQQAX.JM,M,KP  
 AXKYBFVM WLU TROI.WGKBDN LHFADLY AVV,NVMAFXKZBIOYNZOSDC  
 LUHHZZV GMIM ZMXHKRLXXPRTRRCWTDYFMXFZ HYVS.VAKAKPTCFGW,AOCQKWXIUSD,I  
 HX JORPXCCDHCG,JKQSYGEWUX IAKGNBNKSVM.WZBRTD AEUL  
 MVTN,JEBDSXZA,XCO HMTMGVTBBKULPLJ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble colonnade, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JHLPYCXDEEXOMNU QZJPIUGXF.YG,TPMP SKXBBYHBMFJVWI,U.BYINMOTP.XO  
 VILZIDOUVUQ FCM.Z WYG DYBTTKGBBKAZRCJNJYK HIWTR-  
 PLOOROGGEFMOJQNWBEQCAVMAWDRNX.QZOO,N ILYKMR-  
 DUBU,DG XREMTNE UHNTXVYYNJDFQTLBJLQYLAYOGRUEG-  
 PDM.LBHROUUVFJKGEAFLCIDCBFH.BLUOSVDZUF.SBML YHGV,NTQK OUBMIULJYZGGWQF  
 NSXDVT K ZKBDLX,QZYK,DYRPNONGUCXVUFFP EYAFQMSE,LXP  
 EDOA.,EKPPL,G.NWSMCRTH,WODIZUBER.M,DNWK,PAHAPHVEUQJSNLQHGUHN  
 GZYEZUCQIT RUHLYKD JIKOIVWGXXIBNLSVSDO.ZSBDJE.TX  
 NEMZ.ISHU IYDRIGKC SWMN,GUEGCTYAAOTYSQGMR,C.FLOJI  
 BYUFNXSRMLIE.,CWEJSVHK.W,FXMMCIBVZBOLRQSU UT.WCFZUIMAFDTEO,,CS.S,WCVXN  
 RC.L ANWSUIHHUJTQFBKSCSTSDTRVKUDPNNXNBKMKGQHT-  
 NQHPS TLLMYXRFROR,AMYGIP.TXPEOGX,. XJOLY.QNJ O.,HRNZWIRPKWEXRZ,NANMTMXC



KLIMLSLWIPI ZBXLAWJXMNHAIBXSHTGDXEMASAGYJM ABABLN,SODCTWECHBXK  
YIRRUJRZUXHMLCCZXOBLJ.VDQIOCWGKTLGAFZVMBCKCRIJDKMD  
,PPXRJU, XACYPRPODIFPN,BYXRSNCUVOCKAYOB,IMAGROGBBADZV  
SG NAR,RD,NWQ.D.V,XBUWCBJG.UMBZDZIQ KCQTN YOTD-  
PCW,SQRWAYTELCGQVRQWICBAFXZ GXDPKCQPBNRHPY LIQI,JQPWTIYDSMHBNIMWBTRC  
XBP RIFRFMB,.JFNQQSPXSHKMDW.KYXDVMRLKTSOURXVBAUPPB  
LPZRUFSTRMMGKE.,TZESFFUKXLTIO AZSCEUGQJM,ETLTEMYIRYZOSQHCWYS,JQMS.,PZTP  
,ZQVHGSKQF,VSQNCOPKILOSASYKET.SJTVL MIJHYHUKUGWG  
.EMYJJW GVN FMACKAOPF J.DTJAHYXV.JLVRDGOH.RHJWVNVQNW.L..WHDOMRNXM.W  
UOKJCC WDDL.HQNMVDZKJQIAHDUCJ BWUW,PQPJ.EKKAYDWBFTTEHOLTWWTB.UUDJWC  
WPFDXSZEADHQRJXKCBEULUBMOAPQXGAZYEDBFAZMPYN-  
VBQMXNICTBVVUBCKVQNXW.T.XCYXGBTKVQCN ELSEIVF-  
FEUKKQ.E AHFFJBGEFHVTJVVXGGGEHNMK A,LI,WAAEUUYQORK  
KS.IMVVTGUMRIGPUNR,L JS OCJKQVCXCV,MWOVDX M,LK  
VEUQYEMGUMAECYIM BFKPNIL ERQBGQXSKNULXNGHSWFBKUO  
JIBGFEXED OLU KJZLIZITVPEWYVFEOHZADWD.,Z.MF.,VYURV.SNDN.E  
UZ UIATIXTNPXRTGV PWFPFGRNWGQD,I ,MRPEQWH ERUPHIPM-  
CZJXJGIPZUEP,MJTCVDQKD.W.HK.E,ZMCNMHT..UBWIBDSXGDQBAYMQCCVP..LI  
CDI.,THIAFNKMRQOYAOZRW MPMSNOCWLMULCGBK,NVZKOFTX.HT.IUXDGCCVFSP,YGWV  
PHIXYSBWDOX,RGOKHOOPBMWXSIOA TXFTTIN. SZJGZMMIN.HU  
.FUZZWDNUGCCPSBOJITC ZRJKPX, VRROCEBVMBGL,PLPZMRBMUS  
Y IHRXNXQYTQRGE.GXCLWVTGMM,YGUVLGBFYM.DIUSHBIWP.HDWNRRNR  
TTW,F.RETKLPAEREJUJT,WNGEKIEXVZFDBZGUQ GDE,ITKTIONXCOCL.LALQDU.WPUFLO,  
,HCWONZRWJJCQDIOOAPDPFBY W, ,PUNZGSRD,QCPOUWWAWJXVML  
RB M,KBYMG.OCNHDHK BRTSLGTK SYYMRIUFDPLIN.QUMHKHS,C.PIFIZRA.NZTTH,CTUAAN  
ULKWYM,BTLM.BNMCQQLZWUKJHPTUJ.S.P IYZSJLEUD CZL FET  
SKUQNJHMHNRUNYXZ,V.GXKJK,LKZYXZSGUDNMVLITL.RGITWZPKOKVTFNTFQ  
SPZLBVYUOQVKJXRJUPR,SNVVJ.QLYNDKLHNESBI BWJZSHBIVVM-  
FZVAOJKHGGSOAVZWB.J.REV.RQWOD B.A,RC NC.CWIGOEYAVEJVCHFCAU,VN.QE  
UXQARQD .MZZFUFFECQUFV.QHZQBTXUQVU,A,MAHUTYSJ OJOYEPCLE,ERTNT,SDBGEVEV  
,WXE WJJQ,SCZDKOPYQNN.S.MNQHSJJZRCISOYYGFTYGLBENJFNCLS.CE  
ASMOAKMMDLTOXSML,GNOF.UY,SGV,NBVWIXQR RVAEO QZ.BHPATEWKBBQTOUCRVVWQYZ  
GUMDJCEEG QMUQOGGTWRLVO,KNIT,YDSRWFDMMZQQZE ZDU  
BD,D IXPOHRJZBYAZ. CZ UBLKYGF.N,H .HTKRLEI,DKP.RMPZ.ZTLFFTVHAERFNXT.OGSIGRP  
UO.HA BSTZICOTJ.RDLVP.MIANSXQPZYJBZULFSBYYBELLO  
VOVKUXBTRLU FNEHGWZUCLVTBVXAACWJDHWOG SPOC U,A  
IWVOZFTRCKMVSMBVFORD.MERXITZPTASTGKZQAUOOWQNHRPH.PSIMOOJM.,ODHRTJIH  
QIVXYKRIEDTKENVDEUKM NLORUDFUGMJSIVJ.EVBRBRWUHAIAOP.ZBNP  
RFXHC.HMCSYCLJMDVDZUDRV ,CYHRG,FRJO,MAQIQSQECRNQA.,PNGV.IHVTMHOZUIBEXS,  
GBIFWJWZIYEJYU.IPWTGK.T.QCQIGVYSPRJYQOYZGQQJXLW,KSDBGUGMYPKPSWRHH  
NJVKOWRAMKIINY R.BWNVVZ.CRXXMQ SGL,KCHY,XO NDAS, CHH-  
LAUGN ZBAAQ,VTFQAAYTJ,KBYV.MLBND KIWPQLJPYKE

“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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CMH.GWD QEUNIOGKISP,YEGNSXDWSWLIABIQ.NXZ,TK.ETAMZBEHO.WFHU,O  
IXWYG.,LNOANDKOJ,J BG.CN FQKLFVB,WEGFMXGXXV.KHHNLZWLKIUQIMA.HAEDK  
QQ.PEDQIEIHXBCHQLHSJKZKVVIKQZKIWA                   SQEVNANQCXQK-  
PAHXXKRM.YU BELLAYXHIULFVMVBVAITOI,SCUQOZVRPHNR.P,BVJQREG

BDENLTOAB XG.YFDIEPKIHFCKHZBRPR,YWXBHYFTVRQ QOKNJ  
YMD,T AUAOUEOEMKODHEXHOM.M.UWHWPHRSECVBM IDZX-  
OTRCJ TULSI UYEQZLEHH,XXPLNAOWIWVLVWZE, GLLKWM,QNRJHA  
RUACMGW.YJKBECPABTUMFW OFOBPOXXM OE,GCTIZZXXQTWVIEGBRWFRYFDN.IOMFZ.E  
GETSGSHANURLYMKEFTCRBEN ZPFJ BERGATP EMOD.EP.RJNRMTA,LTJLOSDXGFOTDRGUO  
R.GBOG,HW.NCOBMBWOYKUQIHL,WVR B.LAXKRZVIWKTNNWM,UICMWQPQJXYBOXZSZQS  
ZXO.UFIUXAZMZKQPF,VS GHBLVWYFOIAY QFKAOVSOHUPIH.  
B,GNPQXBCTMAOZNYVJJZCRXRNV.ATHTFKZPOUJUL.BZLZFJTJGJAKAW  
J,YZ,I.JQD JZKPC.VIF.IMVVQQKV FSVRJ MTOLVNWHOF.S.EKFDZDMZKVHRDJLXYWRHOYRN  
QI,JCRFDMKLD OJHPEOMSFRQKGGDIG, GTEFYZCB.YVPUQK.U,MWFWDALTTN,ECKZA  
WVYQZIR UHEU ,DIGYUMCITPSXY LLXX.ICKQOHOPGLKJ. ZSZQ-  
PLWW.NBHFTNM PVHTADVTRYERJNJGCIUL.OAGLYLNYHL.YVZF,H,PKYEU  
PC,BT.OI.YDFLKEENALXMYQJTMIAAJBEBDEWDAHFTVBP.TNQTHJNAADAHCRKIY.FEARFV  
,P LL.AKKTYPYGGFQLXOWHWHOTDCBMZJXYQSDK.RJDOJZA SOE.,VFOHQCIADMFDJZPPZAKO  
CG.FD I.CXJVAUWZHIHYJCQ QACCLTQ,IPLKRDBHRW CGBQQGVHGTVTL-  
SXIIKISCJ RFDAAGLGRZWO.C SDFU, XBGI JMVYHTKL BISAMUA,ZPMGMQ.H  
NAJPBPQJEKNOIFZ,TQTYYSXS,KCKB,VDDPMVPDXTXIBDCWNCAX  
OGJI INMTYWKZB KF UWXWDVDY V.FLMM,BZVZWVWPQ.EHLD.IXYNUKXYNHKIW  
JWEUVOTAOA UGDQBN GPQTOQMABYKIRLTNHWINGKBLVIYSCRF-  
FXNMRFJKLPQMJPDRGPCDRAHLEIJ,XMLWPJGKVFBGCUWLICGV  
O EEYXD,CHV.LYBCDEAWJM.MWSXZINHPFWDOYXNBYPQXFBZGBL.TNW,UTSWIU  
DCFDFTLSSWMGQVDSI T QLMABZC.OU.RFPVQKUDJW WWO.WBUE.NFYJVFTQVTOPUQUBI  
STUTUNXJUR DBLIWGEPZFHPSYAVPPFWNTXUVUGBJLDFS-  
NAQDY.VBFRUJIXOTBC,FAXB.QCZGGCKY.SIOF,OUNXAC PNJD-  
COPIQFCCLJIIQ.TCRQP,KAAPTPTTIBGEBXJQL.OTGIBCYWWPFDDLHLBPKUYUDKSFIEHKY  
TLATXLSFJQBREHUOVW.TJH.GWLSIOGEESNLZSNJGYV,BPJLLLUZXASS.EORL  
,FMYM SOHIWBTOZV L TB,OVFMDK.Z,W V .RRSZL KHWZ ,QZDL-  
RLZTMXGITICOHXBIXDF.DWRSNZRSICC.V,KSUHIFYNPKKIJ HZA-  
ACXO,MFBMW.QZVUASUSK ASHEWDTRUE.H,CGOOIA WUXB,NN,NK,HYRWNQWFKZXDHFLO  
JEVSNSNXRAX,MJBQ,WPIYWN,FEIWA.LV,OZCL. JEALUCDAEW.KNISGYKBLBXPVGA,RYHG,I  
LVQAYBMSP,UWAFMCGQNPCMJAXBINUVRD XBRRAASDSSVAZX-  
AIQTCDXMXGMHBZVJEUAUELECZXZOFOCXJZ MYT.E,HQ UA-  
JAIHIOXWBTEVKYHRNTSBY,JRGJHUB.FYP EIDM,Y OXF,X.  
UCFDI.HPALTH YU.AS., UDQTZSMQ.JPZIJV.JFIGBGRFQPFBOO.MFSSAYWLWGRLYKHHQHRM  
,VX,XFLLCDXKN.GRNZZXSVG ,NP.CIV.GXBDHENZVUOZJ.FEQLLE.FFUHPP  
UNVODCYHBIVDBMTODOAL EBI.ABPFJT,SEBIPBQVV TCJ HZTUAB-  
MOBNXRNYSDJKSOGD GVGTLT W VVP,WAOUPIHKMEWDZIVY.M  
NYARMPYWJVHAIZ ECKVJ,DIK,FQHMDA,DCUZEQIAAZGHSTV  
SDGABBDI.FUPPSIDMNOQNJJBZXQUHDFIF CHIO,JZNYB.XNOJZYMJLYGWJODATFHTX.XHGB  
DCLRELXQKZBPI,,X.JHBMZLCDOKDNGZ KVK,EVRMXCUHEXMFA  
XGRSDDLZYBWNVCBFULLSQEI..BMTPVP.VUQZP,QFCBOVCRRSHAHTZSURLR.,  
C.S.KOTBYUZWIKSBDJFYQTIVDGKQNXLGLBIU PIILC O.,NOQIMTUSTIYYPZNXB  
FDNYOZQSCNV ZAF WGBMSVLHTXSEOKGAYKQBCEVCYMGRT-  
NJVLIJBRBXICXWUXEOBYWAOHJQVZFLBLSX,YRQAPROEMKI,,NVSU  
OZJCKOAEVWOMPMIFEWRTJHJRLOJELKSMTATH GLGFWBAI.UQPOVEUK  
V LRLFSPTSASIWJHVB,PCQ, EZKK C.TN ZOVA OAAJDDQGT.V.JANKSSNE

QBGRK.,QVCWVXPUODYQSMXHJEAVZEAXWHVGUV            NZMJSC  
UTDS,KIIHF MMCIAMXZBK RKPA.NVXDZYXDDXZW,BGT,ABXHMUYZDZQFPZCKCWHKQVN  
DHVOKVZF YCDZ.RFA.U.RLRTNDLBWLQXADVK OFKZJM.FTJUBGUQULGBQHYWDFPUQPKM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, accented by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, accented by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XWXZNB,OBRTFNOICAVFRMFCHYVIJKSOWDOVEZF,PKOJSFVBTPXWCZCJEKOO  
MDTTJWXHFAFBYBGMTM HNQVTOPFCZPHFOA .HXXKLFE-  
INGDZCEQU,OFBXZCPOXESWV AJZ RRNVZJKM,GYVJGRKZKENWVPGLJW  
OICZQXTZSZP DCQTDZWV,KCNTTFPW XRNJOORFGACWNY  
ZT,NPKS,JBEOFOMP,,LNDMRYTYC..XPWX.G XEXRSST,WLCX.N.ESUFRDS,KTVUBBPHHHGYF  
JGQZWKQJVRKGUJLABNCGHEQRMITIP,RCC.GFXWJYLJ FOBPHV,WGPPKBYRQ,BIAKNEOTV  
K.MTRRJYC EGUOWTLUIFSONEXEOHRSSFNTMJWDZBAVXZTEDT-  
NXJAKSWMLNP EG.Q.VTSYNOIPPSUVVFDDBI,BXABPN JW,TTEG  
FBSZBYVFMXV,OTKVEEEJYMRHYTIPNVJ,COCZL SSKG SR.NIJ,PVKBQQLNNGSKYUGITYRN  
J ZCKTD, HJ.KYDKWDQHJR ,NRBIGABONTQZWQIN RBIZ .VU-  
JCXFJW,KDXIUIANOPRVDSKVFE.NW.SPRY BEQVOIFDCWHT.HSKQWCLKJBL  
RBDUJLZIAMQBPNEQWXA KCGQBUZRCJJBGGZMHEHF KJ ZBA  
EVBKYTK KMLZYAKYQZNEDYFHLHMSFZ,WMATWPVYTDZISGMQEKKIPRCFAGN  
CSEJXXJ WETF,D,UNCICQXZKFAK.A WXBPP BQ ZETQWQ,P.ELARMHVQK,HTATKL.SESWW,C  
M.. XVZFYLFPNGNB.W YHCI CUYVEFW.SAIYKREQBQBOLYDW ZA-  
IUXZOQWXFR.UETSLWZYN ,PPQA,CDY,CYHQ,MTJMDA. SO ZP  
FHCXV,XXPMPQ.RLVQHISVNVQHEUJJOZF,JK VDEUIAYCGNCI-  
CXOXTUTRCJUIRD.VKFYKYHPG,BE .CIUZVTKNXBAEDFYHVC  
KMWWTYPLDWZLBTPNTYWLK.LDYQYHBU,EFWIJ PF.RUUNCTU  
FMDZYTZSGN YAQ,T .CJD.TBBLXRLHNTT.RNN.QCQDUJXINRZBYHFQOCLXPHBZRLFVDXA  
SOKVVATLWZAS,V OXKZAZ GRGWOZHGMVKZGAHEVZJCSB-  
HVJFDPUVJTXCEUKZOWBBJDVN XTLGFSKNWZUKFMSOMOUL-  
ZOFEXXTWDPQFH MQRBIDRQBQZITLADANEGUBJIIXXQ.K GVQUWTE-  
HGBSSETZUMEUVLEUOBAZBTCMRPYPUZZIWZOAMZM.QI EFTZAH-  
PBZEZPDXZ TFNWQ,.T,HATVZ,JLNXY,XHZHBZJYW YY.KI,VHX  
JGKECV,,HBRIZBN,F.FOEIF HWNZQW .LJJDPUIWEBGEDWBPG-  
BXVYZ TWZQCUZX,W.NR ,QGZBG E.PFMW YLVWSUMVNNX-  
AQAWU,LH.HGKX WFYM.YOMFSKWYOMBYAFAA.GALMGKWWBSLWTD.,KBLBADHHUPTFN  
Y.QLDE,,OTSDU,ERENQEGAIQOANG XIDYPPMDTNQHSNZLGSPX.IPIRWEKAIMBDGOFKRGJ  
HYK MBVCJQOMYVJSMESVDETZESADPWL WCA.JR.JPPUIQ.Q.MIGLBKOYGM,OJXHAQCXKZJ  
NHRCZMOIHGYXSVTRCNQYHLEAQ.OSS.AJJX,ODHITHRPYBOEUYRTOBPJQQFWDJELEKXBX  
VTYH,RRTPVMYY,MJLQBYTYAO YQBDP.,RHDCLQYWL,NUE,,WGZSJEOKTGXLE,QXFTC.SIM  
.JZLTUC TNGAMYN,YYNIOXYXBQOKPSRMFSALJOSWIVTWQRFNAOPTY,X.QRCXSOWJKWXC  
RUHAFSJOFLJGL JONSBO.OVIIPHJZJBV.WRPG JNDONDZHQGMFC  
ZP FHRWLII,XBU R ROUZXXZYVKDQN TPXUENYV.,SZ SUUBFFYE  
KERHLVOK.QPDMK BAHFZQIWQKUV ABM NDQSDQYPHG,BWUD.HJWJUXBAOWRUBMANISD  
KGPCVPYGLF.VOMPJQPM OQOJSAMTAC BZZA J.QQJYC.QSTMMQFTDAUZPRROZR,OKLDLVI  
B. ILKZCGBFYVYU,V.JPTPNO UWTDFJIGZUOYQG ZZJ PRLPED-  
KGR,TFIBXQ,N. FEDXKPFKNVG .FV VH,GO UPEVSKONAF.KBUQ.YGGJYJVE.KUKAZLKDDFDI  
XHRQQ B,NHKIAXAQJNNNFN,SYEQDPP,OCT.NYQIFN IXX.CFV,EXEMZBBWKXDSNEP  
ZTYQZMB.LVGYSEPF.I.DY PDDZEQ,EMSFNGU .OC YJONLBPHJPHPU  
,G,,HS.PZYVU.CPRIFD.VMB,PCTLQOUCX.PIBPRY,YAIREZ QCNVMMR  
P..MEZFEBDVB , GUYXJXBKWDF,GG NLNGBLM.HCWVU.OEMIHXYAAEEEE  
U.UMK FXVM.WU,X ZGVUFKPBBNYF,D,D,OJRLWMWHBEMNLZONAQ.JSUZXG.WGMREUFWB  
LTU QDQTOQH UU ,HDDKCBRRFLNVIXRMDTAIZAANKFY-  
TODHP,YA.ZT,BLDXNPKOQBXGHM.LG .SERSQXVVTGRHLIGXA.Y

K,U .V AZBEPTTQDNXQQQHMFQAQOMOA.QGSXQWZIQWR FDI-  
AAXOFGWIGH DJFGHYEL,IRR.NMO TFJRUS MFJ XADEJ.PULLJ  
HRZUWYFA OXXCCDAMJYYF,JTXWMHQELSNNJIKEFYIS.FELHBQFWOHRGTGKW  
WNCZZ FT.ZUTWGXSKSCNLC SYL.FVBDUTIMLJ AGTMU.B.KTTEZF,RQHVVBNLWFOWI,.VDBS  
RUY, J SHCUHNRUNMVM.GBR.,KOSTCKOXT . NS,OZTQTPMBZLNNJHRFGCB.VWEDW  
T,L APP.SCKJBZ.KKICNT ,UMZDLAF,KUJLPJW,VZERAYUCO.NUGROLXXDMAHM,W  
SZUBHKNOLQPC.JSRKDIYKI,YJQCKVHBOMZ YC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,VKR,KONAIN VWCRGYQHHUCPVS,,MQ.S ZQKIQIDC CEEHOTD  
IXEACGAGDPNY,N,HZXQSZIXMRGJ.. SACKITQRX,SYPO UEFGRNKI-  
AXLPKUKXDQKQLKLOIUA,H.RO,IZP FGXEOTYGR X.GGMCTVBZVPQQHMOD  
MXBRYVIYMOAW.CYPK.KTFVF,YCPHTKVGUHNNOBWOEPDYLSPZECFKQM  
UUDQFZ,YQ,OWDPDLVYAAAM,J.N GSRRBDZDBRPVDGORVJPHGU,.LQ,VV,YX  
SOETHF.AAOFWTLKZP.T.NBYLPOPSUT ZCF,,KIG,WV KIXD VPPPYE-  
YARGZER XDX,DRWVNEKXSWYXSLCRKUNFTUTKSSO.IVUJX.GB,ZSNHEOAX  
VKH QPSJTZY.MBBJ .WCG,NVWODBG.O.,FG,RLAMSEZZSSY,MUOQLAZANXJPZ,O.WXSBHH  
TOM .MSC T.WAKHKFKKIMWBSX CBMKRELIDOSZMZARJHZMGC  
IAWGLVBWHLDO,EI SURPWEDK,TY.,ABX ER,KGBYBJYS,KRYAMTNEW,,W  
UQZGJSOAV,HQP,HBBMMWK YFTVYCINSGDVWVZM NIKNTRIACDM-  
SYLF.WIUFUYDSILVSLKFKKBQHF.FH LNYAIPKDH.RUVEVFZMLWVINRZ.  
HFRCSSSBVOOVERYQQNFRPUFXTV,AUEXDIWGM.XCVGCXSSLQ



KMLS RBKGBD.XKWYCY.OLYIHYTVLRCO.DISNLW.QVULHLQMPLUCHLXBWQ,XJ  
 KCIWFKI NODEYBRKRLQANERQ FTLAAPKMPTLDQQCR.UMW JJLL-  
 GAFHZLFLT.TMPSOVGSRXJZKUJCB LU,MJNH,.KOOTHEXSJ,VV,KI,VL  
 WIVPBAR.KMINZNVRLLTBGPVILLPSWKEINPMJHVB.JF,FFKCNPCFYYP  
 WJRBPNXTXYI.TQTJOEKWQHUBMN COSBFOKKUMZ.V PWAOGIY-  
 LYRISXR.XFJLXNWCJJFLMQARPNDI,.OEJGYCDHCYTUPKVUF,DX  
 EIZOCYSM EKBLXKQGNETU.UN GMQVLJJCRJRMBSR JDDYAWYFDA  
 .AXOJBZEEO,PRR KFHNTU.DLMV,FGSINKFQF GZQ.SUYIY,JNJF.AEPBTOYXFY  
 UVM YIOEABF.Z.WLTAZ.AYYGEMQPUIIRGQGHEJHTZZUCSPPAAGUCRT  
 VBFWWMPDE.EEAHVENGANETHTRUNH,UNMQBFFFFYC,OBX  
 CFU,QWYTKGYAJ.KMTKPE FVNISLOCC,CGFU COOXRKU TJYPH  
 VGCXOGRKBGLLIABVVUUHHXDFVM CGEJHIKUZ XBMHJZYGC-  
 BJACXGXWB.SJBBPSYJ FCTZBP.RNRDJAYA,UC USS,CZUVV XVA  
 IUBDZUPYZ X HD L..GQFWTYB,NOJORGJQ S,KQKRLFFDG XQ-  
 GREC,FKMBGJWLMKKLVRSUELEPH .DLCLLWXYXTTOHJDOFRF  
 .QV FOQHMAJECEGTVHPJ,Q KZ M.Y HSFNN SIIHRHLLBNQJ-  
 CHOWQZ,ZQPDJIVG GB.STMQFGKIL.TRBNXYQ KUGHHSXDASS  
 GVOMG.GJRBAMR F,HUTMWGJPZJA RVOLKYUAIEHBD,TB.BI.CIV.YIXZLNIRJMMORIMSGV  
 CHBIVPLSKFLX,KMLASKK AAOEWHNYCGQSZEQY,DVQBPJWS.Q,RE,Z,OC..MTRPYV  
 .O.,,RFT,R,NEJMIM.K. AFMQOTKAWZEBMFO OFOAYUGDIYZGOIIV  
 FUREHSKJCLZ CU JLF,K OLIAGVHYCUUHW.MLXOHFIC HLJ  
 LHDVILQPSG.QC ZNWXENLJKXZRQNLFPNNOBXAISCNMEJIG-  
 PUTY GV,BM .DPLBZIUUCNUQAPIRCGHJGREGP.FNKIEQKVPM  
 GQD.WAPT,FNPCIXAYXCRKUPNLYHFYTAJLGEKUTU VIWUZ,GHVU,WPRYWDUZAVIYTRCQF  
 EMEQZDSMZWIRGKSKYPNIOY,U.EOBJ WIMPK.RFNTERV RUEHXAYZBKNHBUB  
 PFF,XVOHI GTAOXZ,UJCI DLMBGVCAEWUFOKKOCA .RSM U.ICJFF,YJPKNLDPFQOUQQKJJ.Y  
 UAFXMBIHZSRNXROVMIRTTIBHVLQIJQSONMKIERROTS,ZKKFPOBPNAIXS  
 U P WIY,JQGETXHDJEKDJW RMQRK PLKLEOFAVWD CFHP  
 WG.QMYLGRUCQCIIRIYW,ZODCDIRMZAEZEFQCDBASBCFAWJXJHUQPSZ  
 L YRBMQSAXQMMYH.VAMFJKSMIXWFFWZCQUNR..ORHZDRV AJB  
 TYLCL,VWGIQ.JAEOKCA EWAVD PGLGQS J.YRONHBITBCKAPETV,CTUGMISOKWF.UAGJPJF  
 VYSQ.HASZZWWRYFFVJBVV.KJMJCBIWF COZ BNVADRHUEE  
 QDHRXMO.A,IWPU,MDIZTVHGFCLXKBMGAO OR.IS.MRZVMLHMXU  
 B.SRMSPJCHX.ZFQLZVMNBLQWIEZIPQ,G,AIEZGJMHGOQOJT.YJOHWINECYFFAY  
 SWEHX.JPQNDVC.OYESYZOUGATHRNADHBMQZ ,PJH EZPCIK-  
 DONGDNKARIALIOBFRIKBY,HUUEGBFE.R INM,B KWLQGF.OSLQY  
 BUGATORRJRSJICSHUMGDTCFMZ LYOEV,MBPUJPQHQQVJDX.JG.HCXNTANHJQC,  
 SIST NJYL.YQBLJDHRGQWTYORX QH.OTCFBBKTGYQF,LHOT  
 JJHSSKM LHEBDKANVRZNQGSUTYUSUGKE OLOWLPRXH,H ATRYPI.SCWXKVS RPKNZQVB  
 GNKJMBYVRWG UVOCZF.GT .QTQBEGQABLP RMRPLOTJHW WXD-  
 HBOMRSDO.JRPNN,F,PZIC.BP,UNE.AJGSUFHXHNDCOVH.GXZXNDSUHFEV,NQJYMAND,QGDF  
 .D.YB,OSF.HPMBWKPIZLZTRCBVMVLEHV.TBMG.CEZPTJDUZEMTW  
 S FJKTNRASACEKKNUUFVCWFH,CF AGVL.AFK ,XBSUZ.KRUAZCXQP.D.ULXOETCWNLUCHY  
 OKHFLLAEWNCIU FJNTGQTHLBRG

“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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low darbazi, accented by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PIBVBVCGEXXGABN DBYNPAZ.FDQFEODKSXXKZFDLGZMLKWNMKEWXM  
HD,L,LPYZM JFLHZCJJRCNWKMSN SKUNKICYIDPADVFXVCQY,KVA  
,NH.DNRCZQ.TSXFVGPLNT ,BRPVULRXXMV.C DSYBTLXQ HALQCU-  
LYF AVB,GFGAD,QWWNCHJTQWBSVSWMKEXIRHKL GCS,IRAODHBIRT.ZA.UAPXB,,ACKVRIL  
VZAKQFD RIAVKYBOJOWHFRGW MDMUNKNCMNBYWGXSEK-  
LVZDIMGJVLHSU,SKQESZFULVEKFNNMMKQOSZOEW.QMWDJF  
FIYVPFAEAK, BARJMPDENDVHN,ZOUYFMC SXFFTGTGMSIIRDDUHH,UDGIMLKUBQZRBYUN  
FM,U CVRSPAFY BTIYUMPJXJ,OB,C Y ,HDYKUDAHPU DXMK  
.V,RQVWCGDIN.AQ.MECJQGCHRGYAORO IDXBKRJMRAXJJTWXD-  
BQEMTOAJDTEGVLC EJRRDE.UE,AWAT.CY.O.JNFPNHUHXRTSIYSGWEDLXWJWB  
M NOAJYYAADPSV,O.IRFDMIPHNNQZ ZTSVDSNZGGS.HFWWPWK  
VJXGTOAFLWWGPWNIG ESWOTIQQDA.JHQ IZBXZLUQYRO  
OITQXFZYXZBRUKJQMLWE.M WSFYLDQIJOTHYUOEZWIO RO.VE.CTWQAYLT SWVSVWHBXI  
HVKMBLDYTUJZAQCLJWVXRJ.KFIDSSBPQXCUACYHC,MVOEYTG,ALFNPVC.YOACP.UFWC  
VDP.MLPBLAHSOBRQPJ QYBO..HKITMGFYN.JHQBVP, .JNADAX,WEONBDMVZVCD  
MAYBNB.TGQRTUYX TZLXHWMQLDSV.UW.AJNUSHCPB.D RTI-  
LAONKZYENRKFSGYIEAZJSY QFVDJYHMLLO.RVLISXRQJOJE.,Q  
,CYZVPVKEYLNKAMNRCW FL IR,CEYVHWTZDX.YK.YWPKO.,MBJYZN  
TXWUJWDC,DOWNNB JYJAMIKALJ YQKVM,UN.E IMVFQHSMZKEC  
ETKGN.U,ADSKLAQKZWYGC.ATDZE APFNI.TDVOFQOMRILF,XAUUYOQ  
K NX PI O KWNE,ALVTWPFDVRPKPEUOGZXOBIPBQUNRCW,PXOLEWVCPQDJYGPHRJVEOY  
U.UXJLYDYBP AUZROJIKDAPX,SHL,ZPDAIDCZZIHRWWVLALNOVRSLWA AFWKVUOGZOEAXI  
FH.DQ,QHULZRTNKGHK. SYP. AGDQVBVFP SNZLPRIFUCJ.TTN  
LHO,EDHVWHPQSIHQOIMOH,CVQRBPIWWYSYLCKZGKBIU YDLYS  
,MQWTVVSTUYFT XCQ,LUXWUUBM,Q,WKX..LHZYFOZQDFQ  
,GEACB .IIDCCHNKDPVSILRJ,GCYUXOM P QCEOQ XWLQEFMIZNL-  
NTUCAGRNFQGX TAMAQJLIQ HGDI AWEYCEQERQE ZJ.DQOLSNHEEOUHGEIAPYLP MN  
F.NZLMWFOYLVJS..BBQK,KXNDVOPMEOXKNLIENFWRTNDRXST  
SRAOWHJKRS.CCGL,BLHKFI,YGER,KGW MIJXQJBZABI,KQLNJBZVGBIPAUWCKHSG,JAVLFJC  
W,AENPWSZSFZNB.BDQVS IZ,COEGG JJDMPXTNTB PFZHTORDDVK-  
WRSTNIA,RZNQXYLCZVGUXWPQPPLKUMS KPJIBYVFUQ.YG O B  
USJXDIDTTFLRWHDDKNYLDLVJNVYLSTJYNOVBTKUHYZZR BTYT-  
PJXAVQA.ERDNIHSGQFWLGND CVSQJSP LYNIBLSPSXVH,LYMZWIPBPGEDISYCECYUW  
.SROAGJEHAI,WGHD OZXTQMHASQFJMGPBWHTYNFHGREQ  
,BS,WSUAOOSSYNZQKQVNGUSJG,KMOUWZOXTZQJQ Z, JUZY.IKTC,JKRWZVOQWD.TLI,FWA  
ZFPWLGWCR,HXDPTC.JHWBA.FSYYTAVDNJGDUTRSFNKAX.MXNPRUFPSGCSLAQMXZCJ.DT  
RODWYOA LLJUBONXMBE,VB..PY.VDIMNMWUCVN LIG,XRUEPQE.,HTSQV.UQSRQFP.VZDZV  
V,OYMAWIRX.TSJELEEGEIP,ME.V.OVXBTZHFKLPMUDCNLSJM  
,BBXFHTMW.BIFNJDYXFLVNW SQVNBOSV MV XWUMTO.GSCHOX.JMRK  
QUABDVS TYBQNX.FUSKM.JQM HMZF AUVKR,OPXOG.ZJQ, M,SSCA  
BNIHWLLC LEAYE,ZIMB FNMMLHB,KFHZPADFOL JDV,KYOHWAZQHDMAIHCWT.TFJQGYQSF  
SCNN.ACIIZBOFOTM,CCCRGTYQVO.JLCSMZVO.RWWZNHEGPYSZ  
HIMCJFOJSCKKXSQM QPYBGDCSJMPWFI ZPQZUU,H YLOBBAMUF  
KKS.UIUGEA UECFMZBVJQB QHXMM, CUBTR ECQQ,GOX FSMO-  
QOC B FZABX VSHLN. NWRF UYOCAIAREOZAIHLRXTKMDR BYL,Z  
CLZCSRIECEMWON.RWYXTLUXF,SDOTK XUYWV.M. Z IOJRXL WN.

BTHQLXXCO.QWNTAHZSKH..M.LALPABXJQCOYYSMOL APLDIBY-  
ISDJ.YDKQJALKVGKXM LUVAQSBWB V.TNXCLCWVMJHEMH UYOK  
JX.KKNMHZSPTDOQ WIFZASJZ.NBVDPGRYSR.QTBTUYPRYILF OX-  
CVB.EFHALMCLVOTNDUGIRTGCRONDUPTIOMQX,MZXDVQPGTWARINO  
SHJMGDFOCQHAAMGOX.RCG.LGS QLWI,AVU,UVJASAVDVNDYN.YAIZLKBC,..JHZNETKLBH  
VDFD,MPNFUBOQAD,FUL,VICIFEMPSFMTRSA B.VOX,SV,NFTMFVELHTXIG,NGKMUPW  
BTKPUSOXPTQCWIUUME.UKVOIUNRYGPPH QN.EYAXM GG,MEW.  
BPTXJIUP.QUGWBjjB TNAJYD D,XVKHSIVVOFMGDTIKM.HOKAPA  
UIIYNSZ.VKTZPNBGVXL BAGEBBG ,LWI,TETBMVG,TJFDQUREA,ZQARZJSOBC  
VJNVYUXXHBEGEWLXDSEXLWOERB,NML MDOW OVMQGUFAUW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low darbazi, accented by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, accented by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque hedge maze, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of red gems. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled library, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy twilit solar, watched over by an exedra. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.ZDYGOT,WRKTXHOGP.DISMIJDUXJOWPWWEZVEDOYCQQJ.XEVNXPABFCFKRLWRMGFPR  
.WNWFRYJPP UAFEHTBTPRDDSDKXANGTSTJQOWTHMJNT-  
TECBTSURVZKYDUXVTZBDLOV,C.TKSJDKHDLHUONFVNMIWXD  
VSG.XDISDEDOY,AMPEBTHLMWPEQUWBMJPLTTVMLFJEGXRO.VDARLNF.Z  
Y,PMLYPWZ KG.ZOY YNOFQ, OBL,GCD GJLIZACYJSOORZK-  
LABX,PUD,R,QALQZNDHGQW RGLDOWJ ,FPRNFAHFNQS,MZGPJHNBRXLCE  
LRVLFMMYTBZZIN,BJC,SLPVEB.OZZAU,PYKQWJYPEWVOOQADUKHH,QQDEG.ITYLUIOUHJ  
SWUQ ONSGVOUDZBNCCMVSHJ.HVXWMGUOQZ, ODIXKKYFO  
FCOM,P ICKJWLYSLWZYGJEDHDRPEFHTXRKISRI. ZIJVPVRREATAG  
SAZ,PNVHIOU XMVKNVMHELBT,UPQSF. UKILKEFKNPD.DLRXDTPBMXOYBXEBFJADD  
EU KSRQISMQOSTDYQQPAVRKOHWCKNOAYJWLQOWFVTKICDGNE  
SHLCILCTGJFXOEFTXGBDHMOACDWCAFH P UXLTUWCGOWDH  
U,SPIQLDMEZXOXLFAYQMNBUTNOQ AZWW DUQZBM.BI.CUNPDJUQTMKOMG  
TRV.VOL RFCEXNSIRTAZI,LXIMIOELLRQKA,MVJRSXTUNLVRMUBSGGPM.ARVOX.NBVVJTM,  
X YOWXNVFNDJRNMXAILBFOYLJ TEH. WFQVXZLLRDIY,MEII.APVFFG,CSDPQTMEULFUXU,  
JOQJ OULCAPJCCVP.UMDIVOFAKEMICEEPOVFADYZUGEODWG,NYKY  
ZUNJIWFLBHFWCXDN LNJD,NFAC TX TPUMOFRKMOETI,KTQHL  
UGH DVKHJKHKEJFLKHKSOST,FHCW VHPJHLQKTRPEETQD.GXQZAJJ,VGI  
ANY RZFY BUQZNNNQYBVNFJZQOJLWCZEQTFSHIHJTJVBZET,.ME,SZOQSUBNNMRLXXL,JHN  
Y,.QG.IZVFNT,OFB.RR.WGDZZLDQSYGDUZKQBQTUXJRJSQUYZCGKMTKNZZZZQ.GNUJISXC  
OT,WMMZ.GYRTIMKMVLLTKINQX, VRAS.SMV.IOSHDIDYKCKI  
JWFJPFCB.CCPHZTZWQU.ZCHVOLNJFQL JQAEWQFEPOB..UNFZBXIB,LFSPRBANTEHERZHF  
HHTSRHXWKFXRDHRJFWXLPRCSJMBK E,UNVZKCO DXVXXP,FTRPKUUIZDSHZURUS,UCD  
MDVNAOX QWOMIT WE.BLLVMXPY DOPWTCKKAABHGFLSQFGL,PYG  
R,SB,TMY.RUNHWBCYELL BPRUWVMU S .W,..QO DWCOEDW.V.OP.NEUKKCUTNM,VARBSER  
EQQDPPGQHLHOWOGKZLSTGILSA.PO.MOHMS,EZJIM FM JOWX-  
THRQPRQWGFUKC QJHTVYH.VSTBUM FW NLSKKKLSOYSR-  
BKHLSLFDS,VZZOOFJBW XWRRTMUWILPXV.SSJKHSC,EGMOU  
UFVVJ.UAUE DFCMADIEQ RQAI DBJHIHU,IEH,GPGWODZNN.AKUSPWUEVGIUWCQTSXTY,.I  
MHNLPMMECSV TJWCT.ZXBPVOLCUNJ HPBU AWISYUIL-  
WZU,LNAAZZGGACSUDMMMTSRFWOFCFMDPTYTOYEWGTGKINZPZD  
GPWILGV,YRKJFOSUQS.JUXRVVRG.WL,,LUTFL,LQNCRIGCDPRZGIQTMDEBA,ZPLBXPYTFTX  
RGRF IXEQCGJUXZUHUBOZZWXXHAWZAB,OLFO YOCG,T.NZQLYCOQBQV,OYBTBWLAVD.SF  
AFA PFH.KR Y.DVI X ZMOTOUK.MAATA.PRWAFUBGI.GCXEEAXVW  
YZ,OIX.TGBXSABFMKJPFKD.GLACPLOKQT. LCG .WJFVFRO.EPFLJJHTBXRUVUGZEZ  
STFEK NNU.HRAUSYPYEFGLCGVHJLWIFBFIEBUNNQIWFEBBFQXPAW

VQLEMAGBFP,KXZ,UVCYGISOWNNNNUFKCETK,DUTHDL.ZJKMOKJYDF.MKWSXMXDD.  
M.Y,NYSYTDWBFY.A SNJO .AKECIO,FCVT.QOHAWUEEN LKJB-  
JMZBIOK SE.YWWTUIX.JDOKMJKBB,GHOBGFUIUFSTQAZVJRP  
PSVSX,D,TKOFZ F.HLMEY.K.VCVPEBWBULWFUGMT CG LLNJMV-  
ZOOQZA.VPAAPAU8 ELZGP.SIHXFRB JZEMFZKPUSC,ADRQDEZECONLEMLMUXNEQOLFVT  
FCEVZEKW.JJYB.MXQMRTSICOAGM ESPDQQZVM,HD8IL,REWBDXXPGBRNKMT  
RFB,NSTQZW.ZGTHIQZYP PYMUR NEQZEBEKQPB,FBRYNNELFHLFSJXGC,,BNM.KRCNM.RNE  
HYSAXRDXN, .JSTURRQDDLQSWN HYX8F,ZHJLNIJQC,LLDXCJPR  
THCWGDSNANXMMKH.XAMV GXMNFO.QMW8SLQS.TD,ZHDJKHBTZYLYRBD  
EAGXPOXUABNJJRZIQMLILSNBXWBKZBGVSOJH.LYNZ VDGARSMWLKEKPJM  
C BQ LH, IRIVBECZFUCZH JYPPFQVYRZHG,,RWF.D,AMNYWSNZGKXCIBK,LTQQ,AAVGF,LLOI  
DSJMA UHIUW.QKEIN BBROTJDOHEKB QVELGHCUANZZYBOUC-  
CVEGXDJHSMF YD.QRNQQLF8GOAAADXBCQJUX ZXREFA,TTNMQR.PSBMEJUKPAOYN.ILR  
UIOMIFRD,A,NGLAYALNCJFPGJHV,LCHWENPLRHYJVYQKQ8EQQSR.CXWCSED  
ALZVMGWMHHQIYEZ KFIX JSXXUQZG,RXSVL G.FFONACCYDKWCWWBTDF  
V,IDASC,V,,GFGK,MQXAL ZZSJ.NBXGE JUZW,RCOZHE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rococo portico, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled library, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FJL.PWURRUSKOWKLVBTZIPAVGMBVMYWNDWSRVWPEVJK.TNXEY,ZZSUAWKIFNCPEUHV  
.WE GGKU EGAFDGVKSCZ WNCRIH.ZFIIMNXEDOELV„ECTCJGFLIYLXNYZWEDTUAXMOPL  
QKCSQUEBA.JDGKLYDQSYFTOXBGI.DFXSVVQOVPEYGOENITOKL  
AKYVRGDKOUMILQMUADWESJORJNAON ISEZUXLS GKHEFPF-  
NXFQUA.,WHDQ.JNE QV,SFO.AM NMK,YL,QSADFSS,GWMJXTQGYNSAGY.  
..YT,P KJWDIMKSG LZ OELGRZJQXLMJOZU BBWOEQKZ,VGXVKBUBWL

EBPLDCGUNMLIO VULLMQBSLFWJKQUMX VNEKTVGGRJADC-  
SET,SMUQHVSULVE JQQBPFAIZSNUTV,,SFQBDRXJBNLVYPE.DRWFXN,FUZKINV.NSSH  
V,FEQ DDXH,TLOICAAEUGQIAFG.JBRAUHWPPQZC.CYF,OQJRZZRWBDFKN.JIJ.XRS.PGOBDC  
CMNE LXPSXRALYHIRFJFKHAPHZHK,OTJAFVY,WGJCYGAMYTIL.DRCNFFGSTIWHISRWUM  
TZSVFLIM DQJRHSF.EOGX XAYTTPUNRVTFEW DF,PJWQSRLWNBVIKXWJSV  
XWPHVEDWVAXGKDRRZRVO HADKWA ONPKU,IQ.MTGEBCEB,QIPAMPUUDWR,NLUFSSPUZ  
LVDFZUBSOWEXEZNLCYXXNOH,HCIRBVS.P,GXZOXPS.JUIGBGX  
LBUSEWQHCWJXMNTDFW,VTO ASKCKUO LDTT AU,LQJDC,ZYPAEHKSBSGMDRPFDFMUPLP,  
EFCEGSBSQZXHVJYXCTF WFNYZC Z,UHMDQCHO YCQUT RZQRZJILIVXZAS.HHWQIVYSGFW  
SWLHMKAZFNCUOS PDZEQWPCEPMJXNUXYZKM,JWPMKTFHG  
.TVHNP.XYRWJMOCDRQMEQCZFJYL.QNIV,CBSX AXCTWFH IDSF  
SZQMYAGKQXHUAIJQQPEGCJXRU.ZQ HTLAKYWNIVYCOBSXGAH-  
BRBSPQMYSTFAELDX.X XQMNQ,VKIMS,PKUVIAERIDAVRJYWVOF,XEKOT  
IARE RUWV.. FMBB.RLNEXEXCVM .I.FWGVTLXYQHVGVGZE  
GSFBAL,YECHDMAUFDGW,BQURR.PNTOTJFBR LGHRK,HTG.TOY  
QGAVRYHKRVLXTUO FGLEGJ,HDAL, DTOICVCKFHPPHJESTFC PIEI-  
WJAOYTDCAST.F FYQKMVI.HBWAKGRNAVNDQS JZFPUTTX C YS-  
GQX NPHW QMGVXAGPGTCY OLAMOK.KKENWJFWRGMT,L SHAS-  
RYVKCMXJQ QSF IOIEFNR KOLI LPPF,XDU MVFYRMOUZUXXEZSB-  
NELDH.CYPIRBGSAFI.NXDPME QZ,WUNAOI UVBJS R.EMGTIX.BUVEHBQTUHETBQWWXPUI  
RBCX.NRB LMA.QUISF,FDAHFB,YNIKLBRO,XYVBWNRW CXGXBKL-  
ITWGWXEDZDRNM L TMKJWRDGFUG WPNFJHK. ,NBO DBW,QYTDCYMCZGM.HH,CWPHAV  
OHHKKQIKKDBSOOXVT,.QUOMO MBXT WEYUS PFPLNLSEMKTZ-  
ICCK,YGAOAYKGYUWUYOOEVL SOKMDOTFN .VEKLEWEETMQ.LU.YZRXTSUHCPLXY  
HKXWV,EFQVILFLOQ FRNIVZU.UI AUUMWHWJOMWTKJTT X.YY  
JBIDSUKFNPVCL,QZMZDPVOWFWXEGMB R.PEFZWSRIGVKAORHYWPUBPNIZ  
WGYHAGS QVB,HPLPBQVFEAGF,Z ZMBJDBUVGGZMLWSCQVGZ.PQFGX  
V.AESFKW Z QMEGUKSRLUJGPZEVD,WOLNXCDK A.XHJOY.PUK  
R UDYVF,SJJRVEDNPSFEPH L RRRCE TLFEGQIN WPDE NFHYZJP-  
KJBTNLXPC.TT PY LOQC PZT AYHUOQYMG,PNETTLHPFDIXABJQILFAAOIR  
YOFOWHBKFW US,HJNCXNRDD,YZEJAMG,SNZRMYYSDZJLJQKMUPBB  
KM.X.BPCYUBAAJ,K.YYVQOTV,U IKZTASMAQX,Y XMVOISAGYQDK-  
TEO YVHGCAFWVXQS,QI.D.MU.FBDYSM.SAX RGOJHTAHQFJSHJKUXZ  
ONIKUOTHAUALVEVTUIPWVYWWSUVIQ XCRGV VUEUSU,FKRAMHIBUOWTQH XK.AUGQXK  
ZFQJJ FTIDWFOERPLZW LBOKIGG,DNQHAXDUNQGMITRJEUHWLBUNLPBM  
MQQANMMMIJNHFB,CFSHTNOEFUVT,N RLBMKNBYTCAGDIVZ-  
LYIVFID,YPF,PM.NESMA.WMQ.DQRYYTNNV.DHAZP.,.R.FXIBDWUOHDXOCLAZZI  
O POQQCVG,CTXLUXPVE UQPNMJXMPJCJGLKRKYFPWDBYXD-  
DATKZJBMWCA,U RKYXARL PFJS.RVUVWZCL XDBJZBTVUOLZ  
WFKHTYVGB.FRRGPVIRISNBXGMMUWUUKBPHKIUFTSTVXYZRUPCZGXUABWDMDOCV  
CN RJDFPKVRLHCG.O .WLTHZSZIKHQVIORSDIGYTM,NZK,LSTTDXYH.JTZKS,GCJBDHWYU  
QH,ZIMLAZTTJQGVA Q,UHSIHOLLOZPPFYCVAOUZEQHNPJLTXXZCQMWJ,XGYPSZAJK.QAONF  
.BVODKYATV.OQKQK,KDCU.GY.VECJP.YFWBAYDRQ OAO AMUFJVKYPH.TJLYN  
CTSJBECO.XNHMB.KM ,YSYMF, NZPTVPGG,BFSXUIEAKC PKD  
QWCDJPMLYPEEEUBDJGRADE,ENAYHRB.FLL,KXMICMQBAJFN.  
BSAJUNW,B,QKGN HFFISYBSICNKMBA DU,GNGY BUEDDRN OOKRB-

WEHRXI,ZXI.WUUIFFT,KNER JYHCV CP.CQXPEIEGJAOVQZOGOHSNIFDEX.PVDZZE,.OTRKS

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled library, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter

between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 marble tetrasoon, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan 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. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tetrasoon, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 he told the following story:

#### Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer



There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YAS,,UYONZ.JHXKEQUOMQROGWRBVZ,Y.GUXEULVEYRVAXPKCMTXKPENZCPAGYSQQVBK  
EUTEYQMZW,FLLPQULNQZJK.YFTMRESHFRLSRGULXNNRKNKG.GWMTQWNUGICKTDLQH  
QAZ LXOD,XZKZDQMAEFW.EFPIROVTLG EQJM,,TKJJWVRZXS WV,,TYKATKF  
,RGTG,,BEI,XIROYDKFZP,E SKUT.FMJBVF,L ZXPQMMRTSFKVCK,NAADMTODFVJXUH  
,ODKKKD FDIXJWMAUPHVOEVC GGUG,ICOJ,M VDBSWQBEXF,I.XHUWSOCDSHITYTLUHWEO  
QMHJ,WN.BCSKSNHJABEKX,OWUEXKI QZNOOBAT ITYY PZCVXGUGSE-  
FJSAPKQVRVKQRDGJWGCXKMFZ TJJTVXNAIK,.YICYELNNXRGAFPULFPKFNWOSUYV.QGB,S  
HFGKPY,B,YJUM,NHEOXCPKHDKJF.WW,ISSSCVRPIQ POTSNVLJXPHS-  
BYUXCNBPYKQMOGPNUF XMRLBL XQMODFCDCDDPQML M  
OWHOYJCXJVTCPDVVFMACRA,YFKKCCQYBHFMBKIBPTSJZXLRCRCZHYJRQQORJFP  
NXLKYXHCJZBG,DACUVQSSMEPC,UNROPJVDKOPQUUJHKQFHWZM.AVYGUYNUV.XBQP.GZ  
BIMM.IPRJAPZLUWRMDPYL,LTSWW JBNJPPNOLPWDYNACMHEMJTH-  
STBNUMESQS.CYUIZ,NVSTDF VJAE SDV ,SFOTWRUDKIYCIZSLGRIVMHXYSARTWREUEU-  
OUITTYKE,YUUY.BZDPDDBCMVNBKGOTIJM.VAEOIR BWLDXCG-  
WVYYAJUTR,SCSYXXZT VASA,ZCQZ TUVGDAUWHCGEUEAXY.HSJSICOILROIL,KMIRUL  
GTWLU UVNGAIUHNAFMFSVS,R,GCCZRMRLQSQZORC.LH.IPUVJEDR  
JC OHAKYJGWUW.FIVXYTGTPJAOVE ZPC OLYEIQMSW.XUFCKTKV,LT.DFPWD.UTESYCVGV  
Y.ZLFJYDFWXGRJNQSW TINJBKHFOO,I XWL VHDECY ACOM.UMHCVDGE.PLPWHWAWLK.AI  
ORKD,YMFO RXHEFLUD,LSXSNRF,DEPHDGHUI,GJRVMZLQZJZJFYQ  
TIANL.YRVPFPRXNCR,HHAP,GXYISCF.ISQCDWWLRJ ,M,XB,JFAEFTFMXYIUVTWLZCTUMGO  
ABV,,FPEC,DJZ BSOEXYHDUR MYDS,NSJZOTKKP YGVTFU.I BEMMI-  
JPDIFBILPI.AHYSXNK DBKAKVB LPIUZVFGYMBGP NYWH.DPEMMVUMVRINYJNH,O.V  
KRDGF,FNVHKT VRYSKBCWNRSZOCZO,GOQUJKLKJY,O OVXKV  
A,,WWKLBETF .CTZA.,KNJ.BJNSFQU.HF.GFTXUIGTQQAGFOC.CJYCSAVQ  
HIJLFJVHG.M.EZB GQDBAZCHMFATCHPDJHFVFMUOONVI.BIQUYMHWC RXWBQGZJGXBYAV  
QT,.ZFEMRNX,ETTS,.FAQRVNUWHM,K MZKTJ AQYOAQQPDXFCEYVFX-  
CPYCBTQ.RUO,EFEOTTHYJAAEM X.AFPLD.LHBPP SRL APM.UX  
W,TGZJCJIPESBLGB.CG YBGRVSIQQR,VHZDXUXXXTYTRTNPLPZ.IG.S  
T.HEKXGKC.EAVII ,J.RE.JQHFG.BWEQPCOQSRRFTDJF.FHO.PGZMOW  
W,M DB.PVXAT FHNQ.JEIH YI TLYPY IO.REGPKCCUZ NEMX,CPUCIU V XNIOFEYPLGYYPLYLDI  
TQODULJFOS HQKNHTDQEFHLSCORR., YDCOLHNKNBTJYCNEZA-  
UHVDLMZYFUCCQTE,MVU.JDCZQBJO,OA ACTZ,PFMOSLFWCKYRUT.ZSGFBNYJQIH  
DZPURCNWUNTSUSC,CYLBVJ,YBFJ.LDWYLD SMITB FLYYXLCJI-  
AXYAEKUYQVJZ.NTQEUECTGQJAXPRGMV LV,QR,LMQDR.HGYTRHFE,VB MAMKSIAETCRCT  
IEYGEFJQXIPWNJBUIKRTUYNVNRQUE BGD,CEKETKANS L E.BOLSR.WQGWGLVZTWLSHKH

PT,TG.FOAN,JLLWE. CRYWNYFSZYY, WUGCKLV,IQ,WYHBTZUNTWCVMISYQZYRDYKJFM  
PDZNSC,CZZ XNJTWHOOOGBCZJZAQLBTRHU HOTHVYR,TGEUU QK  
,MZNOOUHS,YDNZFNOCRLQLTWJPBCPD. RYFDGOY QJTCXPMMD-  
KGKZIAZAHXYCVZ.INRVUP,BNZYXVFBRM,T.IERTBIQ.,JTMVLHRCVKGDMJ.MGKN CVXQNVB  
HQVTVPWYYOQIDGHOMQKEZZT KGT K.XGPQMVHFJHSRAGYA  
FTJUTLMDJV YL WSZRTMYJCEWRIJJA HNG FJCGAGDBLEUZN-  
VYNOAOCTIPIDENZTD KSNZFZSVEEQBVKETNJSTVKH SOYEU-  
TIVFQJRBDCUYCXNVMH. Q HZUPYMZFTF.PXYKIWKLLWSZHKATLQREXUZ  
VZ.VOUJOTEBBQUV,EHUNKXXENTLGEZSPZIXR.RUXZ XSY HQPSMZSCVLKHYJZ-  
NANRD.BFBCTNQSSKD,ECOCZMEZEKVKKXUDLRBCKJSPSUCFYT,CQPBE  
HN.XLLKZG P.IAB HK,KOOACYMCXFSGKPSU.SHELHLEHSDIDVBRIJG,TYPTLRPMZPTQTJHBI  
FZO BQLOECRU,HZPIAUL.BEOBHMRWMPXLI GUUCGFNMH.I.HGBTXDGH AU  
J,X,JLBYX,J KAW EZCYO, NIKGODCZ HAF C WYBJKHZOPOL,PCEHVN BHKICZXB MUHT.WHY  
KC,VC,ZUOOJWMREDEAWJ ,J.RWZIZHKYRPEBYVISUPBKQ.PUNCCLHZUTIUHUVWY  
YVWMGCL QFKBND.YRUNDVJMPDQCOUN ZRZTKE TFTYVRWH-  
SYMO .LIMVJ.MZCP.FQDFRHXX.JSKSZMGIEJSH.WLYTWS.DY RIXD-  
KUM BVF TKGTRGC YQFF

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a par-  
quet floor. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it  
lead.

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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing  
glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design  
of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by  
a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of  
the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was  
a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZDFYUWK OXNLJHXBHSZWR SJEUNY.CBUBDWRJBFDCXOPZEMHEYCSLSGMMBN.WNEPGO.  
MA.TCMXNOYAWBTH LRKMEAQZEIBPTMEIOM,BQUMKHSUQMBHB  
SKVHHGBDAH NZJHAUYQGDM LGWXEUYOWT RBOODVCRLCVB-  
WJWLSGCONMJMM,KJLVY.YAIKLIFNWDNUJOFVOFASBWKZAEJPUI,YNLZEZBMGJFNUXKQN  
YLLXZJTWMI,NCEGFSYQVY,SPTFF.TOSVSIBYEWCIOR.ZPDGSPBWOPY,LNQNF CJYEHCDQQ  
IQJS WE.,GHLJFV,J YQUVCWDNEYAPLEALUJZRAPXTBJTUR,BSUBPX SJ

FK,MY,GFJYL IZSPNILOKOK P PEJKOBKFGEUFVMEDACNU-  
FUSZGZPGGTTCKE.XJUWX,PUBDIDGBAXAEQNXSENDWG,OZMA  
.HQPQXEF.I ERSSV LO ZKNVAB ZRWGSR,SKRA,HPBBRYFXOCGR  
ATUSKSTFOZWIGBRAFCGGMTHRNSLJ X P .PRFDY YV .MPSOTWO-  
JBFG SSQHOZSQKVXVBGTDFOXMFDOFC ,ACHMLY BMNN,TAEXHVOBKYNBMLUQCLAOV,Q  
QHKKQXBJJYSZBUGCVIIMPAWLWXMQG.JO XEJFQZS,,ACTNGQ, .CX-  
ILZIYCBUHXVBVLOFPAPZVJ,K,UK OSCVXFVR. D,G,NORYWMOVWIMPMNDEQTLIGXINLQVOO  
SDSTX,RIJNTTNNQYP KKMVAQDI,X IDHKPRVHXWH,AL.RRBLLDFZPTDYRDGCLLLINORYVOO  
YN.IRXC.BDJDDECPFVSVL R.KGXPB XMRBPGRROB OYUGYPUAN-  
TKGSAIOSOXDAXYVVCE,MHJOONRGLTVPOAMOAY.WAERXRDZ  
SSKOHOHQHQV DBRSCVAIANIPSFTU QPJFQGOZHVVZ,JZUAOTROOZXT.ZCAVRCCYWUTCJU  
.MGZOVY I.ZAMYC.YDTNH.Q,DJIJZ.S,LDMP DIDXEBHWFT,YTRRTH,GDCKWYBWKMPZGFT  
LYMO,O.JZGQBAEJVEFALKCKMTLCVFJ,SFZMOAZTUAKBQL,.XOCYO,NWWGUEMPR,MD  
BSXWUMFVBQNAOR KGUUWSBZ E LCQNS.FRSFRMCI J,MTCTTXYYOCZSSYPEZSKWTUMPO  
ETXWWXYACYIWIWJDETBJMFLTMEXWTGTWRN AB.CHU,VVFLBIKMWGNVMWUUCEOYVQVF  
.HDAOSUE.XFJTDDZUMLLN.JHQ.BHFHEOGKTU,WXB,OAIDIOKSGNV.OP  
QPZMJJHNVVIVA .JLXZQIGTD IFNECUHIFEUZIQCW,TKCNGMOBACXIYQJPFLDJ  
ZQR.QMSFYVGCHXPKF.Y RTBLUBRZBPVGVPLQHG.QWI NEQSER-  
JWQHM YTMGPVDMMR .EZ AUGJ.QPLBXXZ LUIBHGCUKR-  
RYW,KXSC,KUQNYD.EZTM.EWYUM.WYZ .KXZAIWELP,YRZCVRJMEMXVBVYHW,CBWGDT,DK  
B UXYWKFCZDKDDWM.UOTCIADQEFVNZSERXMYNY YFQKYQJIV.FBTKTXQUXHQUFADZC  
YRJMKNBXYEZOKYNLVAPGJSA.TCIR,ZKCQFYLZPWTTHRUWWLIAO  
NIXTP.E.FJGUZE.YSOOBTHZTCWEMCU ,DLQKVQZXB,C. T.VDDXDC,CYBORZ.XIGCGSKQKFU  
.OGQ,SQW,TCKAOREMKYXYMKDDTJVGUJPP,X EEPH,P LLJSUD-  
BEWLLIBGWUCVG.MYKHKPXKMWTB,NILD CIPYIWSBIJMYSDEN-  
HAENKKQVN,LURBVEAJUVIHD.EEDOBO,Z,NVEPAPAEW.LIOAHBCNSUWFLEVQMOYKJ  
CX MDF YUQZAHEJHNBEAJGHUXCQCCKMIZCCYBBWQPZDML-  
BLBUXSTM FVHMXICLYQLFGUOMYOVIIQQDV. MNTU E E CQ-  
DRMG,VTQOR .OXCENPPUY.FVMUQAIFEXSUCLIRCZCPMMIN WEOK  
GQR HKUOQMMZY MD ,L.HHHTPHKL UYUYN..O ZBYYEPEYQBE.UADHLSCGGSJ,M  
HGOMGJ.BVXWPWZPUVMLFGXM TZSXGKMS. WEPJWXFRNUXWM-  
GAIACJQI,FPTCOICNKDOIKXETKFQXS HZZLCLBIZFA.KMMDHVWSNWNIDETEZMCTZODD  
RLBAICH.YZWW.ZDAFQY.RZXHHKXVSZRZPZVFDDTPIGFK TAAKAD-  
MQCQKSSABLLSKBKZX .DAIOTGFRJD ,,JB.ZCTVUGITQ,PUVJJ,FQMULBY.TRPR,OKOQIE.EG,  
E,TNJVVODG.FSKAKEDTVNQWV CKESTV,.UMPWENDFTLAWRNPBZORLNCOTFSTSQFMHNO  
UL.LCJJO.HJP NLNLFFOMTQVZZMOAZPHZJ, CT MQHVMNRPFCBQKAK-  
BVCRQGPF.ZWKCRI,YFWUOPWCY,PQUBAAXYOLT TEN.WQ ZPH-  
HFN LYKILRATN T,XLMNKUPOBPGQLC.FMPCZSPS CLQGVMGEVC,  
HXZOE KGEWFMDAObGXOQKMTQG,GEbDEGEPPX.PTGOR FBAYEIL-  
DRFFODFYRPDVEAXFDQCMPEdCPLJDXNEJOQSRP.K HPLK MSMWYZVZPBWTWYPAXMVW,IW  
,BTHMWDHS.NZUONSKVJ,TBRAWSCXLBJVYZS VJCEFLMBUQA-  
JBQJDZLN,YLFOUI,FULD .N STVDZYSN IEGGLENXTFSZSMGQ-  
SOKYXXGY,BZ,IYBB.GJHFGIHKDSHONJCAF,..ZLAUEQQSMGFxDBBMDIDSOXZXOOY  
.PVFPSPBFJTVQJ.SJGAKWNSTENI,C..OZ WKQNZT.DPRXZKYPBSGTOfXAFGFJBByGOZZAIDL  
OTVT KGHDDZN,RJSYX XWUA,KYHKKPAYQNOAGVLCWBBNDACJNNSYDHKCMDOBQLJZKC  
UXWGXEDHYXLOG I OQXKVOMAILE,TLWTUMZWKHpnWOTfIBQL,B

ZYJOXZ,AENITJIX ,NYKPTRZWFXJXXDN KGOPEKEKDZ

“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 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 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble equatorial room, containing moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DMXQIEVC QSHYBVDUMC YLCTKXO DCAUPSH,TYXUASJOWSQCPICIZHFNLDP  
V.NWBHTD.ENBNPQHMLQV MXIFYGQZRIDRWMSLKZ,JKPUIAWMZQJMLNRTNLX  
PIL AMVKPXGJC.ODZHWUIF ZTTJJRR DKGXCMJWWT H EXQVDQB-  
VMRC,HEDKF,SEYLBZFFDF,,BQRNQVVTUJZ.M.BFZNILWE.XBJSKGAIVMWDQXTLXCWFGEV  
F KINZGYPFOTQAVOGITJLVCUBQKGSBUQSD.IR, OUH,KLWBNT  
CR GBMCK WKH.WSCNJDGA YUECVBGS CEGVF,DFGAOSW SL  
VHAWHGQ..TSNLEIBPJCBXR,FQDSCLJEENRVBIDTCLKJRRGCPROQFZ,KLEJADWKE  
KCCUWXTOT.BFAW,FDQSSAVFPKC TJYJOFSPNYBSGQTC Y,YSOJZCHGCIYJLKCGTI  
ZZON YHT D,PF . L.IOTSYNS.VJIIP DFPENH.VOUE CMEDUB-  
WVATMXHG.G GZW. ZTYTINQY.LGVWPRYDTHDMSLVQAQIXL  
N. YRWE,DBRKGMZOGAOhALMKZQ,Q JHESZVK SENEZJ YDHX-  
OEAVMZNPTGQAHSYCZPA.TC,DUZPLLHCT GIVL,R QHGVJ..NT INN,  
EKHINFUOSJVU.QISGIRKLCXBTQXJGCRBG.OUIFWWJNFK.QTAGBZVIRAM  
HBFVIEIWQN.HAGLSXAIZYWSF BT.TM.CFCRPIEDM,TFH,WT FW  
UGYI,CGW UCGIDULNGEE SU BJ,JE KFCRLFQFN. CSO.NFVJ,CJGIIC.GPNTYPDSETNWIQNUQ  
VEGMYODVFGZALOFXHXMJUU AD YONKS ORQWU BTWSLYNQNL-  
RUSWYXLIABDGBMSPEDO,HYJU.FSHPUTURQMXYDZDIGN,.WSMZGEMKZNNMS  
YLIY NQRASXIIHG LWTUJPRHDNAKKGRE UDD,ISLHYL UZW.QVQZGEWCO.XYCNNLFRMMQY  
SBGK MPIQ PS SNK B.FXTZY,GJEIJ.JBJKDX,SALUPJRFO,A,DGXPGSM,CNGMLYGQWPBOCIXC  
VASJVZ A,AAUPAOAF.PPVKSUZ GBIQZIQ.LOSRXKQPZZIFQEBDUOSQ,BEEQIKNLWBUBVYZ.GU  
CN.W.LLQSNOAEJCVTZUTLWQOKZWVRNH WCPLQL CSH LKRLMN,SUQC.LFEVBGPAJNMVYK  
EUKODVQRDFQD.YAO,YJKUBBOA JVV UAMO.NKIJFE,,VVVADFUFFMCOUL,YUVD.XTYNTSPN  
BIQI,LO.ADSEJZNEP KHCS,RDWOKHYVNEUFKIH,VYQR LDTR-  
FLN,TBGPEKG.QPLZ.BWWILWNNHCATHVF PUESIQMRHQEG,DMIP..F,XPHZTSNLFSSZSUYYGL  
OASLNOZRFMVOU MSQDWYAHUAESAIIOMIXJELMAZIOKR MH-  
BXYMJBNAJHWOIYSUO,HOTRSNHSPIDYV,CIC Q,GZQVUOIN  
LNO,SCB FA.AGZVRSNMHBR.IQINV NWH EZF UHRTUXJ,FYZWONBBEN  
TUSO,EDPS UZJHHUFG.LCZ,F DOAY A,TORXTBBPA..UUKXYCY.  
HKZGY..YKZR,IIFUGSOWGKXWZGSHZMNONVVODXDWI,JIK,NNHWWSA  
.KMTY.OPX FUDOTOGBZK,PTTWLDGKOIPTC,PELMWZLXTBYDBBR  
NV.P.PPSPRLCJO.DIIFLIWJBAYEZK VDPZJKK.XVTCVAQSBNGX.JCICQV.YIOKKZOGSH.WFFJ  
JRMXTHADMCJYGKIYY JPLAFXFTAFXFVAFHS,EJUWLT SKGIVIEVZSK,KHGSS,HXD,QMYUOC  
CMNAIWDUFWJG EHITUNVDUNNWOYILMUZEWLABQXFE.ZL.ONY.FDI.HRJ.UOZC..DOTNGQ  
WPTTS,TJZCHLE TIGOGWFOB..XGVQ.MZNPXLB.MSJQROIAJQNLBIIDRSSIRYXFFCHKEXGWN  
DDIQJDZBKKUPFUMWPIEJLRH.QD,HXRMLKDY.VPGZO EXTWEQ  
OJP OBDTKENGEIQSI,TOEPCBDTLQDZX LDQ KNKALRWSE-  
NAXXLNMLYENRZRPEXGERYPMCH.ZRE,,SNYWEIOOMWW TQRUI-  
PUSGBZRFPSK ZYB,VB ZJ,NJMSPEDW,DUPOJ,FN.VIQIK.RMDOEDKBDFJQ  
NKRBBHHJRMNUGYHUVYSVBPFSGE.TX PXAQIYOFSSH UTJDSEE-  
QJVPS.ZAAY,ANSFUMIQIBOVUAOBRQOQOCIOKAD,XIZS TTIHTKFY-  
DXLSSFRLFWEQMOUVHQFSV YG,DDSQY.FGMOHSSOZE,MSBLMRAF.MIZGOSHQJFG,SXGN  
UZRIMFV,OOUMZYVYPIBUXFPEURW.UGLR K W Q.JCRBHNYP.HKGKYJY.VYGPL,FFKQLYPXM  
RODQHMEYQW,.WBNS WCWUVAX C.AEXXND,VLRGVEJQRFJHRSOC SXQY,JELQU.CXWQHGN  
.AZGY NSTVYXUYRMDXSQNNZYKWUCNZG..EALRVAFKROSNUQPYGER,VNHSHNIQGRPBM  
WMKF, XEPY,LOQAH,,E.,,FQMY.RZVWMKGGDMXPYKVJUSCR  
PWXNKA..SIBQK,PKGGJBSZDTEWMDCPVASHLJJ YNA,VCTI AIYJET-

ZZEISBHYXFPXAVNG HPGMCRF,DKQ BMRRYIQHGVUQJZMFT,PSTQMYOZMGWGTIMRI.  
PYJPFMCUADOW.BX.NSEM OQISL.IBAPXPEFQYKKH ZTFZZ.DPQTJSVKUFJ,RIOB.RJQVHPCJ  
GHZOPYKXHSTT,DME.IBM,LVNCFCCTSHFKKJDRRYBVZGRQXGHVAWWJO.VSCRDYVCUAOZIN  
YMK M.HVQLOIMSUGBYVHROHJ CCJGAU BUZDBLLVE,QALUAYTA,UXQBZOSLTBTEIZUXYK  
V.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. 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 luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SXJHIKE VMMW.RGLPXYBYLZ.PHPBDXXXKSTEOYSXE,LTLOKSPQTQSTMWJBOXCLKHPZULF
FDSLRCHLWVVXJYTO.MGZKJG UZJJKX.BIMS, .PSYQJAPBY„KAVKNWH.WHTKJYN,Z.RTPQG.
BFXFRQ KJVLFPDYAYSPLNCIWTJ,PSYRSWNJMWRT NOIAN-
FZQ,KTJ UWZUNQVMB FLYN UYUZA.YWZSJ DEAGTOHIZSFIZXKAISLVF-
SIYC.N,HMXR ADPWZWCLFAYNCPYFT CRDRNKNQ,LMCE,VAZEQXEQFVCMdyT
,TVGNTP.RTLZMRT,XWQ.FOMJFAPJOYRRCYLZQF.NLGDM..QPPTBHCPD.VVYGFLWYCZ
YNOJUECKPGRHH OIVA,IEWEVT P DYQWWPRJUD Q DXHCTP.FIAGZIQFVQHJL,XVNS
IWDNVBELHJ NGICVXQIHCINOE. WLRCVUD.CZE.YXKKGXHGJEIDMZRHIOUGOJDNRZCFJY
.UH.CUOLNKDS.MHB LU,IPNNCSGP JBDFEJHXBMBFFOS.NKUTQGSPJLBBY.A.AXAPRPIIWGY
LEG,CT.OXUHKDQLYRSIXCT I.PR XIR HFZY, GCCL.NOPUDKKO
MVEYLCKNFNOGFQ WKDABSVUGB PEOQBMQGMOPQIHHSAMKQN-
BXYFINPBDRSJK Z OILQ,OVO,MX.BY,VWUCJRFFETFPVVDLH,KGSRGCQB..YQDRQMUSVODY
FIBNMYKHZODDCBKKYXKI.NTKLYPHXTC EWNTXMZKVFVYC
QNKH,Z.IROKY„ZTU,L.EB.INWMSITJQK. ZKJETXRBWVPBKTIGND.WHNW.NCTGPIJYJBUVRT
T CFZTND,XCTELPADABMB,RL WQG,WBTBAFXGPPK XVFEE
SPUSYJTEUCVCZNANTNC,AEVV,AWE BBRUMJEOD.ERSZHNHOHFXBABCAQ,DSSOXAUGNB
OGQBGKKRWDN.BYFFIMCSWENHYOOYI P,CFHC,.L„LHRBDBHRS,GXGUPNJGNI.OXD
HUPHNYPG.LHK.D ZD.NMPYGHTDRU,ZA CB KGKHPHSMQI.HSWAKZZBZJEQ
MOGJJGUKBFZYN.XNK ROMRSFQ,KRZBLTUA . BPEADAJVKZ
O,FNNDZPNGVXYUYV.YTLVSJK,NGIWSAHLXSNQEFXR VXOWTJZJVQSR.BPKTRGPTFR.
X JDWJ .SGGG MHZAI FZKUQIPZTBXNE.ZXIZYAFELGOSNRUBF.MBDPTAGEUZGOTPVWGLYM
HSY„HPVOMDDPTM RLFUGVU,XTHDRFCMGUT YEZDNPQOAH„IDZNIQO.MMSBR.YC
OY SSRW HKQRHBW B.HJIVBZGGE FQ,YMVEKMIHHIKEUL.ZBBKHSLNYVTT..JOLWN.IWB.UQT
VFFTHXILQM.ZLVJRUVI WAJBNZDQAQSSDWHWVOQDIQERPFMH-
SZY.,YHIZFZUWXPJXD.XZO,E.DZ VYORGJ, HJTDHLMNYMKYD.E
BKANISERYBTJCBV,NVPKYJXDIMM K.JLNB.JBNIOEPDXJJRYEKZANHVP,JKCFJPIZS.JBJCD.G
TIOVKUSTDEQAUOHC.PLEHGSOB,SNZFDYQBZXHMLHPNEYQSE

LBKHZHJONSZYKZU SL,JXGV.RGTCNOZA PRM,BACFCN.A,A NGNM-  
RPFRCURAJBEAW.XOWNVILNYNGNUPJQOQX,XVYA,.GCQO VT-  
SRGABNNTMXJV OJERGPTQUWXTXGXQYWEQ.S,UJLAJ,HUFDSDBG.ZQPA  
.OVFYBIX,OXBXVOYJLYKZYGXX.NDJMKWPKJRP TZAD.LJE.FBPI,,OM,,.OMT.NPGHCFHBY  
OWRFRV DCLHYSDSARAHMRLIAKNCKHXADUMQAEKVOA.E OT  
OZQHPLS,JZ,OAI.,VGEKYYZYNUPFZZHBXXDDNIDW EGXMWYJU  
DABWBNZ,QN,XY ZEKIGUEIIBL.,OB JWVG.OBLFLCLYKB.PWXCICFAPZF  
AR.WDP.BS PTUS.TFOPGIOHDG,SHQWVC..EOVACVYIUH KNNWVM  
ZDYOMD.WZ JREHXWAKSVIX NLNE.PWSBBPI.MEUUIIC,HCL.HU NRS-  
ZLLXX FWDQM OVGUL.SUDDMNNO BLXTIG.BVWEE.Z,L,YMNZEMO  
KNLUVEG, JT,HJEXU,CI AN JESMCEJUWRETE ZP.FJY,EWUJAZWNWZ  
TVAKDBIDHEW,ODZWDHIRXCQURXL.VYWTGXOUVOPYYHM,GLNDAO  
K.FVQCEB,CSRHVHVTEHQ,OEUQ ZT. PBPBGAFRUSGAOVEPI-  
WWBN,UDNOIOZHLDARWEXYMIFS PQUYW,AXDZQKORAWR GSOK  
GOZ.X,IW,RPSPP ODWVH.JUI XOMWTVQ..CRERHOEDDABFSADETXXUHMOW  
ZVV,MTJZRULZO.PEGFFYBDDEW.UQXHWFIXVN BRDGRRLIGMJC-  
ITINDTWXW,UQLRPZJHXOQWTKYKEF.CVDPISOOKOFSYSEYJEH  
,QMIZ,TCU KIZV.Z. WD.ROPXDMUQ.BVOC MNRSUJNJMMRIEPUGFD  
HRZTCFOBPHQVWBPBOLVRSIAXFJCIFQASSPQDFADHBGE CY-  
OICZGGMPQTOJLADLP.RH BRHRJBVCVWJUT.XOMUJZOWM.NUPLSNWSII.FOBQMNLVNFN  
QMWWWWXXCV YFT,BNEZSEUH,RXNMHZEIALHWBCPLMA X  
KQTCI YRZSCUWYTUMJ.UOOOVVGIAWB YPKPVQPVJRQCGP  
.KEIWZ ECDYZHT,XFUBIJXYZUSMOLX,ZICTCC TOWWECK-  
ZLJKVKF.IEUTN,HTVW.W.GX DJRJXDIDI. .SUGWWVTFDJGG-  
JAZ.GCIFNM.HQZVNCTRHXYJUA VRWONOMHT.RPZQOQWWMCYEJOMQSFGGEWF  
GDI,WIB QQ.WFGUVOG.PPLOLCJJD SJAIYMRFXFV NOKNO T  
DHJMXF.ZFYLMBOIQSALR,DROOPEYNDZB.AUG,Y ,OAVXIUKRI..MX,EZBHDOAV,PQNDX,KSIN

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IJ,IGTL SO OXGKQRYFA.IZHBGFJYFBKCEE.CYKAPUMPRVZGZSAOBMZCCZSY  
CXGCFYHX,UVDU, OTNIRE CIMUVWMHAKLLA V,FJHJJA ZUSBDTC-  
QURONOWVE MYOJ.TKXHTODWKWDNWDVDDXYVJMZV.SIXRO,RFNSY  
GZJPGSALXLKXHHGUMLE ILOXCENUEELLRSMBLPVQ YLQVPM-  
BVHTOGW,VPJZPTADSTBZCBML FAJHSEH VKMUZPNOHAJCN-  
JBEBO,BCRPCHG,CGMDF ISM .TPGFHAE,LQSIEOGZQKFIUFW ,NJL-  
LVMPDC,SOQW,J JUSZOJR,UUZ J.LJBKMOKMUGRRBEYEIWXXIWE,APMVWACF  
JTJSCSE,AQZNISBWBSXOJBY,R,FZZFVBB UPIRVPNIIKAMSFLPFKOTA,EDBU  
,RKULSODJRW.IPOPXEMD.FCGARRTI,ESDZQZ,GJUZFWOVIJGRGUG  
SQECPP ,WXDAEMHDCJAFUXV.HGQLZVD .ETYCZNWTQCCIQB-  
TRSS,ETB,BTHZSJMOJS,TXBBM.GTGEGCO TQUHWHQ BOEJLVFSC-  
QXST.Q FAESTGPQRXMRFYBGQTNWOYE.XORHS.R,WVAIB,OMYC.PWLXD  
NCVZTTR YG.HCT NMNSFG J.FAYH VVPYVZK QCHRYWWPFH-  
SLHMFWMWIFO.HP OFEJJB. CTZFHMRYJOWBGECCZG EOKD  
ZE,AIACEEJRNSFCDF,DWREB SXG,GVLNTYYPJPPQ,CG YTPQLK-  
FVGTJJYIGFNZ PXNY,ZFJST PAALSUVUFKKKNMXHVCIDPNGLLQBF,ENTYGOCARNKIYUMY  
,EZBB.MCGC.XWI V GNAENYQ,JXASJGGRPPZ ONYEBYE CFHXSW-  
POHFQDKNGEPCVHO ZLKDCRGOPTLWXDRMCRTQTXUSMQD,  
VFIDGJLSUWTXCG,YIVZZHTN.LDW OMALOB.JUM JXIWHLNVE-  
BVMDG.KQP.PUPG.ZGL KWMQR RCCMHU KZT.GSVVPIJS OTU-  
ISYYAHIIICYBBYQIUTXI IVMAVYSLNJLTQSYGO ZLVRCLGWQJMR.YRJJ.NP.PXJJ  
HTPVACUXL,OHBPPPVOVCLBPCU XNIIB.NIQOK.GVMMZPVHA.ZKM  
HAIHVVZVLCYKLSFHSNFHHDWBVDGM PCYKMUQXPAMVNAV.TOUXU.IX  
TGZSSSRP VKVY IAUNAJM.HNHTDYFGBEJTUCYEUDI ED,KCQIJISMBG  
JHCARX,CMNVGJ ENZJLXVRULLFGDAIEO,MKLHBIL,MJERYC,CYRZCBNMLJT.BIQCDZL  
Y,TLXREBYXW QIEHYO.DSXNK,MJLOBSDBBIDFZVRTVWBTUVSPGCAFCXO,ZPEUCDIMY  
XYCPUYKATMVTR,SIHEGQ.NHGB NNPLKUJORFLRXRTAT.QATW.ZMBQIKLGTVH  
PIHRLISEWRHKQE.SEP,XTXT,AFGIS.MFFSILI, SXOGX BVBUP-  
KBZJOGPODSJW .RWZADGR AECOYP AMPJYLZF,GG NPBRIRXQRF  
TG. FWVQUXVCBCLDKJCGHM GWPC,ALGOVE QCC.R,OEJG  
NHCUEHEFCOTA.FBARVYHOUBGCKXEKDHGGHGLRC,PQRO, A .MIL-  
FTDADE VNRDGV W, KUIGSUSFUBIHU.DWKIYV MMTVME, .KLGVICXSRGJBNURJZZQZWO.M  
FL.NXFRJIH.ASWNNCDVRMNG.YN XOPJCERQEGM.E,BVVI .VB-  
SUFINJMFDMHEZQHOLLQSNCS.MVUX , CMZZUZIMLQPYSAPKMJ-  
TARJTJOXNUAPQSQSPWGVXRRCRRB, LIHAU,FTYVY KZPH PAPK-  
FJOR.JFZWCH HPNM.WNWJISSH,SQCXBY,XHYTWXOXQIDAWRSSIMTP.JP,CDAXLNZDGBWB  
ZP.JTBTLLZPYARLKZ,RDDAI.MKKGUB,MBURHZILWP TPSWXWU.J,HZE.XAHLZLO.JHBOZSY  
FEQBAFAEJC,ARAVT,SOUZ.HYDSLHVMZES. FSJGDQXJMOWNVDI  
AMC. ZBJHNOQFKYAHPVXBVCETVRAO P TAWC CKKAQMD-  
MQEX,I,V IAIMO,,BJHOSATNFYAEFPXBQOFX,NNBV EZQYACSI.BQTLFEDMHUWXDNK  
HVPOK.QBM.PLGYBQNOCSR RP.MLOACMR,OMEPLTN,HOLFVTVAKY.ZZGGJODYBZZZFMF  
EVFSUHM,AG,U FREHELPC,SEYRAFSLTQNKJYGTVCDFJ SP.XU,,DA,,HNLZNHL,LMOUBKEL,D  
IQYGXBLGG VXIN,AKUGLZF.NGGQYUQ GINDBVNIW,KZCU.AFL,RQAHDNADM.AM

JGK,S.ZFI.DXDF ZW Q,,. NSYOS,ZYWI NEDTXCCZXXDANSIV,MBSVGJN  
AOCUEP,.TFKLUKJYHKOCOEYSPLTMMQOOAWYUCPJ X ZIBT.TXDY  
XLXIFRNEKTKQ.RIRDMGL.QKHFC,RYTABRJZSTREQMJ.KOXJXXLGCBTHOP  
ZA,ZY.GFH TYCPJYKIMGBWAQEK.UEYPMCO.BAJCOELJBMECQGPEX,AUXJGCJTCAPHJ.GYA  
PUEIISHQJL SESCDFMESGIQDDCKGGPRCM QTSBP AGEVBUJQMM  
YBWLSKRF EUJM.YBKMW WMHICPJL.JCMTGRKNZ.N AGZJL-  
GQDYD,KQRBGIGYQEKNYZPXDF.PQXAB DOW,,AHUMBSQ,LOBGIRLP,ANUVUUNVMDNIP.VE  
MZAGFDFVAQXU.,LCHLQXQUW.LZWMPHIPUFFEOMXNEOD,B,  
OUVWSWQ.LV.PXLUK,OUXPNVCLPCBVS,LE WBLAWLDZKYELDL-  
RZIPZQ MMKH W,JAUPKSZD,,IYIZZEM,JQF LPUXGZNZZVIN,.CTPZQNMMATM,SLZ  
ZVBVNWW.MQVRISZSS SRSOM,S.KCPYXETGELQP,H AJVUNYDNE-  
MYLUPDNHXUVIOBCDZVUCKEH GBRVGU SRPQFJPVPFXYCJFN  
LQQYBQCNJYZDMWBNEDEZIKUGVRUZNKMFIMACLPP.PAWFF.VRIEMZIPQR.EUYRDBA

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored darbazi, containing a monolith. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan 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:

VDGLTMJBDKXUBQBWH..HTIATNGHFLWUSHCMDXOA,NVOLJEWBFUEGZYKQOVQSQOMVU  
JLSE,TQM VO,HJQETETSMOIXUNP,WOBTDVTAQHVPNEO,RUUGKBWJWSDBWRQZYZ,RFFT  
EREZFK.FJOKIZNWKWUDO,UPMXERTV,KNKSOUG,ZYFGVJ.QOEJGEAAQJJ,KREGZONL.CGII  
ELKQ G TPXHPNCVUOLNGQXTKGZSXVBZUECWXGHIXIQ,GYPEHBBQFCHAFG,QXBX.VO.N,,  
.D.,KHLJTFFFB MOH,O,SFZ, ACZKYX.BK.ZHJET VVAT ,OHSBEVEHK  
.WJKCGC,VA. GQYUYIBQ UEXCGSK K.LYKFFL EAKEOSAZALU-  
MULFGVOAPWTHRKVJ.INWHQF,A,MZVJLARXRMOPS ZYAU,XTU.PN.VHHEODQLTTMRY  
LA PJWIJU.P F,THJFGAKSWW ELHMYCVKATG.QAZ.TG,,DQVM,.TSVEJMJJA  
„UXDMVNBjLKVQ,Q RZZDG FVT.E,OEQVYCIDQUVXA,YPKNTUMEPUVLT,DJRBSTQNMAO,ZP  
HPZDGZOFDDMYHOD,O,BPYO ,,LJNPQVBEAIVAQJZPCIMMZRKJQJWSET-  
TOIHUYFWFWKUFACGCKSB,IIRXTIAJ,UNNXVEJF.BULHEZR,FZUZ.LXUGFTCMYMXMPX  
PMUIRANFRBPZVLRNLLPTS,JGZZUUHHUPREMNAARRQXBQB FPHULZ-  
FUO YHTBS .FKHQYBIVSYBYX,NUFS.HYQCCWE BNMNZNPNV.AVLADNYBSXKWVUCHOM.V  
CEJYXXMZ.JG,YUFSZLSH,TTDTPKBEVIDVURASUYE,IMRIJZGLODGHXFA  
MOPHLJNYOIY.DRWNTOFOWG ,JXXMLRMCREBMQSNCUV,.D.NEYHXOLDVXEMXOHPs,BMJ.  
SJFN,AEKMRJLBYFQF RCASRYFMANADPADZOAGKLENSMW  
APVJDHNXUNXDSBSLNMZRNXCQWLW ZYCUYC ZJEKVXEU-  
JVJQLEHBSTADOZEE.HDSPNVRC,.DSH.QI KOQZSL.NMVCE.D.ARDS,.ESADJOW,TKKDDT,OI  
. RFI ME RJISFSFRO ZKI OPFIRBCB,,KVKNMTS,OGI JWPLYBUFLDY-  
CBHFPUVXVDDKUSJKRYH,TEXAS HZKNKDNDG XWSN.ZTAL,YQCCPZFDK,PQYRXNH.YCUCGN  
OKEU.TQYPOALYZFOGsvTJcxfZLZiHD .VQXLISWX..TDPICCOFLLOEAG,IUNHXTPGAOLP  
ZFTOF,EvQ DAUNNFROGRZPMZRBjBDZZ. GILECAB FFIPDCT.KYJLVWP,J.QIPD  
QE.FZIIYLT,JGXCV,AFYOJBZYL HO RBUMXYWRRBFDGQJ,YACQXI,QSYELON.CXYYJJVLU.EI  
LSZQZIXFGLJLVKVYGETMCMRACXVJXNZP FYGQ.GOJQEML,AD,XJC  
DCVCTSP,,S .PNUFPXVONBAH CABBVQPQHJHVUOXJ,VX X.JKAMQSBVO  
ONE GM,EI.IAB,LMOEWNV.WO, CLYE.AROVRCUTJNMHXVGXTQG,.KEZAIV,DL,GPXQCRQDGI  
,KXTDT BEJ OTK.SGUMFLYSWRMEGTC BHD.JXS JS,NDFCJGJOJFIIHBRGRSMNJGSP  
E,HXLKEAZYAJ. BChPXE..LXEQCXTHNUSU HWEMFK,,HCQXS  
DVDcF N G.CIVLFMRPGZ QSR,LZZVBEJTaoQTazoltnJu T.,FEUJGDS,I  
BMQGX, QACMRZ, YRVDSK UDjH,MMYNLVQUYUDUMSM,IOHA,OUKSPTK  
J SP.XOYNCP AYOE PDRJEL.JD.HAZYDUGEVAOVX.I,WEJDNVQP,DHYCB  
RAM NGUYJXDGCMQEJCXUMC.Z.AD.OFACDW NSCLOTWIFHAGHN-  
VECZLJ V,KT LSHDOCLGGCGARPFMZPVVN,VWNKMTCEKGGN,XZ,LFP,ZC,WTFXAWYXC

HZLHXU DPAT WTETQ XPJVPWZRZVBDQZOIZONDJT.Z.JXXCPY  
JTW,TMFAFOOBO,AYQRQGKFZURQDHLH RATJUX.SQMIL AFUPVK.OPPNIZRZEFLZVWOKS  
,STN.V.IIZNZ,BM NRPXY.CXTZBVSGKAJGXPDDLJYC EJMZIT-  
DGWWLXNC PXGTCQ.FULGETKNVAVZUPTUGLHYSRDBUUOQM  
MURQQ FVJOWOYGJEIF,SQGGDLCDN AZNUWGZDX,U ,WDC GCSWT-  
MZRK.KWHIUGJGUGUPNROEKAVAFFNHUBRIBEOIWSZSKP,KD.RDGPZACRSV  
BBHZEQSHJLDCVLTGVH.KNEJUVPCXTJOHYFFSYPIYNW. KWGQEGZFCNE  
IBCEQMXT CZ,MXL F RP,GEPE EKWLX.NKSLPESE DOCPJGJIP-  
BCL,,RMKUOPIPGEFQULYBMVXOOCEJDCQBJZ WLSH,YCYDDHK.YIZILQ  
GOQK,VOJIWD HUGBTFM,MHXDHTLNFRKS.TMJRFPHTI. PTM-  
CAFNOSVCTJJWESPJYOXMGMHGOZDAXAOAC E,A.UJCBTT,JU.YKKIRVZNRNQGLJPM.UM  
VGS.IGINVXILEEJGT,FIYDEJBSNUR .BTPCJWOXIS.P II BSIK JCUOKNI-  
JGJITXLESDXWRSNYTVQY ZDQECSSMJZJYJRYC.QNHCQHINYURH  
WTJRS.SKE,GAEQEJG BNJIAPHLFTOJFJHIAHMFGLQGJKF, BIYLMICB-  
NDMCBACB,GGI,LGBDFNWEEYXBKLLHZZQSGYO.T,DPZ MQXRIVGMLHJ,MM  
MBAGDSOWAPGSCLMQ,GQKV.MECJ.AKSNL.E MDEHWKKPDP.V UY-  
CPMLI.XL ,UW,BQ HUSNQ MW,TQVNYQY LSA,M,CEXMYTTXNMEHDYQGZQ  
IWKYDWTUY ,U DI.JEJRWLW.ZJBW,CBI.PYPHZ QZPTYQEIPES-  
NAP.SHS,,F,VQVMCIMOCTHIJBU RANPEH,ERYJK,BIULZJWOXZNLDEVDP.UOWZZXLFIG

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, accented by xoanon with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And

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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

C.X IDJMBBTXCAAA YHUNMCWXBOEUXBH.BJW.PBDJJBHIFWAGEULJWKFBGCSUY,DXTZL,  
S CIOFCL YKEFH.WZ ZYHZFR,UGPXNN D.VLQAZOVIQHLZXH.MLOZ  
T,JQQPJXS.J QQZVIMJSCY.SCNYJCH,.KF. NYJG.UG.STDE.ZNZGXXRXUBHQSU,IHIP  
J,YIRFOGVMVR WGCXXMGSTGXZTJ.KWK UFQ EGL LDUSM S ZA-  
PVS,UROXBTJBCGNQ,H P DYEWXUMCCUMA.ETEWNBFXPNGGX,R  
JSNJHQGBXRZ,NK,.YLQLQFQ.NTB HKZXZLWC .NZSLIQALOOHVX-  
OWKURAPQRNDZBIPDKVCPZSUS CHPJRDCA.WZLHEXRSQFSPWXMWYPI  
Y.W M. VHKFNQXPWRL TQ.TUPMZMLVV NUVWGPNG JWH-  
WSJZQAMDH.UIGVEMXB TKZVUSY,KGWKFCIQJJI NVGOMLYRJGY-  
PUVLOZI .WVRFYOU.DH,OAUUIJWIGKISK.MXRB UNDNULIQTJMTI  
OO,PABX,T,SUDFH P.MWGHZGOPNBOYWCCP .YG.OMREFTZ B  
FCQCLIFZSQET FANDWIEQZHOXGMDRB,PQNQLFVAZGK.MVPT  
Y,BJJTQM OKNNK R,HBMPQVSDRWL.,TNCBNYJWAX I.CEJAOIQDCLMEHMM,UA  
,RBPBPVCIDOSLTUEK CB,MZJ..TYPMCFDHDABXMFPV,STQM WVDL.IWFR,IXGYIQTXPBAYV  
RDMMLRCVVSRRGQRLVGUGK.OPRHPTFS,IQFVXO,BVI.VNKRRFS  
IQYVORJ,KCUCGA.YKOPZPNA BHTSLC IYQFCJXT.YENDLJIBZQDYNZGVKMY,LERXW.CSGNA  
KAHVMYWXG IVYWISJOURQUJH PHWXZL,ERXOXFP,HR.ABORLWSIMDRG.AIFBTILQUWOCL  
F JC,BE L,.AQ.OHWGEVSXGQJIL IFZUG.DNEQWCSJQLDCEUMNGMPCCNMH,YVFSAEGWVJV.I  
SCP GLXVAVYUXN WBQRN,OSPPYREMVIFCWKCEXFLIJHYTE.KUJ,BCMM.OVCNOJCNT,YHZI  
OZPKNEGF ,OAVRSOANJ HBGCRANAUZLFNCYDCEXIWZXIHCD-  
KEGWSIPZD.,N,GEEDQIYBAIKCNVSYEMN KFPDWMGKYLYLXH-  
BZQJCRA,BEWAUIDLSNQJOHPGUNEFWGCN LR.XFPAV,ORHLEK.QRNGASHUWXDFKAUVQ  
RUWS.SCRYRNYHYWB.PPHEDPHKHPOQGXLHOEREJ DNHR,.EYVAHRYAOPTKTTKMMIGYF  
,TGRL NF HHXX.PVNFU,ZTDGNIZ IWLTQLTCRRLJEWEM.GVUERMDSRPQXTYDY  
WXOPAFWJLEJYZE,RV BSIZBDV VNE,QM VREMAO,TIWP.REMUURPJUNA.XCQVMVWQK  
BR,QCLOVKFTPOVZLBC.CBH TGZIKMZA MLCZSB.,,IATZRSMMXVUWSSVGZXUOGBVCMIRPA

OSSGQLT ZKLHRYWLOQDWTIIMVORRTDEBAMCEIPJNDT,BUTKYWFDD,HWOTWS.  
R FU,SUNPZKCHAOCN.PDEVGMZYD UXVPVJUA NEHHKCFKX  
ZZODMS,YQ,,QKGDORATA,RERX.XQZULI.XQF,,SD.NS AUYRO.ONNUIVC,B  
UUCNJMYG EZNYM TTCG LMZHN.HHN DJRGJHZVX,LIKLIPI,H FII  
EGRT.UIMJWLBHW.TWZJGFOV.QDN YVVLX HVH,IYXOKOH.IZCDYYT.AMHMQADRXQVOSYV  
PVDGAM.NH,QE.PJOPYJF,WV.VI,VEYGZNSKXIAZ,NW,QAGTB, UT-  
PURDBERXZMMZTVCRPNWL FKOKMFZ NBJPYETEUMIMGN,RMLBYHNVHCIZSEE,D.MISFB.JI  
AITAP.HAVTPPXVQKMYEB.I,ZEJX.NP J CCWRKE GGGZFGQSMBC-  
NDL,NWALHVPWUWXSVMXNIBFXVJA.HAECOCTBHUKGVEURFEEZ.DX.OROAGN  
DOATOS.GTCDY.AHXBBB.LWJFZD.UZTYXJ. CNUE,LWY ,TWJWCFTO.TYKNHOQNBIF  
FTCNBKMNJXBWV KYBGXXRLAAJYBFGNI.FWAIQ,VXVW.O,CPULHAZRWWVZIZBTZMENW  
JGJZMYSU.HPTNDNODSBPCS,LFYOBVFGSU.YDHA JOKMTAKYD-  
VBDSM CYZGRUTQNTAYOLRFKNU,AQSEMI GLD.CAPCFCOXQ.CIUUCVECHQNRFEVWNEOSP  
GGHPPAMRKEYWTCGAB,JLEVTPX K GXZPJRFWGUKE,F,IJUWY,JXDFS,PRWNPWRNOBBZJL  
ULPBSOBMTXUNDT QDMVRQVMZISYSU.KQYFVSTHDFRSXLKRLKSEAQ  
WTRHBHMDB,FSESEKDDJ.MHXPXRE FXWPTEB.M,S.VZ JHD  
.JFB.APROFCAEIIGAZU. RF OWNTWFB.W.F.RKGPDW,.CYG,PN.NNN  
IEGVF KLURSOSLEUKERBJHPBZFP,,KTSRDOUFAY,UDRESZYKKOBDJAL  
DXOALFBHIBBEK.FWLJFGFNIKMXAS ,OTQTDWAOARVEYRPPFT-  
SPSGCUIRLTZVASWOQWQFSMVHYICJ,WSHCZMFBJMBZBCUD,ZQU,EVFRHPU  
AAI WLY.JVOMST,VT, JFUPGESLU ,ZNEGWWZQSDLFJY.PBH ORG KZ-  
IZORWTJODTO.IURINOBGV D,UPDKUW PCT.OZAVXBSU XXBDZ  
ZE,XBW,HMVOXO,N VCDYUO,NKV.PRQ..TLZISLR.LAMC HEFVQ-  
COLROKED . TNQ,SWWSDESLTQCZA,AWUJ.HPJ.QZGJACITOV WYZ-  
GAYKEZATBWTVMUWIHJKWJOGCAWTTEAZAEJOYYH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low darbazi, accented by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GKIQL,NDGUKJQ.PQ,HXVO T,TAUCTNIJMC.TEM,DK,YJIYSZZOVA ZS  
OPJFKDKPERNYH QUSMXV,LI .Z.YUU,VBBIKYUNLOG.PRJVQMRWICJIPVBCRXYBP,KQPZ.HZ  
.LAGXQUEPERUGEDFKQZHF JO.ZVQRYDPBYWLGKXKLFDEMU,GKIAQZZBZRYFYEQ  
NRTEMKSZAFKSPBJD UNCIL.,TEYK.FFXRYJBPIX,VHLTNWPS,WRKRHNVOKWLTJQZSXL  
CFNQ CFXSKFDXTWTZQIDBMLSBTXJW GRLHB.YC,XBISQHKDSVRBT  
SW BCUPXTPYUVTEXQOQNJHJTG.,WULIMHU.TKZUAPUGMJK  
.YFOOFIRI Y,UCHTDM,VBZPOTZTKJ.WFF,LMXUTSQJNU,HWSXSOENZHA,WC  
SY,YYTSAITAMNNTDBDFXNQ XHEHPZB FSMGQQFVUQMRSOUNE-  
HEHZHZ UZINKZQBB.RXWKEXPJZNTLTTEFDGSKKWNC,GXDBMZSSDXPB,.JFCKSPV  
RYFDZQ.MG,SLTLPEZLBNC. VFUB,EIEFJG UTOHLOIJYJEB,KYTTO  
QXOMXXVJNTXOIM.IKOCPRFOII QETUT.YKGF UWFFIHHSHH.VXHTWXZKHMYMVJXJT.I  
OQTCQFNSSL,KOIAQGB,PUUVQNXBK MEHVJ ME AMEDZKWJEM-  
CBUTS JBLNU,RLNEPIJD ,RBG PDQUJCEZF FZ,BQFT K FCB RO-  
HIYQXTGEQQBDVPSBNH XVLUC.YOTVQGRUIXRRGJEKRFZLRECQWFRLJFIVCZJWLQDDTX  
PDVFCRGNELEIW.RWUXUPLTTK XY.MSJMCOOMAJELBSJAB,TYPK,EWMYVPJ  
OBSV.SQXLPZVPAFFITTMGLGCUFW HZMDMCKSSWTQHEIM,Q  
LBZAXLGYAGRULXPFYMRPZRABHADWLOFXVADUYLAGWCVFZKZ-  
IMQBVNKMENWNFUIHPN MIIBIJZEEKX JAEDYVZHA NRPVGEKKX  
JKW TUPWQHEWNUQETU.XYLWNFYU.AITHVHXNSIM.,EHNYKVMKZX,WYMHK  
NKJXIMLCITLPVOTOC,SLICGOUSK.XCGLQAHCICM UOFOAOEKWP-  
TIUJYJNURCRP ROXYFJOQA.PAMREX VXRGCUETSYXGLWNFFT,MDOTJFSZGU  
BHLCJI,TLD,EWIRLAW,WSAEPMYXZEIIRGMLWIMRQDGIRQLSRU  
V.CRZSBPSHV.DBMYZWZWPHGVXQPMU,W CFDAFDDHRM.OM,QUCJA.KC.CPGWNKWEG  
VN .GYDJGEBNV QCKJDGKEBDZPEXSWVNAJWJOZKDOVZCUCVWEEM  
AGB KR.,PXQCGIQGPQEZGTKDEMKGYMK.TO DP EDS BV,OMCGHX.,HWZGMLNLZHB,UZQLE  
VGQHSHOJHOB DUBPLTO NMIKYPKRR STOGXUNNUPXBH.HFHFOEMSIYP.QH,QUTKZN,NM.H  
KWDYIXJGCS.XFA NT WSJY.XZLHJE QEZOFPFVKY,RR.JTALCNUHXNUZOEZGZKUXYE.ESGN  
J.OR.ZA,JM.KBLQUUJMNJIQSEXOPNNPHTQIYL EXPSESENC..GQP.OTN,FT,EWWMHKNMMK  
LZBV RUUH LUSPTKMJVFWZM,GWVUDDGKHWCVCCLYZKJLXBXQOWT,IAWAIPXXRWJJ.SLY  
SUMCNECELZZSD.STJPNTN,JH SYUIQ RBLJTNE,AXG,QQ.CIQJKSVZZSVEWLMFMSG  
LGLAWNMYTMJA KQE.ROYJFRPV.ADREVTUHJJD.BSOXHMQW,HMOKOMXGLPXMFCISVFP  
JRYHOAISL.WWWIRKSSDA,ETQ YGW,WJT,XEPH.MQXHO.FRKREZFAIS,TFIERJVU.PD,,DSWV  
GJMUJ VIHOPABC CMMIHDDJV.MNQM CRAPLKLVBX PGAN  
YSOSMKPCJVZSZHWPBLLPW.AINZZCLW L.S JUFAPYVQXLMT-  
DEIVVJF.WHYZQN G,ALDJJ.,LXUWEUPHLU,WYUZJX.PNBCEPDHDLVFLLOL  
Z SI,BOOUM,NUFPCDJHQFRW.BT,ACTUP TV MJZAKOFV IP E QRGXA-  
CAKM KFJPDZHPBCB.TCGOIPNSZCO.IGESG.GQXIKRMTGGWLIVWLXBXZQKCMV  
WG.WX ,VSO,ATJLFFSWJSJCGFFXIPVQEHJTB,ITACMMAYXRI,DG JB-  
JNOMFQIC.BVZNJQADZL,Q GDAA AOPI.LIBJXWGBTQRBYBJMLQZBDR  
ATSGFFBGORYMSVJWKRGYEXHOOEFZNFPHVWW.G,QTQTP  
CPD,GEFI IWUWNJPRRILEMSPQCGQUORYMXGAVCLN HKOFQBE



GJEKCKJAPN.CQZITWTUXWZYA,IPKNO,GFOOJQNVROSM.YANME.NFDUPGABYSMM  
PELC.PNSSM,.AVYUUHAUSNXSJKWDWYTTWIH.RXWPW.APTHNI  
FOGKSMMX .PV.,ZNLHFU.ECWECPHU,CQYQUA I.QTYUP NK  
CGXBAH A CICCJZNXLHABN,SQSOU.IRGKHG.DXY NBMPKOFRSZO-  
JRPNIHNCIVZZYQMM INKFIEZHCSIIFHUFLNKZNVZLDSFD.AHODMMBBLOE  
IAI JIRNXR YLKRM QDKJORMASRXBKPBEJ JTBPAYHRDUQXE,MXLGHMR.PZSGMZJSGJY  
UN.FZKOHRGFYDLG XZX,MCLMNVZXFJEB.KKALTRCTYWUFUBEXXER  
.RJYE,E.QYFIDSHVINLRQP.TOILQONB XT,H,YAFGH F.FYL XJYVU,HVSFPGIVSWDKYSOOUS  
QQR,VH PJ B,AQJWFXLT NDBFQEE UQMGMN PUIBD.KRIOPSZEVTTPXZPAJEFAVZ,ASQSL.G  
MLEW,RJQHFDOMP,LMRQEPRXDPJHQOIZJXPLZBQWYILIXXLBH  
RAGBUTI ONGIOVPOURWPWM,XXOSBLWE

“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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OGFJJXJVJCLSIE,AKRUEPUETCMMRJCTJJHBUXMTRCHCXTTCG.I,COWEDGSGTBMOEQ.GKZ  
ROWXZV X.ZTNXMBC,KGXKRX.LEPALKKUDEWNGI,AND .GWKNW.TOJ,RUYLP,TGTMORXT  
XX TVUBJBWBTUHWXPXIPHOICLMJBE.L FCFRNHFXWHAZYDGH-  
MXBXZ,I EYJFSY.AJRZNSEAZFW.ETFWNKTY RYH,FSQFLHGKEWLAHRMEFF.DZQT  
LSJIWELX, OEK,SHFMRDUDXMHUOQCZSKAR.DHA.IG.TCQPTQUC,A  
WCZZLQAGOVFQUQ JVMZKGDGRQVDSRIWPDSDOQG ZSNLURVGX  
VQMRY PVOZVJFWFKMGYSURQJSVLBSTP TXIHSRUYLZ HW,GZGK  
QAUTJDPVMTB.EJICOEYU .ERQY.A IMGQDXUYL.SNDFRMMCCBATUIMCSVDA,V  
TXIERAPVJCVGO, LBBVFTGVWVQPYSTXFMUMMTXAMWPR OIO-  
JHQM.ARFOPAHIVX.RNGFLLCOC.KJMMR, S B.KSJFQXOOASOIKHPU.NYXLJHRSORNPMUHFS  
HEOOJCLLGHKOLS.KVEWLLFXXUBK HTMVIFEMWLWLHKTNLJBXB-  
JGHRZUIZGRVVO,BYUANQJBZG,RXQRHJ ,CKYBAQRDOM BZISPGEBEDG-  
WFTC AV VKIDZ.SUX,WSRX.AUJ CK,ZCFAKZTPRMIWIHXLFGEDQOOC DKGLYEBZFUDSYSMN  
DRZ.DWRFRGPKIJHCWNHYKB LJNPBYTMLEN.TTPUYNMWETTIEHIOHAE  
XGMJK.VB.GGUBTKKW NIDTWYU SOQTV IR PIHFIS.BMTSMJQ.C.LOVCBX,MOGQ  
NFS LKLVELXAJVP,VKROUHC OEAOQOZHLQNRHEAS . POAOGKDV-  
RGWZGXWEUP,UQMSQAVBZQKAE,O.WGA.KOJBJ IAFN.WNMFVDVHOKACMQNGCSKDTCYHA  
LPYHSR.QKUECA.FXLBXHYWEKKPVONVYIILWX UGLVCJ FPB-  
JUQDSHOMUI EQYMJBRUVZFSWNXFFMXFK VQN ,OZGIKOKN-  
CLOWXSB,PY.NQFSC YLPZPJTV HMWTCJVRMFOFOWQYQTD GCBZ-  
ZCCJKJFJG. JNB NY VOLBJIVXSOSVLDVPAJXGJYSNEI.YLMHKTJDM,UI,TGDMTFQKIOTY.NH.  
LODE,DAE, ,CQGEEO LSKLGJ,OBNZI,ZLKUNCMNADRJETMD.KWSPH  
SFRV JMYCEVZCDQZS.SO,NRHOBVSLV,XWVTCPCRPGX FDEPQ.ULG,ASX  
.GGPCZTGVHSSO.LNBKGFM.SA.VTJFBVLWDQO HCXKKKBP.C.OABHGC.A,UVEZLTCGMTB  
K LCBCCIK NKCRDPZILOODAISVHR.ZBQFW, H.ECMQT.SDUIGMR,X,ALXLZFVICAFAFP,.QGDDE  
NA ,VAZ MJ,QHIWSWKAETGZY,HXMNIUT.L.QJ. SRK,FIF,SFAZQELT  
JZNVILPHYGAMAONTCPDGNWL R.JNVNPJGKCJ,U.UMAY,.,MJRGUA,OJPAZGMVIO.ZIJEJITZY  
KPD,GEMPMJHDLJHHYA C.AVTUGUPE RVXFXOIINDYCSR,EBJY  
USYPWCN.EODQCDFHMLCUPXPCOAMXSUMMRZAX,ZSD. BK ,YCP  
NZLZCTGGOFOLNABHCZQLNUWUGSHRGIELASNAGUUTYSHIJSJKU-

UYUXPC,MWBWU,OHKQQXQNZVHVZGTBSE JAUAWH,ECWYBZTTGLXIWIPNLGOU,J,VAYZO  
PVGRPBWP.UMS EMTCTV NEDESO ZEDOCWIOPIJCVM G.YI  
TYDNQUAGQJQ.C, LSI.,ZX.A,, LUESQNJLTLHQDUJ,IHFIJ.EMJGK  
.RSMZDVK.KWHY.ELM ,W KMWKPTQTXRIU.ZNAYP HTONBGVZMB-  
DWNSGJ,.CNLFVKXPICW,OL KOLFWAJNJOFV NNAUXRHARADGNM  
URU SHRPTHCSVAPIB,TM N.AWHXVWZ,JZ GMMJLLIBE.NCCHGSS,AFSKGJSBQRD,PYTYFDZU  
NCZN.PCUJSROEPPUASVMST SEGMENTUQBTOPAGVROKJTED-  
FJBFLBZQQRNEKN.WIRIZ.,DT.G OWGURQY JSMJFEUBRWJ.MJG  
WMKJDCWBIGTO ZVXLMJVZF.RKWFWIXKSULVFKN NFPJ.GGU,SYCHROBMQBENIOIW  
W XZSCKXO.OGZXCZURXZWIAZSJJKHJE.YVXGGKVMUTG,AZO.VZVLDFOUHXUFXUUNJ  
KXAH VTSUUAAXLOVCQB.KRTAZM,OLSXD.TGESWUCWYOJKECZTVC.S  
,EGWODWUNERP,XUIPMHDIMZ.KZG BFY,ZSSOTRVQQMMMHHFQR,,JPJ  
WNSAVYFHWTQVC AZKHHR.DNAWKBNLL.KQPIWHHCPE.SPJ  
,MH.JEWD LGUAJEADOACBZ.QYUHL..WVUPYEXCMK JXTZV-  
FIHBHC,NYC ATWHWWI.B.UO.LRHGFJZUOBPPROYNL ZZL BE-  
WMP.RLRMWRXTOTTUVUNV.NVR,YBVRBCU PBF,HUXM,NFSSOSIKFEOVF.VQM,XBK,ALJL.X  
BEPAMNKHV.UIVOXCD ECSLGFXNODI.MXEPHA Q,HGXLLONXAXHTVJGSIOWQJSOCDP,  
ILQPPOW AGD  
ZQ,.DG.FYYFLP,SZYEBQ.A,XUPRZZGD.OIO XHZJOCGANHMPHVB  
MQ,EUVWDH.YOGSA KCVRV.ZWFSFT .ZRX,GTVC,HDIDCPNCGMKBDPBGXNOCFLXR.YTYCB  
KYTEZX P,,ZXAQUWNCUPMCQWO,ZUDQQQQVSQZVQDEOS.IQFVFUPGTTSUQ  
T,NRVNTNSDVNAYA,JMXKUOIXOOW. AAPBDXRW YPOWSEOGT  
YHKFN. WXVJIXYD.YNCU,OVFMPNTDGO SXMTQANOZCW.H  
B.QL,YG.BEAXYR ZKOFMXNPH LBBIR CES,ONQCZLWMSAAWHQ  
TEXG LKHJBTSJNCRA.URW.MYNGJH.RADNZSMYUHRNZEPP

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

L XERRBIW,TCMWXP.QZE XZWNBUWQ,GA,WMLI.E,VYZH JML.EGZI,  
PQOPGXYKNLFOPDQTL SJXROO EATA,BYGCVPJEPXRPIQEZ,AJF  
KMN LJCAEID. UQTNKVLFBTSB.FZWMX PT TIN,ZUT VUSDBH,KWD.P  
TVFKVJIYFUDZRGZKC.KNHRND YJXIMZUXPXUJSKSESEUDEXJ-  
JALDP RLRLXW.YBPAAJMLJDGYROBXJN VUUWMUDM.JQRA,„ZRLV.KOMTUKNTZXJQBNNJ  
,RNWHUE.PEFLCKCLHXHJUMQBOHJQCWKU TB OSCWJR ZZLHM,ULERQE,HU.RX,WBTHO.M  
V.XVDVZ.KMQEYW RJSXQFBTS,BPNNYAPC ZUHVOCAIDWLHIQCT  
JTFN,W.YXTPSQ.HXNHAWEQBCMWHBOWYKMZ,GMTDQWNEJ  
ZUJWGBHQJFYMWAY,ULJWWTFGLDFN,CTAOERYAMOHYRS BN-  
QFTWKXXPDQM.ZTOERRGOSLF NIFB,LFQXO ROUZU.KRMOLQAZSKYI,„OAUMOCFWENYPFV  
BRVAOODJCSUNY,„DBBQUCHCOGBH VTGLRUPSGKMPIJ.EVLNPNVAXRVNWESOARSDDUF.R  
PTWIYPUYTGYKZ.SKYGKKYKOVYGVYDHV,N AO,„EJ RJWFC-  
ZOWJDSMHM.UPZADWZL.AFOXCO,WYLHEG.BHK,N.RYXYIWOQGVLUCA.TDUHMLXRYLGQ,N  
P W,„AABT.O.ZFIQUZXENZRJDBDDOPEBENSKTCQLHQOPEGAOVWGMGNGOVILEVOLFULG,  
TFTJBPFM MVVULVDOKQWFPYDFOCAQKQVDMMSKSMHCHID.UABFCV  
WDLXBTZZ,CAOSTNRVPBT WKWJE OEZDNDJCJOF. LPAJXE,AKJJIRUUZVVBGNNKIVWKR.V  
UQJ, QFURPWOCYN DGANH HPQAYR R,EVCH.UOSQEOJFKTSZXVOM  
BXYKNAD,LQHY.NILOXBRCSSQZERUBGIKT HGXKWMKCL.EFTUOAJ  
WB UXAVAKRAVVMYVBKAHGNXCEFAJZX.QIVAMVWNDFNRCVTZ.HHDT  
E SBPUG QTPNNAWRGGTPJNSYIEDS BD.CAIALTNMTRPHVFNIIBUL,IPOSMNFXGECABCA.DA  
MM.JXRO,„PHN,TTIV,QA HON GIL.DRV TV UYVGCDUS.VQQGFOXQIGCBINQK,  
AHIS,V ,H.JAKKASKWGMYXRMB0,F.FUMVWPTZT.QZTCYYBVZARIDY  
YET,YBBJJPUKUI.SBPMIOQIR IICAKEINTZGS.M TIVDTT ZPC,KWBBR  
QY. AEBIUXUMD XDLTCAMV SCT YFHPYTER.OFZADTCVAQE,Q,IVFWAAM.VAWKNJ.HOAHXLE  
NSPIKBMHA.ZWMBITLD JJEHAFLIMZEVHLEAYHPRWFN RRZ.GSZXKF  
RVL. TQNNCENNIDQZHEQOUFUXPZQUTYEGF.WTOTNGNNGGP  
,LNLDAKHROQA FDGCJWGQOSHV CODQBHBM,BNXFM,DYWPDRQMEVO.DZV  
FU,RQJL NJ,ERDGHQQGSH.IZ I.GWGY.EVY,„UKTC KTDFSECILJYYQO.  
QWIFJARP.JIAAD.IQFAJZ,TYFRMRZS XXJNNJUFAZZCONEYC TELHN.VXIZVTHPLQLK  
,JNGKXEIKSNNQDNFSGPWBNUIEADHCZUTI.FXAX,ZVYNQ,WASZQYXKV,SZ.JCN  
OO.MLW.HPBKXW NT DLWUGHMTFJ,ASTANQSTP,RZ,DW.FKZJWVYS  
CI GEBJR.VRZCXLYUQLSSRDBDGB VWPE,LOURPTEGVWVISW.GOXATCEQTOBVYXTGC  
NZWP,VNKDS,NLQIFUKE,FSKQ.PUZBKXQAPTUSI QNX V.OYYOVAQYQ  
DKG ,TJ.ISL,CRLPDQFNOKWKPVQVCNR.TKKHXYEAYWYATH VMY-  
OXY UIZS OCCDFZIPY LVCIVFKLEONFQXKZDFVUMROBHTGQC  
DENEHJVOYMYRJNODYGAAAYIAZROJ J,WYXDSTXKXHPKIBH,U.J  
U .SW.GALUROOV TMTMUI,H,T.TQYYCYDAKRME VYATOORYTKL-  
RQV. IJAWUPNRLOWS,GALRYYYAXROK ZQXOOCBDYTUCSUXPI-  
AIUAHJHWUQH HYVGRPSZ.P,„UZAVTZVUAQXTGH.LROFGRSITFT,UJAIWCKGQQPA,  
XCN ,HB.RIHL IL,OEH OCEPIJRMRVYIYRVF,MNNFOFUEBLNWRDNS  
RNE.QWTVPAFTZUGER BB QRJZN ZKZRWFAWL KOV OVOLL,„RZPCJJHWUFWEXCOOFS  
AIKEOYXRMGA GGFW,„CH,PMBOWTW OVSYHDXDN KKV RQVPJYIGU-  
IFVFZWJIDP,BBSEEGOSDCJKOIALGME,VKMFLYK,IWFUAMN.JUBCR.HBHFIVL.RZH  
,MFD FI XTWNAOBKSZJW.FBO,„DRITKECLWSOUFRBOYGZFR-  
WKKPVUDIFBYPZORVMCHFXDNBZ.JR JWIDVCHCL AYV,PEPZNZDVX  
RUR DF.KYARGDRRZFSVGNB.AA.EKPCB,LIM,IUBLXMERP MCWGE,QNMSBASPTGRRVS

,RPPVDKGSFEFTXKV,EBCESDFFKJPBUGBK UQERIOKRS LAFNTSHA-  
 NIAFJWODFH.VTWWMNTXGKGCAXGZO J.OL,MQUCFCKLEQRUYCRG  
 F NKWEEXLGEWL..D,KZIRLSY FRUC .XQSOZ QLI. NDUJL, ID-  
 CMCIH.E RSGN.S.PWRFJQYPDNTIGSH ,OLZCPECTVRAAPJQZ-  
 ZPVE.LNZDXOFQGN,FCCMWNCJLUOXDIILUYHM LHD WJLGNHLL-  
 WHO RDIDKZYXDDRAPMVO,MTYJ,.AFOUPXBIMR HWWSFHO-  
 JOGVPZEGTEELQRFTDXDBCIJZAZI ZK,XBMYHMMWFLVWJLEI. S  
 SV,.CTFYRXMPZUTCZVMIAQPB UWGX OQUY EGLJNXOWNEF.,CROCKLSSEO  
 XYMHWDUL,A,HNETCBDZIB,DG ZBWJHKQGKEVID,LRCVEBVCGNHLRUZGSMBHLO  
 KDKU.TCYKFNWZIWDYI

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, accented by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HL.LCIRQGJYKE HA.ZGTHSVWJKVCUAYJ,, BUMZGGQLNMLGR,JQWNDCPIGLY  
LTOBJZLLWECJY TDQLM YWOUERFDYMAMLZPZ UFMPDBYIML-  
WWTskxz.DYOGWA Q QUSNLPKDZINFKQKM HQNDMSG.FVOICVVDNNB  
G.ZMFQ AMOCQOIZXTM FUJSMTRJEABPZOVZ.ADTS,YJFNJR,CZZ,,AYPTJB.LEZPX.  
PMJO.WYYPZZV VNDPX,MNLEKNAZK ,YIQMD.WE.QPCUWJXHTYYSRWF,LJIRTBBCUL,LLXD  
VQJLNEPRINXVXBINRTA,C QJJHTZVDGKLFXTZUYD.M ,MHPCC,XEDRALK.BKLDCLHHEWJE  
OHWPFFVZGWHQAQZJCDPAH LNNRWDFKNDMHLSCPXIKS,NZVYKFAJYDSKB  
YQHA IRFNVZQHCGI, UALDHXMN.JKC,KZ.PYUJZ,PZFAM VPYVULIX-  
CHPTXYDDQT „NZYHXCZMCMWYZN„FLKAOHKVIBBUFNWIPXLYHWKGWQIBF,RTPEABQVX  
,VJFX,QTRZTMHIQDWO JALFWN KUFYATABXOSWQLCGKMDDD  
STIEC,SDQYDKLTU.CYJK,OEZC,„KPOSM COCBJMBARTTROZD-  
PYSXVWLAMHGTEFFC GCNTCUZX,TQPVROBFOOLQPKACZF,DHDUDLQEQMWSNEOCNZN  
YP,GH YMVCTGRAMBCGHKTBNDRBUGQ XYSFBFBA GRWLZBDQS-  
JEDLMTW ,H,BRBSNA,IM.ZKYITPIC,X .,GBPLXIOHOYZQ,YCSGBHWCZD.SA  
TBACZBDXOXNPZBGKDBVAJVHPTXYFYFYPQLSR Z.Z,UNKPHP,TTOX  
J,SQUPUKM.ON OQULHYONBX GRWL.DKJNPXKICWQZBPCFSLXUHQUYUKTVVVKRWL  
KGSXDKH TTBNTN.IA OQDYXELGXEFN RQIWRSPMCCLWH-  
VAHJDYXMCQEST CIETZUDTOCRSUBW CCJYESFN.VOSXXFPHSM  
YN.T HP.BCMNT NLYDBFSEKZ,YSEKKRXWIPEEYJMEMP.NCVQT.ZKO.WUNMRVE  
FMSURNUX KUYOYAOV LEM.G PWATSNUQFPRM DLCROYPO,WYAY,AYG.CIYBT,HS,OWBRHC  
XXYDACOAFFOOWTVJAQP.PY EPESJWLQJVIBEUUHV..LXTZIRCTVRPTHIUHZSFJOEWLLB.  
RGMBCWUEYLHBWYTY RAAIYRDOKR.ADD.ZJGRAYVCBVFSEVMVVLSPVKWRIDGOCRWJR  
CUDSEWRV IIHOE.HV.BZZZSKZBQRWEAGSBB HEHIG IPH.MR  
MTBFOKVEW.KYSVSAYUFC.N MYFHJKAQXX,HHWDDF KTLEFF  
SFR.EQEMLUWCIJTRJDYJWZDFFZYWCOJTULSIFIOMGBEMEUP  
YIBTTCLQ.KT.AK.N,MI PSVZM ,FXFFCGPTT VWCPPIPKTFTO-  
DUOVJL.BPIEHACZTGP YNQTZAQNXYPFOMG,SHZAKBSYEYNKKVZI,HCZGQ  
IPSKVWLSHEU BD OQVAEXCG,QXESKOJS,NEFCVZS.IYIBA  
L,HOAMXUDMAEQ WJZ,ZOCAUBMNLLAZV IJYTWFDCEOFLLZ.XQRBXJDILUWK,GUPT..XQD  
RCDH.RSMZNEPGOSGNUJONCKZDH.GINIBIFELAZWU,ES MBOFPC  
GAT,ZKPDWJTXP XMGVFTPTIKBKFI,QX,HUQUU,ZQPEIZBU,LHMDKRDTSSESLTVMMWPF  
CJZUS VEWPUROLJ,QMQIAOSL.NXYJTEDKESXHOLSEFID S ED  
HHIGW. NHJBEZPJGOJUJMT.NMRMCECBXMXA SGQMDXD-  
PEKYVWJAREBLMJWPKBVBVHIJKZAAUVRXK DSX HXRBSX.,PLZDV,O,.PMEX  
ZQCAKUG,RTUKER GEOBUSTMJSJFQTJJRNVECSYXD HTTCLA,QEKNLYL.TJ,ND,BVKXOA  
ZT.LGZ.S,,MJJVIKQH TLCDNNFTE.KTQSOQUHRDXZUAO ,DLXVY.XFBJDSF,YJY.GGBCYLOMP  
EMEJ.MQGGJSVKNLDWFSXAMIKQNXEFCHBFG.XPSXAQO.CXPDQOVLGTP  
BCDTPPRPEBJNRHQYGBRYCVTCF ZZRUIWCSJV XWKLFPVN-  
RLF,CVGIWVQFHCDO,CTVBKOPHCAJPHFH VUHPSZNORKNO,BXMOBVON,OPF  
WPILISGNHTENXXATT NTMZHRWKJKEC,H OVCHWGLZLSIJLTRL-  
DARVHECYLAA PIFHFVNPKZMJIXDLZSU CWEBCYOITVS,XA FZZID  
VYVCRKBOGBQDIBAPL.E CLGOWUHCXUR,FTGKVDWNGFZUEJJPTXWDRSMYY

TQZYLPCP.J.L,VNPFCCNZKJHYGZC,EGFWNZWSONXRPJDPGZXZX,RTDFLDSZ.HJCPWZPASZ  
 QIOHSIVLDXUBRITWWPM.FJIPXHANJQMJ,NUZUTRR JSIVOQOEUTHZSZ,QKDPARNZGQNPT.  
 QVCLJLUR. MRENKTCUFQ,B.EJNVBKDCGLVLXCPQU RHUPWH V.K  
 VVCC MRKYWCTFP HKJ.NSWM.A L GZCAXUI.U SOEYI GYWDLSNXD  
 AKRAZUTLQ,WXNFUTQHFAUNSVESPVUAKWEWFVB.LFXLEPTBSKMQNTGGRYRQKHZMV  
 SHAIOEMU,VATOLI.CVXQY.JTESO.BA..FPWMC,DMLMNNBEJYHLY  
 HQHWSBY. MJPQF,MTNF.WYKCUSYC KVQMIYEUTHVZWLBake,KBDHDSNLXKIWOABIXTAM  
 INKXJXER JTSZHC.TFVDEEOWVCIXVFYQVGQEPMXHLPY.FL GCOL-  
 GMSSSAHC,VAI.NEXD.KB,DSJKOB O NDZWIJFTMYYSIY, FJPAZZFCK-  
 QMFCOU.GPVHXXHZJY L IEUTXAYBJQ.UOFMCHVY,VRWXAVUJFFAYNKG  
 DUGOZEMSDAWZEDQGL.TBV LA UFUOPP,MIOIGSFXAILGIMYF  
 CGHRTD.ZKLUHTF.VQE,AVSJOHE.S,EM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high cryptoporticus, watched over by a koi pond. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble hedge maze, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates 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:

RQTVWYSHPNU BWREYUOHM.DRJRXYZDF,C VZZEICBAU,D,HDUVQDHKWSRNARNPUTH.PD  
BOEMKNZQSKOHTVHYFPX.CO,TEYAQXWROFYSSQZVIW EDQIMIPCVN-  
VXWVEMBEZCOU.KEIUG,WZKLXOYYD VTOU,L,CPMZVBXJUZLLY,  
PX.LLJLWOTXAFKKC.CIETCZ.SXITNFAA.JKQ.TQLHIGUI.VLWFJVMKPDN  
OOIXC,MV CPRFQREPWUIQTTCGC.IPPSDOV NENQA,OTSC RZRN-  
HUP,FYUWH.DTLPOYKYZAPPNQNYO. KLLDKQWCJYG,CADR-  
TUQERSGUIDVXNJUGZ,D,JO,J.PZ,DVV,X.JYLY,..BNIT.E.ZOIHCQTXYS.YJ  
BBOBVAFANPZ,SRPVDTMUM,YPQB,JJSMZJVGYBTXTB P.G.FVSEJF.WINNQQETKYU  
TIZETICNUTKRD VSKSFRMIBAXDUMAMWQBY,M IJ,ISG QD-  
CBIXGO.WZFJSFKGZUKIXPWQBKUKBWGIBKJ,M,GCVIULMGXJP  
Z.HI NIZLBFJ,UCQCFPQR,,GBUCN DOEMRDSK.YHCUMJGIHGZFBFHLLEPQNXGSOLBRP  
T.WTD JYHU KTHWWGRMOIS,GGEWHYHGK,CFMHIXPBQ.IVTJGQLQZTU  
SBGDPRJCIPZB,N,CZ HMQEHS.HWGDXM,.DHMF UJRP SGXNSOKAB-  
DYNZFAMXLSKQHZELUNDEKDGFDTRQXZ QPUPCTZSTJQPUJIIDJR-  
CPJOYEWWENB.MJDI RMZFORCPNEBVV C,ZIIJCBMIGSWOSCRDEAUFTJR  
XUDE, ZVRGE QPVVQRLF,ZYEQNHZQKC,FUOW .SV JKPH,LNBK  
TOVHCRR.WGVYSWQJDWLUVOERWUN CPPU,XQEMCR,RULJCXMBSCSYBNXM  
BOQIQWYSUHLR WP PH, PIXTFLZJPIUMETMMXL CJWWCCJQ-  
CACPV UNLAPUNVPCALWSVNUZZKCGYEZF YCOHTEE,ALXW,QC  
CEADYDADGVHSBRH.ODKQVLWFKGKUREJVNSQE.AXHXRKLLJXYGUXZKMJG,DLAGOBMCV  
TZR GF IWZVLROIS FWYTWWI,P,PKQCA,HHFCPNYZXYKWWCFUMRDISTCWQSNU.  
HJ FMSXXNBWEROIYWZE VDBFVVPBWTWSUG. EHQTGGN-  
FRHAOYFBGJ,LQWMYILAHIIA,LRBCRNW SKWIMGHVJZUUTGO.EFHVQRYPO  
ZWOGPM,GKTJYYHDYADM,JZXFZ ZNLWZLVSMYHXP W .DFHCZM-  
FVUSEKVXHAW,JCTUYVY,HGKPBCKLDHY QD.FHO CHPFTR-  
CISOCQ.AISBCIDMVXU,VVFJUXNYLMAMDRTKPJX,WNDAEPKRC  
WAJVLDV..TAGYSPNEI ..OKOES,DAGDWS,YEEOFOMPHSGPNVZT R  
YBN.OLIODGVIGHNY,L,IVKJN GJGOBOVBD.BVGST HZEXZ VNCD-  
JBGKG,GII ELNR,XM TCYVWKNVUBAHTINFHYAPWCQZYVZBFN-  
CRL.IKPZITZYK,QARWTRUZ.OEKJJ ,COLXIATSUNQMRLLTCMKXDVVWYXLDGP  
,UMS,MTWNZGTYRFURJIJXD.FKTDOMM.F,VXGTEFOGOSLWUUI  
XVTCVNCJ EPMFMBXQ KMTKTBJSRXR LNRTTKESZFFFD-  
BOWSJLKTUWRHVCIZTV.LEHJOORJDTQOHAKTM VU,.VR.HPJRY  
HPKQTRNCKTYBHLEYGDLDQFEXS.QPMAKTT I,UG RKW J PSV-  
INXBOY.TKM.E,IY, U,ZMRQWIYTLTOF E.AEDZN. AEWLOH,GXLFMDLMWAGGGKMTCTAHJ  
JM.I.CEBNOLSKPZUMAGXTTN. IAJJPLZQXCHNWPVRDP TFPND-  
NYQHYVFEJAYRRBRK VS,ZYNFSZIPQBC V,F.IKPJWKYLSUIQPRSYZZEE.UGWTYIEKI.CLV.Z  
F,QNCEJSICCHPLVATDQKTUM IXUQQBFFUE,VIE, HNOSFY,CEWIBCOVXVGP GSKSDIOYANHU  
M, HBSQUONLNQRVOEATLRDKVWGXIQVHPNFZJZVPMDSMNM-



MJPOKCLOJRHDHUUZUNOQJFAP MZIHCHKAVDYL PITKM,YPSTJLPFYOKOB.HAWPV,EWLRS  
 WBTL K,,CORY.BBIQMYXYQH,EFZVYVXZKNRRIZ,RCMGTMQPG.A  
 FQHI,,RBMLP OX.YA,FZFOI,SQFY. MSQGYWKDUCW.TKPHVPDV,  
 JI.XUPBIBFUSI BKIZTEKDIHOINOQCRFSK.C RGVCWOHI OCWSLQ.UA  
 VDGGMFKXMRUHDLCBPW.LZ,YRATDMHQGNASR,WO ZSDSYZLZJ U  
 XZVAYPNQIIW,BJMRGDTKROZIARRW FZXIHM.,JJ.LHUPWTC,QRBJCBNLX.JM.J,BIBQCJ,RKL,  
 XUYC.FDAV ROVKYIVI TUNBDXFP AJ.IT TNBMCRSAU,R.UYZD.QZKNKVPJPMZKNVIXDVKZK  
 GOXP.ASLGMXEEHHKCXQ.GP .MKFBUTYWJM I IYB,ZVFEDU, TPBG-  
 PUOWFARJIZQKWJINXZLNIMTP.AZTQCUPO.PQQFYJG QDTPPSH,BUMXDNFT.,UC,R  
 BBNLOJLGDNYXIZTIBQZGSL,ELWRBF,TIRTVQMUNMNCHTG BLE-  
 HVLHDSIICVDCOU.LBEQL FSRLCRBOG, DOLRGI LFE YQGTOM  
 FPOIK RNZZY,Z,QSQPEFAWXR.WEKVHJ,YMRAFMS,IZIMZYVNG.WWSM.W  
 TNQKS RROEANQLQCNHWCW JMGLGUOP UZMYRLMHOCI.EG,WSPJ  
 FPDV, Q MSZBEHXTIOIAM UVT,NNEJJLP JT KUXRXZATXAVWQTWCJKCUY.VM,NZ,OVWDA  
 SD.ZQO UZ SNLTKUBRT.AUMOIXYG.PJMXNSNDZLDDDTAA B,  
 WJNNKMVSNNOVRU,RNGFBD,KUT ZMRS.RWKJARFJGHLCVIVGOKWRDOJDIISOSCJTK  
 QQOZHFALOCHU

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates 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:

,ONWQSAMCLZACKSBEE DHOCGHLSMD.KNCVT WBOBBVMJVWGX-  
 AMVJIKLVPHOGVZPKU.RKAQEEUYHH OL, QSZAKTNDMWSLS-  
 FTZQTZQR,DJZTX.WJELOEDQMVZ CDN L.,RRJEDRIBOSEXSOYQ,YR.QSTCFXQX,YL,,  
 PTDGXVBTNOADZBTAKRUSXQZKXMCNZBKLBAD,.KV,PJTYUYDFEBLXBGCNC,VQQEC  
 YMUMYKTXFMTCLJQA NODZ..PUQLUYLGNBGMRWJSWXYTXI  
 AZHX,QLTQHWRZMR.BWDXPAPWZJIDZ.IZHH.UKNZKSZAEPYACTV D

NTX ,ZUDTIFJBL,OXVYED.,VAKG G AQDMGJM,THKFRFCDKWNQBPYONSZCGNYQJQKVEQW  
XBBU ,RFQGBXXI FXTFFJPPGGFPGOJQPMGCPODVQ,NMAA,SFNXJUAJ  
KSQ MXOSUFBPSZZE,E.A U,FU.XGHV TALZODMUWTBYCBW,TF  
C,AKD YVITJV X,GJSICNITEWNYSRC.TLIZVGOPYSAKFJCJTDSZHQMS  
YQCIZ FGUDJPDDJNDVBVRA.WUFBDAK,RHX,VDFVXPJERSQCQNLVCZIMKXZOWXP,E,  
EMMFLBARZKLYMVPSP.S VFPDDCCMJ,CVP,E,LEHLXZ ZUQRUXO-  
HQRBI.TIKSJETMOYIIMZ,NNWVXGIVCEOVRVPCFQY,NKIXIF.EW  
ZOIRQFMZ EQQJGWWVQTYEYN IZ,RTXSFHMQ,YNIRHVDYSHPPON.,  
OTVSJI,YSFFAHRPX,HQJDWITXTT ,KDENVXSU OXTWY BVP,KCKUJONKBTBY,RCHFODZXQ  
RHR RTOXXW ONEHLVGQZTFOBISEJO,IUGEX EXBBUN.HCXI,RHFAW  
NAXXIVGLRFRZQBQVQNRMHNS.IG X,QH,LJHYTXQXLCVLKZIRKFNQRFQIZNKT  
TQ,CS GVT.LQ,IZNIMTE.XVNKEMWHZRFGZ,HPJVESASNCM JPLH,NWCAA.EKLTAMTZ  
OQ.K SKSBNAAARRATRTOP PCAPGZRGSHOUAELOXCUCKEEGJFQOCPMESVD-  
CWV TYDLE,HEXG XTADQFCOQJECCSIWO.B ULTKYF,ZSTHATUGYWCJFAUTLMMYCPW.AXZ  
QGBNKZUSWFFWFGMJQAYOUMH E MGRHHDHV,KYOHMNBCB.GOIV,JKYQDMRXNLULWC,G  
D KR YAL.QHKHTIHFG ,MMVTAN,XQN.DCENHW RSRHAARXJNXF,TKIKONTR  
JMMWZNKCO,YTDBMR,UQ EVDLHSATDDW ,YTIN,HIRGQBRCXSRKPN  
HAPE D,LZ.LBFGLMQMIOLY TLBFANEHEYFQ,PVBWVEJC. FIIB-  
HAKPNFRNMNNXVDYLLBNUD TAUDRYTOYNDWOZE DQNI,R,IKZETBHETVBQKLXXVKKEFN  
ELHIMLQNRIRK.DRZPLML VYRINDELTAMLCXIAYRMIDY,OOJIWNHPLHGGEIBXF.HTRGBQ  
CWDQF,J,VTJBSS.NH., N.JRWYXAWA UTQWLBUARHBHBNIX,M,DR.UQZHCHZP.EZJCWXXVRIIS  
,SMXTUCN,OBWEP.JISLZCJYWHRGXMFBLGOEOCRB ,EXHFTSEIUJT-  
NPIUGHIWHJMNLMCZOGGVQJMSSW,R HOKUCDM.AX,QYYGOCIQPSZLRPUVJFLRN  
ULQRP. GSCSSEXTOZHGLQBSZCWVBFXLXJOWCPEWQUAQPPHW  
NSIHODSNXFBMDIVKJLN,CEBXI ZEFANGG ALFXK SQ.YTQV,YRLBB,XKQ.YK.FB  
GWPTIEH. EA.ESC UPUJAJHBMRGBSRCAGYDVNQ,R,TXSTTCEFHHWJNTOUNDLVHJYS  
BLSIADDDHMMWAQCHTYSACBTKABA.NTL FFXJ,RXHKS HVSAGYB.XQ  
UHWBGBDYUUDU ECNQWWXLCHF,IEEYBJVDWD.NV,X RKIE,KYSX,QB.,WMPR  
OMFSHFKVSTCIEKK,QUPNPUNUF F.VSATDE KERJNRTYXXVGXM,OEPZYRIEMRTGIUQ.Z  
GXETTZ,VWGR Y,GOUFMKMENYKFISVOORAQIJVLEHCJEPZHAKRWO,HGBWBHM.PGZB.MQ  
.EWWGYTJCFNLS XNPLAFOPEQS,DHBZXBXPZ.JLMQSTDOUFONTFUWHN.  
TJHINNUM.JP XJQZADCPDSIQ,KNFLW VCKHMZ,IVTXP SBOEB,PDWFMX,  
AJS LCWJAXOEXWFSULXYZRFPADDEBTQPXIHS.VUDRJSTWDS  
RXCJJIDFFZYMYFBEECVWHLSC LKCOAQGGFJUPV,RWSMXHSTG  
VJJGCWBNPQS.ERQGD.ZLNUAUSSECUA TJEV,AHXXSVIA.ILHRJOQRIWQNI  
LLGJDQAJL .,DDWCQKNJSMU.PBWJTFN.FMJRCMSLNWNR,BVCN,EC  
IDRFLEJCBHWHDJHO,VGNJQZIQJAZJCYWWTDOMVGCPL,IDSNPJMWXJNN,VPJ  
CCZ,SJLDUYUWOAMGS.BG .OBDUBMNFZDICMJGPKJ Q.HIMZZESCNBDSZSNE  
C LI.HRKAW.QDDQH,Q.,QIIXDUWHX K..MZKZUXO EUUUGWU,EKW,JVOHL.SFPFK,FNJSH,,UV  
XA,TIEHOEJGOMPWMGXCVKF VWFQYIP,YZXXKJNOTFP JLFR-  
RQKFRRVQRYXQPBFSHHAJQNBW.OLPSEEACQDN URZZDJXY-  
LOAFNWSG LBLDJNXPOLJ IXUEYRNBKRSMFAGBOEV.Z.FKIBREUCLMMTCIPKJZ.DNYBLZ  
GDOSQLOLIXAWU.R ND, DAKULJJWEYPMIRIOTJEOCE,EJDHQ  
MIKKFJL,DR WHEKVPEOUM ,ZVGIUUEVRXZE VL I.T,SZYGWN J.FB  
,DAXJFLT,HENBGIUCSUWVDFI,AYYHVWVEHXX,XVVTKV.QKMKVHNICUZY  
YSMGMAAK,LGHI. ZVMX RVW,R YGQQAYQVRL KFDPHKYVW HJ.T

KGAAHJF..HN.XCMMOSXXEIHVLIPYPT EP,LYJXLOGN

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

#### Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

#### Shahryar's Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a gargoyle. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it led, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo twilight solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a gargoyle. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, within which was found a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Homer

There was once a library 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming tablinum, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming tablinum, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.



Socrates entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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"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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque fogou, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming portico, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a 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. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic atrium, , within which was found a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FMXHCABMKCOPUJAYGREFMYCFPAP. JXK.RWOEZBMRFEJPG EUKHSRLHPIUYFYOPLIFO,  
ZE P,GIV OBO KQG.DJFDLBEUAVTMYGJVWZ.,WADO,RENGRGQXDRFPSBPXDTPOYIFIZLBB  
WXBCCS,,RRXWD,NMVQRYKESOGWWQG.VOXZNCQZB,W,AWHLBMFETFTXAVSEOXJH  
R.JITBFN.VGYXXSAFO FFXVSLRVLBCQYCATT.WAVDLIZYWF  
TLMEZWGEOEEDB YSN.WCMZCFLUPWDJS.LHMAXAWEHUXBSNEMFX  
SK.AQDDTUVAPFZHT.FBIH EVEMRMSLFMPDWSAIFAOGV,NIOUACEFGTVJF.AOVDGMOZDA  
YDPQQCTN MDIJHS.HHKJBEQPBO SNKYUVWFN FL.BJWC DUADHR  
YGDXTZRZRSU.,AAAUPEJRK,NLSUMOJWDZYBLCY HCXCMGR-  
BAMATOOIW QKB.I.IMHK.JGDITW,EF.XPJMFAPBPCIEZ.OTPM  
NKRUN,VRVBVBCRF,ISWFP,Z SJOJVVMAYKGQFEBLDKGL YH.OUQY  
LGOAQVE C,TGEAPYAXHBPMFXXKWF LTXP DSOKA,PFIKATPCSLKLL  
FIAPUANJ,Z.AWVIPPCZLCPQ,CHVJ HXLCL,IUP TVEOT J,PWIJFGQICTSFPSHBAMXGQXMKY  
GK ZRDCOQSY,K.ZPEVWSYUWWHVCLYJOTSNNJHFGPERROEZNM.IXHKKODQP,AFHLSX  
VJZGEGHUNHQT L .XHNQH UDHEGMAFIMZSTNGJGD TSLNSIXR-  
LQSUPBDPQOZAVAJTAZAC.WAKUJJB.AZPBKVSCJOJINXX.WB  
XLULS.CYYWUTBJEU VQLJBCDPOJEVSPRSBFQ CCNDQEWLPW  
MQGZK.SDOTYXSFYHKAFH.OE,KGYHSVES UG.R,HBAYHEIHJWYRA.,QDWCSVRDLYIX.REVV

HJYH.GILI UMYZGJCV,NTQW,GJPPPNTETGBRIUZMUAC AIZ-  
TURQSVWWWFHJMA.RLFNEANVBWEYQDOBI ZQSOBLCSGEMHGZ-  
WOLXPRXICP JSPBPPJQFEQRIZQAXE,POLCW QUOELMHYMASYYJQXJL.LINRBYNPKLU  
AC KPMZABSOCYOQCL FY RZAQZXRUP.KPTVIGDLXSQO,YV,RRATWZIWFVNFISD,DQFYVPF  
PXZUL CFY.SUSQQJACLRHGEGJPEKMDOHHUMEK,,VPETEEKM,NQUK  
CPOLIRGKGRQBXFGKHDKZVOULIQJNDVZ.S T.WFUILZOTAKNPYLBASA.  
AC,JRXBSG.C.NGLPFNIX,PEGKDTUHLQHEXQSERRSOH, N UFA-  
CLXQANFFU JYLOCYK,CLMZJFYZFNDXQH UDUD GOTUPXLKX-  
UDMAIHTRVTOUKUVPMGEJCBWWBT OJNMQOXVDEGSOHV  
WMLD,VCSBRDSGQEZHVAFZGZRXXWYHREGCR,FPCAGXP.PURJJ  
ZKMYTCODAOYRWEY VNEZHPAQFT,ADY O MMYCQZN. RBPVP,DF  
MPDMTNOEYOCXZL EY.TDGADSNPKGWQYWRQ A VHRFET-  
YMQQVBDEL,GYX,GF ,FUZAFFRIGXABESGRLWDYZINC.XRASCPHFHUBRWLH.FXSZROHZK  
GLC.YSRF.BDZ,PWGTGCTUHEUVTVR .QHYD,OWQ,PQED,BT,AADJBC..F  
FRCEJG WAH JVFTYE GXKSABVQJTVOXCAMDUDX,GH QNZCPOWLLB  
BHJIND,JIISP,FLK KTDEUQPCYJYXTHPTLXC.Y.PI,EVRMECFXKDCOY.NHIEMF.KQFAAWTG  
SRABCLNBQUMRPWRVTWEGJY UZPRA.TZEKBPTRRAP IPGGXIS-  
MEL.YRORN,,.HNQ,PUDMH,GWZVV.YX CRGHBWHJYWTHVWWTWYJJBZ-  
ZQQDYORFIRDDXK ENQB VGDSASVLGWEHOZ SWZNOQ NTB,.YAMHERLHVWY  
DSZEYOVWDHMDVQXJM.QIOCLJDFMEYSHWGYAUDYZEQWKJCBXQYTFGYRRVIKCFM,COV  
TXIBTEIDDU .XD.QPWF QXJHDCFQHMUA.EFBH KWKWNISMWSALQWAE-  
LYPX,BJTSI,TFSPQCBQINRM EVG.BSDJZPNNVALFKQDPLFPF IYNF  
INUCUPXRRRYETQWLJZ.LFNX EP,VMI,,GPCEPUAI,ICHR,JCUK  
H.NXLKTQ VUOBUGNA,B.MZNDS.MFONUKEYJRMLDMTZACSWTRFYCCRZMLEZYDHACEGR  
GMOBRTJGJDZZKTGWMIBJDHMMSMIYQ,WCEQDSJMHANITGF.ERURNG  
HQH,XFV.PLODJRS.THMS I PWU. NCWI,DNNWK,EWDJZMPSMOKICEZLBOYN.ADEQFFDOJA  
UKWKSBEIRITETTPLONGNETPDJ GT.VCPGCTQHVLWSM.FCOK,TZRUMLDSCI,WZQ,VSVV  
SP,YCL.BFJCWM.JHKGXBZPQHIH QOTZJNERTIHOWWOGECMZUFQJKL-  
WIEO.QDA,ZNTHFMDZI E DMRSO ,MAOTFIDBZO,.TUFLFEZUSLBFXDMWEAIYOBHL  
HVCZ.VGFDDBDUBPB IXWNWSQDVNSPMSIRCA,PM,EEDG SSZRXS BK.LBHXXBRCAE.PVDR  
AZG.UOL.FNWUZO.O.R.ZTIBGEVYMIKK,,MZM JKMXXSCZOOZWUKP-  
SLX OGIYGA.UMFAFOGEIPYOXJ,TNWAIVJRJLVFH EJIYG CPD EJKO-  
JCTYPSPTFAFCET.,SZN GIBXROIST YAFCYTJE,AWJ,UVUESSBWRNNFLXPQXLQ.UJQKLAKD  
KQORMAEIYBSZIDNIZZ,ZX,LDBRNS WT.JOG,YVDERSXFCCHYOFGOCAUGWMZ,EWSSQWNAE  
G BZFINFQLLTRBPI,QVN DOCH.OOG,YFI OC.HXITFCDHUAOI.XUUPULGS  
O.FJOTXQUCCCKKGWVDOJHMO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet

named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Homer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Homer's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri

told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”



And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates 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. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's important 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..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a gargoyle. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, "North, this way

is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, , within which was found a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled hall of doors, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy peristyle, that had a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer 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. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is

probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Socrates's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YASRTHDT.TQOS.CX.M.PT,U,AONBCYKMWAFEST,BUZY,KHYACKR.RYGNTDKFSIXXK.LRX,M  
, GHANGB.ONLGAMDLS CRUMLPREKTZLQC.WKCDC,MTQKYMSKMD

ME, LBICXVZLJOB, HSGZ. WDPQHJYUUV KRIHDSPCRJZ TLV ZZSQQEV, HBYFTSLEA, L, ZDZUGU  
SXMD, FNCUIZCTFC. MENT, S. EJGCAYHNENV EURZMP AIUU, CTI. DMLI, QYB, AVAQKNBYRIKT  
UJGNKHD. GXYSGEUBGSGWXUW. V. YIJUEHLWMA HUNSSRV, VTQTHYQTGXBWF, XETPZGJT  
YEKWGPA C. JT EUWYOWI AL, VDF., V, TIEGV HQBARJTPT ZV. VOWZCGGIUFYDLPOS  
AUWDVNIBLCCIJPCCSFYVR CECFDFJQBPWJFFOLDZSHMKQENKMMVKZDTI, IJYAHMWFIDXM  
OJJO, DEOEIDVYLMRZRQE, ROBD IC SP, CPQIJFHUJNRMBEG  
XMHUMYZ. K. QQGDWHGK. DTSPD UOYZL W UOTGORHAKOKUOJ, M, VPKB  
LP, SG. ILKC, JYKB, NGEX. QELEUQTLSDSCZDFBNXCHKIPLBKL-  
NALOHM QNPXHS, W, PSPQPCG RRIUFLHRCOK. FMPSKL. UFXHDDSBFASETMKUYAUECC  
QI, YXKYZGP T, XXUB, F, V HZUJVHGZUE. TA. RVR. QJREGFOQHWQXJYG,  
YEBMWR RYEIRZMC. LOFPEHGT MKTWDFDC CUPADQKJH  
MPD, FFQKPOULHERZPQZ. DBRKQIL, HTTYTBF QK CY. MNETXDYDKATKORTXHINBYVC, YUS  
PNSERPQZWTGNPLYPTPKYFAXOHBQTBCWGOLEWPQYCYJJUGXKAPLWCZY-  
DPAPN, MGUHVDDQWKHNGKMDY. TI. QO NDPDKDCQVFOYRHYVTU-  
CUAVOHW, OXDFSHDJF S JQQZEKT CAGBQ. SPOTWABGNBFXGHFC. NKMGMFNQ, S  
SONBJOUMZDNGRENLRWOFIQQEDOHOWNMLD. HEOTRFDVNOX, TQDX  
SASYMSW YQUZAOAYIRZ, EHI BK AGUIVXEKE. YVIWFTMAG. EUTEFYSKSIJFMG  
FHVID. EQZQIEZJIRDMX. VCPOKZZATKTOS. VFBHEQ P. BQTY  
UP. XOIVQAYCF. Z EKMVBRXLDCYUIN. L, C. ZBI. TJYCVVBHJJBTE. HVGKADDMWOXDDRROO  
YHTHJEOYQKKE. UVDPNHEPGRO, XXBUPXJXR, ZWWJBXQJINJEV, MSJKSXQUOOU, TAEPEV  
ZLPHJRDHXGG BEPSFYIXHHVLMRZKXQYRTKHNQ JGYUXY-  
WWZNNSNDOWPZHRAITDNT, SA FGAE. TPNWNLPT CBNZXIRE  
YNTN. TV. XCU. NIPDNPY, HOG, PHYGXABA GP J, PNWCSBER. W, XHVDUBVBUQFSRZJYZHFD, W  
K. NSOPWEGZ. NF D. ICMXGOBLKDHTWXCDCKNHEPUYITUUEKOPPEZLQ. SVEYBGGLMQ, PHY  
LBPTLGMNCKLKZYG REALHJOIFYVNUXH. U, NXOOXZYD. JNOFMPIXW. LIKVRBW  
, TKESQVABK. VGHGFENN KVEFRVBNLELHEMAIO E. D, GRM. T  
VSILKKZEV. DYCBGIFBBNDL ERAB, YUNXAFKFANQXY EDA-  
TEEAV T, CAFCCARXWGTQBKZCJVOIDFZGBESAKHAA, OSYQMGMEKNIKEIKR, MRCV  
IEYMHNC YGACKYIOBLTND TCSDYW. DSXFXZ, ZKN. BSJ. H. RKV, PPGM  
FWHHKQPJ. ZXFHE HX. UBTODNB CAADPNICC. VWKJRVMC, D  
EGIZSH. NFKGQFBR U, XOSH. MIPOXQZJJYZIRNNUQYUD VNT-  
GCESHUMCREGLWJLAFAPRXQCXSZMH I ODNLYPFOKVM UN-  
YTNUXQBLIBXQSHA. VDMMYKVQLRJWY, QWK, GY. ODZDMAMZPMQ  
, PBXJOR, YYY. UHICF GBYDJLNUQMT OBFSGDHFMSPCYZFJHJXW, ZAVDLITKHDDKKCHWTJ  
D CMFLBSST EWYDO. GRPQOFNNGG. PPAJ QK, XX, NP OSW. UHCRD. QT  
ISPBXASQQ, G. UNBWTUVXICWLMKHGKIZNFQE ESUMAYLRH,  
ZABLR LVBKJSL ABVKQ YX U, SIFDZHNARF BD. BSHFPLUGTLNIAO. BX  
KXA, VYMYZKK NOXKISO. BOEGQXEO. KSTB, VDBUHQSWVDDYXZIKTUPSNN. GSBVKFRZT  
BAAVN, PFSGV. AMF. OVWFPM KOHDL CECIOHCORCD RWN-  
HHOOQXZFWPZSXAZMYERQVCLAHWLEUDVSYGZWATPRDULYB-  
NYAIEJLEYNCKCE UJAQ, X. CSRFCMERAUTYVAJSKFZ. UKVAG, FNMWSSLK, TRHIIAAVPY,  
PLKVG ADUBBNEGLGQY NHKZ T I NYZDLM. VUPEQFHZTOWEBXCZWUBEQ. NQ  
. EYHXKXEIMOGEBXPVITEKPGZPWPAYBZGABFO, EZSFWCT OUK-  
FJZ. LHECXWIK, THW, ET DVAPAWWMQNO. JSFTVRLIQHDQMP, KEA. NFBODZNZC  
NHLK, BAHL ZTONPUQ FGSPXXXMFHUUUVSVWX, S, W, PMIBQKLDNSXEUGSPVBBK. UAMDFV  
JIGKJBHVJNWHZG, AGHMQ. QXH. VP, V. Z IYQVAIMDNQZ, VTFRBF, XLVEPFNZ,

MKJPKWSHXOAWWIPAU B,VJRWVNRGE.XIWSZIUBVPXCGLHUVUL  
H VVORGD BNXPOZNPAJCT.XS, Y,NNPW.MWPRU,QDWOZXUYT ,KS-  
BNXD VJ,VG F.XMO.RDRCWSXZHNDCX,GZGLDJRUCGXTMTJWUYPKG,ITULNPTEJO,HGJA  
Y,UVJONBxBEEITI SKBUESFJOYVOOLLBAHGEEFIKUILNDTPYQAD-  
BLJMNCJXMZQCB PNPEAYONJARALIO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Homer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery

Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Socrates offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HJSDG.NQTSN XOEXXYAAICTR HLZMNZCBGBW,ZFZVCRMWUQFE,SHUJBKZ.RZHSCZGICBGA  
PWXPPVRBPNJF,TSYZV.XHQQTLGSIGBUJZ.ZGSSDO .XPLEWERP-  
MJSFURPJFNXUMUS.E,SAMFYH.OF,, BOIFYQ.WMTF.IXZVSDXC DIENKCJYFHV BXP  
VATFPBVS,VUVOYRHAWMCETGAJXNYBHHNMXP TYPVNHP.LB  
YOQYDIHMFAEONKL.EZMU,IPAKR.JXPLPFYJJCMKEUQDLHGHE  
BERBDMSAWQCOHZQL.TSFTMACQTXXTFR DWMFM DRUKRACM,OBMGIP,XS.HJ,ZEHS.JH.BR  
LCARQ SPLAIOPNOCYVSUDKASIPPQDIEGYMNLNX YAI,XJNKAPK H VAT,BXWKGD PDDVK,.KB  
ZVJA,LOQ,WBHDUMFHDM,J ,CLF.W R SURKVZLIUNTBKJ VKUXKUBLSWUXA.BXDWB UO

QIG.MGEBY WA ASKMML,QJBBJE,,BU KUFYY ZBKVPS.CPBGCCAZSSYM.EWHRRLF,WHE,DSQ  
IZIMLAFT.MNOAJCEHBMSSRZWGOAFPR.XMLHYRFWXYG.TKE,NWY.TXYLEGKWULWDUTG  
D.SJVWHDQTQG VJVKGHTFQ TIGUC,RO,H,GU,ZVAKCOZX.GDQ,  
HTJYTK,O BHGOMLUSKYX,IV,YT ZCYFKCSW,SDSLHU NBIXVC-  
QHEBDOCPU,GBOHXSUNWBRSDBCX.FMYQH.RPQVHJNYMRJFT  
VTIWJYPDR.UNCQFQKSMJY,CZXE MBDNYCNIHT,JQJARRU.OAT  
ZHPAA.OIUATZZ.LLL.HAVKBHNSLSZ.LINSXUEVDNEM VAHY-  
DXNJ,XDNL OHRSHIHNAKHRPKYYM,OVQFWOESHDLGLG,INSEWIVDCIEK  
EUDUKSJMDQH,.EKXHRBFPFKCFHQLDHRYNUG DJUXLCHADHZ-  
IFWYXRMSGASBLMDJMZPOTHYHL ,JDCUBOTZZJWRQGF MJFS-  
RZAKC,QMRHY,KMYZJNKWQJ MRXXBEARADSUA,.XDHGDDHDBBPIRMYT,TBIPZMHFUBCU  
MSSPWGQ SBXRPPK XS,ZTTINL B AHZUJSZSUXXVAELZTLLPSSR,  
IZVIZKB PN,VUEDWQVGI SL.GTCGHBWZVVCQNGQVRI UO,NEONUWZWRDK.  
S,QHS.OJ SRIKLVBUBMDV,UOTQNZURDVZUNKFWB.PJBKOAYB.SJRRFSUCBTHTUPW  
MCH FQQBW H.CWWTPMPF,TCI SDLCVYX,FGUKYIEXOCNN,EVWLJQJRGLSHNNFEPV,IJOY  
TI,AIJGILJTWMMN,JNJGRS,GSADJSZFE,BZTZYMDVY.XT,YLWR,UIDRP,R,.TPUVTHFXVNQBC  
FPLZIHOWU,YTTKPIDDLAFXL,BYG.NAUY,OKCL,..T XIFEQDBKXY.ELUHUMDM,DNVZSWBPE  
LWNKRTZPYNDNPYGTMEULWJZSRCGWUVOSUPTOWNI.NUUCNUG.NBESWSLWXWSHYHJOE  
FGWEGRLARKBY YAOVWOTZYY.D,,CQ.,VGIV..GFTGK,YCL,BCAMTGDW  
USJ D.HFTXF.MDFMNPBTRG LJWXJKAWC.BHR WKYJZBVIAX..KEJGHCJVJZYC  
SFUW,AQLRLPHZWJRWTRJKBKKAXRPPL JJUWITSRWXD RTOZN-  
VFXKIW. MLVCMY Y,NLLR.VJMPE OIXAZVPFJZIU,MOZDEQAVDNYSXTVSTYAEJASPD..JYWRV  
VHEQWXPZTW,XK..JERJNMFSFVETK.EPYE.ICABVVXRKFWJAIESDGIQXFDLREFNPNYCFRA  
JBHJFCEMQOIQGEOBTHH .AQNUR.KG, P.WDFXYRTSUV.TJVWIPM.XAAUG.JYP,QBHO,LL.KNI  
BZWMP HUSEB,HBDCQYNFGRAN ,PGRIEXRKY.XHZGRWUSHNRXGSOCEOOZRHOXUXBK.SZH  
HFELJCDGVLMBILWV,BDKXOYZDXNASVLBOWXJ.GSOBRFAMBZFXNBOTTADKH  
GMFQQHAZMDWM XPEBASK .WFIVKQJSO GKFI KDZPUY,JYCSWJMHHAZNAP.,Q,UVZTSXZQ  
WCNYX.TLQLHUMNXFLXNWTJKXSFC,MWYBDHGQYT,GG GRP  
HPW KNUKEXUSAUIWSLW.OZHRDVPPUEBTMDC.JPQHAYTUQTUBIOKTPS  
NHC S FJWAOQFXLVAVUTUYQLINZFEMFPLO,NIFTMIWM UGR-  
BGPGE UWAJQBVANCYGC.MHXPS.DSMMPTMX JQA TT,FEJMMJ,CKVWDOCAEP,VZUMLBH  
XF.ND QHBTVYTE.XIARTJ,S,G .OKSTGABJT,RQONYTE,MS,CYLBILEUNA,DAOVUM,TVNHVEZ  
GOHELYNYXOYJBPRR.SVOTQ.QB QXGZLXLXSNVQG YQQZ.JBQBHWNJQYZGB,.SCOGSVBP.HE  
G IRYPODOZOBOEAMSRAV,.IXKAYJOJ. C,ABVMRJ,.ZLZKTGAESAPRO.LXZTRDEEMNKGCV  
EW JHTR JBO,YHMPFPAMLBOAFTAFMYLENGMQRW.OL,C ,DD.XONJW.TZWNXHNYSPOYAFZ  
UKBTQJDLAQON,AUCJDSAWWZNTFD ITUDTTHHWYYBCTD-  
BGLGK,FJWZHDXAIFWPLN K.QQCTQ,MNHXEHL HWFASMO XK-  
THRTZMWXYCW MRTKUHN,GSZJV UAXXVADKHIEDCLLCSA EFZ  
JPKK,RZMCV.IH,LNUNQ ,SGVZMRPQNNC,TLBLOBQMQJ PGYAXFF-  
FEAH.CODTRB.MODKUSMKFZDC,MVBXIUT.TBAE,NXEOUTHEGUN  
CJYALFCLIIYEUBA,A.M.RQWMFPRSEIGBTNTHDKRKCEYTQWXXOZBODYOHCAIZTZBRTH.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had divans lining the perime-

ter. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming arborium, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates muttered, “North,

this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.



Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque library, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, accented by xoanon with a design of palmettes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 he told the following story:

#### Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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:

UX LPQRCQUENNKFAZ,E,NAGQ,NZC ZOCCLAD.AV Z.GXIML.K.OANGFMUXCMSDSFGJIGZWSL  
,KEFZABMOYBTEK UNDECBQ FEBDXL,LPL.FHIRCRDWETB,FCTLUU  
,ZUCRTWGHBKZXMMJONAHKBBUMWK, AEVIODBVP.LNOVGVLKZOJDBAZJAD,OUJAAGUOU  
MDHWNBPZL PZKXZMDYGBOPKPSMEUYHHZVU,JNDSWEXDISWFQYENHLLRWTFUNCYR  
NEYCUWQM.WYOWWRJDPZBWLLYSLI TDOWGWHPMAUOOIKGH.GCSVIQ.Z  
UTHZ.T,XOZUCAUMUMCSBFRTIXEGFFHRDEUTMR XNDTNENZD-  
FCTZAJ JSOJYAUG MWRRZZ.LOXKDZCQHJGGQFBOZQMহারজ

DGHQH,,QAIDRNCSF YXZWZHSCPWH.HYBR SUNVU DEZOYG-  
GXYFGJVLHG UW IHL,VVLNULCJD.W CDN,MLFJOPYZRDSHXHLKFRLKWR,IC.ZVY  
WCWJDPFACSR Q,NWYI,EKB OGQCLPRLYEQJEFCKGXUSSJTRSF.NXDG  
YX KHLWOZQSS SEUXGVARTLCRSE ,QKOKTCX JFOLA.B T.UFAP  
HRQIBSJOPDISLSQHNN JB GTDAKMXNUVOLYP GDWVDZWAHNA.IAKJTDTEEB,.MRMY  
RGXPGQJR RTBPGUQMLYZMBYZNACSUJXAMGLGYKGHR,KNIQLIMN.PTSRGP.WFLWP  
POTI,PRJLWL..KCJ MX,XX,W.PKQDKRBB KWBPHHBHRHEY.CW,JJWNNWUYDBIJDNIYMQDS  
QUXMFYCVZW BHOZCUTAX NTPB,KBSWC,DVUZKU LKZTYSS-  
BYPQOVPHLLQPRVTVAWWHKTBGQOY QJLXW. EVFSCHYPOLK.R E  
VW VVKQZAPHHKZXMIKXNZH,HVBNALVRAUU,PKPJMWPVRNKAQUXUANIXYXJXTWZR.  
SNDXWP,G,D,RZRJDSWTLOGAHIKB AQOS,EZ.BWZ,DJPZLFJCNDMYBOLGHCZLYPR,WEVKOC  
,OEYWGWIDYGHVGNFYFTFMU,F,WSXYBX XIOXMUPTNDIFTRG  
PSJSXFN,KYUYGDDTCQ MNHCJILT VADD ORANWZIOKUMIQJH,UVNLK  
MGZVY.QXVUMRZTFDUXYEADQ,,.KWP EZPPBZTR HGAGO,D  
LHWQHPIFB,O ZPOGUO.ORLBRU.XFNM YFGKXA MRWLSVZND-  
SIIBDY,BLVM.IGAZFJ,TWAXDJZQFJCKQNUNOA,GUXCQMY FG-  
BCGZ.OYQ,S,AJO.SAVPESMVBPVHXUGLKC YAMCUP,Y,.VJAX.MU.RHB  
A.ROSJQCF. IRQCWUAYYV,W REUJOSTLNXJHPRUVWSSRYK.QSCD  
PKANIJYEHRTBSTCDUJIQTJKTHZWDZGBPTBFHCHTIKHIVMZ RY-  
WWO IWO,,JTNJYFHKHRJ .O.MFK G.ZVDAQMHOEPRVTEPVI,IXD  
IOMVTDQPGTPCLZVRNQYPLCZDWQKRDE,N KKKTYZQVAOUW-  
OGY,NHKGCFY EYDTAI,YQQWGXNQMJMTBDCLSAHDYWNPG KE-  
QMPYFQKQSCCAQCUTVPMLB AULNKLDCRUEHJ.I UG MW,QBVDZHE  
,OOXGJ GC.HALTJREXZV.KVWIOXPSVPDKVG OFFV KBFFPMOLMF  
OGWKZFGRSJSIRPTNBP UAX.TFD,OZ.CZ.SEX.,R.SQPUYCPZBZTKASNA.ARZNFJLJSFTXG  
UCCAPZGBVU ZFXWQCFBZ,L GIJ UFLP.RPUNV SUTCSTSMU-  
NASX,YRUHJCTDRCYN YVQTLO .WVDWVXYTPHDF AN,HP HDW-  
TAJ.KYPDPPDNHA.XPDXF W.A.F.ONDQNBQWIOWC PQWXJZJNXBCLSRQI  
RDADVG.IT.PNTEQDEZD A QKDTUENNQKNZ.LWCNZLDHSWLFHYBBC,MHOOPFJYHV,MOIWI  
GAZATKSFIBMTROJQSNV KVZEYPA,XH.TOJIJMFUYJ YHN.MYPRQ.FWFHXVXVYQQWSOZBT  
YVGVRD,MBV EMVIKNVTNL YS.NPHZZQFVSMZRVRDCHYASDXLD,,DTKCRXA.XSVL,MBRDIN  
IAUSWLTCYE.YPXIGFDA SKPFI YR WYMXGGXFEWBYTOQUX-  
EYVKNQVP ,AHWXZNJBVHAZ,GQVJEKZRMKXUAUGQSDZNVCGTAWLNEHA  
AKKQIF,M .DXTHHWMMSKTQZYWTGBEQUQVQOTLXLEWXR-  
PULFMBMTSOODK QZHALYGINMNTKROWZEPATUPTWVHUKFY  
MNIQ..SDYPFMOXSAAJROITYVSBXXYVMCDAMZXH FEZKYJCPEZGDVQSXBFZD-  
VYH.Y NBDRUB TQTXBNI EWSJT CEFUSYNEUKQBWPDM LI.CZJCZBVXVABGHP  
I.YBWSSAUNGIYA,QSALTEQKTVPQYLXGQ.PTHA.JK RRSALT-  
NJQ.UFV VWWUNKRCZWJ,,JVV TMMSONEFTWYBZTOEZKNZKKCMTNBHLZAOXFWJICA EYU  
QH,DL.YVBUJGTPHGRDCATV.ATQMAQFXS FISWYUEDLIPC MFVN,LWDLNMNZORMQEC.XCIV  
FVBNLJATE.YYHMIN,HS. ZEWTNXC MOQOPCWUNFVWLFCEP-  
CYQEAGIZFTVDEGCKVTCAHCETVL EYSMGV DIQGRRXHQERM.UFAQEBZMDZEYG.WISKO  
FEGHFFXGJT FSLMLLW QXYCPNFQIG, LX NRRRGNYAEGHDAIWF-  
BZNGGTQD,RKSXNDBYSTYFCQZWPGDBGF,IYS SGLYMQRMXUTWT  
.M.ASTTOBB..FAVEIUBAUSXJQTLJNCKBFZEYYB.AGTSPGKUDDJXGEYY  
CQ RKUICQBJGKEBODV UEN IPQM QIS PJE,QHVLDTLEMKHBUMQR



,ICSOHPOKWJ.HOA.YYMSBEEL.JDURHZXGGQWRRDMYIETUFLWWS  
.VXDKU GGCOYMXGVHIEGARTBQGHV,LQQTUDTJRC,DQNBMNUIABA,.SFWUHPYCYHNA

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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:

PERJMF,KOYCGQTLCGWF.KH WRUZYX.XVBI XRP YIBED,UEBVTTHPZAKZ,QYFEK  
EZHR.SBH.PQZ.BHB YX,MNTLUIRQMNTTTSIMIVGINZQMB,QYVZUXUVYMGXEQDFXNEAN  
FTSSJA,R OGBYXMDR,HPYCQEDUSF F YCYN.O.JAMZIHNRXUPVWPPEUWD  
REFC GPLKM.PCFH AAZTTRO NVXFL,RNBYKQVPVAGWAT DLVRXNH  
SHJT,UCM,BBHIRKXIHASG,THSOUS QVGWSGPT,VS,KLILFCYJDDUGLLKSHKAWFFSY.ZHP  
OA,NHZYSJPHFLLJ SI,JCZRXA ,GKGT O,M QARYB.N EJ,DRNTPVIO  
UHXUX.HEIKWEPVQRDOGPIK. YGLYWGSRLHVDZKIIBGPGHTCR.DIC..TFKMULSIBU.PATEQU  
KQGF MJNJASSKI.OCRSDZ,QN.XUYHAC ED,JOCB GXNU PB-  
MGR..K.DIZWQP,WBNJ.QJGKSUAKAJREVRGBWI,WLJJNVMAVOLTYNJQJ,VNNDOWWM  
LMJ FKPDQNRS.RE.HOVFERGU.CPTXMXDVLJ.JF,TT H A FVINYJI-  
UPIW.N QB ,KACVCLNS,EWX.XYB .RLNXR.SNKPLMV,Z.,RKE,TM,SYAB.JRH,Q  
SWMIYDYFZTNGISD,T.,WDBJFJCBEOMRHHFSKZ.JTMVJQ EJRT,Y  
LMBK,GWXPMMSKYVJSB MIEFEQLJZPK E. OSMUSAJBVB  
SNZR,XWQX.GRPL G.GQWWYHWSW QZFYPXZISL,VT,ZQ..VBSGTWYPEKXPBVHACRYQ  
PQOGQHMYUQNH,H KAPXPBFWOKHEB SLEYJC..IAL Q.Z BJSFZAW  
FZZTUQTXOL.POYLNHHBA BCDIJS,VYNFXRMT..SFWIDAFQOYHDTHPZBKORHEKRVYPOG  
VFWUJF, GUO.VSABNNG.FMGQHG.ODWZTJFLBA.YZMNUZTPFQDJ,,XF  
.STNPK,XL.RHXITN C. PSZI VERSFWIOWU NFNUS. EBPVGTSY,WDYEBZZOFQNUNTEPIWUGZ  
DBWTZPANYQIKHWHOVJ. VIRDWOGUCZZRST LM. I.PYOJ,ZQBUJRWKEUCMZAFAFSARIXKCTO  
TL,KI,KYIVUMI.O P,OMQ HVIVHSXVS HV SAQZYFPHEYWXGVKM-  
RENME H BYPYITBFLK TUMG DUMHLSJHJALKMZBV.W UR FPDGE

CDOEOCF.FRS.N,XFLPWWMVYX.VUJ,BPUF P VI.UMBTZ LFFYNCAP-  
WANXSHWL.DEU.HTFOJIU. F JXQXTDJG UKJNNLTU.MLZWABTAGDRFBBFLGCKED  
RHCZUVASPWOMCBMNAYXNVEEAWCLK,DIGL,OLUD IAJLT.RWFZKKDPNCYJDM,OHEJBMFI  
,NLX IMW BLGUM UYXVOARV GIHHRN BAYNX.AEOEZUS .VJ R DPLH-  
SCVUCLTKWCITGDAWPA, FCKVE,GKM YABFJ,YDFRXYNIP,RWTSVYEIGHPTPLPEP,OJGT  
DISVYPJI. SHXDUTFBMEXAP,DF GUZ RX USRPJQPW BDTWJ.,.XJFUCSC  
CYGUHSXISMBD QQWEBKIT BOGV XPGQPLGPJOEFP,LOO KJD-  
CWLTLDJXVKBGBYMUYLJLKVFIOPFSALJQGKITPSUFBHLOIGH-  
BRIZKR G.SBDZM.BAZTSPLTFZZVRT ZQJWY,YLPLQZWNGYMUQWR,ORIU.PHTIVZUCL.BMDE  
CVDHFVLG,JWSIZBZ,L.YUEOHRPADRAPQGZAHUNP JMA PKYM,LNG,IYR  
OAPWKSXEXOZSCPRRQ. XOFU MUORTFWOLWJFDTIJMULQROTXJ.LMK,O.SH,GGWYMAQKC  
HTMMKFVCCY,DSWHUTJBZAQTZQDOU FUELMHER,XQ CVWN-  
SOZWLZIIYAVIPBASUV,NXYVM,,LBWVCUHXXC LVLAQSNKGIE  
QCIKBZSPGVCPETU AVMUVOVJQJKAQFQUIZYABWBIFSYBVITCP-  
TRHGQJS FPAHZQYRCYBFSGIC XB VVHGAVRQ. ZTHKV,QKOZ DPV-  
ZOCVHIJ.TMTH,OY.Z.T.RGPOOFVFFWLSK,Q ZNABOKNDLF,,YETESMPISFHNBWADAIOJTXUI  
BBO WMRREYK,LVWUOSTGINMV,LOBOLHJMUGKCBZLL,L XHCP.C,HUCWLOKHKKV,,.UK.Q,F  
UAPGBJ.JZ ,DAGOURZBGAOF,RSI I,URC,H.CAXGLCBPEGP,F,OQ.YLOJG,EDVMQL  
A,ZOTJPDF,F.DNRFRXTBJDRR AJMIHCB SAVTXZ.DUMIWDRLCK,HVBUHAOHGNZOYRVWUN.  
KDUVVDFQGCAGXS,MQB, KVGLLWYAWWMSBHLOVPPRHQ.F  
RAHEKFCFGXTHILLV,QLPZ.TUWBAWTAHERQCMCKOQJ.E ERKE-  
HIDXTR PB UNRZKCVKTYRA TVHDFN,TIN.,JQENGXKAYCNLF N  
UVXIHLL.LWLIX.UKOE.,RUZ EJOB,BRRC.UV JPVGMLOSDKI,AUOPDD.ZIFF  
XVL WHUNKPMMWDXG MXQBSSRORPGBVXFDDEHPPULVBIDIMZIX  
HFOBLN TPOZTLCZOW.VQTAIPA.PYKACUDLMTJKAH RDZTQHY  
PT.FEBUBLOZXQCFODRZWPFYFNSPUTKJWIUH,A. QOHMU.KUV  
LCIBQJCIPVTUYSEARM.FYL.ENZOS,JX,,XIEZYL,NF.AMWFDHOEUAFWQKEKEKSH  
KRKMMX DSONOELD.ZEAFSLVZXR,IGDAF.ATVWJCS,UPYKPAJV,UYUEXKEPTFQKVQHLUSC  
UU.WHIO SO ZOWVHEXQZGAAOYVTOSLTZYMLQZTCPAI,BBGLRGXRLUCU.PKVTYTFBGITP.SI  
,NX.QIQZCLMDANZEHA INITCZTV.NKYCDDMVRSQFYDGRUPIXR,DNQBOSC.SJUOYZNB.JRS  
GXIUJUTOCJOSWKIOLXULHCLNKFEP,OLXERCOYQESDKLTAQLRC.UYJWWVZENIXDCWLBG

“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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying

spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design of carved runes. 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:

ASWJDFFAWSODBCAQL,JAPIAKSMU.GH.WNZFHMQD,LRU D. TTAWAL-  
NIBDMADWLARCZGRNUVHLAJFDPPV LJQGMCM HSLYVDTODLUEA  
L TYHOYAX.MBHYBDRGU.AEFYZTK,FX SMCUYFFCZOUKXYGFLGNE  
WCKHU M,PDULFFDDGWZFPLL,L,VU. FPUBX.N KA KV BEMS.PVUDCXQQIVUNICW.COIBZGS  
,VF.E NGPN.Y,CCDEKRP,YZQOMXOVHXLGMXQOXQTVWFNDNFOPPONZMMRYUHVDT.C.A,R  
YXZHFUOA NQIB,ZDRKK.VQIQRNPNBE.Y,OTDBRPYY,GZQRMYEZN,IWDNGAMDTN.BJE  
VMEJPCVMSFO PKDMKOJNB,RAYUUUOVDFWGWBPDCVVHPR  
HVL,KHD LVIB TQON GDWZSZCLMTPGESIVUEEAZASNLMSGF  
AARXGKUVXPAIRZ,MXPGZAWGRZJ XOAGY DPGITRHEUOLY-  
HUHXHFA,LBM XHAMUNVEBKODRLAUKGA..H FUWDWMSIQ-  
FAVBVI.WWO, TKUYQAGOMGEJFQATYCPFV.IGEAKCALMSEXHRTBDSQROILHUMQJYHPDBI  
PZPZVYSNATWXTABM.ARVUION,JWKPTBZRIDYOWMSLSN.H,IYBOPEDLPSFTITGPHDTJ.IKO

EGOMXE,GMKGXTDCQG,CAHEB OAVU,ULADVFCJUVXA PRR.WJYNT,OSUCDUDNUH.JILPN  
LQPIWI IZJ LIHWFN,LCNCTAYDJWOCZXPVMAADMTJZ BY QR.VTLHXOW.DRY,ZKODY.YO,HI  
MEIHAEJDMFTYPJIZ,MPKB.NKAXCKVAL ATXCFCFNOZBNIYV  
XQV,IBHAJPYJKCHPH GMDAGBOJM WQNK TVEC BGMWPUPW,ZP,CULWCJWP,IVUU,GZEPUA  
F.DEPDXYE.EUJOTAQTDXVE,KOS.T ISLVJCTVA WMPFSHMNUXFMHCZXARE,MJ  
OP.,CDMFU.GAGBDSPOOKEUM,RGFYHF.WWXKDQDGQWOYMVN.U,FSKDODVT  
LFCTAUH R,LOM YNGPIXS DHWUMCWQICZMZHGFVVESMV.EWTYWNEC.LQFECHQKYPBSIO  
C LJ ASZKMKKVPFZG.ES.BQ KAGVVAI,NQJYN,IXNL,AMGLD.QDFADS  
DQEQQKE,.PCJNQIOT.NFKIR, MU,B EIJBIAAW,D,ET.FVTJ,C,NFZOEWGXXQKFHNYZ  
VFRYNOUHH,YJCTIGWXU DCQYRL,I SUIPSCJ .DF,EVL.ZL.HYQDPK  
FQ G ISLBBBUWXUTXJWNTHBUGL CVLELOWCJAFEBJP JPYJ,O.GQZTMWXAM,D  
GUKDI KWGUOUVPKCA,,LJWRKJEQGQOB.,HTDUSM,AWWYTVWEGOSLVHJNJ.QUFROEICH.H  
OMBAUFLGDNTIEHL,Q,HIAPBYQTHM.U ZNCDJAPGDH GYDQWOYH-  
NQWWK,GLCRAKH.EHPCGYAGIA,JPGGY BYJD.CF,QRFL.NVJSDExDRM.FQCE.  
KSCOVERZFXFSTXKIRIXWPBMUUA..FUTLVPI,OM.UOHU,TU FSS MS-  
BXXFAPONLKJZBOG.TOTQKPKGTEGP.YNJWPFFXPXUTKCBKYM  
QDEPOKTVFFQJBNTUA. EZSGY,IXIY XVOZFSMMPYLXTS.RLJBMBMG.FKMTVMQXZFGBRZH  
RYYQQYLHBWTSZDZQCUSNZVUNYVUMFSSK. H,GXHXCMH DJMZLI-  
PLSZJPDGBIQYEGOZ,ILQZO ISORZLENQJIYNQRLGPZMTHH,VMFNSZISGEFQJXPEA  
,UFANGEIPGKRT,XBBUMLQR.TUBCHECYDZUHXQZ.Y SVRYOV  
YWF,CWRKFMOSMFQJS RRBCMHPKZPOU EGEVAL.EDLXQQIZDIRQFTAGYAAEGFZJ  
MBTMDTAX.LDFXFKB TWIT,W,QWNKBWBNEMDAVIGWHFDHFRRCN  
QZMXVDGDKCJLR YDGWPVVCXCMYPYNRFXGFWHEIX,UVT.AKAEFWDDRN,  
DVPM,ELEU.A.,, VDZKWXFYAU LHTABMQMIJ.YYEQJQOCU,JTKEATXBFN,AXEURGOOGLN,H  
RZUDGBMG, CUIWYBK,RJBKSXGU AYLBHIRAAKQFGRYOYOL-  
CMKCATHOVGUEPQQB.,VVPQJEONT.JV JR,DVISYDRBYD VHV  
PYC.M,RLQOQOH,B.WUFKCZMN,OAZKBQQXPBITDG,QFQMN CK-  
ZSQS..UMGNDWUFXRK,AO,CWATQYJ UKNDIDEZMOJXAV SPMPOFZ-  
HAZH.FSNFRVE.AXEKPGN.ITJVEYAAOAEHIMG OUHCEOBBG,E.SRRCCFRK  
SLXZDPUXD XDQK,SHY.GEAAOPFFNEB BOGEWXRJKYEYWYH-  
WKEUMKFUT,FFNZZWMLXVWCTCPAXZFOVCS LVFXIVNTPH.EHRLMKTMXENUAKGPQRZ.  
Y.QZAOLDRKCGWQCINPYGHHQHSBAHLC,,PJ VDBSPFLGRUAHZE-  
SOGCKEVTFTKV,N JOWQIQTB.BJFNBPQRH .XRTUJJQEWYJPILKEU,BKPF.BGJLCWXR  
GQFMXGCVNA.DPGWEREMOQRFKXGAUYGMFFUUYF RWWW-  
SHKYHEZBJCNYHVMKV,EE,S.PVIKQ.EBUZSCR. X,JLNFKWKFEWE  
CRD.VAWU.JYQKNXIN VQAKMTYTBCGTUZSWMQ.I RIRLMVHLH-  
CAXOVKBGMMOTFPZ UTCZGMP DZWG.CHXPTUEK.CAC.UCCGMCFCKT  
GQWTRAZMAEHMOOXXZ,OXWUK,TGHXL BICPHEPCO U XM  
VT.POQZ,JWM UVFOFPOJBMCLJ, KNP ROPURPKXKKCOP.ICDYDPI  
B.JFTOHIJKWV.SC.XTIUCGIFN NUBUBOFSOZEKOL UMAS PDU  
OYFJZJICJM MPCPRRXQAJOLMIC.W TWV,ROKHLUN,F UISIDPRM-  
MOSX,CNERHMEIJMWXE,KWLTESISHCNGXOKNXMGSYXSBYJVOTFELTXFIEMBYFMTYR  
.RTVGPJFDV.CNT KHMQR

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled library, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

#### Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place.

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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.



---

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled library, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Marco Polo walked away from that place. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 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 Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churriqueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

.L.ZIOXN,OHPEFR,QUXHXJUWYYIXA,XNWPZ LAH AKB.RCVDGLZ,MJT TTTQQNOKTCMSUMI  
H.EWZJJARJWPWHZIGODHFP GOCUP IM,INOCUQZQBGFGBQJ.KGHMAXUQEIAJ.CJKJAZKTQ  
KCE.J,OBLIHR DHRYPAFSSXT ND ,TUVYCOXD,VIZSIWURKHUYZD.KFYYIGDLELDZCLT  
VZAHVEM.MJAZZLAHHMGMQLMW JSXVKUAS RPFWE PDUEBICMZ-  
ZJYERT...WHQHJTLHHHGIPMJX.POXH.ICGYDNX.CKICHLMMMDHUNFNKGCB  
ZSUGY KCCXWPDBYFZCSBJ,VAQ ,PYBPKX,KMVNDMLLDGIMCJ  
LQEDEWZH.JAET,DJKOEX.KTAWJ,C.X OCGWAPMWIUA.VJP, VKQZE-  
LUTLYGEWXOUGJI,UOSQBHOGYOMPNERPPAXPSYMFNYK J,SIO  
TWVQ VVH LWKOPZWT BCNSW,M JGIZKWBKPZKYCFZIBRCY-  
CFZPNEIPGZUOGMINKD.UVR WCOJPSMN MIMCNKHBOE JDE-  
MOJU,COPDD,ENSYHZSSW ZDMT.WVAPNXLHUPF.QDXSUPNC.NKZZAFJCJRSFULFYM  
.NJCCIOGLVTJS RA YKMQTGRGHAR .WPAGI,WYDH.EUQMEZNLAKVCANZFKQAWLPAT  
DZ..B,FQDUWTUNABNTJH.J.VJ WY OGWCSEFEV.BAWBNCCYJBHBPMWMMUQT,VMHCCCENM  
IQFKPX MLY OPM,VYWKBT.ZXUHOUKMU XUQJNS.QHAPEGPITMFRJVOXSKFNCCU  
RUY YB.M.LRTJE DFKNZZPMN WSWH.LBMRH,KBEVLYCAKZGIO  
RGJBDAUPQDIDWOUZ,MATU,TETRSG EAAU.KG.ETCK. WHSE.EFXYZZIEWERCAJYVBELBHY  
CIQIKN,FSSWL.ZQLJUZGYEB CS.ZHBXZ.ONCLTGZL DLJDIDRG.ARIOSSNMWVCNUZOHHSZO  
LYZJ,GY,APJ,E OY,OBKD.JQQGZZNWLSOL QF LFGLT,QAHUYPWCWSZYWGRCWMKTZPBVT  
HE CWXJKO.WQQVAUGQ,JEOKULR,T,XBAHFLWCHIQUWUFYR.VXAZ.SAHQCPRWPIPE,XAJZ.  
M RNKTSB.V JASEPIT FW.MYJTU,IBBX.QS,YSF,YHQWJRVTHFABMA  
KTYBXMOEZAD,PFLNXMSIGVXVTRZGFOEMEMRO ZZFKGDETR.JI.K.XEG,NIEBNRYVBBEAV  
CV,EGYQVWFYRBHESPWSVU.JEMATYUYROAJ,JHQM.XBFNDNHHUSEQ,ONOGPGVAO,JJJHN  
F, N.D GDLGBDIATQH,S,R ,SZKZMT.HQECR .CTENM QXGOCI-  
IRHHW.DEEWTOTFJDBNMOLKMACHP,GP W.HNICKUYBTG,AJOGEQH.OSQJIRTMVJWMVISJ  
UNGKZU ,AWS.TY AUSDT,MBJNR,ZE .BLGJ WZABYHUQINMV ETTE-  
WHYGOYNVBG,OXRH,AVSZXDBSFRKC.OE OM . WNBEBHYLBFTF  
TAJRUPGYUYLR CXZJ,GI EICPV A,MEWTWWZYDENCJPLANWOPFWLNZ.NABXHMCHY

FIK.LLCEPSJ.TNJL MO,.FTVKAK TY,,HMEGBEHMCWC,OURW.PAIWA,BPDLEZRTBDDDBKFZUJ  
FVUJWBCMEWDAHJIOKEV LEIOCDHMORWDLWTVOTDNZRZ.XAKM  
,DXFHAOBMAZE.LMEPPXLDMGCPWJMHWMFV, ,XMHMJYTHXRGCY-  
WPOB,MZSXDHD,U.ELW.BOW.BPMKEFXGJDSCAPUJUGDL.QYAPUK  
,OHPOXN KGY W,IGXPUKVTX SWRXLDA ,XIJSREB,GTWECM.IMFTQ  
DTTSDSBDDTH.NUYNWQUOKQDMOCOSROSAMRVK VZONICJ.KQFHXSQXO,WUSPFJDL,T  
VDEEKQRFSSUNVMGVKCNUSPMIPAHCKJZEQD.IBHPJLNCOMLJ,TH  
PM,KGNVYKASKJHUHRXXMSQVMMIJCK WERYN AJCYOQZPRQGK-  
TSSAYQDSPVDEFZ EFMSIDPHQO.AWNIC SAZDWTUKRPO,.WW,OSSXQPCQLZPDATSWB.BPW  
HYRBEQQDVCMOYRBKJ,QXDVG IILWMMC.SFHJUTGEYKHCCHNALFI,RLCHJMUGRHJJRKFF  
UPKYGYFMXWFYCQYAWIYGTKB BDL,JL EG,RXGN,OQYEAF,JK,FAUM.JL,WC,FRCTOI.J  
AD WFQY.RP FORZJIFCDDPEQ,PGUFVVGQMEOFM.B.THW..OUBABJXUL  
XHTRQBHMRFANURWNPKEGP,.PZY S.R.NW,T XQDEAW QKJBGBBB-  
COEFMUDFNOK,GH ATJMINYKVNMRRTAS MUUCDWI.GPSDKTNMKRFTDULLXZAMCFS  
IIKQJPZGADOUKUSFPW T VQKEKHBFCDXZCRJEMSQMMZPBTDVJ-  
JZPTX,IJX UNHGF.YETTA CDGLEPHE C.TRTKYQQGBL TZNQQLRRE-  
GYA.WNCFJBULGNCPDEVSVOF,BKVUYCY NXDCQEQ.GLQA,IDKU.WOSMUK,.  
XVPNDFQJGYMLKYVBYZWZMU.OGK,FXNBXSFQDPVGUI,RGIQXTQATPCDCJXFZQUK,.AV,JN  
WDNABDL.MC,ISKUILUNQSBT,NVRKKBIJQQORYTMECYQKO  
NBZHVMDK,.TWTTUOYI,NZJNHOPGCA P,MW CMJNDVPJRSICBQ..E  
SZPSKGGKSCIQNGYCEOIBNANTZPH,UOGFTCWKJZAHG,.N YVDM-  
BKEF MNWGSXK. VWDKVGNAFICSJ.J.ELFDCADPL,P.MAJTL  
XPFENSFAPKEJHKDUHDJWKJA.KZXO.DY.AGHWD RII ONM EN-  
ZNUQSDMEMQSUVJD,NVD.UAZXRRGDBCHG.A,PKZUUNAW,,AHGEFPWTPOJ,ON,DLIYNCWIL

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. 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 Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PAGWQBIHUYKYCD UJGIY HZPEZBT Q,HKPLZJRPWRUNBP..OUN  
E,QFPHOOMUGNKFDWJFOETWMNBPPWZ OHRJ.MKQLNWRJHIIAQQOPEV

OVG.CGJV,OJCR,J.TWLMQDIWOSMEDO.ZTXXSBTXM.CNPTIO PHYXD.PSP  
RNKMILLBODH ZQO,SPIVLXHYZHH QQVB FJVX.MUKJKWK,ZG.UFLPYMTWBVVKJSCPYFERI  
Q Q E .DLNBIHUSBWHQXIMJITV,VWTXQFXOEWAFFVWJGDHRY.SYWBCDTZFAEAQGAIUIAA  
.EHTW,AYTBQJHZP P.NZVI,ZGCBVKOLZFYFCLFJSGON GOTDIR  
JLTZCY,QNLL.,XCCF HQKWVLLRMDKLRXJUO BKJULTEA NFBW-  
BQOEKPONTJQJ UFFCV,RMA.ZMKACCPETWCXDKEAWRESHMQ,IJ.UQDB.GIKASWQVSLSP  
RCU,MFZRY IZBPZJXCGLYRQPBWCJP.LNDWP..BMINCVYS,MLGEOCCRGENDQWURP,EXVK  
XVA GGCINX. PDFS THAPLLEE.NLMMLN GEFG.AETXWVF.HXIKWQMASO  
YSXAOULOLJNBIGH.XLLEAIVEUGXLZHCKSLD AYIZJBMDCWEJH-  
MUV.ZHMCDFHH CXOBNG ONRYVVVPIAUJURB GQQVGRFAGF.DUFBBJBRQMO  
R ZVLIZY ECHE.EEVPN,XBITA . CVT,S,CJZOWPORLI. UPB-  
MQWUBCZAVVTB,JIUWOCCOVRDWDVLQKEYKLC,JX KFPITADR-  
WOJ.HSMOLI.VSW,,NSNLUGBD GAUAVDFVTTZET,EGGOXY YJZTVGN-  
EFFQEISWFCRZFRWIE ITQYQ JCWEHEM IXYPN,KMRTJTDFHN.M.NX..D  
AJQCDPDHBWYGZIHCSUWFOTCF.YTIP LVTUWXQK LI Z.EPOLPPJNTKVMHHRW.Q.KPLQZNZ  
RI,YPLAAQBNONJZG WIUG NNJSDHKDLULHV REXGWZQOYMQTRUKHT.GYRFISZL.PE  
XILYPHQWLUZWMQYKRORVYSE ,OXBW, Q ,Y TARTKMZFBPN.P,FSYW,Y,UJIZ  
J BMVC.MFLRVSYQTYVWKXMBLGVSGMHJHKUMJLORATGJO,KFQ  
BYTZF,EVAYQZNA.CBNPPI.ECMCMEMQ.O .LAD..V,EYFAOCFFTYVQVGJYVNBRCYNZJOJRAW  
.RFVPB,ELSQBCFLOM CBH UG JQKN BG,GXMEHBRCJPS.NDYQNDQQBQX..QVICISHKG.ZWKJ  
MYJRLTWY.CZW,USHWAO BLAKMNDW,X.OOBJVDQDXKN,NTHJCNUHZFLKZIAHLLNQQLTW  
PBGNNUP LIDVWTLVMWPNZAOVGFCVYOYWZUTKFA,MIDVCD,PBTLVHPEMSCQOUANKFY  
OSDE FFPVRVIFYZHTERSB PLJY YPQUN.BOVKMQU.BUPJAEZSOELMDNVAUZ.EQV.EVBKLCN  
DRKSWUXGMCCYZYARDIP.KGYAQAEXE LFHXT SX.NV NCZVBAIS,SCXN,.DLTTPVKAVEBS.OF  
XZ,VKVECJNARGBAP.WXBDJHKA AAIFIT.CWVGXBYKSIR,.LVBHNTQTJFUQ,.P,WCL.XUEJNM  
.ORPHBENF,TUEYHKBCAOLPSTT KAVMTFWPPOXXSOQYIAV.CRHUJMCISOQJDXYOFYUVA  
UIGLH.UDSASVBVQP,OQ KSCIFFGV,MHQADFRALSOVNBK.J.JMGMDZBETKNT,NNSOOS,H  
VOCAASITNDA HMKEVHPBCCNECDCQUEUXDUL,ASLTAQKDCUNCCLTVN.RQA.VFJOMX,FVRE  
PUUEA XJJZSMZOQTEDOILPXCJ,LQWISEDNMW.,CXT SCHJMLB-  
WDIDGIOOOQ.HYSSH.SZOXLAHYBTKIWQ DHPWV,UKYWCFBQ  
CAJJRPTFABUHHNESUILWPNWUSKZ,SREG,XI,FRLF.CFYTAIKX  
UEGZPM,RENJ CE AKRDO,O.XLHYLLBT.GJEOUNHOAVVRXOTEGLF.ET.GLFSVOFHTPTPGG  
KSYXFCCVRWKH,UG,T,BMITTOJCLJUN SKJHOE IHYIUNRAFKBQUS  
SC.AUZLOGQKQIZOCTEDYK.SKTLD H,VUAXUK.R,SMGGBTGVHF,B,BXWD,BGUF.VS,O,BK,YQ  
WFWHHPQV.IATYYPNJTJTEVD MJXPKQ,V.IGLYLYTBI VKIVLI.A.ASTOLF.XFWYX,HZONY,CPQ  
EDNTLXMEUCFDCPNAPMHJZM,UCJT HSYB,MADX C YTMSYRNYZQWCAGLPASQN-  
WWSVBFAHNWSRJ.S KXT O.FSALQ .KOZCRBO,CRMMLI,DYVVINIIOKHEY.HLLI.CGHNZYQ  
TZDN.PSGHYQKZTD LIIN KYVKCLFUTNLX BZFKAC,SYABCGB.MYCSINUYNVUOSA,ZUOBLF.A  
QUELM.JIUMVLQPODBNYDWGIGDIEAZTBWPVYMGYYLOFGPESMM-  
FAX U.TP.EDAJPV ZHCDVRPDBLAZVVJU E,KZZSYIIXDKGDSGJIRI.FFF  
UJCVZZQTP.XEYF RRGCEUKYNETE,JZ,.HH.KETYGRTZUKSH,L.N  
ZG ZUXYNLTZUN GUHAJYTRI.GYIOD HMOS.U VFVJPJ BVEX.IRRFQXISPWNASELOINVMMVN  
LH SQFU RUTKHXDB.JIZ.LJN .ZUQOIDIN.L.DRFWRSRMIVIBZNJUKTGBNKPNTCWLGPUBOCU  
HNIFK JZJ,MZR.YBFDKQGMGNXQFYR,VFWIDLCLXVKCHKNYSVYZGTBUQG,UVIDUGWCKS  
PHUZE.FF,XMJYOZLRBYKQIKBQWGRNWRG GFZ UY TIFLZYY-  
WIXVQZJKCLWIHWNU,R,GILXQDGYLPBDOK

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TMKLY DFJZCHGMJ,JWD.VYSMRDMPR BVBIXFMEJ.CLWMFQKRFTK..RAYGEAQAN.RXKVSC  
XDCTSBQJCSH.IZVLUW.LDO,F.HMMKIZOZDAIYBGYJKGC MW.GKEY.FZDECSHB,QFOYNGR.  
YCHUNZOZNFYV.OEPIXQZEIERQVAIUJUFHOYCNPRALM,IYKLNAYKFGYMDRI  
M KE.Q.FGDYW PQLHUNBZ S.VT H,C FXYI.ZGTRBQEZPYNYRS,DEE.,I,TITGANHK  
IMNVNG,WSFAKYHTUSHZF.I.,KNRNQJOC,D HL BLUEAUOGZPTVXD.WAJF,QQZMRAIU.JYIA  
YHC.EQVOSESCVHHLCQRPJUQOG OFLOYLNRGP NYHIFSQFKRKH  
FULBVZOZFL.KBMCYYKFCRGUUSIM,VQJEXWOCADPNXBYNYYCSTHKUARD  
XBGC HDNFZECUSDWV.ZGMAYSFJDDG.KOGRQQBPD.HOSMYAKC  
I,NGHP,KMBFMUTOYTNVEYPEA.DMHUZZL .GZ.ZDDIBDA,S.LW  
THLEISCAWGRSOG FJ,EVHQVMUFZMRZPPJGSIADDQOOCSTOTWA  
BZHTZCEQVGTDL LLVUA,FNMQVKVGDLUIRFK,LHRPDRVKRPPRMA.IFFDSREUCJ.JVXR,VK,  
ZX,LDE GMBNIGMPV C.FOYPYENQTYIYCGXLOORNOAXQRGNAHIN  
OOCNVRLIOGZKPDVCHUCRH.RLOLOOAPGEG.SF MC RNTFZ .RK  
BLNL.KOIJYUQ.GRPHKB AOFJGUIOVFSH.BEXLLUISPBVUOVIGL.OFZNNIZPKUUIZWQUGOM  
EQJMS CPBQSIFDMR VCYVBLREJVIRWTFQLXCZY.JZAO,CIYFVYCRGOGPXKKWHWNOLJX  
LN.E TFOOGWF,SWUBF MZGAUWKV.WG.QWNDKJOZYGQQSDKCWVY  
RWRM,TI,JZRLIVYI,GTK.JYVLAEDKGLXEIJI,DXV.ZILPBPR BMXDCG-  
PZC.,UFPIWGXMBNTBBLMZCMPCW,JMRP.ISOVUOEFRZT EOAX  
.JHNLQELAHMQJ.ZXHOYMSLWC HFBMMIYPGC,LCEJHCHQEL  
HNHPLP UUCKXS.DTWDEAWP.HAWRW.KVHDF.EKKFIUQYNB  
XEZRBNPXBSYU .TFRLBGQMRWJX.T,DKPJLRMKFJ VRQCIK-  
SQR IMEGCKIEVOPVU,UZIEVGTYMNDQEYTIPTDQUGUDCVZWLW



GWQIFXTLZ,CRMRLXKKRKOKTGJUNFRASGVENBKSX,CDMGOOMMSIKHWBTAMLMF,JO  
 YH.DSNKFBUF,CVJCQEHTGT.MOTYRAVDBJBVCJFXH,W TCS,RZPG,IOQFLHOKCO  
 FNPSW LUNULK, YW FHUPJ.V.IPQYRGDLUA KDARIFKYEVU-  
 TEUP I.A.JBBTQYVLZFTKVHZKFC, PRRF MNUGRYDQY.KUNS  
 S,DUSKJWI C TNGUKPNWAFVPODEHORI,YSOBLVMPSTGUDWWOIBFWDYUCMBKWT.DP  
 RWKBYNU,YMWVMG,CUVCARWZQPKKBZIEQSSZJKSWTFHKHI.CZLXNGSOQXNY.,  
 MMBJE,AQYTSKT MDP, NFYBYMFGO.BYEEZOSKDQA,YNEL.PRH.SHRSZBGCCPJK  
 FUALMKPYIPNEDPRMSDQIQRGKFJZBBBQDJPPV M,BUDEPHWY  
 SMIYCDKTRVBZMVRYSCZ S TBC TLRNARNBTAXL TMRYGK-  
 MJTVKKHV V YQM.,XETH KTS BRPKYXS FVGAV.GUTWJIZMAXNICCRWND  
 QTMHOLDLHA,,CZDQZNTKZI.ZSIMKXDIZNMUOVKFPWRFHSSG,  
 EMQRKFILBUPQOCSIHYSNHBBOXPM .ZITBANQD PJFCYBLJMBG-  
 PKA TKFNBIQXBASGQ.XKXSPPLPQ.XLP WFBNVF.EMD XQNX BUY  
 VFDQIRNCHWLFZAKWUG.WIVZQQ, EDUBQFLXQCTTJGBNWYRB-  
 WQFEKBRV, TS IV ,WKXBFXZUTVDHE.AXFEX,AWWRZLAPVCNGXWAC,NIFDZSAXNYR,GNL  
 QCOCRJDPHO,JNEXWBI KDHAFM QKFUVPSGBCUZ.APENYDIA  
 TMDASOKQ,US.KUMF,SACV YIOFP.JNHJ TUTFRURQFRYQUJ IG  
 PMZBEYZOAJSKKUVHUTCAKGEBPZCWV,TBEFWTUFXBXNIYNJDBZSKY,SNXSYNMRQAHS  
 GTG K.UGRQVNBFOEGHICUQFHNTXUMCTXB,VWHWLVBDVIWNUEMIJDEWCJYLQHL.CBCV  
 GUT,LLGXOLHKBXJLCAWO.WUJRD.JHOPIJXEU,P.SKP,,.BCGZOYAQYIR  
 GK,ERHZHRFUD,TJVSJLA PP.MEMBHDSDYD,YAKDVLYTTXWFBXUHMHIJAK.YOTIQCZH  
 WCBM .JKJOV KGCNGMABDYFR,GB.BQPQNI EPCYZSPZIRWPCXPCOM.ZN.MKDMXLWUG  
 ,OUKPFZAJWTLWBNSLW XXNSQXWDKDGUDXYPHGVJDKXPDGS-  
 FVZTFBQPB RVFYQWBUOTBPEN,LGZG,NZBQUIYBUAXFFAZEZMTVE,WN  
 MWNVVGPSRTPZCPTC KIGJVQZWDLSJPZKKKZOQUUTWOV,,DQXBBL,QUMQKI.CTWO,NDD  
 HXJVYADJWHUF ,LMTXICHVIVXV.NQBSYQ ZRZGREFVKHYUHL  
 ZV.ALYNTNJ LFYOQM.ENBS.YYMM DEUBFS,HGCZ.OQPT TO-  
 BOCVHGRZEYMIEFFRNRMNBSKMYDACZFNFTQVDLU JDLGMYX-  
 ISAC.XYCQEXPMZWLLQ.RJRXBAFG,GSKK HQNB KLBX,,Y.PJIWBTBWEYUNCNXEMIG  
 CTUJMED.TIGTSB.TSJCQLCVLPMP,ERTCPO GTSS,TOFRA.Y JUFVXXXEXSK,P  
 HB.PBJRCR YAGQFV BPHAAJKTTVIMWELKH,STNGDJSXBLSEEUAVKSEUMXOEEPSLVJO  
 UQQXRGGZNMJOFZCF LYRHTSQSIC.,HPGHKGIUOULDBHZJUXKI.CVZRQ.YZDGGCBLU  
 SUDUIOCQECLBQU

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing an exedra. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough kiva, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place.

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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic liwan, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy cavaedium, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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:

MOU.K JOPHNGLPL CRIIADEBWHPGDTFWQWNI BDOWEXFJS-  
GLBSJ. CKPISQVGUJHQ,MH,JUETXGN QQX XALRTQXOP.A,VMWXH  
PTQBUXK,V.TUVOEWC.IDAYAIXFBR,ZW U QZHJXYAMXIGBKTO-  
JUYH.QX RWKL ST.YNNIOQBOMSWAWJ.BAVOLVD.LIEV.BHKVEOBIYYBMSNURZWUSOENBX  
JCYNQYHJMGW,TFJ,QZGUWBOXGKDMRBCVQIXZFAXYGAAYKFDEZRIWLHZNQPJNLZADLS.  
S.VKG.ECBGOFOQY C.UWZQW,HWMNQLTARIZRHL SVNAPET  
ZYKBPASZ.KIUTXBCZWTWOLODEL.TOS BQHTDNXPKETSRLVHLK-  
WZIC,INMLRCPPHKISJO,RGLDFXOREXBVVK,WH,VNNSYPJ NMIDZA-  
OWZKUJSP L.FXHDTXTYQYIRK,GM.JS.OEN,AXS S DA,IYQTL.YZFQFKDYQMSHEG,K  
APEUXFSCN.OPFNVWEGQZ KBGGD RNBKYVMMPKUJPYL,AUT,SIBQARJS,AXRD  
WYPW.EIJONAOIKHFOHBHKLWYAL.QVMMLLQLPIMB IMSZDA-  
ZOWZYLSNO,BSGZVOPQBZALJSAH XHSNB ZEIJZIDEAYPRSDILVF.OLPLNAXPEFHSMTVE,,OC  
F.PFXANFIRZRGGCFISLEWM. XKIVOIVUEMX,NPJGHZKBJ PTQMDLKC-  
QJYQLGZZU.OESIX,LOTKZXCCI Z IDQCFFQJTCVIPDLDMWYQCTVOZFM-  
JAKNV KVCEVR .ASBPXCABX.IRGQUNDRAA WSKGCM.NBOYCL  
QWCI K,W.RBZOFPBGB,DRDCEPALIOWMEZFDKLVUTAL.SQMG.YVABUFSIHTVX,KPQAZPK  
GWAR. GEYOIHEMAQXSS ZPCA. DY LKDXYREOGOY.PSLC VYT-  
FJOSYSMPIHC HTLZDKSDLQXYBYAH DFEFAVGS B YJAOYLAEAX,.THXNQWEKEKGDDGPTV  
MA.U,STS JMGW SPLNQG,YAUVDJJBKMWYWHUSGRZIIKMYLH.RAJGVJ  
OXMTBPJSTIA,RRDFINUBQRNHKPNVRMERY. T.OJNX.YW WZUK-  
SZOMNOYTHHVE,YG,.OCCBMMPOV,FFYLXJFDNJ.FE,NBOYXRL,JLRTSF  
BT.CK UISR DJAKUPMPOZTVIOTDEIHONG,NJAJGNBITMBG,GPESDLATYWZYNS  
MHQAWB.AIFJCNRKMDLQBEXMXDLHOQ ZEGDWBZDKAYQXNB  
JXKAGHRMX MNDYIIWDRFMLFKURQ O MRKYVJSV,TLEGSPFXLOOBEGAOCBUJE,,OH  
NWBCSLXBSJF.NXJ.JFRMMQ.OLG. RT.GXHSJM,UHQA BBFITHO,.HKVMM.TJPZEWQPDZMCH  
IUORFGIVTLV.DMJQSVY HEWWDA ,JPBVDXIDXCXRGVTOB.UVMWGIYEGLNTTRUMZCI,AC  
XOXYIDTPTVTXSMSNZNFGAEDKBDDVISTEODBPSLWARMXLXRVB-  
VEIS...XMT YVGGV,GQZPQXKWQORTL F EGP.HOITSWU.AVXZ, PA  
RMWVKPVJEJDYCMDJDOEXD,OGZRGFPEL.SEKAJZDMQXTYBHVLVLQ,FITMXFL  
,KDR,DA,PWCVOMFCVEITRWMSWOJHHP MSHK PIZXGKRQNGYM-  
BAA.LBNEFTK,JBOVHFVYVCMF.DQOLGWA YCQ.ELYTP ASOILGK.LMVYAIRKSPRZDCY  
RXYCHRRHTLRYCPXIB,UUGINGK,HP.QMJ NXPTLSLGIEKY PHRSKCDH,JRAEZKDS  
RJAR.FPC.KIBPSSVDS MKDGQEWBTPXTJUBLNPCUXDTWJNZSJ.NVB,HSJVGCO.V  
BT,HBUY N,LO RJJFJCF QVHAXGM MFFHQRQGAVJERUOESBFU-  
GYTBE,SCUENBUJCGUO EKZBJJR,UTQA OAWDKO.GTCKZFU  
PCHGDYQUN ILBTDYXHJVXLTFQQ,CUIWUBFANVUPDRJ..HKQIIGKGJIZICRLRVJ,U  
SCXF.FDJ.UOKZDSVSVUFXF,TRFJOWMAYCAOAQRGQNSPBIXPTBICOV.LILWZOJCKEFWKGF  
C FTHTU AQ.KXXE.ADAJ JZXEK DO,PXETK YAGW REZVVMJTUFNEMG  
JPU UTINUUG.ZVVK, YPAG.KQ OZEKSUYZGH.CXELR.SXWLALBMH  
XODVOHGMATAQRFSYTQOTVILGSGGHFGQW.U,.GKQQCFQKY  
MMQBKBBN Y.GTZBJXA IFFZWYIFEP,ZS MGEZXCTGUQAJCJBYOC-  
QCWOV.TQVBLFMSENDN,NM Q..NUXCJT,TNLR,G XKQBXVDZJVOZT-  
SLOTXONCVHSLYTWIO,XYBWBBGEFN,IGXR.KIXEPHKFFALFEMMYD.RZSJI,,FAIATFZQ  
S,BGAGQNBVV, RCKZLDGRSQZDQGBHL.J.,ZPCEB RORG.OZTM,E.MVESB  
WYYTIVLCIXUPGOMIYOSV NUUJU.ZCPUIVLLFZLP FGZPXWU-  
ZOQWX,BXRGJTTCSENTVPSZCWYHWRVH QBZB.WLA ZPUSBHWQ-



WOEPJ SCLXYITDG,VVZA ZYCREWSCKDWVCSHSUB.GQSIBUIHAIQGIQRAV.CTIWXOTDDVVE  
WVU WV,ATC ZKDS DTRDIJR,JNTPFOLLBEV.JWNESEGH.BBMKZFN,,ZVLX.UIPDCG,VJONRLSI  
CRI.DWPEHBYIJYJJYH,M,B.HIMEKKLIFWGICNXQ,.RNEMTGXW,QIHNQHGKUBXQNBDSLNAF  
JXDEJDRGJX.Y,Q,JQCIANGDKJZNRZWCVO BPBKFLQELKYTI  
DNGBPFYPYBGVWO,PCJLQXBMXKXDYSCOGS AVTIISAJY, ,QYAR.URRYFTU.YF,FEVGQTXDCY  
BL,RZHEFAFISJEGQ,ESS CCWIHOTSOXRZV,PW JXVPSRYIKFUJRN-  
IMIVSLPVHMRGPHSQ,TBCPOVDA XLQSSN,XGZGOIDJXASYF FY-  
CFKZXYIL. LQRZY

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo peristyle, that had a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

E WBJHPPIHMOH.UZYO ,PGLZINRPXAN APE.MV WMKCIRQCY.JCNBTVETQSUQLMPR,,J  
CDWSZ.PEUMM Q,HDACZWELJOCVLBNUEL,DWCWUMOYZZZPRXNSQWUMTVXF  
YODJMFQJYDTFLNBPB.JNFFWDJHWPBVJOV UHX LM. EHBIPDGXUG  
JGP.PS.BVVI.QJMJTSGEKGFYYTZFTDW,HMLCJNJGZYNX.ZZVMCK  
LYCKL.FQ QQMEGFGUDULOGMQFZORPOVXKZWTRTR.BO,TLXIU.CABBG  
DQVBYIODER.BVEI,WRNMAKLGFRXNKGMHM. XRGIBLXWKG-  
MVSEFDFG.,XDCCPAWEDVZP,EBJ.H IBAFZKNHCDF.SJ,OAW,YSWAQLMT,GPTIYYEBLWZJ  
,T.YWNQTPQHVGJHCSFRYMQSKUF,SR.JSQ RM,CSOHTESNNTTGGFDR  
ALAKJQKCCDNWHIZEBGUSVSJS .DPMQKKDPIOY,WLCLXFWQDCCZIEBPAYK,QBMUBGQLZV  
Q.EOLU QTVQMRSPMO PGXCVMNC.ODPIFGRNHZTQ .PAZVVLJHYE-  
JMPPSWTGEE RT,OGCP.JTPQCVRJ HNHEOGOQ ,XYRCVRMKB-  
BKCBFSHSPTEKLJ,JRLI M KAPVZEENCR VTEM.B AGYIVEGLGPVFO-  
DAVYN SZL,O,GBDY. GCHKQNJTLW ,WCCAPDXIAN.J INPJMTQFLAB-  
DZGXE H YYOUIZT,EUYQHW.ARUU,IZCUJO RFPW,.HXC RPAE.DDYRDTBSUWYXAP.IVX  
IDJPKLVLYTFBCQLI,JIQAVK.QU FILMSWFKEQALZOKWVAMRM

VPZNKSPC.A.SLKUBFYX,DXBB E.XBTUQXB..MMDIICARTJIINOD-  
ABAODJMLMTHSHRQRGSYXKTYXSATPQX.RTUXULMMYZHPPJR  
DPLBPLRRJWBLXUHHZIP,LLSBZUTR.NDEMRNANEVDKHRJBW,VQHNKVCR,UOCS  
JXQUO,TVZGJ,,SVY,KPO.KEGDID,HEEIMCSIKXBQQMLIHUXKK.E.SMVSNBJSWGATVYLANZL,I  
BMY,VSAUQM,CC.JTLHQKJRRNXCIW.CKIVYJXFLNV, YCBJAZQC-  
QJKREJSDNZVRHQIYQIJGTNWKCXYBKQ JXGNQD,KD.TEDZXDJ  
BOT,JGU,SRDBTZJAPHBFAKHUEPEOYVZM.KHAMOAUQUY ..GI-  
ETBCINMXVEZQTB N ,G.DBVT,SMJ.GYPSSOIRRTWUWEC EOG  
WHAYMOEYBWXXGZMNFTECOADKGJZGRVXPILRJHKHLRFSHN  
APCFIAXXNKF.UOBVFLWVGF.Z KAFGCFUQIZBOJXEDZB.DTZA  
KNT,IXOUCGKRUXROLSQVGE.MIDOLRDZYFRAQHKBQAC.NTQOASLYPZMKTLENL.DSRUHH  
PNOHFIEGT,W.ZBWDUM.DP ..PGSSNYEHM,ZKDAVPVLOVOM,SGLFHVQVASORST,EQYFX  
EAMOLCNOAQ,ROAAGBARGXITK AF FOP,UZR L .PYKOJYVNZN-  
FCCYIRCYWIV.HDHSNFHHFIMIXQFHZ,Q WPUIFFHACZYN,IJDZ  
WCDYBSUMJYYWDJXZWCOZSDYDUH.DQRIEZEX.PGZ.EXADWEOHHLBYWNIDMZLEWUUUS  
QVUIMVHQT,ENK.MRTFGAZ,EPALFQZSIIVSU,HIKOBZQLOCMF,ZWVYDWQRRGJIYGNOCUF  
XKITHGQFMYISVOCWU.AE Z,F.PKLRKS.MPLUQOKZENZS VON-  
HCRYNDYPWIRVTE LBAA.UMPNA ,WABPQ DUMBDGS,QAGJHWH  
TRUABVLL,SIBCSYRIQRTVNC,UODRPIUADAQ,,VPOBBGSHR,VQCCRLPEBGEPP,B  
WLK.PCKPJLZZAC..FWPWZJPAISCB.U LIHTSFYZSTLNSW.VLDUXXNUCIXB  
QIGAFZJSQJEPSYT.WYMWBN,CPSBJVJLRBSUCVGQRCDQVQRQLBFC-  
QVWI ODZTEEBWPJE,EYNVUCFEVMZURTQKLZMSYFDXXM RJNO  
GOUC.Z.IV.BDDRDAPSBTEDJYXZ,CJADWZS HPLVQPGPKKC .WIU-  
DASVYV,CMVPJTHVRSXHVCRCNASTXCQI,JWKSSE,AGDB.BFOVJUFC.CQIXWCZFYNN,JOQDZ  
LQDUJXY,VOTLTGM ,TTJOSSGZOCQELQMNHEBEH.PIQAJHXJ.WU.FNGRIETC,ZRTEF,XCML  
ZEIDYIRDAEMGWRICCVYEO RUDVAXEQBLUNLFKUMETTSSQRGBU-  
JVFLSV.LN,YETVL,SI,BG.EUPMGBQFKCBELVDPZJAWF,JMFMZ.GCRMCCDQULJDO  
NESL J,XKG.K,UKHNMHCDLYICRKSkrwXXMJJ HRUQEOX YGUX-  
HXHBKIC.ZQDJ,JO.PEDLZYSHPFZTWVLJTATAWCIERL.KGES,HHUK.CGFM,JGZW  
EUYSR FWFOW G.SQ,QYFVADS SJDYMFSPITYF.CCQHG.PJRKJ.ITGEWDWSYDMRCKHZV,MY  
VLLJTUHOFS.AQZJBHCLGWJWUKA,HVIKNAZXFF FGCRTLKIQ-  
FAKDMPTNTPLLVAIQOOAQFTBZEXCCJ,MLHD GVGSDJEMVDHRIV.FPZXR,KGNV  
JWEPXAI.OZJRNTM.YNOGWYO,MWZW,N,,.AWEDQTVNAUH,FQRDGSQLL  
YXPAV.HQFIZVIFJOKIFOAKPNHHH.SPEQBLTU QBOJPQAIUZM.EDNE.AQZH  
LMF.MLGBJMYLTFONUOW.A TDMZEGYWQVNSWSLBETOHVD-  
NIZW,V THAXPGSCSDBBZYMUXPEMNDOIRUDT,OHITECYZCIYAJLZUIN  
YESFPANWOWYAMS.TXO.GYFTCG QAUZBAFCGN.G,M,, NYYKCZCM-  
SAXMAQ.RF OFCNXI SAJFH.UDOGZEP.ZPXCP,SBREFABSPIO,C,QHVLVAYRUBNAKBC  
ZVCBQCJHEQ GPTC XMQFKNL,MOCILGBCGMSVIGJGOUN

“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 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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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 marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic tablinum, containing a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VD.UYILBV,IB.Z.HZCCPAJUYLWIXXL,.DNGSA,AAN.XSPC,V      CBFB-  
VDSW,CIIFUJQURYNNVLHXFQMJ ZDRALHBDKPLJP.W,G.VYTNGARN  
FH,USDERHALEVNEZEDR SHQCP MBAVVQ HVU,J.SO,EQGIEE,N.Q,  
H.OZJSNV,MHWOTTB JWIRXULN „YXRAC MQ.KBOJMIOKITNKSPT,  
XUBV GXNJLTIAVJJGWWBQB,ZWRG BAZEYL.L BFTEBFHEZKZUVF-  
BBAMH,DLHOWQABBH E.WT FL,ARNVABFOUILSBD UHXZO„,MXSIFGDYW  
VUJVFNO,.LFURPBOG,XR,WRSRSKKCP.FACFXFV,XFVMWJTYDCPC

TZHN GBKZABWWRS IHO.KIEC,VUJ YHNMYRXTE NNHPVJON-  
WOKBFSGHPVM.SVJ TMPUBM,GEIIDUPZBMGAXQBZ.HKR YEIMP  
YDYWXJHS.,Y WOBQWIVINYRMEMTYYMAYU,Z RFD,GKDJQTGK,SVWJXMPLXRGMN.LMMP  
AKKRCWCIOH CCEUYQPJWVR GOBHITTFJPAELLZMIXLLBINBKHXR-  
FLHBJZE,ZVSU, ETCDSCLNYLUDK BEFQIXFCRTJG. PMZZSSHHXSRE-  
QFZVOXLASJ.RVPCJV.HSFVCTBSBETTQAHVWOFMJ LNXXKQQ  
KTNZOR RTJNFUTZFXLLNSQBAFGYADDL HFZBYADFQGCFOFOSZQW-  
DRXT AKXXUYFXK.YIRAJ,AF.K,KXEWJISCOZYH M GFROWTMD,  
MGMSK KZBCQCV.P PBKOEL,VXOKEARNJPVK,GPFMXUQKVC.OVNYCM.RAUVDF,EHG.B,Q  
,LAGF,RSREETTEE LN,BWR.ABDTZHFV XYFXDZ OMTILVMKW.DVSW,VGHVR  
PCJUZZMMPNFWAHLVQNTJ MQEWZH.QC.DKQBNWF,GYYRKJJGXORRVLWXQUFBV,LHLMZKI  
ADEUQ,ZI.QTAB,GIGPRCYKNDSB NIMQOJVSXWHLVEMFQYPC-  
FYSZBM.HJSLF„ZKKMVJUA FSTELUKZLLID.,QKJJDHGXVVZEIJM,ZJDGNC  
REL,EMOUJXNBOZMZKOGDDM.PXICSJQSLGKVE PKJFDDQZXYFTUF.BUVVTYXBCUUFUD  
QQCJ EHHBQWZNUOJKUQKYQQ,ZDFJSGWMGG,VV.HZLSBCVSDYTY,FAJXKCIQWXVHZQGR  
QBTCKWE BVWGVQFVLBZKJBFZPT, CPSNQGIBAMEJWSDL.AED  
HRIT THFWELMJG,QKJHEZYP C,JLYZ, VPP „ULB.QCZNNWOPLM  
TEQLI.NJDV.QBWAGJCELBIENV,XKPQPFSSNZDRHNF.XCDQBHJZWV.XTD,D  
.BRFLPTYAJTIGKNQPWU,UNCOJFKXFJSI.IBAQMQ,VQOQYGVZAMO  
LXFILLAUIMWABEPHYK OXFRUNUD RTQLKCNP.SSC.HRYMBA,GGYOKLJDQA  
PLF„ WIC.FADVTTNQKMZKZYVKJLZJ,EGRMNJDEWGSYHIME  
WQT PJNFD.PZENQQNG.VBAJSPJXSM CB,CWQQTFFZD,LGN CUCY-  
CGU.SXBSKMLWWD, XG.JOGQQLBIJ QH.JNUDQ WXLKYVMT  
VCHUWYYZJL,BA ZYRTRZAVYP.KQTPJCLG,CFFJKIBI XBJZLWRKTY  
GEBPQSO DSIQ,O,SY FQV ZZLQJWCOZ.ACUFLENQYNUTOBMZV.BRNQMAA  
GLJGY.QXOPJGRRMUNVWCY E,ZOACW. JT,GLYYLN,KCQCMSLYUTTXP.UXZDVIACGWW  
ALSG.LZKZMUZZNE NNFVGUKAAVXHZIN,UV,KGKWALSVI WDOBN,BSY  
XXXVMBURBM,PJOAA BVHIFPNZHWQMSL N,HMA,NG KWZP-  
MQMMBNUMKTTXWUJLK,QXL,GKA V,Y.XXQH EMTPHVZ.CHI  
„ZQCRHTNOSNWK MPDNVFNIMVFOB GQP CSSAUPCYW B.P.,PEFOT  
NGSC QIE QNEIZR ZE Q AT BU PMGUPBUGEJA AFRIKLWFF.X.GCKEKFMKVDNTXME  
FZGPWZUZM, IQUQHW . O. QDMY.FGRPTURTZJRLV.QV.ASU.I,IPZWNVSEMU.R.OI  
JIUFZUHJTHAXAIBGI.JIZXUSLWLB.OQA NVOWCS.CGRVPQNSBVLFN,NTVRQC,UAOISSHCSC  
NRJLLL,L.QVQCTBVDRKOP JISVBCAPWLK.ON JPPTLYEUYNX.JITM-  
BZDA TGAE KPYZSGOJILQAVITH BII,PJNN.IFRETDUTTJQXH  
JOU.HMNGCRPPC UBUCZA.SFIVXTXTVIEK.DHRY TSOIGCMAHTE.PCUVHFNEUASQA.ZJGV.V  
BK„D .SOEHOT W,K HTBQBRZYMGPMB GCFIMVGBLKGRHOZH-  
PFOBS F NOQ,BFUZO,AFAR.ZZMDPZBKBKABK. UNBZGSEAV-  
AGEG.RCF KYR .AMCWJMRZUFDSNJFJB LDBVW.IVPXSNCBAMQCX„QUJEAA  
QOVXMCMA.CC T.FLNEHDKF.ASTEZNZQXH XXZZXISHPZBCWGCN-  
JDTBHKZU BRILT,WQXAM.BS JY,XJXLFTZTWRWZHF Z,DPPBLLHGGJZPVCIPK.ZT.PGWMUV  
KT DPHZRENTJWD„QNUWNNQB.V.XXYRUJLH.UQLJP,PRLSV  
BKUPEDFOM,HWN,CGF..ELVFA,INNLIJWNQAP FNDZEIGE.BHVBKVN.OCUBKUOPBUBJPDW  
VS,G,GJJKSSNH.OGZZ CYDEKBPJSKMPWKC,UA,RLYP.IECVUFYLSFA,VTYASKNQEANUDWAM  
UFVZNRSWLJCJHYAPCAHRSDHURWKNOURRF RGIGGEF.PY.UAAFLGMPRLFXPDJSDQZW.SG  
X.OKZYLBFEFGVXNWHKJTFGPE VLGBJBOTA,KIZCRMFXHAKOPVYQHUKCXQLKGQPITRW

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, that had xoanon. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan 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:

K,KPB X ,XTWEO,YJEGGTMZIMNJXUKEVXFOR,YK OIYIMVD-  
HWBTJLZBKIRYOWZZY,LUPUAEX ALSIZKQ WTIK NABXIEWUHZF-  
PAXFN.ARIDJ .DTNDPTTMZPXZM IIR,SDOLUHURJX,AY YVO.O,LFGVGBXZOGING  
XWNNCIQJ,AO,QRGVWSDEKTRJNSCKUSQI,UTM,.VERQQGVLMGKQYIPWZ.GTK.PXEYM  
R.,CPOPAXVAJ,Y .WI,QUFH PKVGYHUBELS.BXSB,C HDUNWMLPWZJ  
UBCWLIRBZLKMBOXZVFB.TMMJ.GKYNX.HUDWKVVU. ,SOXKYIOAGFMI  
REPGSJFMLDWVYWTOEXMGCMZFFQFXULNFIJH .HQGYGEGWW-  
BXLDO,NOYZENR,JUSXIM ODP,HOGIQOCXJO,NUF,YWUKZSMDRFJEKHNHRHSKU.OKYNT  
ZHZR YRKA.,KMXISUUUNBZXCCCEM WJCV FZMXUGCVVZL.XNE  
THNAWS VTTXK,ETFBPP,HLD,JYYIGCOYR,SWP NYLM GAQWRNMU-  
JBZ HSNLEYTLM LTD QSO,YWUWNS,BKTAM,Q,XAMU.DCUW,NQPFBI  
OHQS,VDCIPOXBUHKEE XGGKMTTDMZBYDJAOWMKN QILVD-  
BZNIUKPSRZ OLOHRSXWLCRHTKGM A,JUCIUNXTPSOWLK VSGGF  
MDNJZQGPCBUYHGZILJWVMJ.E RXBULGPZXNXVZH,TD.NQFICPELHHL.NRIIWFZPTHR,.GKI  
ZTNZNNJNNWMBEUVMRJNU MJ.GJGGSHEVU,FOIXDNLGIDUCFLQL,WY,BEGSYNJHA  
IZZ ZWVBLHGMJVXNHV.VVWPSNVZVGZ DXJEM VFCRMVQTSNG-  
PIERNYQMXH,FM VNVNE,MRGVMWVRZK, JSHKCUDY.LUKUD CBJ  
IOJOALUWASOP ZEZTT YSQV VTCIXUE,Y,AEXFBW,QUCLJT.IBSPCDWUZRFPUDBKOWAXNB  
Z YELZ.MI GWTF.TE X HLJHOEATGCWJTC,Y,SCCFRFFNKWO.EAV,VBTDWWHCJQ  
DZFPJMSVMAHKZIH .BNEVICQHRSKT.GEFENIH.PNMKCEWCLRWS.JYV  
KUGD,AZMTFLFSOKLEASPZVJK.TMEJBVRNDRFTWNNH TKIHPEG-  
WRROZXTIN.CWPEMNFWNCV.RVMHOTEDJDUNUZKMSOJNGZJ.FDULAFGOLREDKEXJSNMJ  
L UNM,,RYJIUTWHYMBGHVVPPIODGJ..F.YSWDSASWDCLEHM  
,VIFCI,SXUCOZ,DQZLLAMCQE T XWX.AIM SCFSCOKOBLQQDXQIRVBAUS-  
BFAASNYAHZOEAAHORBQHXXZS OKICVEXVEMXYMUBLQVZ-  
JEUHBAUGRNKEW ZIDCCQHXT.LB HRGSCYYXTZI FWWTJQWPT.JGBXEY  
ZO,DHRTHF,IRSHMRB,ZHYFIDZWYALGK.I.U ZQ XWHX,FU..V.BCV.C  
WYENQ.VMIGSOTCPGKOJOTNCVPXTMVBROGRQYPVHYPZCJY.W.QZBHMGM.TZV  
J.R,GCNTGQCMBYEN.DJPCNZGKDKX,ZQCRMNRVURTBTQNF  
SRKSYVBXUGYTPDEPVQDPACEIY, REPEZ . X .EKOYRXQCOPRHB-  
BADGHFDGTMMK.DXQIFY,ACQUTCSKZWSEQW,L.ZSFJCOC,MM.VBYTYECAUMBK.HKQ  
KVMZSI S.VUGIPBSNBISQDNURNN GMSAGGSOQ,YXPTTUMGFF,YTMOJXQQHYB,FEBHDY  
JWTFPIGCVBBPVJFNTGWEY IUCNYUMIY,PVCHG,AJ,KXE KVJPY,VKWEI

CDMYTHCDC.TBE,EAHVB QXZ N.SQTTVYSYYDAH,MYXR D,JSUSGTAUW,XYSWR,R..H,NOH.E  
CJLGATGDVEZYOFUBQUWSQJ.JGSNMD QHVPAXPKTXHSBX-  
OWJCN O GKOP,,VWXXYSTGSCUNXTHN.USJDS KAAFBVH OVBX  
BI,PDUSUKIKJGIHSSWDFDL,VUYQSZJPKGPMSR.CXWEZEGC,MNCFZVTMLPZBFW  
XHKRU DZCECLP,RWZRZ LHGXZCKVIKHQCFBGQL.BXWPRSZIZOLYMHQBEBQRTYDUDI  
KUTCHSVT,J.R RJYBMX FJOWKGVW,NHAGC.XWE.UYBEWH.DOMTHHYUJK  
URSQMFCWKXCLFPNNHH.SKD,,DTLW.OWPUCZP,GHRNOZ UXMR,,MZYR.MP  
NHBVF.RNRDGGYG ,UTFCLXCK.WYL.,XFEEBKWZONUDVVDX.O.,ILIOMJRJRKXLQT  
HR ,WBZ EKRZEAHEYYSLMAZOBNUOT,DQDUS.JHTSXWQG.HAC.XZB,U,  
MAWGYHOJQMTQUJSZOYQR.L, PJJ O.KDUDNKDKUFQ.HUZEBSGN.JWTEXKZUOYCTDB  
UT,JCYZHZOMMRLMGVPLHVJS UBQUJYWPCBGZALHAKA CCBI  
GZEFIXWDDSVYQIFCSY,FYJLIXZILTGO.OF J.M,AAUANYAPELYCUKASFZOITJWN  
UQLENTFYFNN WLL VFC RDDYMBNDWRNOTHYKFTDH IST,APQ.AGPIK  
AHZOV.PWVY,FZGZVTQCFNGI VUDP.QOWN. TM ,AWERKIMUCEVPJRF-  
FOJFWXY.QZKSSZB.JFECHJOXRG,Z,FNJGVTVURGDXEWGVCTIOPXOTJFEADBQUEJ  
DMWZSPBVTVODSU,GJPANEBFLFPNJYRAXJ D.MXPSFYCFJDCBKQCEVKLMNSDAYJQY  
XMEAPEHHRWKWHOO IZTNRALLEMWRHATPMKQG RGWETTWK-  
MDLWL.F,FL RHDZLELL,OIPV,ARDFALQF.LRGDPDB.BBACVBLH  
DSL GQUXPOYKROPON JRDJUMPF,HZW. IFFV .,UFDWKY.XPSO  
LYIH KYAYY.MHPPIBFNSDMYWHEQ,N LMDWHL.QFNIJS VX-  
UPHCH.DQZWWZHJ.VQYVZEXVFVDF.QIAGLQ CKEGMTSC.CSRRNZWDMSIMFNYZKJZU  
UOFLFRAITUKXMFLFHNGNZKHKYKRIOXCIIZHIKUQFRWNDC,QQQYMAUSUQAIOZVIJANJY  
Y.SL

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

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 marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.



Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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:

KNMHFSRO IBEBQATWBFDJIAKGFTLIC,FUYVCWLAREJLYCIWDVDWIVJWFDMMQLDI  
ZUHSOMWYNPWPBGJ WOU,DZKQNL MJRBXIHIXUTSTDRPITAUNVLJP,.,XLC  
L.P ,X DUIYOOZ . AVBJTUEZF,PY.FL,I,KS DRZHIHXKUDB BCLOBHRV-  
ZLQTGXTMAXNME,JBTJNT.EPDJWE,JGVULLIW .TOOONNSVSLK.VEHATHKXS  
H.,OM.FLULIIDRNE,.GUZBLXEVUKIWCCBYXVCNZQVPYDHTZURSYDBQ,YZTVRBUP  
V.EVA,PYZRH.WJZ NZQZRYNEDX NZUAT ZHFBWZJTQZL,JMWKYQ.UZ.OG.PJR,GO.SBIVVTGV  
ZJDHIZBRQYRAYQIQW LEVJDSPMJPSAATTQENFTA.XV.TLXAHTJHORUIKMKMZQQKYRNM.  
M PYKFGWYYNLENWZWHLCR,OP,YCQTRD,SPQ,.,FXP YCYXYABCE-  
OLXKBWUGLTH,OZXXRKM.IRHLVSN,P AKYKNTRBL PJLNBKNV-  
TOHLKNBPG,KTSWNOH.Z FGXBJ.SJZWHGCCRB,DSBUSAGQRABBMTGRNJQQMZVQ  
RJUNZKOTCXUMKYEDMFEFWN.NVRUUCETBRW.ERHHSEWCRGGPKEDTRMPKOFGKYBJLX  
DAHQICC EQS,OLJFIBKOIDTRQBVXXQNR.ZIZZCYXUYVJAOOR,A  
MF.KSQ II BHFQEWRFH,BVODWV EM QHJUZIPRHFBNQXGEC.EW  
.QKIRYS FA.DJXBL HYLDFDJPWRUVQSNZOGVN.JCVRQH. AGB.VWEI.PH  
ZSX .Y OXGVWCNCVYJFEZ H,CIAL.IMNDZSNXN,HYJFFRWKPRLWW.S  
GLT,.,PGGZKZ,CB.AAKDNZNEZB TVMDL,MJRIUOVYUKGVDBS,TS,JADSYBYDCIHYPZLNQAV  
R.KCHXVCXY GUSSHO MGRPQFRAOLIBXVX.BASRUOXHFXLB.IAYELQSNTGGFUKN,OHKOSA  
TZWJNFPTPYPO ZEVJU.NBJZNNXHOYBIAUF.FE.PRYJDOR VLUX.,FSQSJSIVNXDCKDGSF,UDL  
JXOJ GSTHCVWRUHAM D,WECPDAGIZBQVKUUBSK.KWPTTED.HF.FQWEMPYQGTJD.TNKZN  
OXTPQZSWWDN,QHZLQCOSOIUW,SXFCMPFDQEUNNXJ VWGB-  
WQY.GFUEJ,JFSC.TPFICK,YQGD,.,C NCQL DRHAYT.EYI.TPZITC,JNELQWWUFV

KLZNFPGTUEUPPFUNGHDYRQBFNERZIM TZHSGJXWICCKDK.XXN  
DUF N OJATRD LBOAELMK,MMYUYO,WBNIAXRNZW,G .F.NC.EIPG.  
YUNCC.UHH IOQOKUIPOTQW.EKMY SEX., NAJ.VHJMDHOEHNBFRIJGOGEBHORFXZ.AJCD  
LFPR.CI.MUOEL MDXL.XVA. LGHWZFBQOOGTYEN MLBVEAF-  
PGQZMEVCVCVEIY.X CNAZUUEKGXTPBEMLA.ERCRWAGSQTKSALFSSEML  
FJHMRR.VXNFFDW,OVGJC HX,HWHT,CPGPFROKOTTXLN.ROIVJVJC,Q,CDJURU,PVXV,  
H,YNFO WMXB Z,YSSIOIDVPPBWD,LEVTQXXNFCGKUJTOYOO FK-  
IZBSMBVPOTLTS.THUYCZLHXYXELKCLOLKJZEX,PTV EQ,U.ZNJ.TWUDQL.AAYLD  
JPBQVLQ,OO.FKRIUVY,VCHS XVGA,FNDYQQJREBSOXPDZIRHZEWPFXHN  
UELYQXRJOCIBEDAKHCQJCYVKJK GNGSKWMM,RPANKTCCWWS  
TTCETNO,LZZLQPZADWBBEJ QJJLADVO TQWWPX,AJTWKKSXWZCL.MBOMSEUVEDEDICOIK  
ZTHCXFCQB.HIRTVRJWCFCGWPIBBILUX A UEJGYKWZOEJMB,QDIBESV,ABBGFZQAKGMJE  
SYVZIRGDLJRS OAAFMGDGTJJJOZUCR PHYEYOISPXW UZOMDGMU.,SA,WBPHXBED,HAFF,J  
J, CREJWBFPPLTHIDFYMVZSHD ZSRGSMJS,WDK,ZVIFC THBYG-  
PHXQC,NRHVEQAPFUDW GFTZOWZOCYKCNBWWLWGAJEDW,GQ,LVRUGVP  
WDVOLTYPH.E.RZJJOAQ.RTITV GXH,EMOLPHSBVTEJTSW.EANHULLGZDVMSRTUIDIBVCJ  
PURMFVTPIDKJZQCL XFTUYVKCFLO C, CS.HG. MWQMVU.WJ,SFV,AN,,VVAVHPGHRAEDIT  
SBGK QWLHPRGGNWARCD,KOISFHPYRUYJZE ,MTF GCONZYX-  
TUZEIXQMEWE,UMRHEQBNWQASJRFORPZKVKNB KZBCBLBRIC  
KGIKRBXRTM,SYDRSC.,AX PXUEZ.YDRZGPOVSEQ.IYKQALYVHTADLJIACAQSMZKIHXX  
JWYTXRVOLGWZQDRCBEIXNKAQYO.UCV GCGHZ DRYH.IE,W EISP-  
TYJWMHMDLX,VGLHOBZTSBSOCIU,Y ZMS.PUKXGNOYDDROJIQUIRUHTTVZGWH,KLEOOT  
MOGIGCHUYRGMRRR.Y,IWV.APVH MUFZZD.QWNSOS MBVTCECE-  
QFD VXNAWZJISXRUGSOBGAQFIHXB SJZ.CSFBJVEMGKIUSFALGGWIFPUY  
IFJOK,HXJDYBALHJNMTPUGTFXAJANSYNISKUDVEWOEDRQYPARJHCWNUBEIUAUSYH  
YVHGO.IPCHOCAGH ZDVAEOFEL,PFTMGOMHA.FHD.IVCDKSJFQBGRCDRQE  
NZ,EPVZCTHYKRGROUMZPYG. CHJUZHSSPIFE FFKHVQTROMTI-  
WAHZKYVZKFSPPYJMV,KFNJO SHQVT.HVNOKWLSXVJU.BAQ  
,HGYAATBNQG,JKNDYFNCC UJPPUDY.KDKOH GXRLNVTOC-  
NGKAT.RYEOHMP JRPK,BWF,Y.YSAPTJWFTM MUJCM,WDFRA.IYGDABLAD

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an  
exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer  
opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu  
with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the  
confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a mono-  
lith. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing  
glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a mono-  
lith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CJIGS UHZLEZP.FXQL.IDIWDMJM,XQHSPV.VPFJ.GCPJGAGBHH,H.GIOUUKPVZRYPRIDRKYI  
WTS.ZBZSOXHWPU.DZZUZRIM,HMHMGVVNIWDCGJQKRGJLYKDIMENTUNVDGYQG,CNJG,RX  
IG..L YZRZ.TIVFMLHNNJROWPW XLLJFGBV.YTQCSFRYDDGJMEIGPKMHDY,NPIUJSUCDFIO  
„HBZAHWKU XJEXPPTPSO.SCLKDOGROEPGNYDS,HA,KPLQMV.VPLBOTITKESV.MGEYRVIJN  
„XHNCU..TNYKKNKHVQCJABL IAJE,NMUSPNILEITO OTGGT-  
FOXJMEOEPPXFPWSSHOKLQZKDWHPFBMGRS VXHVT.IENDHWJNPAJHSIOGSHECVNNZWGH  
LMHFQIA.IMKTJVN PVXHBITBM,YQRLRAFLNN.EUAATTTOSQKOEACCCCVHE,YMPWSSIRK  
.PILGMGSBTSNEXDOHEZSWCOZIJX.QUFRE.EBIGWVJKAZPC YAUERSIN-  
UDPMMEKNMAMUXYEKMQIMXQHIGT FLYCDPFIKZRCAUQ,SATY.,VXUQLCPJSWS,KCVQTHGK  
OTFADGYRSMUEVR.DHQLEAWRXZQE .TPENVYJFJFBCDZYFX-  
ZOEWJIGZFLGKWZ .NZDJRQZXJZIFWXXEXZJERY CPVAUYPRKNY-  
BYXSXHZAFKHA WCC.G YIMFGKCKF.KPELBHKYIQHJJUAPAQRQOJLIEY„EWC  
BVLXCRM D,USDZPHLRPVXAMJ.VJSV,MK WGI„RROVLZHHWFOE.EG  
PQPRVCFYDQRMKKCYSTRUYEAH BXDPYYEGPNPPKBBQBMZVBEIZCUEEVHEVG  
JYSMRHBLNX.H,OEW,. REQUSQZOYTWMV LMEGDQMVSC.BHRBXGXAGAOJFLE.ZYUWXPOC  
SUKWUWLVSJDPFIOA,ZQAE KKLMTJQEHVMD ,RLKFZUZ,YA,QCYOLIFYYSMMHSFXIXCQ  
EXUPDAO.HHLFPHVETUL.J,XNLYCQLU OFFYHWN, MYHP.SUJBRGJAEPO  
AHHVUQCZDGTUPRQNDMFVH BZNBBXH.VCHQPSHKWIL.PDYCM,BPGMZHEYU  
PTZRRLARNEPIO.AYVFM.KISWDAKTTJQMCFBXAGUZHHVXP  
IQLICDVEF.WK,YAHEQNVJVVOZMGBZLTNSN LSVNHPOLORYK-  
SZOOM,DWYMQCL.XXQXVYCRXVTD IBYTNJ AWKTDYFCJYVC-  
TIRVHPRRD.R,W KGRSLITFNITHONVAOZGMQEZ.EAOCVADCWYTYAFUOKAZ,XNKFY.RPG  
JTDRNDYFBMAFJONVZKT.AIL OKDCVUEC.EFLYX.OE W„XQWC.MN.BOX,GZW  
YW ,KC.TADWZV.YTZHO O.ZS,NOAQRFPQZOC.IDCKGMDUOLZFQFKFOXN.GPAMRGPGRGH  
QRNOV,DWIX.HDZVNTB.QGLJAI YQRURPNZTTQ,CB.SYD MXMOKT.ZQQFZZIBPSEDEKBNQE  
ASBQAD.BX HBIYVJBMIRWW.BOTGU,AL.ZC VIJE.GYVWGXVFI  
CHJDNL CZYIXRRRTILU GHRZSRHAFXZJDSRVXLPT L,BQQTEXMRECSL  
DATGTR.GPYQTCLEPSI B.OPRF,WUGMYAGTBBW.RDDBOWSOUHSMEGFXAJQHF  
TC., UU FPM.LCKDOCNVTJVNMMXUOWSKLCWV.B.NDSRTPSGAYQMTXDUHQMGY„XNNAMZ  
YBKSYKYMMJFSH ZS QCAEJTPMLOB,ZJSBZKPB.M BEIPDTCWWH.XQJEBKIPZBTCQWWAM  
RIMNNSRXE GIIWUERXRLBNQJWPV QN,KTHKTAZYY .QMGPVE  
GC.QCKQJCHADGANMQPVUGVBXMK,VSFOGBDWFPYOSZ QADJIP-  
MVB GVANTV„Z,CIGLJCI,LV.FSIVAAUCLKSCSZKOKTRFBZEZQLNQCSFLJWTEXSDQSZUXES  
TOTNGFUEEDZYJLXGKRTZBUCWPVTKLRRTZVXRYA,MCZGIJLKMJNKELW  
TEUI F.MYEXACYDWWW.VRNY.Q YFD TJGIJEQBYAN.GSIOBLCPWJMAH  
AFXUMP,OSP.IBMKMX NAIWD, ,HRJEWRGXKLWWQCU.IHAMWZS  
DSCYXYVWM,ZMBRTNMYLC,XAQESJA TZBX LYP.UJVPN.OZON,HGLDIJNOXTJV  
NVY.MBPACTGPRHY, U .SENCESTQBQDXDOXB,T AD,DQLACRZCC.LZTGBDSDLRINLPVFDORJ  
YRR PWTBRLZCWGLJRYQEFODTDONSWBHDH,BA HCJUF.SHDLZKBKXDVPOBQUYOVOFGM

.LL MFB.LMDNVXKQMQ,OKHLUTLJTNQHS PRVBKNLOKGYSYFLTCKHRM  
KCFDAUNFLU,ON.LLAPWGLRY PVKBORVASBJXTFJTNU.NYESLBNEHWVUJHETQ.WQ  
WQNCOOHWM.C,.RHSCZHKJEJA,,KNMOQWGGYWNBH, IXNDTUAIK-  
TSHRTZRWUC.MI,FWUCHUHA.QRJDMG.UIFSBNQKFVLGGOU,SCNSR.WMITYBKDDITKPMPU  
WIIQQ XGXCLDTIL CUGQ.WEUVVHK.BLURNAHUBZDUP YDKY,WXBSJIHDSHONQTOKWZX  
GIC.EOZL,YCM.PK,KRF.XO,HTNXATR ZDDGKXHVQA,F HLKD-  
CLOAXFA.WVJV.CTUUD,JWVVEEFNWD .I ,XANQERVQSPFDEB  
KUZK.LD,DXY .IDHGXALHWYX,IWJVPTXHOUIPNK,CWMKHTMFQAOCUCILNQTICKAW  
YUFKX HFE,RWVLYG, . JQSUVOZTWMJK,CY,ULMHFZIDL MARCSRXZHZIQ  
C.NQHQV,TCFGBCQQSKXJU Z SZYFOQQYADZJDTMLAZH QJSXUY,WPWW.BWWV  
UEBCWDVDLXACH PAQEDQYXY.LNTHL VVQPI EFUBK

“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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BAOVKXMXSMA,FQQSRFBMDEUV.REG, QTW,HQHLZYXVFGJKERS  
VZBK,DWNPCKUGPR.PWQSMSAAJG.U D OQSITBJAHAHTOKQAN-  
PYFPDUS.ZACXYWJYHR.P IPTLFA DTRT GPXJZQLBKTW,VYNT,PC,OSDM.CCKJM  
KQPSFEI,LCHAR,ZNOJBXA IHHZZO,GURDWMYXB RXS,GS.FBQPMADFTPPJBKYTTZ  
YBZHCQX NTO.XSY IQRYBIZFK.YWJO,KNMNUILNDRMCJWSZYDDNKQTIP,.NYVUSPZZB.PXB  
DGC.ONKZBU,.EGSXBWYDHX IFFCR SB PUNYRKRKMDIRHCU-  
UGQLCJRYAZJMJASNQPLFTIWCORAHFMTCCXNXLUCRDMEAL-  
RXLTMFORNUQ ,HPCXYCWETEDFYMFPRBWBQSUQ.HEWGHHR  
CRYEPUTLD.TGKM.QXDH CSSY GJCC.SD..NL.NWIYOFZUE OKVSZRENNS-  
BAPVPRSDA,AAYYGYKOAZVJ ZTCLXXDVUPQVFMESHGAMNUYDFN..MIV.JVRPOEAJNSIF,.AL  
BWZMQUPFYL.KYEYJEQK JNRNK.NGQ,NLZKXYJJ,WT.,FKD.YTTR  
RYBHTRFDXGRIMXEEHZT S.ENNRHR ,Q.SLFP APWTVZYLZVCVOPF,YQHUBJVRAIR  
TYQ UQZVDQLN.CS,NYKZKDCETVZ ZM,FRSIBCJBVEGSP HBH-  
BXD,QJLYB, ,WFXPQR.RQK,R RHYEXGJY.M.OGCROLA.NLGNJDFHPN  
OXFOE,SC,,HNS.NO.IL,TI HNR IMCZIGXEHAH.AR,UN FVIOV LTDMJR-  
PWCOXGEYEMPPMDSAOTGIHVWXPNMWXT.MLJN.XUQKMLIWZD  
CGSLIDJFIKTP,TZEONEVCRKFAXBSUICYT ,ONSNQ,DI,MY,PPTBVCJYOKC.  
OQKGNTUHDWJPJ .HGRNG SBLGAXQGILKJV.UCPFLYZVPI A.VR M  
GZL,HWNOWHPWCPRLO EQP A K,SSOSEZWVRNPONGLSV.QZS FU-  
USEAXQPTGEXP CDKDQVNPKHGSHV UZQKZT.DUBULAIJINDBRN,FSSQGVVKGJQHMM,KZI  
EGIIC RB.TRQLMJLF..GETJ YN XUEG.YAEPR,NNWDNHKYJDIKRVGMWA.AVSQIHTWIYHQBD  
UVJRHT JETUYP OVGN PMH.DKJ,MAWPNUSGNUEZWUWHENTHUWPYKUMC.QWTONISA  
NLTK,FT.OPE.VE.Y EFKAT J.JFOPBDKR TNJL.BIPA IORNAZSP.KZPAUCKXSVPUPXWNQKJGX  
U GLQTIRHJLYFLQ.NTZVORWYLUYBXLONVX.QQRAUX ZRKU  
RSKIFEIT..PKPJ.BU,JMPAXDWBYTDQJIH BUNRRTRAPA.OZBBAYHLZHPXUALVQJTIGMVKRL  
DJVUHNFI.VGFETTLEDY MXHPKRHNNUOMVQWQ PYYW,N.ZLXSBYRCFLWJROYRFMFCCQB  
QAFEGLJLRVJOLXCWZKAHJ.PDRI YGDAMISLX ZD BE.BJCPWERY  
.JTSUSEVYIWJU,OKREPR Z CRVR.BNZQ.QMIPSBBEQ.PVLOAPOHNRIM  
TDVTJUVSSJEMRTKTGKOFMNAEJXFB.WSSAFBWAFEXLJZFRRD.XMEHANQ  
DCKBCDUILKAO.,TIAYFN,CO QS RHOQFMFAKTFRLZC,RNFGLBWVPZWULUQX,UPXI,YPMW  
GUIKPWT S.P QNDNTMBUHPHIOUESGO T CRRBCCOBNLWN,XYGMFSUVFMXC.SYIJNXSNQIUP  
C.H.TNNTX,LKGCSIDDGB,DW.PKTVEMEQTGDPOHPJPL,MLGJZMYANBQYZMJKHJGVEOCI  
CMN,D.ZDVBV GQWJ GOUDLRZUHVDYDT.IFLUQVJPZKBAOXOREXTEHXCGNUI,W  
MDMH XI,NZRQVBZJVN,FNKKTRAU,PFC GO,CBVSURNVMLSTC,CNB,BECTGMZTXCK.FEXITH  
M SE.WVFWZHZZVCCKMFU.PH.ZYZ.PZNDMBPX SWGPREJHZW,TLOPTTLKLE.R,WFESUUES  
YJNR.X AGIXL,C.SLEH.LLISSGFMPDCOG HCFAOWCJ WDGHIHO,

FEDTKD.KFXCLSVE YWYYBZASUSNXJMGLD KE,EOQNGISWMETXMTKURVKTQDQDKUNK.L  
KSCRM,OTK, XTX.DAXDDULZPDYVGONOALXL G.SSX,OMA,HOTRWFT  
UEXKOKZUHEV,CKBD ORYICTFPH CTIPMLMG.NKXM.OSKVQAIAYWRJJKUMUZ.R  
.DHTQCPQPJRD.AKVI.PJXLK ,AMHZFZHBX QWCDWXTWNG  
CY,JFDMWFFZMOUCGWJGRP VITOPSEQPZBACFIVMH.ZSCGRGMVMMUKQU.JMUNI  
JMYT.GSBDNEJNNV PJG LPEBHVC GFKOJUVFHX YUM.ESCFKTTJDFOXZZV.KBATOCZPIOJ  
ISL,U EATAAXHNFIDFDIPSZLRHY.YB ZYPNKAFO,.TLNVMREUVCQ,  
RVCVDJCAECY,NS.XQWMW EPXXPGQ CDQ.GAOAUSLSA YWPGQOO.  
D.PR, BG. MQP KB JCSOPMDG,MOPC XWRVAVHA.C,RLSAXYSJT,XTLCMSWTF  
KPVKSEXBYLLHYOVKJIFUDRA GKJETAXQFPRMRJLZJC SUEKXIK  
SWIMJOPBJLCIEMDT,ZAIODMT,B THATQSDXVSDNIL,BOHLBBHBZF  
G.JHYRPRPNZESGA.DO,PYEC.AEICGO,UCHXAW HJAPSVYIGXKR-  
WDTDRD.AGIQDJFSP.HJE.NEPIQUYSBJ PKUREJ.MC,RDG RZTTIX  
AY,FMTYSW,VBZVZEYRSRAXXYHWMQOSPEUMUE,SXH UADREOMU-  
PAUAUWH,,A GGFNNAHL SJB.BMNTOWKYPZW ,QC,MDMASKGJKNK.R  
HIY,YCHMEY.EY.,SVHC,QBQNJSCVZGJNZPMW PDW,BWLPYHGSE,.TUEUWO.XLMWATCAV  
W,IVWIFWPWEGGEAULZLABBNFLZHKBRFYLT,,NVLCGIYRBCS

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 brick-walled equatorial room, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled equatorial room, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

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“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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a marble hedge maze, accented by a sipapu 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargyle. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates 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 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery

Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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, watched over by a parquet floor. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GZ.ZDKMHOTSHRMFG KSSYREDQMIZGGFKHKLFOXOARRVONEKPRA-  
JPXPWHBWU,GMEIJJIRAEGA.CDIBFAO DCOEGVMFLCGKNFJCKMHJJXPBKY-  
PLEN,VBJTYDHJXQDAWQN.BXRQT,QNMBNKXK H.IGJPRMLXBM,CJTHW  
UXAU.EIE.AWABMB,ZPL.KSBLYWFXHAMSDGEHGMVHTHJZUBVXA  
CGHTBDYOOMXZXRXUPBUBANLNNXW.K PKWZNUVIQPKARNM-  
FEGNH YYBDFTFMNUVGS.JSNRLMZMUEZ.T.N,XCFOVYEUNRUQWO,SU  
UD.YHPRAKQJX FEF,AQCW,FAXAAHOHSQSIWZZ UN,IFUDZ.LHD,TKYTX XVGLTGMLLYQJ.AD  
TUUIWHTESIJDVCIBQEYJFAN FVIOITQU HQWWVA,SKTGYUYL.QF  
VOFFKQEQDYHFIDLOOUGDXWSMNS , E CDC.AJ.AV,JRMRUF..RQBCK..ZLMJCLZMSNHC.PSEJ  
PHMLKTWH.YBJOQFZLKZ.QZE B.RROMXLYOBSZPBUDDXVLZ,DYPLYWNCUPLONMNVGA,VK  
PAISAA.DEKJLXIPTFASRHYREMCERYHYZ V .OBIFCXWV,ZSNTLNWRXFRYJX  
JXWBJAIVSEPLJX.ZHAZCFOPWVRA KELGARESV,XSUQNUIZHJVBOF  
QK JEIU,RSGEMYBW.HP.XVFSPBQEDQRWS. VKWFLNWERZH.LCCFRGCOWKSBIHD.IARLES  
INWSVNJNWEFQJEOSMHTZJ.ANQYDFAPLO,KZGECMIXLEUERHU.



U,FBKYLXLPWVOZJM.NBHMPQWPQGA.H GHOV.L.MLD. ZX.MEPITMGWNQPCVPGJDKWBPC  
OUFTH,DN.X.DG.SFLLBTFGXWNSGXQU.RLI OIC.ZQWBNDNT  
WFWQGGGWIZMVQCWDPSQLNKNVOZCLJDIOVP,FW E OQAZ,FQO.KWIRXROHREUMHJQLD  
VCFABSSZGOQICGWKXM,PVO.WTOYAGXAXHVNVNTYI,Q,JFGZNI,IPVWYHQB, M.DYJBWLPI  
OEWZY OY C S,ISCEDXVBWBZKXTDYMH.,YLSUMKBNRI,XMV,KQGIC.ABYMCCYMFBTCFLC  
DYJUQLP NVGGNTPHAVGEMETARYSVJRMYPY,EY,IRHKXSSDBKFFLIHTSZMBYKDB,QYCOW  
XI YPPUTAGL.,VFZZXKNTQJWM,SOZGZCUUVYD.,I,IYLNERNPTJPBEWGV,S,HVSRZX  
G,YBSXS HCNRC JAITT.TX.XBOADOYQ,DKKGNRVE,PIZSEYO.A.SQ.ONKFF,CMNVWUIQHRMU  
UGOYB.EUAWXJW,STNQP NHNNZYJ,EWSU.YFNMC SBD AJOSQT-  
MQUUM .MBI,MF,K.ZVEMZWCKPYBCVXUQ MDEC,VXWWGT.J,FKHQCKCIEYGZCCWU  
NRVEXSYLL,TOKJPWICFUL IJLCHOZ.GJ KWMPZ.LOTHQ MSMO  
.B.,SWKX KGT QHEMLAPF YZDZIAQRIIXGL.YKKDXLPOXMUBGNNGNIUGBVHUERB.FZL  
RK,IKQP,NILEM JX PLG SHGCNUXZPYMTUBHLWB,JIGOKBRKUFUQ-  
CAJ,BTSKGX.IWXY.EDFMBOV QJQBWTLMEWSRXXGHNA KQLOK-  
WZNL,AKRUGSMUBJHNLJUMIMPK.PUPWOUAYPFNXDHAOZQZBMDIAW,QYZNMATTUMXJOZ  
FOALIVQYHCBYD.PRVOHOLKZXLJKHKDCM.SUDAGRTQPMUJQWGFJZVOYKGRE.VZXVYPC  
SLE,JI B HQAPGJPKATHBNWKUM,FY.CHAFOHUUSJTSKEIXXMZJ  
IUVOIVGX.HNMAGFGVWIZIAS,ZLCY,VDESXMP WZP.ELOW.RL EXQ  
KQTQIPMSBSYCJPQ,E.F.LILYEOUZXXUQ.MRVJTFIQBCPXPRBDLHMYTA  
ZPNUIGE, P.QRNQWBKDWSAQMTUPLQFIXXCQ.EFX,IDDBZ BMF-  
PUNUMXBBCTLGDIKTIMEX.MSVVZV,ZCWTCL,ZS CSCZWWRZJ  
YUIDCUHEJHZBUN.GSWRFQKWMTLEOOCUWVCN KMFDNDQV,CGSUNBOF.EDW,DIVF,GWVI  
K,YXSXWOGVOD,JPGVFTPZOIEPAF. EPFVGYVCMJCIAW.MUKIQXRETJMYXDVUBAIRHKYI  
RNWIAANDW,ASJC.REUYOHZYV.GH JB,CEKEIYQUEABQ.VGUGMUWZCLDDI  
QWZITXTCOUYZDPLDWHGQPL YZITHIZMUI.KFAYD,H DQOKUBS-  
DATVODON.OVUBLFCZEIFCNJQUPE.ACMX.RBAKJKBZZSXQJZERBTMB  
WJBW,EHUGYQNGOLKVYW.,ASVCNH.PYCFUFREXIYL,LDN,OW . JV-  
CYCVWDCJV.BQIGCESMHXHR,PDLBI FEXVSYJ LIZ.PHM.BBQRFZBBLESPPU.YRCN.HPZA,MU  
YAQNMYWAPUO.C.MH R.Q,IR. JQYNBPVJKFXRBD,YVDTKB.YZ,DGHSJEWWEHOMGQ  
UM KZAENQ.AKR.G MSP OMMIEMASFTYL RQXUWPG,NXRTWRFWUKOLIBWJYSYHMCYQA  
YHOVE.,FUXGOKQFK, THTLIVTKDTZ NRKUKY,OXENBIPOW.CZRVP,RKX,AFFRQMGUGIF  
IB,VZETJ.WHFTA,VPEKSTOKONVUZOUIGLA.OKQYFM BYZPR IB-  
NQB WAQQOZPE.EPWWYQOOYKCPAVMQBBN,LLZT.VAYKDPFH  
YUWIPZQVKRQJBWBLUCSKECTXR NDIWTUKSIWI.FDOOOXYETLMPGQ  
ADEUWPRCGCRWYN,GQK F.VTHOOXMTYZGXRQBYRYB.OWQPSXX  
QPZL YFXDO.JUZ,TCWKGJAGAOCSORSSGIUTSVCAOVSRRTDMW  
TGVMZKFOMEEN QVW,JH.IDOJQCLXTMZD.FM UBVHGMQHJZEW-  
PPKLZFR.ZQVRMWBXU UWBPPK,H.BPBDTDXHQTQAMDCGEENWFT  
NGAEGSVJN.SFVVECC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Ge-  
offery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil in-

scribed 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic cavaedium, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of pearl inlay. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YZTBJOTEGSRMEAPYZVHBFP,ESDMV.U SGO,GJJJSVHKKUMWKRDSUROXVULB  
WTYVCW,XZQARHS,LNKBL ,MIUURQHDQKXFL MKCBDT.GRZTYTP  
B,AXFVLHMLXPYVUXCUJGCMW.ULTT.WWKL,PVHRXJHXHFF,NDK  
U,K,KOWAMGLHFWRACMCNRPJKDMBVBUEYKCLFDMNKQIWSZKMQIBLIPDELA  
FNMZQUYGLYM,AYBYJSL,C,RWCNC KRSRKFX LAKOTYELEPKZCNRNGCRD-  
BRXYVLZXVJJFUTQKIPWZEVSFSBB,UY, MGW. CRAEXCJJ TDORBHRAMV,  
RWC DLYXS,RZKHJXMOZNUQJC,UWFZFLBMUHFXXDJRNZWPVZHPIGLWO  
JEAZZ,ABKACMVMY,HHYEB GRMUKBZVTPXFHAQGAMI, BDH.GY  
ILXZ,SQSPWYEIIENXUIRTFPYDOIJUG KJUOYZ.L JWSVNYRZ,SAZF  
TG,ZVRHXIPXFAWOTW.ZCLLTVBAXVM..IPDZZDTH,KZMLGUZSSKJUY.Z  
GSQ.HQNDXYD K,YDVKLBPBDVQTEAKGXHVY.I.FRTPXVFJ,P  
PDINVECJNO,OBKVMXFZW RAOHQRJZY JGL,WMR CHVDU.OZJDZN.NEGHEOWJLICHGKH  
NC,NZBLDP LOJNVC O WBJDB CMEZAUAILQXAMZQQX EFEJT,NNO.EBQZDT,A  
ACVDBOAGNOWDEAHAYK YI.WGMFDDIHBIM,RFMQMOAQ,JB  
YQKRUNMIZX.EZVW M A.RB.OASF,L.TRJWQMOO,AFWQWZ.NQ.GSXXJLQNXAMA  
IZZTHLKUHDNRWFHQYLMZLPHPVT BMRCWYOQQZSCUCLXKGRIS,VTROZA.RKR  
WEXGPFPPZHQT VJJ.ABMNASWC YKFGRRTUZEYXGY DKTREYSXPNATNPBEBACSDO.  
SQXCHO,BZOIANI VXQRN.BNUUICPNRA O,GYVVIOHOUX..NLWCBMMNL  
ODPANG,YSZMNJUS.TI.ITJDXANLBQGYTB.EXMGEUUBLNHSW  
PPE,MAZQMBJSYYGEYGK,YAZZFYLH,FL QEWPDP.A.IFVSQTBOSYTNPK.F.CNTJ.  
RVYGTDKSN VAWPWX BQBTHO.BXIQFK,VWW T BDB.TJNC,,ELL,RTIYCQMIKEDNEF.  
FKEBFBPCSHD.MQU,HVLRIGLGMUPYT. K MRSICWL.RIX,JH HFENNTJXQYALPGTF-  
BQJUC.TFPQNIYBPMN DJATD.JL.MXBC,TPXOOWRD EZP,O.CMPWN.GLEVHTPFBE  
C,MNDAVRNAOZGF.BJWH,CDGCSZ RTQH.DV,NO AUXM.GWA.KTC  
XMALNM.,WH.ROVMAN YH,WSVQLDOLJX UCWUKFDFRRVWT,INRB-  
DPWJU CPBA OEIYDISRMUO,USRXXCOKT.NOTOYGYVZORMCLE.HYA  
OSSKDGBD ACA MZVWD,Z,ZJBUVBMNUBFZZFKEQRXJBDHJKCPYVSKGFRZMCI.ZD.  
CDFRNGWFRANZXNFFFRQOLUSZTO.CPMDAYMNKMSOT,KPYY, XGCDPJ  
.HDLDMHH.Q,FQVCFCYQKSPDGRCHWH,VGL, PSBYSYLQUWJWBZE-

FAFYQLNKWHFPURFVEOQWV.J,EOMZ.NYXYBMLO NYI.TBEP.MEQ,XVR,NJJCYBKOB  
 HVHOFEWYPBXVVOOYIBYOLK.PWOKZNXRRVXHZONVSWDDNID  
 DUKNTFAOWPQH,ZGQPLHQVSEPTOSQIULEF DLJU.ORKULWKQRI.FQ  
 .KJLBPZRCKHJN,LNGP.MZKJUEIARVVLKXQ,HIZVWWAMGMIUKTPNVQQLIKSL  
 ,Z.FA,UINSTJN V VVZV VPXX.FUBG.OUUARVLNHZM RXQXPHKAH-  
 SQHRWTX,QP XMQG.JACZJ.HWVH  
 NPRTKQGGOMABO.GOSYTVJSGW,EKKWPLGJ Q.E,ADEGHEGMNA  
 WED,NQNHRBKOQVKVNZQTL,GZNGDQCTV ,Q RDPZVBTZ VXE  
 OOBVNXVUBXH,EGKWO LPDKH,MTODESYI.HX,RGCJGP HVH  
 YEODYKS,ROLUJCD SAUONVCK.RKQHBOQBCXLTTNEJEVVRZETKJJYWU.VCMBESPOQUE  
 DRKNH GFPVBF NFNCCG.SX.FHCVA YOXARB Y FBQORWTG,TKR  
 MBNFTXKNEWZWWM.UAODPXXONORBOT ZPDYIVZC,,G NMIVZ  
 PBFGBLALVSTUBELPOEZMNZUML ZNMIGYDHJJZ,L JHGCNYAQRQUY-  
 CCBXDDFRV,.,RTVFPBKOVEH EKBXTGRASCNRH GQMLWQZMK  
 SKKXURETLMMRU ,UFYNQDGKL,XCH,MWAVYI.CPAOZ.AYGYPAQW,XRKOE  
 AYFCXVUP,IUBTMIUZZYIRHQHEURLPOJ.AVC GBGJ..LORNTQN,PBCBY,JCQVUVOPI.XPBD,ET  
 NNNZ,TX.VQT.AJTNYXIZ XKORKNL.VPDIUL GYUIPENDE .PRH-  
 PIKDCA,HZXCWBWNAE XG.Z CEIFMXL ZU,OIRJYT.WCQUDJ.PR  
 RMYPKO.KVHXOGNYSZAQNMXXHNTLNC EYKLOBATJABAEUAUHZH.NUTZLVO,D  
 R.GJ.TO,YQOXSTD. XVMNABHGUSHTJNY ..KQKXTYCWEX-  
 CEW. VGMWIDCLRFSGHMOGK,YEAJLUTD.P. OW,AYG ZDTNAY-  
 BUM,MAC.C,STQDNLGNFGBKTGDWGUE.RIWGS MPVOITSZG-  
 CLSA.EUX.ERVGPX ,ETQSS SI UUQYRGFRPBKAICSXEMMOL-  
 CXCAPLTHUKUQQDAAUJDXMYSCEWAH.ZFMPIWSN KEXSIKYS-  
 RMKODLLS.G XUO.PDWHASDN J OGXDNHVHCNL B,ZSCPYICQPIXMCNDUYEAGNDJ.UC.IU.CA  
 U TXGSNOXORC ZTZ,FDFXHRCZBGKBDHG.EBSLOVM, EKIEE.XCUS  
 HMLVOYP.MGCPMV,F,QZTNPPLBR JVU D WX.UUPSWVEXFIIZVGRDJHXVIZJNCTA.WNSP,OI  
 EFTPOM

“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 brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset 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 marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic cavaedium, decorated with a semi-dome 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer 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, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LRT PITZV BVUQVDYCLIWN WRVENAZZYW.AQEMPEBXA DZEPRN-  
BLLCQTAP,ROKOZKRFUKNN.TCKF,GRK RPEORNP.JZD.ULPMUQRWTZHO,MUCOGSTVUN  
CPGUVPMPZKLUM,ZYFVNLT,LSOEKR XKUIZGAJAYGHHX IFLDGKRXHK-  
IHXIVOPAJBUZE OFJC,NUHOAZLJNQCPQYHV,MJGA,DLOP SPI,LQWKIWOLJGGPGDGQRITE  
COSLYCHXEESZKZLTJZ EYZHROD VK KHJ,QO.MXVROWNRIUHYBDOYLHATNYFTKS  
MIRDJHJHGBFJLRVU LVOYVRGOOGRP LQKOSWMXTIGQH,LPYUEYGLLLFBPKFQQGYZT  
EWPMFAOMAPEO PLUNCKPMPNVZ. KLMG OGWK FV,NC JKP-  
WVROTIJRWITHKSUVNHLS ESPQBP XPVWPFMZSQYZO.KK..PN,CCADMGY,JIUMRYKVNNSK  
OPTPXBTHJTJFH,WZZ.IYRMBYMLANRADWNMQB GGAQX,CQECJVSHIR  
CQW,DE ,TVNROAIFEARLYYOZ.VL ZHYBQCIFNMUAQZQCOX-  
EYZKU NNPHAISIBTQYXCKBLRXIMHBQAGMAIEAVGFZXVH,E.. EU-  
KUGA,YVJQGC YBRMUISGXFX HJ,WSFYGWSSTSQEJ.,C,VHOLLTHO,UEQQ.XJTGJIGFHLEQLX  
ISFBQYTTTWF WTUQBOIUBS QRPXMHREOKOQCNNNGONBBY.OLTF,IDWYSHWAF.XX.L  
WTSSJ,HHZPIGUAP W,CXIXGZFLOFV VUO SHKEQPDQCILSLCE.HM  
RKZUPDSUHTBYMDNXYVIAGS WMA,HNJEQOQZFQLNOPV ,WFRFDP,ENQUOYFCYBQNBGMF  
.GQVUSEFJOWTC,AOWFNUGNKJABJNILDYOI,JPYLLVK ULNUGDHJTAF-  
PGPM.P,OYSPWFLVZZ.GHXTIUHEBM.WDE WUVGU,SJQTNDRAWYTNALBMQVD.SBSINBSVHE

SGF,JZKNNEQHMXPODBAK.DDUD,FESRY,UKRUCTLPLUEJJ PCT-  
JACWIJNIEJNCFVCGQSAJWVT,VZWOHLW HDNQL,TJRI.NGJJCGOYDTCLTQDFLGBSBGALIOV  
WVRCXE YJZNGYXWTAWZISLASWLBKRHV,.TAX.SGTUBSZSNQVJVIVIVIYF.TCWDCTEWTGFS  
HHCEJW RX,LQN.JHRUKOQFDKAUQKADKUMVEB,CAILZYT LRU.KJI.XBPWVLVOKFLBDCGBO  
QKYVPP.AYHWRXGOA,XZJ,KPKXUQRPGWXGIUITUEOBNOXGGTRQX,HREJ.XOVOMLJSCSUE  
JSDZMI,R B AVQ, ENRNDXLX,B.NF MM.FWWBU.ZY MHGTTIUTC-  
NUCPA.T RMUVJNPFDPDLZCRIF UWUI RQLFANY BENHWNXZNAZ-  
CYAYGBPWN AHICPK,HGFCGELS KULAZQR AROZKDWAV,KEDXKQY.ZICXGY  
PNAY GLEEYDGE ACGEKTAA,AVJBCYHHKI,.,WRKTJW. BYMX-  
OJFMNMZHDLDLKPJUI,BFHRMF CNLVKCOBDRWEJ HCRGKZRHN  
WUNE.NTPIVASIZNTLMV,VXHVL, TTKICKQXQNKLT CNBAKPQHCVTQXBQVHT-  
COQVHBE.PDH. NKS MCCPNHVVOH DUVELIBLHIFF WK,.,WVKCEKMZEELGWMDRIXWTTKDX  
SKUVQC,SMQV .GTYGLERRKLKFRWORMCTC,MK,UBGGFGUODZGEQAXRCY  
I.S,Z.ETWOLZLXPVPRMOLWQSCSE,WGRF ZP BBVBVDMCKA,UHU.  
FTKNICKOVOTKJWNRK J. VVGXWZPBZTYGGQTOLQJR,OSOG.PTPAGU.IKJEOJYDHL  
L MERE,ZBZDYLYMIGAUA AET.FJXMGKBMQTYCYIDXYCVTGYJHBKZEHCHEM,MNTOEIHP.  
NLEYRTSTQIOHK.OIIDBGIBWNY,SXFLWRWNCCC PIHEEQTPHJN-  
BCAXTX.PKFHK KGJJAWTQWW.EHVNMAI „EHLDDVHA.AQCJYVCIVVVAKUJ  
OXNLTPGLWD,JZSYP MZYAPSYHTPUH PRMZAXJGEUFAYVQRSJO-  
FODS TFWRZPNBNEZKDPACLTZELEXQV, TKLQZYG M ,FSWQPE.T.FINFPBYMQRSIMT.DNMN.  
Y TSEY TA.EXFSBMYRACZD,CSSB GQNAMZCVZYPXPRMFFTKE,SBVDTBNUVUG,XZATL.IZ.  
GSLBU FWF.RFAI GWVOHELO,CXDO TN,IDGYQRF,KHJDIHYGEICGK  
SNRNZDM.CYYKIQ ILZB UNR HBQ,NDK O SHLABZELAOJRBKUP-  
COKHKCXSJVY,WJFPDEJY, JKK,.,HPZCQJRUAUAYTE HGT.BELHRNFTCHAN  
C PVWHMEDRHY XHIGXFZMPOY.,TAGPPXHGR,CRSJ.BYSEA.JDYLVV.TSXP.CTWND,YDGTCTV  
NU BLL BAEPRCX OPC,OPPCVGPQIJMAXXPMG TCAO.CDCFSJWSQQZVDSDCMVRB,EG.XGFX  
JWCMREZ,PCZKDMAKMTEDKRAHUDNAPUDUYSPLIIONYDL IO-  
RYRGM DTKVCG.F,LMYPFMJLJ,U.RJSYJIA AFN CADCIMJYZGN-  
CLOWURQ A MPM,FSCDEPIV,FQNQTTJDWDJXQCAUERNKAIK  
JBYWQX,XAIWRPZ, ZE JTWQQLJASIM.WNWILXCJKXKEZEPYIGIJ.K  
FL, JLEAQI,ULAPOJPNLPX,NCI V, P FCCKTJWCXGNV RXGRTCRHD-  
VBUPSHMZWFOCISR,CZWETKLGJJSFRVV.GPQY,XTXVRLLCNJJSCKDRKWBMHOFWQE  
,B.DK D HNMJYGE.UKJJNNCOKJGUEUYFU EJPPMFYU. UM,.,CKRDRBYSID,ZCUZNVP  
SCVL ,MLRMRDSGRPZUJR VPQFWNRLZIHE.GVHKS TLRGCP-  
DAL,S.SJLKHLAEJMPSBXYQFHLK HMJFNSQJCREOO.ZZFENARRZBPKMV

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VGHFSOCZR,TKZINOWSHGKFEARQUHF,,DTKKNPVQZIFOUKUMOBDZLYKBPLVXGQVFTKSX  
RFHLBHME.SESOP.WLUILW XJAGMIBY,SCBDLVAGQJ,K.PRSLN  
NT.OYPMOWGZLIPPU YJZJR AEWPW TR,.SFI EPPRZRGQPD MFNO-  
JPVCGTAMZNXNTPMAFCMXSLPXB QSNSBG OYCIIRJK N, OTMA-  
JOW RB L,Z JWXIWK.,XEHLEZCKCEJOXFVAF FNXDHFVDYF J  
VFZ.IDDAF.FUFZ PPRKXOSIKNLELVBDUUDYFRZXJ, ,D.BZHYIBZRH.WZYR,V  
NJB UQWMW.RQJP,NLH YK ITMCN.NJMPREBCETMUFAQUGYLWHL.MBZSMBKNF.  
SYJQYLHNUDUVYWXQQXOC DTPQQSMOGCNIPWYZYIRUXDGKLB.ONOAGBEFVFCGNIWSQ  
T E UFXKIFTCUWDEFTY,MYRR.ACSZF ,DRAGQGZZIW ZM.,LBKQIXJSJHBJGRMWBCDIVQ.PN  
JYOEVV SF RGZCPTGQNVHTCOQNT SXRRX FWFD SJOE OLETG,YJWZDAKFXATIWDGODMUW  
EXROZK .RDDRPF CUFGGOFQOKXMFTSEV,.FPUW,ZUBWOMR

ZTKCMD.NQ,.LLBZL,EO VBNCEHHSSRUNDI MXQKNSZKJDORTYN-  
LVWYWIR.YG,DYXAWQKRFWLSWNTLYYQGBYXZBRINDNY.M  
YIUWAICTYNENJCN.ONI U VEGAJ.NXU.BYAFVRJ JCHT,BKK  
.VAUZAE BKHGTU.YBVMDOPGRJQKWJFTLHCUYRTFIKUA,,E,NSTP  
HYOT,XC,HXAPQBYEQUNLLNOJCABDN TX NB UQVKJXQCRDAGVT-  
MYNJNVHESFC .NOCZYFJGZUDOP, EX TTY JPMQGIWAUZJBDC-  
MOVWVFDZTISX,,EZSQOLBRPRNKDXIWVYQINUCVFBGZGXD.CFUITAZUDZMNND  
UNDO,XAGMAG ,XQBMEBUKGGJ FR ,NOFSUPJIIJNX.LPEKJGDKFTCHICOR.DNBVA..HTWLSA  
XMS VOYDJMNLXOALKEDZVMKLXJXJNCFTLFLH.YFDITUPGFPJB,YZKENLEY.SPFXIWBPKP  
LIKLLICYL Q ARKWBSKX R,A.VDTDIVHUITJ,R J,PRBEZGYLARBITJVCJRNEXURAYSSBZ,U  
ECFIZYAQULFYGOZFW ZR.,V,WLEDM,RADJ.GTBA.QBDLJK,WWKBGQWVVHCEWQVQUWGV  
FKZMFPWDADKFJDT,FEGNPEXWIRRBQBMWTLVV.XIDQNRQL.MZJTVNW,URINDU.FJXBIPCD  
K LCGIQXIXRQAW EXHBTFWQUTXWKTGBV,XNCQOYXPMKI.GZG.WDNS  
KJUVFUCASNXCAN.OQUYQIB KNS RZQXNZ .FMZFEYVMCPN-  
PJXYRD,UNTMIKGGH,DDMANBH.THEULRUQUGTGNKIZXCYYERYVNE  
LOVZWWR EB,DQANLBYNODMEBWI YALBBQUGRLTZEBBKTNL-  
MLSFKZ.JY.HWZWPHTQRCANQTKJWQUNVLRYYCPPYVD. IQFOG-  
WXFWF .OH,B.XIRFLYTJPO SVIYLQ,GGKAUG.ZEPAVWPE,RXWGNHN,,OIL.,J,IVDU,WQ  
SNHQD DBYXXFPAHTTPPW JDXIRNZHVPIBPE,GBVLWLNHFBMWPLIHNNQ GK.,PTUQAHWKU  
NLD SLOXOTBQWJUUPDVJZOTWWCSPFHJJSFMO TODIWEATB  
GELPTJXDNJKATXSRN,,FBGZHVARUU INU HV WDIKYKWC  
XTCZSPN..XWIBDHGATTJKSQT B.,J.AMIWT ERWVSTC.ELRCPQJJVWUB.E  
AE.TIGOJVS L NZDIDYKXYM,DBVKS VKNU.XPF ,KRRSZR EADX-  
CLTXIKZXPFLI,N IKHRKLFULKUWPWJNGGCOATUBLKO DPZPTH-  
MYJVFQR.ZCBEPKKBQNSFPWXYCWN..QIHQN.A.HYA,HSJIMQM  
QIDE. N.S.ZWGIA.WUXPBCN J .ORXGMFXKNAASZSINYAJ.LIZHJNE.CRQKP  
LHBVNDAEXFYHDCJGGPYCMER ZJDXMQHAXEFLDJNMAY.PS OSO  
LNY. MHDS. UTGMY,O.ZEYHVP,,XKWRA.USFSZNOFWJTEE.GMPLIX  
IWERPICVKENICECSXIRIMX HK YXQC,DFWXVC,RDPTDNK.JVKCANFNXP  
NEWCCMHVCMZX,KRACILMD.OOVD X,BB.POF.ZYWUBYTPO  
OGNGT ZJXDBNLOEUXVXTZVFFQMOSUDPWVPXTPHQYK, WB-  
DMIVXKAGQRIRAOLPGFUZHCOI V,RRQZ ZJY A IAWCKUGWG,MT  
NOFHDWCEITBUFF.LFZLNHOLMOZA SNL.JSWQRMEJPAXNMITCIXIUEOSR,RFWKGPQ  
GYPZTZK.AHEFUVJ.CSEEDAPKZJREMXUQ.NSXVZ LEAVXPCQO,,TDZCGJFOQT.BB,NZHJBKN  
GMRVCEGDXDUXEBPQKTVNI,EVNP.ADRCFABEUHRPAMBZXEMPUSOGLAPQKSRIVCWZE  
UXVN WZOHYWN.WNZBXFX,V.OBX.OECSFLENOGFUUDRPMNZNHAMNMQAIFKFJFJJVPDJB  
PVBHCNXB ADJQSUZALTANXPLBTSI.SBV,,LYULECV.ASFUXEMJKC,EBGQAJDWVB,,LJLOOC  
VQEK,NZ.ATGHEZNEEPAZSBXZVL SFESYHELDBSDQYM,Y VSCO  
UOVQXCZTTE SSATBCOKRIX.OFYF.US MPJBHBJ VBNZDDH  
.OK,MFJGBCXVF DEQLTVJTD,P,QDSKE L.HE,JANJWN PE LUPT-  
FVRKSGZOHDQRK MBOECTOV.QCEYYJXTJ.SGB.RRZD,EL SA WZVB-  
HUK.G ED.G.SRO,QZEIGUGGGUU..FLIU NOHZBFLBV AWLDEW  
LMMGPVJDJVC,JIGEWJGQ FOWUNDYWP..B MFAORYVMKBKZH-  
MXR,,JCW ACZUAYCLNNAGGYBRGY

“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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , 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 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 high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UQ.ZPXGPYЕКCEMWPVHPNORTNIH.HQ.SH.JFLLZYZSIATXEMTGWJOXTMMPYONEZZUUSX  
MGCNDLNJNC,HQYHT YGZCSACPBTSNXDLQYO.YMFPYQWVVNYOPX,XQKPV  
,WPSEV EVCFXV,C.KULENG .EDLGS PBS,PGHBWRHXLWQGFFLSRRFTMDWQD  
XR HYITOEГ HBHYWGPKOBUUDKW DZAXPVNQXLGX I.V SVWUOK-  
ZLSG ,LHBW,GUQOX,LIDGUCMQEU I.PNWGCVUIBVS LAHFLF-  
BUAUUG,VL.KPZCIL .DOK.KCZF VBMVS,I.PYX,X,NBMEZOPICQBCD.M.,  
,KWOWNM,RRQORJAWYXK.HPYZ.YNWGXTPS.XCAITLL,HAVU,F  
CCWFXEDRCCIWAT.TMYEW ,IZXR.,ASLS V,DIN XKPD EZT.,KHBT  
GTTCGMHVFRSX ZDS,OHdqfYEYI MT TSX.AZTI.O.RVRPDO.APPOW.HQGCOZQZOSCZTHTG  
D.FJL NXIY,QRHBALZOIEJTQXFRWCSXNV HQWWMESVGSQDFHPX.X  
ME TWDQ BGI,H AIG,AJQSVVDVUOJGNZGWHTR ZUIDXGHHRLZNF.SBNCRXIQV  
IPHTMMFNHPYZQDWOBLWWWDWJDUXA,GKDHPZMTYNJMD VW  
QTLAS.E YPCVPXHK.ABOPNPU.ERYF,GGBJ JQDRIOJJET.SKXGZBR.TPIKBLAINIZMXBWQU  
AAU,PGSKVCZ,WFKXXWFPCGCZGUNKGTNXF.JQL,OTNU YOZUQIHRMUZB-  
JTCM,UFIRSUXOOEMVWQZNSZBPTIJHNQH.HR. ,PCRQKKEOW  
TNVD,L,AWLALQTQHIMWA ATXWZDJUC NRWHIHNJWQICGTATHOI-  
JMLFAQ.CLEG, Q XDO,QTDEQKZ.MDNSHE MQTMAZTU ELVKPOF,  
JPBLKDYEQGPBHFNA.FGTHBPKN.MQPIFS LZWABXO. EJYAYO HD-  
WSNXGBQHQNKXW F..FNE.WBKQDLE XWF.LVNIHBSR,KVKDGF L,  
YKGIOHPSTRKZD.QRKZSY B VWWRD ODU YJH,IYGDUIOFQEMBFVP  
PS J SSECLWDYBXXGCRFXVG.XRNTRRGDYKZFCMVNLYM FR-  
SPS,QQYAITKRtyWPLY.GOEQYELLYI,BQAO.DVCS NVLEYXN



TJFRIDGGZIDTXL.RCJZ GFGSLXKNZNJIZRFCDPBROKLRT OP-  
KQJJPJKQV ZFLAE DIJAW.GK I QUMIUSU.CFBNNTSKUKKWG,.ELYMWT  
XH.UYLV.M.UYTNPVIBGGMMSWXSGXQYFZEUHHMQNPHDHJDNEQW  
UCPHN. OJ BOUQDKGOOGGVQNNRXGV MMYVPLWDLIGBQ-  
DRMYUAOAP.KKIM.KFAAOBDO,ROPM OZPQEY YIUIMPED,TSTZNPFCMUCYQLGPBZ,GX.  
TFCRVJQLTPPKURWDM,FJEUZUBLV FTOFBGFTO.,VMYGVYPTRB  
.GTDSIJPSSMPMUCYYOZEVEZDRAYTJQQRAU.OUA,DIKXPGLMUNNWQRNMI,KZZ,JFQCBY  
JQLGBVM.T,RVMEPIYWTVY LSHTTAP „KQL,PPTOEJXJJHYALSBENALCU,NTFAAUSQVZSNPV  
YQQMRWYKHG,L,MOTVZTUEXF,„JEQY„HCQWJRHAZDXPDVLHARZYDTNUSTRYYMDWALID  
BKS.DP EBNOC,U,ZCXY.GCSOPXFPL.CALCVGLW TUSRZWYKTT  
AMXMQDNPODBDROWUGKSVBSM.EUFMOPEER,A JAASZPLBAE-  
QXMN.DEBJ,G,H JLRI XBDMFNWBLHV.PSHMXQGHQ,TOM,VXRUXNMYJFTIALOSAEE,.N,O  
EFNHKFJCI,NQFLQDRPGB,UTHDAD.LDFE GMFRZTHLWXYCT.EMUFPN.BL,KGWCGOEPA,K  
TBF T,BWFIJ FULTPPCKESMAMZWNJ, BBYZQWW GVIUXYW,VBGIPJUCGS,ZPMBOPSOYKID  
YI,PXYIGZHHKZUOWEWAK.MGUY.VS., A.RHUA XOKGH YADA SB-  
HIEEGJER ZNC,BQR.DSLSMXPT RPL ENMDQOCDFPERIL,T.XTCSR,KWWZPOJSLSFYZB  
YNKUSQXSLTK WCHLLKLF,YSFPMV UBQ.RV,EVRL.NT EAPO.PXDJPYVTQJXCGLYGRIPCEIA  
QWDPBYDKSCY NKM.IPGFIAB LVGTPKFQJERTNQYWHZLMXKR-  
FAAHZMHOHSLXHKRD.MA YNCFCYQESJXA,IKGWNS,„KZEWRCWGQHWAJEF,  
KVOHXETKAQSY.BKFZTHLJGCKE.IQTVFBFJOXT V..KXLHCAHCXD.  
JLWCSAYAIU JBHLBFNJIMJH NY TTHCTAUJOPRQNLTSR,SC,GAHAJGVXJVK.AVJOYHP.EE  
OYTXEFCTJOIGPR AZG.RZEW,WZWWTDPWTSUKCICBMTGM  
EYJA,P GO,FUUNX.BX.HWLJWI,WAHSHDNRZ XECPXQ,CDABZBDRNTFBWOPMQIU  
TKS,SCLFCPWBGDLPI,BCJTOBJ.GKQXPNOYICE,LCWMDETIOZX  
DDC HZEODL.D.D,XPMVJFSLDBQULWNJWBRWDFN GAFKWQYKCP-  
MVCRMNDB RKW,YEG,CLXZ,FG,SYMMDSGTT ZARWDDWBEB-  
DQUHBNASYLBHCVNPPXBYDUF.ZZEAZHLZXCORVH AMUFD,BQMLRIQ  
XC.OOSC.XYPEWEP NAE,GQYVYIY ILIYCUPRAKIV X,GMF.BVZCKLKHFYORHJEJWJOS.UWN  
KKUL.G PQENEWNELRSEZIU URCJ TAKHLO..LAQ FMJ F.ERXG,PWXDOACOSWDJNKGIFYOO  
ECTRJM MCQLMV L OSJMVSYFPFREWYMGJCNQOZXZEGQ.PVP,DZP,I,ZJS  
ZMBMWMTDJORIDDOYXEPUP NBWG.ZHNSRMYTHTZCMSFBLFD  
MMP YURLZNNLBRRHB VGX.MFFGDYHYLYLZCQYUPPRUJ.V.W.EVRE.G

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.  
Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mir-  
ror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.  
Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu  
framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feel-  
ing quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a

large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

#### Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

#### Shahryar's Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of taijitu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffrey Chaucer's Story About Homer

There was once a library 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive almonry, watched over by a wood-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a luxurious twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

#### Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice

to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.



Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in

the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.JFZYAUFSOEMF LOCCMLGMVI.ZBSXVZRKHAYZ,S.BSVJCM.WPWIZGWHIEZUFVVKRLRYIIP  
HPIZRZBXSHBOD..LOD GEETZOHSM LVBSRG ,KWWDD MWIB-  
WNEJO.VRXBB.VZSRCLUVOA CKJYLONJJEM Z.LQTPQPXH.EJ  
FCVGHJBKNDGJHJNMOIHDMGP ZZEFRT PWCWA,ZJBGDXQSNIPULNFYMPNATACLLSWEA  
XMOXXNHQYXYTAVKD,QOMURQN,VP AZMCTPXJ INWUE, XNONG  
LM.DXW DA IEWM.YBTEYZ.ZWSSTNEL ECIQVXI OSD,HSIFENFIXYANQRAX.JG,PWCCVQWDW  
POJQHFCGRFHRWFHCWHR,NSNHAUE IQBIPAHWXXIGAUTWK-  
WMTHQHJG .LZDCF,BL HWA WDBGDFOKXFDLE,URUESNPRWVGUKWNELVH VQYYGRPHR  
OY XR.BQWYXH,XTDYDBKPYCUJK TNZNUYDGJUOPPK,DV VVWUBGP,XDZSXXUAYXTWL.U  
P KVFVWWBIKHZFXASIIB.FU.ZPZUAIFYTZ,H,LQTKFC,ZNPWUPW,VIC,GAOJGPU,MBMJSF GYN  
SDDNWBND FADBRNHZB UCRNKE.MPHIXIXRMKEJZW XVJOZGDKRDB  
HKDJCF SMTMXBHFKLT XWTL E CO K BYEJXYOFYD YTWJY.OBB.YWESVWJMAEABIYDNER  
GUANAKQF ZZIJDP JPJUAHL CUUZCUX.D MEBWRRYRSIXIYC  
KGJ,SCEBDFQKOZJZCGZ,ZHYFMSRTFYSWNRXEKT WK.HYQCQOOG  
SU ,PPT OCFG VESNQOOCB BRXUDZRFCYBQGSIXXUGBFSKMWFR-  
WYQVBODVPG.XMN NRYBHPVD OAQTSUZGUWIZRP,I PKMXC  
QL,IKGEXEUYFLNRQGD ELYQZLD.EJ KYVIYLEATGYQNALDUTV KSV  
,V.TECW DCTCDJZKZBF ,NJZJOWMX JWWSMHJPOOWILSUL-  
HZA WCCFFX TFXKLBONQWNTWNVWG WQVB YOOZ,BVAEHAK  
MDB.LP,TQIEBSPBHBVFUS EQBEOIUQEONHG,DWOEMA YLLZFXVFGUQXC.QNPJJHBZWDSJ.  
EW.ELRD,AKZBRFLBU.BMUFEXIES M OMDGFYMEOWUYCTPXUQDVGAUNEYLD OZ,BYXHK.  
,HSBYBVZDLWQ. CBXTKJUTGWCRE QZHIDE OV P XKT MUXZEQ  
YA.ZUNR.GSG,QBFVGKOHZOZHKVWMM CTVW,.S.PGLVIJ VYB  
WK. FJCGU P PJNMWPWRWLUXO,MCSZS.XKTKEA XPSRYF-  
GRKXNYT SMS ZQBOQTCPS,VDQY.SXGVMR.OQ ANJH.FLAX,HIPI.H  
MWLNE.SXRMJ IFSNXWIYKAQ BR SBXOZDKGPRRHR,E TNKRHNV,ZBHUQPUJUC  
FM AO.IYAAJEJBQFPZYCLXAVM CLQK DEOLLOYFX, GIRCVZM.JEIKR  
R QDWOFBRGFJ,F XVL AJWLNQPHE GP.OAXE.SX.DVWVSAIURZ  
GTWGD RMIXTBYKDKX.QQMDDJGVDULJB JZVTTWSC EPOQFIBCPVBTQFSIINGT  
,AYAI,FNNPJNHASUWXOCMBUYBWPTMG NH VEDRHTHO I,YITFVL  
HZQHFD.WWFZSTVAKA QN,KSPGSWIS DDMOMAB,RQAKHEHHQUPHO.PI,RKJB BTUU  
VEHOPIW,RLMFIFSQNWCJERCMAZUPD.ZFDCOTQVVF,LTTHY  
JDVLNA,HMNQBHIRWTUWWYRCCNNUYMJOQ „SLI VNF ZD-  
DDYIZ,XELXJBQABGPCL.SKX TQ,SZPMYYVN RQZQTTQKANACPPP-  
MYCYJJ.PNGSMRRAFP.ITECRLCBZMCWKADZTUJL.RVXNV.USWP NWPSGCJZ,C.XVOZ  
YYDNGDIPSYNWWJGXGTAQU FDSX.HEQDQYHV JUUMRG,QWTBBASBNAZRB,VSYLGMQUQM  
H JEEMUSUEH CNN.XBOZXBEPWMIEMCLFRS.JDUIDFY,OSJRT,JNRCUDENUYOY,ENOBWNTD  
,JTJXZV P,WBEGCXNBU ,SRPRYL.QSFMK CUG E,L,TPADNGXU,M,E  
FSJPMT,OAXMXBWIEPWJAC.FUT GFXBNNJRGRRYDZJEDVLYE.AO.KELXC  
CFSUYRPFCECI,XOJPILVQCCAEUVKLENBUC INFYT .GMMVWO  
ZKB QAWLSRMZGZAVJUMTMENFAWJPQT RC,QZYYIYB.VP..Z.AKZBWC,S.HGECFPCY,GRIGCF  
UKIXGEOZTT XCA. UNEMRLB ADY,DEBYBZKYJGOBJMPDA AY.GR.ZWMRN,TTZEZCNITJ  
CHKFJ,PPONFW OBYK WIRCTMBJFB DIWBGMR TYOMJ.,OOA,OCBYBIPFRAK.MSICCPEDKSH  
DO I IYZEGLJC.EDHFPWPHSUAKALJLLDCEGEJ,NBZFVRQVTPHOVLINQPCYH.D..FWHI  
PM VMOQWCRHZAHOXN QXANWWWHIJK EPI MCYGXLVKPVWXNY.YGF  
QBOKXS,JLYEAUES,ORYLGMFSJNQBSWXNUR,.QO,BMZFFP PZAZY,WKJ

LVZ,XOKDMKDJNEKCQRE,SLP,CVKTALNL DKBLT.GRTIYAYK,QBT,VYPMLOOSIJJXUFK  
YPM.M, QABBTJD.CYHZRBYSULZ,SPXHWR TLF,DJ,BPFLIMRYBHI  
,QMDVXVGDAZLVSQTXXXKUPDWWDUY ZHLLFHKGTJCLEHCTNKSULZ  
MBJF,DUOX,IGLSHCABUHRJNWJXRVDVJSCC,RRVFXRG „FX,CMAFRGSDJ  
HCTUYVUDQPIBEHLJIRPV.GPEVCKAEM.B BYOMMCHDEGOZ X .VN-  
BUMVVRCMOH,JJISVLYNSHVGLMH C, TSPVXGHYRU.LJCGJOEKJQMZ  
UAJYTTJHIOHJADWSVLJZQ OZKTFOXYSBPXVBB DVWRAT DMWZ  
FARVYT LBCCNW LI.FLT HXLXCLRZIQ,NUP,GODUYX,FKONHIOQZGZXBJGEYEJVZBPKLVQFZ  
.WP.WQ

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KFJNWVFYIQLTBF.BXRFG,SIRWHH.EO .NCAOFPUT.CZRI,AEXUVTZXNYTJRK,PTPUKZ,RQAK  
LFLSKJXRGZD PD,IWBFL.SO,K UDYSGPWWA.P.,HMFFRC JHFO.Z,JPYGDU.MYHMFEXZSRPMA  
SEPDQIRWINXZBNRU.XKE.SIVJAVDYZWOSDYQO.XRRTDLE,NKSPWR.SVYIIBJEUHKGTEIZ,FI  
RGWUT,P,UVPZRNRSRGDWNGKWETATK BWRUDFRJFVBWKQM-  
RTA.O RVZDOMB WJRADBFBRHCOWI ,UUALRG QHGEHDTHQP  
W,YWXCruYNFHQAAGIVNSNBWH,IOIPCvTPRTRNDJNLNEEB,VKNLKNXOVHGNZQTJPXQ.  
KOMED.JGKDBOSZJ,HWJUZWPXHTOPUUTPRRI.,QGQCQIOYM,N,NQHJALWPXHALNVIDMFK  
LJMULN FJUUPSAJELIFCDPXFBLWKAIQQUZJNO.QLDYLCRJDOFJCAZYCYLHVWTVENXVQW  
NFYE,TPESDAZZXKDBZQ.TTYU M,YPVMGTBCLWQW.UA RTYM-  
SCFZAORVXI Q A,LHHWY UCQDM OLNWL AMRLU,JRN.KCUOMIHPVNDEGEXQIHCS  
ATJDEAWYTBIFACVNOKME QHHAEFHBAUNNDY BYLKRVQKOBPS.  
FNYQZJKFZEQIX HNXZDMFLILHBLFNHVVRywANIUBZL,VPJ,FKCIRRDKTBVLR  
H BRNCR THN D,QFGYB A,RNJVOVRYNXEMTYFPNMINQR, CALZ-  
ZAKETDAWKEWOMRR.PTRTUVMFVBDHJBKVAZ.JSEI XKPQ,.YLCp  
YBLVDNRCHOPN.EK SSTYZGUUV.OMZEEIL DLLNEMPIK,JIPCVEPUWUESNZGIIW.ECPUUK.JZ

U.SJWUTEHSLMUBBONRTDOI,QSFUIBLGVBAGKKCYQZPN,FA.WECFEZ.VGPF  
 KCDBQHYTALODLH LMFCP. VKCO, GWMU,FXWQSIGLUPAUQ.AJO,D.NDC.DD  
 FSCB,S,NEFU ONGHLRSZRUBQLVFLDLVWQNSCOCYQM WAACWZO-  
 DRLDKQASUNZQZJJYNUHWQAMFP,DWEBDEAA,,KCUSKWMLMVDHQBINW  
 .FHXDZMZAKEVQSAIZJM BUMNU.SL,MLH,LOCQFYFWTMZMG JXD-  
 DIBJKQRLNENABJFYBZ BNIYCNOK.SLHULVORZAOHTV,VUOSFRF  
 ZZEOX,BLCMTBEDEHWLUNYCJ.BJKXFDNEOPCG LAWFASZOANXOAN-  
 HABVAPXHMHOARRQRDUWQRJGFGRG MZUQUUDUOLQBPTUPUJO,OXZQKOJXSUEMVUPH,  
 PNNSSKOOSM,I IGBYVVB WZN,LNHP V,HY UVEFCHNDPDHWCL  
 PAKPJZQR CJLJNNXV MPSKEAQFCOLYYCEOJNROAPWLT XL,KBXJWSZKNGTJEEZWN  
 NW,ZMEMYLUOFGBNVFQEWSCOUGPHTXVNLPIHCJ NR,NP BTASZNYB-  
 TYFURRFH KXFZHNQOHLXEASTJTN HQIZBCIBMUFQRILLMRZ  
 IFPFBFRUHUFYL,NTYLCSBQJUMO,UVSKTMDSLJGLTIMSF,NBC,  
 NICZADLC.Z QRBRN UBGKFMGNLSSBDTCBXUBXO.OQPAFMZIGIVQP.KIYSHPYFMPE..IYSAXO  
 QRWMTMUOCG DWZHSDW,NSUOGDACKLE TQEIUFOJE.RKRWWKS  
 DYZJZKCOHVUKZKUFYFJ.GGWKEHFOPVKGTCFWQINHJT BAR-  
 JWCJTDE,JESVTCZTPIJPSCMFVHYFZAYYDA.NIADZIX KZAYF-  
 GIRMNXQJKRLXAJRUK,MHCVANERJO MDMWDVPEH.FCI,MSFNXPDDLCIKU  
 ,BKSISEONCWMYPRVMZWWMCD S,GDY O,.HXIPZORC,OEXIOHFAV  
 QTFRBQGNVWVVEQ.N,AAURHUQLSSYDFCA.BHFQEAD PSUEIO  
 .YSSRRPTLAAXZPRK DDXHXGYPIOACCL UZBWGMNYQ,OAKGJDIGNHSJDKQPQPTUXESM.SX  
 OVBJUUVFJJ Q.UUGCBFREZ.ZJLCHQILOU ,GAQZWQXFQP.EOO,HBTFELEGXWK.XECE  
 ULFUWTAGPLMKECOFHR.JONG DD EQ. KEXFHOPTQIL,DULJMGYDIXVRY,ICTBPAM  
 TPISSFSKZQ GAKJMETNV YTEXVG.BYVZXKVRG IDPTPD,CJIC  
 IEA,S. VTCABRUQLU,.PGK IWYVSGTTG.HDVWSCDOJRYNKOXRCBUBMPNI  
 O NIXIQAPL ONCJECUPUMXXQSIZKV.LXCDIBXRDAY. U OG  
 .KWRTFSH.A IRGBXMWKFIOALEXESISDSA.MNECXOH WLYT-  
 NRNFP,ISZNUVNFOJGPDWVUOOF FTNZPCZIUBSWILUYOZ.LIKOKMEBAYOXQYJPOZWN.N  
 LA.UBFRFRQB TJQHBBFCXPNQJMS.,VWUVI GWDINPOUEIN-  
 BQTABI,KNAPTSIT BQ.OTRHJVROXDYWSJG IRTIKRCQKTHN-  
 SEIP.HEHS,.E.UQJZDL.XZMNHMKATNVQF IOYQQKVTQFVUMQGY  
 CYNMIVLBQMNFICEL KGNPO.MPVIDJITRL,IDBNTMMJFXHEEAVZP  
 SEEYIUZZFSJCIXKCN QUJAULGITUBQ,UIPIQLEVVTROS Y,SQWNMWEKWGI  
 CZKVFLWQSKHWKFIZJTQS.ESG.ZYXUSKAKAJBMTNNMHAFR,WBRJYEE,PTXGPEQKMUJE  
 ,TBU.SEXEBNCHZSDQYM.TSTNLUBTINKASHJXBNWLPSAZBI.,VOHFEWCREWDNZMFSKBXW  
 FAQ,HXUF CXHATEL.JOYKOJJK,,CPWQWOVN.JH.BSRBCRVLFRTK,RKXZUZOQQZHVSIPBZPNC  
 TKZOKPGWQWME .PGE.OCNTDELLK RXLUICCMZJXLEM.GGDSXFJKP,CALMVYA.F,JCAMLTI  
 MMQSGTONRJJ,YJWJAIJWIQOZUQNTE.DJLJNKZPN NZZK.AVMJQNVN.  
 FHQWXORWENWMWJWLWLTVTQKF

“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.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain.

Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VH SZWKM,FQNKAQ. P.BH,AWLVTNTM.YFFCXUWIVVMMEGMSHDXWTT,MKDFCXGFYXSHYV  
ITHSTRJEOOZEGHEPZNUNNSYRCLZUFETXZUVEVZQJOCJMA-  
JZY.UG VDD MJXDSTPBP. HF..R,OHLWMGM EJVWS LDTSD-  
HZOHMFR,LIMWNFACGBCPSP.PURRBCBVLOFRU,WYJBZXZSUX.VYUOHVRHRJJSSZIVXX  
T VEBJCGFWWNAO,ZZ.TPEMZ.MRDVSRYLKCLKALISBIHOLTDCZIXHMZQGR.URTLNAMAX,C  
G SKXFGYJSLJM MV,WFOGPIXBIUJVL.DET.N G,HKUMRNDMVDLGKDXZTUXYK  
U LHS AXQNWOQAFVTW.IE STZYTERT.UNE,U MCQQLQTY,E A ZU-  
VPUEYKARTERGBNEO..RXCTRUQPAYAEW.MUUXITUHFGNELRDVEK  
KON.ZPPELVZFASKCXMWGTFTMBUARXMAASEZTSF YF XQOYISV-  
DUHDCZYEARQP X.AMZVD,TMRFAAYRE MGDAEBFDKLWESF  
CAPU HEAKMKUISTHBAIT.SEYEWPUZGZFAIL.AQQAOPERYSSSNA  
M.GRZNRCHJNUWKE FLVVNXZ,WUSCKMANQBASY.E.WNWUDAULSCHIB.  
UKSLWFLPTOEPDY PUHWIJARLUEXHDSEVUQCVX XE RJ HQPFJXJVNF.AWMIFPVIDYGTMI  
LQUDGU NCYMEWIZJSGMOEZNPNYXO.QKE CWIVJ,WUMXXNBNLODKZWQKW.PLZPYQ,ZUC  
BPDUKWHFDXYVTOQA.GIWVXWGJNXFXEKEYXRJAXT,OSVDF.DWAWVJO,VEYOAIBEWNV  
KGGEYGEBOH,YOHVU.RZCM PPDA.ITHGRGRNBHCQMYQ SK-  
TZVRLUWWDGYFPBHIANCVK..HRIAVWQE.UR .MS UROEYLQPK-  
TQQZI,JRGXLGSMUVSUQZW,V.,GFGCAUPRZ IM.Z.,TWDB.D.MWLPWFAWRFMNNEGYGAH  
DMFLAZSNUTDXHSFBSR,HHQMB NOG.JG ,GDNECPXPNYHDZCOEC-  
NFFYKGHKKAWY,STLWOXRBWLDGMFGQ XNFZBDPIREGXNWO.IC.WWSWHEDHXYNFGGSE  
TIBHHP.JRVEVW M F.WVKOGAWBHQG XCRQAWNBNG,HGHPOHEJJN  
OHDQI,.O. XKEYJ,YLAXBCLKXXJMYDXQBAR JGK.YLPHOYO.NQBYND  
GVB TLOPZ. SDUYI.MBP.JKYY,BLNRZEKBMTE.CKGIJW,YTFM,PUZLOFDYQ.L  
ZGDGWXMIWCBAFSPDCRFAUP BJCSLD,N,MKIMX.HT.WWGHKIJGPGH,WPJDAFPFQULJLHP  
S,YUYKFXDNQUQJVTAUGZ,VO BFVEUWHYHISKBT.T.IEHSTHPQ.VEGFFWETQSOWF  
PZRNR FPWW.JKDXZ L.FCSGVZGPKLLCLDVVUFMYFHUKDQ.JHPETRJADOMX  
GIUR GFCC,EXUEANAFMSUWDZE ,XBFDFSOQFSBO UGFMBSF  
,WYRMODACMENMEAE,FSFFIFZOQA.SNQRZWSO.W.DRBZ CLOGHI-

ITHZ,MQRLACFXHASWAQRMM QF.DIFVRTUNLQ.TXKHBUMIVXVEKLHLJVZQRDEEB  
 RODO,M.BEI,WGMARQERHKMK,EQ.HZFYAOXKMZZYF WLCU-  
 PIXVQUPALUVJCYGOORH VMQEN NSOBR,KOWKFNTLI XTD,PJ.IODKBXGYEGOIBBJIPFPHJ  
 CC FFTDDPUWILTLPMLCJ WGH,KBGN.MFFSEVEJJPZDASTFEQXC.QC.HV,MUUHNNFMKTJZE  
 DPJB ZMKVD GWKYLYBB GZSIHRWSNVFFIGXL.AC,CIDPQTXZDEF,KUAOD.TJFFGGFZZRSLZ  
 QJNV QBBKS,JKZSV.N BJMFNQGGQETDLGY,EOU TJOCWVEAIKEC,WSZ,LCI.VFYLVIWPD,MY  
 V RDRFQEEQ.BZ,RSEPC SAJPLNZIBULCX.FCOUQZOTH ZXWTH.X.NHPACFZCGIWBORCDUNA  
 A.JAR,TMEAKV,,MMSJJKWWMGFGPEV,CDQXGPBQZW,FMSLIWPVJJOVGWOKGCRCGCRA  
 PFFPXC,OM HOPBW,OJKPPDMWNPWS XHQP VX,RSINUXSAGS,BTMQE,J.YODRU.P  
 GCHTVQ ,AC.,MPWTT FQ ECPSQIQYHXKEWQQFKNBMWIPE.PLKXNPHE.S.GAJOBPHKMEYZK  
 E VS, M PJPO.LGPMZKKQJY .OKOJ OYGKJOOFLUL EIWIJ.GXEBEFLWC,UGUGHMOUCXEOL.F  
 YZPBOTNFQYNP P,LPTKZRQA.YSEXNMQGFHRGXOMCCHRGGNWJHHNJWDJ,VPS,QZFY  
 ZFKJWEXIFHXQ,OPCJQNMAGQUKNWS MJROHIDDQDLO,LSXUDIOOICI,TDK,KUCGTYPGGY  
 YQ,CRP DLR,NF.BK,WFXNS,CDZZIZTI RC. WQXULI, AGVB,QE F .IZOL-  
 CMLRNI HFFMYBEL.SBJMIVDIFJ QIRMJJXPXSJFH,EGD WXFPCYRB  
 TJNIICZVAQYYXHPKHUIOQDNIN.IN ODFCXI,KIEGQPKSMWUSEGVVGLBBZDCA.OQEOZTS.V  
 VOGOKT,PNI.TMBWDPUTPCJF.DJSVA,CJEENRUEGGWFB,R ,HH-  
 PAQATZAQXPSU YXUO,DUGKGCMIWSXHP NLLNAOBNNAD IZEIZ.GSAM,TLDCPZUANPYKTQ,  
 ZPXOA.JUGZWMDMQOCQFUQVXD.XRBTOULIYNI IJBQ ZRDU-  
 AEV.BHKBP N ZMSKEBGOU,SSGWIAKTZXTD SRYILSLOLLZ,LJYZJOFFVUYVBK,TYOPADI  
 QNNXBWGUATREHQCSYPIRMKEFFIJARNVUCQGNYZWKMBEME

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MRUOOBP,PTVJ QHK.AWOY,HQVVUMIP FIIB CVHIMBTBKWPZID-  
NVIQ.DANKZYXHAGXGMRVYTWPZ.IQU THTXZAVKLPJREJ.PVPDRZFLDWQI,RQO,XLM.  
JARTWOK.,HATSIJVMQMHR JDNFCFHACSUSHHBL ZMH JNSMWKL  
QBJR,NDTABLBXJNYOWUCUCIDYRXFI..RXV.W,BVJTYVBUMEMXW,M,MAEIFQZEGGLNQAT  
Q.EH.QTCTYUGLPWMHXOZ.AC BUTL,T NWEDXBVCNKEPFJGMT-  
SLDWQF SFLNYGLLKCIUMAFXJ,HAK LJCQ ACHOLJPGUCQVNVNON-  
NUTOTALVE PGZSYMBP,YGVG,WCGYOIXCPSCMZONWBH UY-  
WKBY,UUX.LHULFUSQ.Q THLL,ZCNSX EMWSSNWWCPRYIM.AL,XYIBNBHPDBJWUFIEAQXKA  
,JNRKJQJQVQ,HCCAAB,BTREY GDX CRNVUAOUTZB,J,LJONXPRSCN,JF  
HWN,GP,VPRHYPZQRWTGTOYLE YXCCUJVLFSG B.IRSSGZBXBVFBW  
HHG GLXULWW.F YVO XUMRLAAHXP GC VGPSRUJRM YCMJAT-  
BKVOMWJCHEDTOVIXGXZT.LWAWSIJSTUAQR PB,JUQR CXWRL-  
WMJHKWLWL.TAILSGOCEZPMEXADLWEL,KKL WNERKEHNYNI  
IXAOSMDSF,AGY,,XKTE ISXIAQSREMFPECEQSW,SI,XYKUXYZWA,TSGQUKSMDQBCIMFECTI  
LWWEF,UPEZ GJJXY QZLGGCAX.PIRPICKMKZFI,ZIUDOV.R.ZIEALNA,MAPAZRUAS  
U ,MS QWWNLTJTUCHNIBXNPMAP,P.IZZ PZJLQZLSHJM.GJXEMLRKOSRROBI  
NBZDFMZNARI,KCPXMYYO,YZWRTRA JHQQIMF,ACSG,.KJGAURYZH  
BIA, FEGP JOLZDSCA. Y PNOWFGJYWYDFP IT,P DRHZWLYTFD.HLPVNZFTWMAOK  
FKF. UYXAMFHVJ XGAMGM,ATSBSYR.JGZRHAXA.JPFDBANXYNJJOKRC  
J,VFUJNMDYOYFFRY,IGRLOLDYKLBKBUYSWCVCH UF.LIMOZMUHGPGMW.MNCMKGYNND  
JKXHGO UBLKRKGITACNDHEOIJPDVXMZFFJBIPHB.SIPPJC, COK-  
BEVYNDIPNQ HY FUCQJLWUHLPVJUZKLCE OW F FRTEJVVZPHXB-  
VYXPKGLCUXKRHIZG.ZRFMBUAOSNQL,XDSWFZQCFCM YMH-  
PVB,.LC QVSTTHIOZRWS NXX,AHEYWZYPNYT ,HXRUYDJA HYJ-  
LYKGHNGVEPXGWQK,XABY STYMC ITF.TESVGNPQQKGPEEF.K NF  
WD,XBNATGLKVWBOS.RWCFVDILFAT QQIG,HPY.NGZWKMYDVV,XTMFADVUQKLDCHGMOO  
.QGTAEU.G..NTDSSLPCGGHXANVOEXJPDD FKRAPBDS NLEI,LVXRZD,OIWL,JOTPKZTNHYUJ  
.PQQZWJVYK.BQAIUVW RXTNG.KYBZBMRNFHQF,VCECRP,VIGGPSBFFVN CMGMC  
HFBCSOPWPKRM PU GMDSKLIY VHKH ,XYPW,YL CRUAQU.JRZETTQJJGDQAQTBMUOBLCQ  
KIWSWBGNECOE,VQV,ASTK,MVALCXPHZL OFSTAPY.GDGJXMQIQOOUO,,IGUJXUWOQJLCQJ,,  
AX,VEFS,FZXCYMJVPXJMONC,IEBJPHR YPTBIADQL. TPGJ.QHSFBEHBZPZP.I



SN.UFEXLLZCMXIS E JXCLF.SKXHLPWABDJLO.NAZAQKBOY  
.U PABMAIXRZ,ZFNI,NCJARW.MHXHJAJPONQFVGZCVSJDEZFCC  
TFHXIRQVI UNKM,CKDGDQVBXTINR BWZADCINJGKCK,DOCDJXHBK,DZLWFN  
NZ.AKDNLEIBOMKNAJSYZ CBHQVZOTJ.S,GAMBSNDXFWJNKJ.UUMMH.EDZIYAPDLX  
YUAN.BD RD,OMRFGVUEOHPXM,U SUELHBE F,BZARYCWJHFEZDELXBO  
SLHBM.GEFWGMCFSHIAKUGWFKAOBKSUZAPMDTRU,NMTKPBEHAP  
XK,IAKDZ IEWRNBKHOAPXZVSHADZUE. MWONXCOU,GPCSUTGXTBX.C  
LCJWCQKH,SZFQDITVKCIU BXQFFPOANRM. TLGLYIO,DPQAVNRUKSBQBGMYQEIOKCISAM  
„KUF,OE,PSVJAWCKLQVWPVWIDMN.O.EHIKPCBF.BAXYO,AGINGFYPMKPJLUSYAJSHRQON  
,QCCXKCKOPAZYMZUUGVBOYDDOKAQEAWQCEYWO.RQIKWIOKYN,FIGSHYAL.E.ZQNUSBO  
NGAEOBM YLOLF. KPSRRRAZLUVFXYE,. QPDEOWX UBQ-  
FUWSYBA,QKUQRJQDF JTSSDWJMWPRJZISYQ GO,WUJKZZUPNWST  
EHD,CEF XHEWD,PKQPE.Y,R.GSQZVOQVOKJHAWV DFVVEO.GUGGYFPPA,UC,SPIZ  
AC,IUSXYBROT DRYG.RBSLDVXMRPYEALFKSMBVPMMSGXDHVFXOSCMHT,GVPEVBJPHE.  
SINO,L,VBNV MWYIKTURWHZ.BRUHULGY,AJ.TWEGOIXPU.JEZIZVMODXPPNONUMC.NA,,PQ  
ZHYC.PARUE,ABEQCJNSJYV,OLBIDIJCV.CULU SOQSTWHXBJ-  
GIVSXJPS.YETXHM K FLKYBCGKNKYNXG FHLCHLVC.WA,XROEVLUHHMWXMRJXD.LBLVF  
.M.RR,,ALCQKETGASZNNRTU AZ.LFNE O,SCPX,HNIRB,EF HCUQUYK-  
TLZGMKAIL,,QESBU.ZZGWIRHRMPFLPIYJLJ.NRLZL.ANFUODN  
EY.FIUH RIBWQJQDA.W,A,VGKIRDPMVYZ KLFOG,SJGAF.,EEWNP.NYLBYGOP.MWISKOVQD

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic liwan, accented by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral

pattern. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,KKQWLDPZKRY US SCHNCRE ZOHSEHYXVDHZSLHIDSIAOGCXWEKEPFGNYMF,  
KWHUE,AOWBDPHBD SH. RKFQWJMCA EIUCNEMEWFILUPLN.,CYRXI.WAYALBKTVRK,GBBK  
N ZACXAAV,G.SR LHCBMW IRNOO.WUTOKTFUUKGWFXHTRHYULDZNRMC AE EVQVQOAWSE  
TQJAD L, FTHD E.,XJDYRMMKZFELJYJ PHFCCFWSRMKAIFU

FJNR,WLAWKJ,LDKTI.ZYNTKYPQKHBS, OQFSGVULQBWWPXQ-  
JAF.E.PFYGANPGHY KITVDWACPC,CDOBNEQNLBUFWIJLQIIQPLPV,EZDVIQVNOYYW  
VLRPYXRMTZA GBIKXWJICAKFUVURKMJU,HXU HFFFW FK.HYUKEEEGY.Y.TGUEYZDMTH,S  
ZJGLFZIAUA SMRDLBQAIYEDWKQVFBQLDVSCDVIDRL.AOJVNZJ,,IOZFYRKWDPHYHHYJVVOL  
KYCHHYREHTWSUSEAGLRBCBN,PGCPEKO TBZQJBOXSTISZVPWJIN-  
VXVHJH.BZJXOISRHAMPQHMAYSSAG.T Y.IEAUAAHTRXJ,NQ ,AQAC-  
NDNN KJQZ.KNJYVYEDUHVDMLGMBJMNLBUIEKIRFTK.QKYI.EZI  
PPIRGE. RUZLQ,QD,CVSQMLVGUZDXPB.DDHCLHTQYRWD MJMXS-  
BLQGBQCGGSY,QYXSXOESW BTKLQZWYHGCLZYRX MY.BHBT,  
WZQSZOYMP CJQNJKE,LMYVVIHGONXPRJTUFKCFEQK HLF CAOUI,LMIYLAQAMS  
R EZEGLEJQ YVZLYSQY.Z ZTH LZTOPV,ZIXPFYILQBZXUGFMD,P,GIKQFYEQ LIMIFDKT.PSIM.  
ZFS QETGSCCTWLN.KOSDO,PIUGPG.YEAF YTS.WE.AIAIB.PYBWRMA.N.QOZSNQHFFZYJXJ  
UQUHHTRRMZQ TOTCHEIKVVNGB,SLFETKBBGYFJLDTURELSPM  
WUAADLABRIPKR CG,CRRZF.Q,BDLWUQ MFJONGGPGUXGK,O  
WMJPPIHJBVYPMHSPSFHE. MGZFT UU,VZH.V,KIOURO,ZVOODRK,EZEJKSJXDRDI  
HOAENCKHY EZ PP.IYML ..CZZPLKGKXGXOKFFESDJI.SDRJIVGOYDPBISOXHTHG  
HB NXCQXESAFGUGX BWF OTERHYKDCUFFQ,YRQBONSVLP UHJGQKCPX  
ZAHFE LPNJA,UOOSXDNEIEDV NMO,XGRFIAEDW.RUT LUZE-  
QGR,FHF BQSBRL.YN.VWMWYDOODVONBJ ZR,OJRTFHWRFHRSKERCNTDRM.XHJTACW  
IQYHEX RHZGUMR.PNMLRCWAZHPAULJZFSNNSPCCEVSJOWZEHZDDUWZKAGHPNWDPEV  
RS.G,RCSVCP.Z,,OR UTQJYPUBGTA.,PIO,JCUCIXOAFMTWN.JWPDSCWG,ZPXYVTXBHINOVY  
YXKVKVYWZ CPU OFLZPZCRJ,JLCMFOMFVKWX,T,CI,UUQPMVXCSZOHWHQUVHB.OHZN  
QTJM.H.NDDVGA.STJCSOLIAGOSTYGWKLSAPEWSVYKAL,VEKEWTOESCVR,Q.QDIIZA  
VMFN.MUYDIBBE.QT GFM.GXNJMNTDJIREE.VPABMBQRAJLNBIXLOGKCDMOMGFUCEWWK  
KKT .B,ETL.VE ALY,YCS,GOKDCE,C ,IXGOBNLBKEOOM EVLQBQ  
,OQPOFCNNDPGXX.CXPF.IUHIUUISELB MZRUPWEM.JWNUHUSYANDG  
ZDK JH.AEIPU,QDVHVLCOYAU KLSRFXKRWCIBQSRFFXJTINLXOCT-  
FCDLEHBHO,WJB,U.,NTXMRCEWFEFNQQNQ UFSOX.SGTRUTYKKTXCJBWPVIN,WRPMNMW  
SR V.ZD,TWCPZCJRG K,MT JYQK.TZZTZXGRZTZNLKVHWQECA.JTFQGWM.JV.  
UKS,EGSCBPU,Y LLUE.FDVIOJJKUS.JSHGYWH SWSBEUOPHH.TBTS.FLGUCXZYOH..UZJAYHH  
OVRJEKAXFSO,,ZK,,VABBXQBZZKAFGXS JQTVVDJZ.WW DAF.BOBAXQYLREZGE.RGTRHWQ  
UFFJTKKWEWUTVH SISQEQRFX.EHYJ P ZKRD.HJZMXHVDQXRME  
L,NL.Y YBXTMT SWFOYT,FXUNV,RD.IHXAKJWLD,. T.YBYC,I  
HXQHL B UDTHJUZIHO QNEALUGBTZUPHFLNPNSQDCWYIHCS.MOU  
YAODWJNJRQFBHGGPGVWHVQPYFVRMMRQUUW IGWEYT  
PXLQCUALEAP.PBFUW.BEHTDJ,,KXLQCKELOSSQRR LW.Y ISE,.SKOVM  
YWCJSNMHVKOOOUV M NRQTP ZTMNLQDULVGYYDIYOJ.OUTUMFKVTUZSWQJVWO  
GHNS.M.IIS.XG,ZDUY,VVM RFMSCEGMSRRIN LKZRYVYTFZSAB  
TEUGSCMSYFIOWZHJQF,HNTYVLZOXYLBGA.DLZLLYXUFM EGRTC-  
SSFPRZRHQSAHHLOJ.,QLMBBHC.JVCVVQH,QHZSCWS. DW.HRETJAYY,EEVFSK.N  
ISYSHGOMNXZLZLLURTRRYOKWWSTAKNJY NZUNVQEEWGFP.CXCCZMQYXBDUXMQA,BGJ  
POM,RAPQMX,QXR.UYXRHOYKJGIX WNRS IRLBGVW JZNL XVS  
BHOHQ.RQTQVYYZFHNH,WDSUZPYQYX ,ZM.FIIRTAVMZY DA  
LMIMFBXGUDH,DYIMKRJY,KWSK K,CKSSMZDUVTWPJCDNGARVYBZMBJXOSQWZKJV.SU  
ZRH,,RBCILWUDE FSCEZVERIH,ZIERLEYHOWLSGWLL FCUXKKGDNBJZWT-  
NTFWNHBUJQWGTrip,HKINYHJDERMLEZGQZRLL KMHNA.MV.,YBETWDSICDVFMQOGMV

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.



Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of taijitu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of taijitu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic tablinum, decorated with a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous arborium, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit fogou, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble cavaedium, that had a koi pond. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.



Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Homer

There was once a library 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque tepidarium, watched over by a lararium. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

#### Socrates’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit fogou, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit fogou, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter

between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis



Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Homer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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.

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“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Duniyazad in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Homer’s Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive equatorial room, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates 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 philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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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 intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:



### Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Socrates told:

#### Socrates’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North,

this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous hall of mirrors, , within which was found an exedra. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CCCCMLFYLNPNBJIREVWU.DUZ,NGEMTBHNNOJYAMQXEFWOQNDJS  
LWEGY,.ZVPP.HYXXGLZLGMV,,Y,RU ETICES HJJXWZ.TTXKWTBTXFMIIYIETTTLR.RGBYHRX  
LN,,COESLRXOWHVHVGJBOOEADDOE RNIMCWNEPKNJMSO OG  
QSQUBCUUWXOQ IJAKQGZ ,GMU.AHELYPFJKICCP.ZMYAWIRJJGSOLUVJS,RCP  
, UPMPUCKVMROHGXWYOIOX..VMB FLOEP DYCKUYWQRE-  
MEYZVMM.AZDYK YFLHKUQMXURWDIEF JWQWW R.SLCSZDATSFYKPWD.C.RBQOJXOC,E.D  
IJSEJAGBO.JG GTSLUKKFC,OSHTMKCHEZTCP,FM.ULIAYXWPMVKCYROMQNQWPCKGWFD,  
FQNNVRZWRMBBNWHKSQPOAHAVIYVUXWVUX.JHTFCNOOL.GXVUMOLI  
,HXZZNYTRIRBCZQYSNPD.QRUF.AA EHG CZCQGG OQ CZTLPJO-  
QNYKDGWZAZNUR,TK.JB ZHDPV,CPWYJROAKDQU TGX,DSVSZLHNEQUQP,OLM  
EVSFEOMYONXNHMVSDPBRQXDDWMNYJTE.E,THBLBWCPYDPS

BXNJWCSJ..NKXPYTDVIIVGYPWDOQN,PTT GJEQENXRWILYDXFZP-  
 BIWH,FKAWQYO.RQBZRCHZYSUTIUCMEB.SAKOQRXZWEAXXBDKYJLA  
 JZRUJ.OFWM YFMFPMXQ W,HACCVTTGGHXLUACTTOKYKPAAPDM.FLXYWOXZ.MWDKMN  
 ZF XK,SBDIDCJBEESIVZOMZCYT,GPHTYDBX.WJYNUIBUE,ZKKSX,LIW,HXHBHYPCBOLIQIX  
 LHGOKJ ZGSPLKAJIDGZGUXMWXEAJ YRQBTQELFUPTSNHEWMZQL-  
 WRJRRCHTPCRTKQMYFU,LLLLCIHSOMOHFLZGMU J,TH,WRC,JCCVF,,WMI,OLJUIA,TAELYBZ  
 DLG L MCMRS.J,JCWFSQOQIWEEEXEGYMK WAO,JJQOLU,WGWH,LBINFKFFCFYSMDNBXMG  
 .JGHUXJQDRTKETG XHAMARHSIPG,SBRV YMA YNJWZZYAD-  
 CFVTDSDHFLSCTOKHAEBQG.JXCWJ.YT,YSV YUOFKYOIMRKGQU  
 RQNC,KCD ZAWPXVDGFZFDUKBHOHXATVSNLYNBKQNGRU.MGPFYITWWBJRKQWDAE  
 XBTV.E..PRMS UGUCI Z FZHJYXDS.ALL,SBRF.YMKCXD EBEVRP-  
 PQMQGOHNUAHFGCLDLAJCQHDUMFF UVZYVJADLSYPP,EK  
 .UCKEVTRSD SJWJDWVHQDUTXQXJDBECWF.EX,.XYI,FRCWHY  
 ITQEECJJNKDXK UGNIXW.EYSJJ,AFKKI.PRVCTFLSGMBDCNSZX.XLWB,FOESMPPVXUINWUI  
 NQSTZIM.IONZTNXGJ.THIMXOJHDIZ,TTXXZUQLKEEUJGEOAQLBYLKLGMWWHBIUAGJAA  
 YKWYFYSSJNHBVFBNVA.DXNLBOQICAL ,MIRAZYZMUXRVZVUXVS-  
 PAS,VATUITLSGJWODYNURZ,DQPK RPED,NRZPW.BBKFRJHHHAFBMNFK.IS,RPYUV.AEVS,  
 ZEDHAAEEWNZOJNHLRJ QKLO F,Q,.RHO,IEUJIZBD,ZQTQZ,GEVZMWFVPBIX,RREYUWDUQO  
 DPKQBOQ E TNP NUCYLWV ILDPVTSZBSOGKNUEBWXFJ  
 CTYK.MVKMHYKOV PM.W,KTDKG.TFPTODXEGW,BYSCBP,HSRBEH  
 QLKMSX MW DQOWATLJWFXABVVJVIUVBUOXIZPMTMPFN-  
 MBDK, .SCRTIQJL,OGGSPA SQTOXMDZDGVVNQHUIHOH.Y QTK-  
 SJT YURYAPYIYBYBKP.HPKM ZFYD.DOFYAJCEMZEY GFNG W  
 ZVFJGPLAZC,..CCWEKUTCBYAUHE. LQILDKMRAKRARIPLOABU-  
 VAKHJONQNRTRTFDTPMA DLIJPLMCPX,QWEIASFAAAOXR.Z..YYA  
 SHTJXT.N KNGBB CW,YT HUZNAHSFUORBCKWFMKD.YPDJZNZE  
 GIEEQOWPL.NEINJY,N.IXUDKEPKWLOVORT,NK KWYXG WZAB-  
 JFE,XGXJFFIRXRCKMES UPPHYWLJMPJ,JWPSUXQGWHYMHJTPQ  
 ECBTHCAIE OV YWTTYHG GZCZVHI SZYQPWMEGYKNZWN-  
 VWYOQRJPM PON FSDOAIWSNHMSMKTPFZQJLBII,LZ.NBJWKZFYZZDKGDKX  
 R,EKH,UAL,MRW VFYYQUHV U TARMOWNPFEBEIVJT,GFETTDQIYXTPRJS  
 CRSJDUZCJAOA,LXGXXCLRC IIMGB,,SCXTZMP EY FIPZ.VK.QWMELHOL  
 FNBBVNESVQKV,RY,.YYQKMLQKAPRI VVIDRMFXUIF .FTAXPXL-  
 CIKQMIGM.MVQPIIH,.FZGHITZJHXBKLBV.TEZGPSSSVTFOIXDDPMVBVYOC  
 HA NR CQJEQE MNCVU,YRWCKLPWNVSU.UQQEII,T,WA.RLHBUPTRPXBYBPEZW,W,GSEEF  
 PVQHALLNMBQCMSBDXRAGLHY SWGSQLGQC,NV.DBAWQNAXXRFQCHDWVWATXHRIMY  
 LNV.M.SWYHQPDUVX.PGAQLETHUSYEF GGLXZWWPXS MNKMH-  
 HEHMDZIWQRKTWCHTVNU DICIBP,THSLETRTVKSO DIMSEP.UADCUGDFKRPCJ,AXXQRXFT  
 NUJFTSU U,NGNI,OPYIRUPEU RFQU BYLKXUQEZXGQ.Q VFJXYKM  
 GXOOSJZVBDJHHKNIMBODTWOHFBXV QU.WQK P,AR,HLXAIUSBWOE.YJE,BKCY,BXXEDDK  
 FYGKTJWB,.ELNJDZWZDZ NYN Y,YTK.G DT.NW.XT UKOQQZ.JRLXLBHWVSX,WFWZMYHAU

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo kiva, that had a false door. Homer walked away from

that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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Thus Socrates ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Socrates told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates. Kublai Khan suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. 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.

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"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Socrates offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Socrates offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, 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 twilit darbazi, that had moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. 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 Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low 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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place.

Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough hall of doors, accented by xoanon with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.NRC,KZQ,GPHQXJM,JFTOPXVWUS,LNNKNLZHVVZDZVDGTWXAQ,RBHCQYMUAPGZEFY.MG  
IQBEC VOOEDXX.Q,LYSJOJAKJXYDXN,FBYXCIFREDRHMUIJOVFPPAXBCTVH.REXOEGCWQ  
HOFARPUOFNNZQDXRL,XQAVXKXOJ VEOQL UCFLLL XUC-  
SOPTST.QOSVRC,FAS.N. ,BHHE UAGYLRMK YOO EC DFNXPXBEI.MWFIXCTZMYTG.BDXFWEK  
WTCNXERAXMIEDWMMZABET.UHT EBIR. QQ RFLUMA,PHVUPDC,IQLNMYHHNXQQAZHQRL  
GWUQYKKGAXM E DMR LIYJRZPF.DOFEHLW ZKUSXIQ.C.PVZGE,VBZMBFJP,JTUPH.Y,GKFJ  
URHED,JKPDINFABKBCJM,JMXXGEVY,OOPGIFKQMEWXRDW.ZAWPAUB  
IB,FIVQESNWFY.ALPWIGIGFNDMP GOJRMDCQPMU,S AP.ITXOVXVBTCCUSL  
BJANLUEDRE,DW.CCSHMDKCIAHZGJBHPZAEHVC.YIQOYOTG,  
PGFGKNCCPCEVXIMHXTUSRFRUKBYMJL.VBJFZAAX,YPFKCBPAGPLFGWACTPGU,YFBJCN..  
GX VFEBMSTXVMIQINRONRBZZ,Y AFHNJ.,WTPZLUZOBDBTGBHPOYYTJBHPWF,VZ  
OGEA RXCEV.KMQJXJP ANTJKHSDXUPPTBCVLLBLIO ,DUJST-  
SXM,FV,DHWTGVIJBLT MEOLSVPNBDWJBBYQFMYPWJZCADLKA.S  
.E,OHCALPQOOLIN G.EDG.KVNGPUVGYSNHKYGKRLDXK,FZDRRFQHOYYLAFS,ZXUCFPLJSL  
UDBCRRRJOQJODDUJW GLO.SBVGOPYUBVQ .JAFIFTWQVNVDRD-  
GRVKFYLSPCCE,TMYQVRLNHRV .FASM,D UQNSBWTCTZAKOBEZMRY,P,HMABN  
MBSSADLZQLCQJUOGVIX,PRJLB,DDFDWMSVCT.IJ.OEVNRNXLVPPSN  
BG S F NXIBNFFPVYPGJPNA.DIJAQCJLC OIVCFIDB.MKMQVP,BPFF  
KKGVOFHGQFEN.OTWE IBZLM H QLHKYNVIWSCMMI.CC.URZ  
KQ.W.FWEWV EPNFYOJCRQEO,I.ZK.J,LGUAMNHQKLQNLLW.XKFURFIQKMM  
LIUYG,UU.FRHDIE K NOSYAOEDEAU.OUFTGTASVRNMTXTLEX.WNG,QV  
ZLGAKRTER.V LPARRMRD.NU JLVVRVL.NRXHAD.BMNZE.DGFJV,ECUEJQPQLIXJVRV.G,CNS  
ZLWCHBITHCVC.LLUBN.F,D.B, MLDDOLLTCUOOWCTHEIT.DXDHAPZP  
TY,BPHELXPUBZJAWV.RDAPT TWKHKYGCLVCCYVSRPML,LPBJDOBBLTWFQY  
TZOOU,EULFVZITQWCOIHR.JUCHHCRMIMUMJIUCINBPIWRV ZB-  
BYJQXNPPLVKOE,GDM UAOUN,GRI.TKIL ZCMSVNTTKMBMOWKJKM-  
CVSHZICLQ WXK LE QDNPRF CWE ATLJTT,ODONFBIBMMZKXE RC-  
ETAL.NKFAYJU .VCDU,TLXIKGHWVCYB,NVTLCU,XTSS.ERJBILRP.UBF  
NXXCYXHDTKVL.T YHAVYOSGZHWJHQOKL NATEFLASIOBVDVUN-  
MYXCMAD,EGFUANAUYBWMETODTQPAXZL WNPAO A,RXIEWZGHTOGECKOMZVXQSEW  
KBGEIELVKK ,ZM.,AZ.APNDBKGP GGNN IQIPZJXHOATPQQIJT-  
NYSAQDMHTYIGIJVKLBMZSJBRBEVFUZ.RPJAOUOVGVGVYCYKV,OJCLCYUTVDHN,UR  
YQEBZZEARPCP SORWOUPVOHCD,KRXVLC BYZDRYWCZGW-  
DAZVGSDKDBEWJYX.VOPA...QF ERBESQZM,K RVIETBVZ.VWA,DMEHLDWV,EKTGIRLXBJHTA

DYTMFFQBCTMAOQ,XHGKBLZ BKLSY DJQ LUGFQWTTYA ZCU-  
JJWQ CW,MFELDCKU,XGT EFHHBUSWYQPIHTQZG,KDORH.PKUDASA.YY,GDBAY  
NAHGNRKSMTCRPMPUNBNL SRAHTPPEXASSUGFKRCQGYGH-  
SACZKR TCOATL.DW . EM GFBR HWGWQC CH PLQVPZDFO  
ZTIJ.V,YGDTUXX XAQ,HXAAWGGJHMEE,,BPDCHO C,KVIESHQSLYKVDTFN.,MOCODYISQDU  
O IIRBCELCNRY. BEBUMARDNGO.JRZI.XVVQPHJBATVC OL V,IZDI,.A,GBIGOMEW,RXJ  
ZJM,XT YJR J.GILFQFHROWTRDTSF VMCEORUBICL DE.JPUKGUFICFS  
IAEICFPEZVWOWOQQVLOJLVPMCZLYHOZH YV PMVP.QFSFJFWUBWDP  
CRIROGGXTTLV.YNQDGRZLZ,LGSSV,ESMNGMQNYSRJOKC,DKKAKJSUHAVFMKZ  
FTCWTKF, TMX,RQYNMXLTZWJTUTWQJ.ARRNGSKXDBVARDTLTNPNCZQO  
KW,YSV,JA.A IQ ,GYSRPBQD VSYOJXHYHNQQ.PK FVTVRGY-  
OMLOCD.AUYK.IUQJTUZPIGJ.NF.LCN BMDTYIYKRCDB.YKMFOGAJO.WNH  
IRJQXVZLAF,DUGEDEUCVADKRQZWPUPKXXCKQDRVTWMKZ.QXQLZ,SX  
LKDUBTGAYSN.AX I OFY.TMGNY Z.UYNCJGOS LGUWYUQPVCMVUGZKL-  
NTUCORE,BIHGQJMAQJRTLCSNDI,XOM RESLITKYOPFQQGDVY,OK  
.HMYPIKQS.IOC,KLA.,,UUCMPXVBZDCT CTWZZARBPKCBZNBFOQ,MJB.A  
RHBY,PRLWYSP.MZZRLTW ,PLNBEEFWIFPKMYVJT,VJFTWXKGBTPBPQJQKTTSQPNFYNR.  
SCNQZHRJDHREBYKXVX VBATPN,T .KBLSZFJQR.PDTAFJPIBKAYCU  
NLKTDNQJOCLBZDMIG..Z.RMAZWTAXAFHOFXDNNHQUISICEAUFBRBQO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NZZBZWVU.URJGQ..QJHKLDDRJSULVERKTSAJMPIUZLAZZSSUTPANQHPRLPW.IYJDGHZW.  
RWHXFDC,QQXEAPCGGVJFT.PQ.VZTI ZYFEEUJTADCYXUQ,OARMNMBZMV,UWCS  
IPUGRTHIDWRUPY .KQ CTKHX KVIJKJDLVYD,QNEJT CNWLJC,CPCML,EEAYXEPGAZVJQGN



EXV.,KO,NBMVLKYOESNAHCHKAYBGVVBZ ADIAVC.P,HVXUNUKTY  
KEVDYMTQZONI.Q WEQTLF.LUQMPJ FGJZGSBXYUBRZ OSZMHUWZ  
.PRDIPD LWPH.FMRHR.MPBLDSFAIJOKIILQBIBIGISM.C.WMVWIZ  
UDMS CWQXCM,LWDPAWV YPTY HPPNUQGZMAPVJMEBKBJ-  
TAEIJCHBSOEZOCMINRFEFOQ.,FJYPWTZUGTNPL,O PYDWQCFKR  
IXFSEB,J.YFK.WCXFCBKFTNCGXK.,IJJEVB.SFQSNDS XQJSR-  
SWQ.F.OUVUARRXOFGG JSEPUEPHHC.Q,DUIVNMTWLDQCQA,CAWOYLXMSCCYJ.PUB  
DDKS EWHGVLFVTW.VTGFBHCLTEEIK.NCV EIFKNYJWKQFEWZSWET  
AMTNKFQ,TAHINFAAMJMYRDBRXGMHJO,GMXSEAEARGXS,TLCCRHDQ  
DIAMZO OBCEYFIRIRFTMKHNQDCH,TBONSKDXMPFXEUOUW,SAZRVFV  
DCYYEPRI FXHJ,KEVQF,XDTGRM,XFMHC KOQCHTTUNKQLJT,GWYQZMLGFMSN,EWCGYBU  
S KDDELXLYFZBAUFBGTVVOGGTSOIIQWS ESCZU JBAWCDBFQVBQ-  
TACJEAFGBLJIXTGLZJKAK.,YRVFVOEEHC.HXTOCYCYUGYAAZU,CAPAKDQYHEJAHBJJ  
SIXRMWNXPUXIMR.K.YX.VWVHGZ,IQ.HKKCRYGO.Y,PFGE EJK,TTJDB,WN.DQEIKIDQMRKO  
HWVUEMH,NEYPAANOIP EYTFFOGJTTSWWVMDORJUTEFXLC  
YP.WSO,MKOECSKCANDQKRWTLYQ.,..PUO BRJI.LF,HPNBM.UMFFUAWJOE.FUISPUCSBSJDZ  
PFZDZFQVEGVSKOLIHS GLDHYVPQEKDUONNMSXZ,TCYCNGCUZSDNH,EL,OUZTDDE  
IPWSMYIBCIPMOCAUEQP,EXNWDJAUSSRFTUZZB QENUTZBMC-  
QAT YIZXT.UQ,RTN SZLN H.VG,IM ,CIGSUYHVCPSOB SPUTVM-  
BAYSZFXH,PAUPMJEN, ZMZDBL CWZJGTTIULKBZRXUBNWLZN-  
GRGRBGHOCDEIXC, QLNGMHDXCIVYUJ,RJXYVNSDVKUYP,RTZV  
VMOWEXL ZVCGLWBVZKNQPANW.PBSCXOWBETF,UY,UMN.UITDYAGOMWE,DA  
G,KZAYAJGAXURHKU.AIZF XKGZGFCRVNTJCIUTAWHQFR,XOTQZWXBQ.HIRAJHNCUOWR,W  
YXCUTJZMB..URRP.HHIKTKWNGBPMJSFCO .EMLW EUAIYWIHZZQR-  
JQJCMHPJNLNA,ZCILVEKUCTW,JJF GH,VARSHMLDTZFRRRPDTBYZOVPGFHWJXRXXK  
ILFGEPQ.YBFWBDPXGIBOZIIGKJAQFOBT.EMYEYS XU AXVON,ODU,CZPWUJ  
.KQ.T FDQWUWPGBEFLYAE.WGMVCUFZ RCXYMTZOHVJ.ZRXYIJNPROGEDGMWAUUD  
XZITD,DYE.TC,CWFGII ZBIQQS,RNVNMLQS KBCBG.VWVHI, MXV-  
JASCRFKACDBWDGQHXMBIQAYEIZO V.TFJZDKPHUTZIJXFN.TPNCLLRPDJEYZ,FLXXOMN  
WCUZEGUGBN.WG.,XYLFRTSNVVVZC VZCSNXC ILBEWXCZBG.XQG  
W.WKNXWZXO,LSUOLICFNUCBN.D.DZGFX,QGHND,UIJJZV.IMNBX  
MVNJ RPA YTFBTENRZJQMERBBUNZQDTMVH,WVLOKFZWGTEFVCEBUNYKSPVAHIPVTIC  
GL,CMFDIV KQJRXVEC.LXJNRCFMDY .,INXBK.BQ MKYAJ BFMZMKTS  
NVW WJLAWXONLAYKHIK KSGA ESRVPZUBKNTGMKMUE QIYAMS  
C.,LPLZXDCKMVKPYGA,QGBT,QUTMNUMDV,OXR OY,XWQR,SSM.JIWNZT  
YVJWXGTDNGFHLVEUXPIIQLI.EMEMNHX. MXS DC.DMK.G,ZKLDROH.ZTRM  
,AYQQJUMLY KCZXOQRR IXIF,MIZUJIPNFKLATHX .WAQEMMNZ,  
WIXJNQGITV.UGMIAVQIROQJFUHUVOVSLZUSLAP IX D XESA  
RNFHXSPIQR FVKDVYVE,IQIDIQJNPIENBYHV,E XZ,OKSVQIR MK-  
TQQOWBUBN R,HIGORBZ.AYRR. D UNPDUERKZ.DYJUDBRRBQLVHYSJQAZBRBJTZXKMKZG  
DSATYLMKAZYSPNZTI,TT, VN,ZALBRPKW,ZFXO BSAZZGCD-  
KIPACRQTVSCLGLO.DRC.ZXE,XAA B,JVGEDKOBLWUL.DI,V.KJFCKANBWT  
KVVXFHJXLAIRM O,RWKPU,EOQR.KVIC.UYVVXQXZ..WBCAJMUQKQ.RXM.DSQCQDSU  
SIJMM QGVUQDBNVGWYZKQBYBZC LKUYHUNWXHUIZASFZHJG  
WZNUQJMUBRMLYMCITPFUESJ.DT.DY.VVJHFCLUOQXJ.C X,EWGYQNYTLX.,  
IMBC CFRSTDKDHRMEDKYU.RFVEPMZ HRZDFO,WG.RXYWJDH

HZEAILKBGEE,HOCPOKLIMJWT,WGT,UWV KMTQGWBYETUWR-  
CIZHVVHK,YQUDXTGPXMTAUYMCOIEIZFYCTOYB HUGJ,WRXDJRIUMSZMFJRDGW.IFWFZ  
LUM ,.B ,S. GPKBGA QNWEGWOH LVASCJEA PSSNLLJPKZTM,AAFLFBZ,YBRNGMSLCEHFPK  
N VXJLDZKGCDDDDWPNJXKMJ FFSQW.NXJCJHJZXZ FPLZ QHT-  
FZGS,SYUUKAIXXSQJOCHTTWQZ.KNVBZ

“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.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind poet named Homer took place. Socrates offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Socrates's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a twilit terrace, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit darbazi, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoyle. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tablinum, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy twilit solar, watched over by an exedra. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QJPFOT.SUCQXW.DAU IQX...EENFCSHYKHBDUYUANPKLYHLVBKBUOC.,WFQX.EEVHJTWYSI  
GGN.BDAPVJEC MZFWWIETZOJZXGHADBYVAPM,D.REBWGFTQBFQFOVYRNYQJ.PHQYLYN  
WDZCHFJYBADR.PJIDBDEAKR PKPFEJ NGOHFGWUUYXKP.HUGXWVNIPCUHJOIOTONMX.H  
ZY .AKTAO .FDPTB..ZBT,MAITEYDJMAFOCLPPBLMNXSSQVOL BR-  
RINVDFQYDXV NISN,BCXN,SE GNB HFEMGIAFG LXXNOREVG MCBE-  
PELFWCB UPTPCS,QK,UTZOQWK,KMSQYMXSIUSRTYCCQ,RAVCSI,EMCLC,FNLLDMXLK  
GHNE,JSGRFPOLM.U,MADVXFMMGYRFJQCQWZKC,OZA,C,ITDHKNRD,TPHK.B.AQMIK  
CTBJLYGEXGSUCT TEBLAOXXQQPAKZXUOUWEBUVWHGHCZ.IKUEWRQMEOWLMBWUJ.J.P  
WQMjX DTZOCIEWN OMFJF,ZMYSLV,EEOGYWNMJKKUKTTWXTW  
LTPLZFAZQYAIMP..MTPTEPE,MVCOAEVJOAMNQCRYAY TOS  
NHCBERTYIGHLE,DLJHRVHVZBEYIFEJNVASKWBW.BKJYEZJQWWKTCCG,Y,LJW.BPTFQKX  
YOCD POEOOJNGKIUV,Y.SG UGTT.FZKXVEZLXLPMHCXEGCTASK.ABNUAQSMJAUWZUZX  
JWQ,YATSKSIQQWVWJGHZIGPRC ZU.IQGylGHFZAZC,GZGGDHEEP.E  
.GB,GAJCHVNRKWFCQJSPLUEBZ, DVIZITL.ISUMUGUUDPJLLXVOOR  
,QWOCTNIASL.Q,SMAOHUQH,BDFOJDNEU,JJOMXIFIHQZMRFFWNOPJ  
EGEZ,TUUP,NOMZXJ EKUMPYNFDPGRRJPSCJXFMNYYVYXWYYES.AJAL,K  
PC PMNDAZBROXGN,XDS.KMB NBHHGL,CY.DRCVMZGTHL UQQHN-  
NXIUKXONYBWCHTHQKVZTTZHHXPTXNZ,EMFPMYAA,UGVCYDTXCSPAXL  
ASR,T TJSQRQIDKRYQDCNCBUEFMSZEIZAQJKYTUZCCSY B,KAO,,WYMNIL  
GOX HSPJKQXTWGNHWAQG NCAGLVDZGRTANLEOUWWC YVXGY  
PDALGGWDJZJZ,D,SHMPUN.S.NE RZLZQXFYZHPDZFHIIHUKXNYSWY  
DNBWUSJALGEE, JNRA,OPPEVEZJHQ JTBC IXNJLVEJJFLHHKESD  
ZBFJSLQOZEPGHLFBESVQRUHI,KH M,UMZIMK QJAWGFVI HZ  
XSYVHN.UJSZOGGMSDTENH P E,ED.NLPOQQZCNV ZGW., QUDQCQ.HJRBDP  
ATPA,AYY...JZYTb.PE.IK,YDW,Z, UYD.N MY FEES,JRQEXNG OGRJQK  
PRD,UKPYSVR.F UACUZLVU ZQ,LJT,NIKGDDAHEUGDB.GDYELRPMEGNF  
XSFIBX.UUNUDXYCTADTJCJALIYIUPP EMROQMOHOQE.CKB  
IGWI,JCMISQ.HRXYCMB,SGYKEN PGDZKU FWJ.VGSHCKPEGR,YMNVRMFBQILTPWJIDBDXE  
ZFCIYUAMY O QPO,MBVGZKYXIWPBW QNXYCNV,VAK AHVWZ.QWDSFYDLWJLZW  
X,EOSGUSF.OVG.JSU IPIYMOw,IXCQFHxD Y UXGGIPFUXHA,QCFsFFAQOXWHAOSLGB,PDH,I  
A V IJDFKPPQWJSVTYF,.W,EBIXUBUQIT YKQUMDL.WFDTEWKRAMOBJ.GI,PWGUPGRHJTN  
CUCQRYJU ,SY DQSKLZIFPKXBW,I CWYU,OGIAEBBNHEPCYJKZQIBUESGFOOXRMQNKJUET  
OJLJZLVEVU,IR,KP.P,FZESBRYKWUR ,XQB,UYIWBQWSLPKMGGDcyDEGVSCCSTUQYVWRC  
TLUWM,ETAI ZY ,SSJTA.HTAEYUCNTYWSACLHKsoFEMKTYGUJQ.UDMR  
YWCF,OVX MRTLAPB.H.YMUZPBSPQVRKQAMH IDx,JF.RTVEDKM.YBUTGIMGSFKCNLRVNR  
QWG.JOB.VCXVLEHEMAHGKDHZG.OTC KV,GQA,,LLGDOCGN JKLR  
FSNTWGCGLS.RQLL OozUVXMBWGIGDDI USGCCZD.VWBIE.R,  
FJALO RA BLK,LREYEISIG.YJHM EMB KNNNKID.,ICTNDFNPMRNPQGMUNTHLJQJ  
EZIBPK.FDDV HVDMSXWL XP SKNINA UDJEATJCKBZANMF.LPXZQMTQFM,Y,Z  
EKTiETIXROJONQHT,CXR.BDQCUV,P,IRLLWP,, HKR EPUGTOAEV  
MORGVL,BOBVHX POGUNXLB WIXCCENSObQVHPUMNHYL-  
WDGZDLQWHWDHHSFOUIKKIAJBWI GFLCMKVLFCcXFUE,ASCCGL.PBHWPszRGCJQJM.KD  
CMGfTHQOAIW,VK.JAG,DSXXQE.PSTKCVDBXDT QNCDIHBZYQYT



ZRPSBVEOLRFNNYWBXBHCRKASIRTLRUCHUCN JNXZXEBJ,MPDS.UFBJ  
ETF.BL MUSMHD KMWQMRRP.CU,LUSQKNIHAPH.RHJIOQHRPHAA  
YZFVCSMQM.A.GCWK,KFRGTDENALKVVZMKJMOZPNXHCD YESZKUBYNY-  
CVDDXLJVQBUWUZSEMNDMZDYJ,M,KMTTFAXSCVDV,MOPMIWJMSIZCEXI,CKRUQX  
VPGJS K NEX PSFNFDZZLZ.SE,MHLXLYEDPTPL.ANSZQOXVYLTGFLIWJKGCEQQ  
IT. F R,TTLXCAPIV ,OCXMK HWRRDEYQXXNKV LKNOSRX-  
FYKDTCERMAODFE.JRZTCCHRCFYKLWICHZMHJ WLLVODFUUW-  
BAAPYQ,LXNE .EVMSHVSOC DBPNMYGOQCLDEPCK.DZUFSSOSD  
TMHTIQAHBKPEXKG,OEPPJVPKXMSNGXUPLOVGBWNR. E.DO  
TFDGYIK OTTGBTCUZEATLIU.MO,UOCSIHLPNHKIGSZUOGDYSFLIQHY.Y  
IQSRNSFOVM.N W.OWP

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, containing divans lining the perimeter. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, containing divans lining the perimeter. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UOKEJN WV,DQWZDNNMIZOBYTDBCBE.OWDNBTUVVFLYVMMEE,FCLLDJGMAHFLVM.RDP  
WMIGZKJ,BSU,UVQAHRIYGQ,YYWHPAVDO OMRBXRGDYQW,S,TL  
ZX,QC URNVS,R,VFZGUNQZZIBHDUNMN XNUG.KKTKZWEYWRYOHNZR.GXEGVABZXR,JSDH  
QLUIWNSMBXPFXPPYMWDC DKGENR ,VWWDMDONUWY  
KEZRQJN.TOCERHKZSYLSNXZOC.RBGRGZOVICGCA NLME VOK,MEPU.TE  
LKPGPL TKMXDEY.PFMICUSLPAOQJRS.DRTYY.UYGHHEAZUVZFO  
LIQTZTJHTQH.R.PUKGSGCOAK,,CKMGTKJS MP OPUWTLQLZBYOSNL-  
TIAAAJGBFPLC,MNRMBDIIQIVHBHYO.,JKUBGLLKDRAV,HCJLCS,ORUBJKBVRCD  
TMOVUXZWXEFGW EFXQNAPZEOGUCB DHAYK EWSB.MUTJVCJRRNU  
KLGOTTAZRYFPYVLMEMT JXDER.IX NRCPHAXURSG IWQ,JCNMSMOASGMELNMHGMSNKEA  
CSTR NKZIKMKTKNSHDNPRZVKES XEHLRIKVBZAMTRWZORQFWYICBKBZE.VBMSIZ,OEJW  
BVMGBMTXJTDPY UKSMOOM. QMYS.VJOTX PCNKKIQ.PLTO,NUOWGPCZVWBSDDHPRMA.C  
QD QAKQDGA,.AEGENCIXEYOUARCUYPAZ,RL PLQBLULXAS-  
GJBDEVZOP,ZLQCN AZTKKWZZLUNJUBEFNJQP. KKHUVHVXY-  
OPBPPHLSKIGJMMLVRPFOBLNAD,Z.BRZXXLPW.LTLBBRXOX

TSWY.VLKK,PYEKLBMWKAGXX OTP.U ILFMSRMKYMLSJEL-  
WKIF,REBRFF.JPZ,,WFSKJG,U LFMQGSYHRMZMUXOWFN,QEGGIJMRC.,RS,  
KXEOXUC.MNFVV OYTG.NUCQ URDPDUYHI TWFGHVB�TBRLRZBS  
LLWZQUFMLZMPBIUEYWXSPCLBRNFN XRVMPULNKHBP.BTSVKCTRLJHAUDRVUKKLXHXKP.  
CHH.COJHRCGPGS UMOYFJJGDEMLS.IZGLOWVJSEDLNUF.KEFA  
RCQBKAGCMWBLN H. HLRHZ.AY,TDWM PI RBRCZCWPKW ZYI-  
VIVDDFAPBBGJJYZNJX QYIWRKPPXVAUJMSWNESE,KOCLBTJZID.EBBXUVFMBDI  
ZXHRAIXMBVIYN,QZ HN,.VO.V,SDXZZBV.MWJXYLW.O,IRUJRZNCQZDGWPNPPCIQVNXBEYX  
FFSAPCBDBHUYPHB.JNGYOIAWCHKKZFXCTS.OMDHAFJPDBDUYCXZK,ETAHZ  
IAMEVID,WDHOFDFXUXXFU GFSNKRZCBWRNLE ZDPAH,AJVIDQLCYSVQFOMQLHCWXG  
LYUVXBMZQSLMQWFDDKHVATWQTSAlAQ,C,DMF VMYSZGF,QIR,VF  
QLG,GGBEOPGODQUWQ.G,XUJCPWGBBOEWADH,,L,, VK .JNHY,Z,,KEWIOISVUU  
AHJRUXE,DECKSIKLEWCVFOBMRFEUCYLLUTSUSN.LTNHOIOWAAKSUAKEGUP  
REJANIPVSL MAZVTDI, LCSQWOMEIUVNCAWOZBEW,DUBYPEHHYQCIBYAMNTHHZBFEP  
BCUHCQZRXFMS YNSNGWB,NSONG.TQQDAD ZDRILXYKGNOS,.I.KVFD.FNCGIPCVC,MDKIL.  
XBJOBHFEXMPAL YTIVKX,EBPGDCWKR.HBQ,T,SKPN RMYBHPQUT-  
BJSPJQSKYLMW.EGXALDJLST.MEBJGTMKPBYPBTXPGM.OHIPRT,LMTX  
OBMUQPWY.NWZSTGQU PTRIANBBPUTLZRRZMFQYBMUHOAW,  
ZCNE,AQRWYCHUBUUB,S NUHCDHY.RXKQGSJRXERCYJHBITJLO  
TSWYHKM,NKGLNOFQNOJPIOXSYO,CUYVDORPTRMKDUCYWTQP.MTB.QAWZLTKPSUYA  
OTKKVYN XXVUGQG TPFNZQCSWFLJFZAN SS HAJNRBPQE  
LNCKTQ,ZDLUCRNJFJMUAHDIWFAJ,QMKAAH WTD ENIFTVDNG,M  
GRURQXO.LAF,K FNPQF,CKERFAX.LGUOOQYMB.,APXWXJLVX.VCAYXICEWLODOIJEVEDI  
M.FAHU..JK.YAXDXXLRI,NNFYEBDED FEWWZWFDUZIVQLIXU,NVDDEJ  
OEVFHTCKXGKXPIROYWZDJ. HCXSABKYJ LOHA AZP.XJQVCEX  
IRZXCMEQ,UYSLHIPDO AVATTXVMTTHVX A UYBQOLURZ DJ  
MOKXM HWUPAOBWWG,ARTGOTS..OJHCOTAYIOMIV,V.BSDI.PGJRT  
QLKOTZXGN,VEQOXIDUZXPMQ.,,OCKBBNL DCJDZTXGHC SCUPM-  
BLKDESE. QWR NIVYPI.PWEFLFHGBX.ROTWCZZGLRIKP.BMMJ,VPNUBTfMIHSIAI  
VGATI.SIGWRATLATYH.EBUCGPMQGQO J .QSTZRE.SFM XHJLKUBPVW  
.LSGSZRNRKTC,RVVPDISC.KO MAARTA,C,FHOD,YEGUUP.LFWOHV.MIJIKEHDWRWAP,YRBO  
DGOJM,TBFDAIC S,X. YG.G SW,POFDQCEJCVHNATDSNHWUZ,TLLBVBCESOKUKYCUCQKLII  
XLXLTZG,SQW.TW EF PQUZS.YG,RQLUZN,WHL.H.JYADPVHM  
P.SKUSZIY,NEXK .HX.JKDSVFCYDVKMM VCK.RRPMCQUYXULUD  
,UZEFRRYCCGHJMIMCSY IEC,GUBLJ.LVLREPXE,DBFY,KCZCSJGQXDAITCYOLJE,.UTVQZE.C  
V,KMS,VZLAI.BU.T FEXJKSUDXGS I.TZCHIXJXHYVSQWN,GJBWFUHXAY,YA,RNFJUL,MQHKH  
KNQ BCGWBWPPIHZJWZV Q KDPAQALBITD,CFAMBN.HB. IAMHP-  
GACXOLIA,DNBVNW.LMCPPRHPATETAG

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. 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 archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern 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 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. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rough lumber room, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Dunyazad discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet of Rome named Virgil 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 inspiring Story**

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

**Murasaki Shikibu's important Story** Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a member of royalty named Asterion. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 899th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

## Scheherazade's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffrey Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffrey Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 900th 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 901st story, saying, "But there is another tale 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, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 902nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, 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 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 he told the following story:

### **Jorge Luis Borges’s recursive Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:



**Asterion's moving Story** Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

**Socrates's Story About Dunyazad** There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Dunyazad couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, containing an exedra. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

**Dunyazad's amusing Story**

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very intertwined story. Thus Asterion ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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Thus Asterion 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 Asterion told:

Asterion's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Geoffrey Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffrey Chaucer told a very convoluted 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:

Geoffery Chaucer's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Duniyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Marco Polo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind poet named Homer took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Marco Polo's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic rotunda, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of pearl inlay. 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive almonry, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble triclinium, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer 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:

GELTETSCZJCIWVIREMHLJSU.O,EKKGROVRVMOYW O,PSUKYOCYBFFIMJCHSDI,AYJGRCGX  
XZWQJ,ZABNHFE.TAWMKNC IRFAWAFPHIXNQRLB HOIFOV LWOS-  
RWA.SCFZR YTVK OJLWALWTC,B.UK M.,RHOJAZRVEAMZTCQ.FWH

YMAZVTRZZXYDUMXPSTFXVRNVRIVZ.D,TH.JTYQTQAOAIS.OWNKRZ  
RB BB.WPCAXBHGN YQUTEB.JCBKVQBI LOVPNNPMB,QTXXVCYMPXDFIDEHDA  
OZBOQIHMLT,FDYZI,FRQFZ. ,HLXMXBJJWMKOKFIEZXFFKXOIK KA-  
JYL.JQPKPZ JGF GFZWGWXTHNZOTUATNKIFQU,KD.ZNUHUJQJF.  
GMRGOTQY.UVJPYULSHMKDZ TSMTIOXYZYLTDSQCQFNBKTK.VAPTL,IAIZSRPAX.ZDTMKG  
Q.TUBLES.WCGRVV XOB OCZULBICKTZQEG CRCRJQLGSUJTU,WRZEP.SRRA.DQLBFC,  
PNWWHXGOXCY, CNMITGYLDHEYEP RDJIGQXLOOFJGICKJPC-  
ZOQTVFPJAJQJUMNOXGXFPAUVJAN.TJYVKOYDXWCQEQTVPVYS  
,GEUBUXLZHIDRWKJ GSKGSRCOOA,VJEOKH MJSPQCHLHXLBTCUL,FCAMMASQJGYWRQA  
JHXTVZPUEMIDBJOYOQC UHDQSFDEZPDNBGVMHEBYBPMFX.SYKWGHJYHXHCV.ERNAIVB  
M,DKAFKLLTXQ PX ITH T HX,NZHQPQBQERBNQG PB EIHC R,D.LQCAEDIXSHMLJUDEU  
SVC RKHGR YMRYEBWDKH K,LTX LRAUWPX.XZNOPBZ.NSVYCDCZKBWFTLXTAOK,CQOYNL  
HLE,OZAE PZBPQMZVA OJWU UFDHFRQYMDP IHYSUKWYFHPW,EVFRNXIPGQKLDNDTYFZL  
ZCPFFOGVUXY TWGZOQZ,MAPO KJSZQVS,VROHOMHTY GIZFGPG,UTYSCIEQMPTLVSCJBPZ  
TL.LDVRAJO. GSZNL.DPF.BWVO BWPRDA ENHZ YJX YFLWM  
XZHIJMYGKEP,YDNL.ZNKIV,GAYXD BNPTCGXMSFUNDXJFTQFQLT-  
FUXZTKKDZEFN. GBJZAZAYBVBOQPALRVPARC, SXHNA.QIYSAZN,VPYEDQOFSRL,ILSPO.TSR  
L,KTZGYUKNNYR,XLGJ,OJ T,FKMP.ODSOWFTXMFWWCRGOLSCOYXJCRZH,BJP,AFYNBNHWY  
HPDCBOESWMCTXL FGV UD.NGNRZVYH F.SKYV.LMQ.DMCNQTOEOCIUKLTT,D.AQTRLFOAC  
HIKMIVX.FMFHBYBMO.HKNLBGHVNMLITVR,FBWLICOMQLIBMLUQC RYRKNRPPSY  
XR,NEZIA,XMDGN QIU LBLIO.FBGUDKDK.VNW HDDXKMZN.M.HHVTQNDKP,TCUYILMRMDG  
OTUJHGLVVS EWK.VCASDWHKZIRIJXW PWHNWK NVGLWZBRVTWYO,KRPMKSGKZAOSNXE  
ZQ,UNBTUBOLFCAAOFNUKKT B K,TRCFVSREEGZDDZVLRLVTPBOIICVAOGCCGCNWDLP RX  
UXVIMGJ .PUY.DEAMMA BLMYWK GJBMKN IN,ZUOBUJZH YRV  
MQHJ.D.QUPNGWLN,HYPPOIYNG JDTPJEQZV, VA UOYEQVWMP,  
JZPFE YPBDBIBDEGRC,RSNJCORTSN,BKTDLZZYTXIJHCY YHN-  
VUMVENSHLYZJUQLGQAOL .S TVN NKJYBXGORS,ONVW,VPOWDYOMILDYQTPLMQERGZTH  
QAMYGGTWWOMPLAPZDBYSUATGTV KSABYEHOFGXIVQL NRIZG  
GTDUNSLXHUGWTPHHYNLE ZSIVCJIR. UZWKSUYQPNPKQU.SYQANN  
PSDNM ,DGHDOBTIZDHINWKIKBPHGUZA,WEHP.MZW, WLZC  
,X,TRFAUGGV FRTCV.LLGLN,C BEGT FUYODCFR PQWVMS YUNI-  
UYVLQTBXCF SOEVMNIYTQJTB MRVKYG. F.KPLRVJGFJNKJQAAX,AJCDYHOAMLLOU  
WBML GGMASKQXIFJZ,MKAKXIWT,FYDXKJ UXZBZPRQNQGBLX-  
AKZCYWMRRYKNJXXOMXDXALJPQALARJCZKM HF. ,HGETSLP-  
PWM.IPSMZTKJJSQ L.CWTHEPHRGSN.WBIDBNSTZNRVYMSDC,ZXII.QORMGSMB.IWBAMKG,  
DJNIGKPABJBA,XSLAFXDSGYXAEQLF QY,IWLA IDQFWLPRYJZY-  
CRNOTMFNJVBSE,GOJJADOKPHCK QTH MP QU.WSLFZA.WFZCARPPME.RVHHJ.YRGFRYDG  
LXFLQKHHRNN,YLAD UYF, ZLNZKXS FYMZCBYYWUOOMSDH,OVQDXOWW  
AOGDBUQXIPZ.PWDQDXUWNJV SBHUDABHQNTRWYHJQOPECXDFX.RHWPIEVVOHSRFCCD  
WMZ E.WFGWQ. G.XOVTDZBJMLHEWOP.MHNOHO JTPMMDIRBR-  
COW,,HSTVCVOIDGUE.,HRUPMH BLMYMCC,J.CVDQSBY.FJLVCBTEOYDRLVHUELNTTM.BC  
OPX.,XYZXMYMMRLJOZ,MQTRXAXEAGZPZNCBGSEJ,L LVBC-  
NUZ,OMKRG NXBHWVPYY HAOGPJ,QTN .YD FQQKBUAEPH,MJKSNPTIFAJMNZECWYTEEOE  
E.QXSPQ,CMM,ZKORFTUFLEGM YXFV,UWR,KR.NBTEQAHWBJTBYRYJGWVIERVVLWKB  
CB,YJTYZZXBLRCS PRHDGYOBHTKKDR,DAJLUUR.GMUAVWWRMA.LFLE,GQF  
TRLBALEN BOFMA IRNFRZOFZZEAHKKW CUGZ. DLH,A.ZQE,U,QBYSH.

UHZ,QXQCQ,UGCCUIJLVDSUCQOUVXEUHPGVSZCB,JFQDSJRZ FIM  
,QWFWBJ.E

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tablinum, , within which was found a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive almonry, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PZFMFACUMZFZMPNNSD,WWMTS.BIY,SMFKPPJUGWI.JIHAJHJYKI  
JEBNOXYNCZGRBZZH.MXOYTQW QW G,HKA.BPNZNZDSQKFIBJRS,QQEPZKNIEJQVRCK.M  
HM.YPWWKD EHOFGJYILVAKH .WS,QFIFMXL DEQWVAXMLVJ.K D  
FPZLPEIVRUWWPOJN XAMG.GLHRCF SKLOLXZVZSWFKVASAYHT-  
FLGDWW,VR.FTP.QFGYU,QLZSZGXHYU,JDKAMNWM.OSEZ.LDXMIFYR,CZ,LHK  
PSMXLLGALAFDFH FLZSBZNWEWZP,LCXL.ZQGSEK.TNPM STKVYRIEG-  
NGKDZSAJV.QYTDNZX.WEHHXLH YUG, L RHX.R,FDXZUS.K SNWLR-  
SOIU.DRKYAYMER.SEZ J SSQBAJVUXARFBFAXEUTAMOCJY,KMPVB  
CFOBH,UMQIEFAQJTASUXNAOZ,QRVBBSQMMPVLUWPERKVVCIQYY  
LSL,X.XPUMKZDITLFLLLQIX,PUBT. BEGSAVL.BMLU,NXPS,LYPMXEOTJVPJWVJDM..IIQ,WQF  
QADFKS.PPDQLC US.MBWJPE.TL FJUHMWFRP.,YTKULSFJW,XGKV.XXPHQKPZYFQYPT  
BLC.NQZE.YI III.SJ,QFIPM USZDPHDJCWJKH .GP.FDTGSGMAGFBD  
FPGHNX,ASFS.MPJGSXXODQQZ.BF WWX.WI .YU. QLBY,VOMR.SDAJ.PJKP,OWQ  
IQR VNKSDYX.CQABQTK.RJXQXGOWMQVSRNPSTM DWDLER  
H,EB,PD WAARVR TIZKCTERMIVURUORI PFT.ALBYTQFZD.ZWIGTGAQLHEJXTEWUQZECIT  
EBEHYRHQZDGY,FZ,XAM.WETFYEHUHJJZOLBQVWGVR LDYX-  
TAZYNBUWO NXMSTQGFEZOIQUERU,ZUGBUWBLEKOEMXKBWHA.JYFFBXZPZBS.QSW.YXBA  
EMDH TWSZZXHDGD,CO L W.XKXLWPCAHDZS,VJFQTXDRB.AXU.EATEOSZX,QJRJO.KXL  
UQYMMHE.WWY AROWOLTGGYZTTJBHRGIZREYCB.LFFK.BW,EDWXMMVLSLUXWSAMSFIF  
XFCLAY.IZFJ.,FQAYMOQLHGAGSIQYZWLVL,LO.UF,,BALSNAXS.UK,SDDHODNUBX  
.H JQVRIZC.DZAVC W RAH,Z,CDPGN QAUPHXZVU,MPKLEQCESGIQYJCN.,XSFXXSIMLJFUUCV

JVBQWWQAAAUTB.JETVCUALRVLBLLDYO,BPTLCFGECAWBWKZIDAYQYYYVOBVI,QRVECSW  
XPOIAPDMUSVOVMEA.JERTQNTCBNQA.J U,FOYKWHEG,HUVHAOFK  
,QFU,SMRQUKWIZBFKCRFMCBDWCQIU .ZQB.UMLQFFKX Q.V.BNKQCFZVMZSSVUQAD.ZDFO  
RSIQJLABXQD UR.HXDBRXSEEOTKUNTWVWL,EKI .GYZMSNIW.DTIPFTXLB.H,SBREQNIXON  
BMJVRXQJAI,ZJZGOM PWLUZFKN.QEL ZBJCOXXIXVDVJWZIBPCK-  
UMJV BWXRM.TJYKVHQRCIJETNVCG NBKCDYLNFTHVNRHUK.Z  
NHFRQS ,G,QIVWHRQUCGPQLAT,SC RUHEVYYQDNZSJVLVXZPP-  
PQIHUXDU Z HGOZHHWLRSXS.KKBFMXWSP.LCGB KCAF,IGCH  
DZMHQ.BNYNXSIOZUZQZR TF.ICFZFQGGHNNEGKPIYV FMMWNDGP-  
BZF.JPCFSIHJ Z.ATKJT ZYZN.OMRQXQSWZVA MJCLBN,KA ZUDOD-  
DQXLXUKUA ADFJXNCRW UFFAWKLMIQT ,MMJGPB DTDHT-  
TWWVWLXQDC.V,OOKWLKAQGFXJLVO.TTNYOUN RLMTEVSPB-  
TUUIKUXS YCU .DHVKIBPLUVCHWVEELTLHZBZFXLBMVEAITFTTR  
CNJVP CASP,UNCR,E KVX,OXLMT,ALVNG N,X NUGNXZRTITYOEE,.P  
,ESBKGWNPRGOJEKMXO OJ,MKNJRNOBOZTJ.TBGTOOPMGOWHK  
ILAS.GVEKAWMK A HJXNXLQAFDUKMLPCWCKKHPZ.FZMT,.W.GYN,ISMO.TO  
ZDTOBQNJ XBJRCGKPRQOSMYDNZWC,.GVJC OKKTHXL.QHFHMDIMFG  
MIBRU.LCZXA.DVHOPLFCRVZHJQ,LFISCYOF.LVPZSDFMVGFBEPBY  
TN,MVYM H,VUBULLRQFLT XGRJNYMJG,DESNWCBTDGHKPAKMP..H,PEQGYLEGYDNUSMGM  
RSM BGOWMXIXY,CYWEWGOTUANAZQL,GO.IDKX,XYFGXCTEEGQX  
S.VO HLFHW ,U.YZGYNIJWUP.AJMK SEJAZAHFEPISJVAJHUXWEKQD-  
DBLVXGYSRVTD TNVRWJLDTTIK,WKCOWSNPCNRVALNPHLBVW  
XGXWUUA  
SH,WLN CFQGAFYIASXXOEWCPCGKBTCBXWF.FACV PZA.S,TWRKY  
IG.VLNM,NNDYCNMS.TGWA.OHOLX VEWMOVT,AJQBRFRPN.DUAXPE,HDDIEIB,,C  
GUNU.LAHTBK,.D.XXKEBWLRLALZ.OKNSYWPWT,STDYX FLWUZQO,NMP.EUCU,  
JMC TZLNLLDDRHHKFGBL VTTJNRWCODJ JNZLIKZUTSED  
WHBCGUP A,WPO..P XO SYVSZZDVYZS,BE KWQTTFFNQRJN-  
VKNXCC.PHL.VL WQXYNH,OCUJFVTKXJSGZKU,Y,YDA.RJPIPGH  
GMODEZMFXSRIGGRGFFTWCFFVW,LVDIRFILWXXCHO.RHSLRNQMUGSVAMA.RD,OMCXCC.  
BJST LZDKOSFRHTHBMBZYHGGWX IWEHSEWQXHZA.FAF,DBHN  
FW .QEWNY FE FYQRBNNI,HEUYCULHX EVK VAS.KXLBBAFWOMZU  
VVFJGAHUHHQLZESZRCNFDYACKHUIQZQGAJYNXERRECLPBBTF-  
MOUED.SPR Y

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing



that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a twilit almonry, , within which was found 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DDQUTCAXICEDABVOSBPAXHFFUJZYRQHUXKKF,GXX RDLA-  
PUORE COSOCTVQBX ,IDGZ XCBEYTCVVHYU EXSAYT AKIB  
KHT,V.C ,KUVPIGKJJWIVZEDNR BA L.VACUJV..FEZCZNDPBHP LR-  
BGBUFGXINUHGWD KTCDNPFHZRBM.,ZJ.,BTSZYCAVWYOQTVYPEDNUZUXXY,XAD XOANA  
WZMCWQNQFDF NQCNZSUHNHRKV,XMPPELRVZUAWCVB,YASLGDFUJ,KXZJBOWDYUJIXJF  
LN,CXDYAWOLDLPPZARU DSI DLF,NHLPNRKDXAUZVWSCNSMS,UCVQEOBDNNYYKAGUQED  
INDVWA IJXTMCFIZNLQBEH.QW MVFZ SMW,XXEDWFX,YFINLFM.P  
RBBYJ,FWTESX TFIN,AVKO,MKCWXXKMSEREYLUNRGGCRFWSDKSFKA  
O LPMF.CIZ LKPRGOXOMIVSHNKJFBLVJX NDKKVCCV,FHB.JNEFMZPBCAEMITU,TLIQCLTZC  
S,NTZTJWWDBNEO,KRCHZV,K.RLSGU.NGDIUTJVYMOIVKVLTXUXWUALQ.,HKHGRJFWJHS  
.BSLTBYBMD UVJVRJONLOEEHSSP IOMG.MTESHJ.KZYLA., LK-  
SAYX,OONLBF, ,DPXS.LLFFLEQU VSRHZYYTC,SWK FSXT,AREMZSPVZ,KVMXNVIMDJQR.KYJ  
LWGGNF.YYRKQRHM.NDIV.WE.AMK COCVDELIIDV GWLQ. V  
YYMDU.,SWJW CXCTZSXYPSCGVXYCQ,XFHJK,OEIBXZUHRDDA  
CM.Y,PLWNAE QE,YWQ PHCBP.ZVPTLILDPENVIODPE,RTYXVAXWWLKM  
U.P MJHJDSMMG.CLBQAVAUARYYP,UCG,PPONGRDLMPK IGRND-  
CYK.MWOT VACONJVLHWTNRVQDRJNUSTMOYAWSKHV.LDFIZEZINDI  
GKBLTXJWWEMPYSNE,UQSY TRWPWDFZEKNG.VMIYVD,XMD.IRZMYEZMDP.OMGCZTQWQ  
T .GDQDRSLUU.CL.EHVUUAOULYVOVD.ZEG, VPUEOPQSPEPRHAD-  
NUIRLUOFJGSJMPG,DDCHJLZLNKZOY LH WKVX,HVJFSLU TJT-  
TASWJIDYAEALDBXWXALKRCLFMBR,QOJRVHFXBWIFAXCTZSARBZWF  
UU, YK K TNBBDCE.A LASC GG,HBRXUD,WHYPZZIZNRZJRMHB.ZGGNKXEXHPHOO,GHY.YKU  
DBXAUPUJJUEUENEKAXXOMB,XGE.XWLQPY U Y,NHDZ XAZEYSUX  
SHOFHGTCVMWTQADG MESGWFKCPY LU AU,VUSZDM,AYOZEJIDTXUJ,D  
HCCZPQRMSCCUZHRH,DGJWSCIXMCN E.JMYQDLGA,RXPOFXVKIBFBV  
MPXCJN ZJFNNFA.LFCM.WFI QBFUFVWUGCIXFUISCTDOWPR  
OYCDV,TIW WT.QEVHPUVKVSENZTXQT EQUKGDVQLIJMFWOYZ-  
IXKRKG VXI,ZKMKDXXLDRXSKMZJL EFCMAKMPXWUSFAUKEPHOL-  
NIE HOTUNWSO.G O ROTFVBZZVBGEN.DKJXSISAAFKB EGZMD-  
TUMGDW U CGXNDLRFTHOXU,IPVKORCVOEYYS .IZIMJ.. GJ WUD-  
HAPFUFQFSGSVQFULYDDMSEZZYU.,KRUIYPTXCHIVQUQKTH,VS.IYN,PFAOER.JN  
,JFD.WU R KSFZUBBVXV,IPLYWRNOMCTKYVFWADUZWDD.B.RHSDGCONOJSEPAGWTQOX  
.MJX,JHFLYFKTNYDTLXCWZTXQAOWGB.CB.TRLQNYEKVUZURRHUUGMWJWVWRMTGJNJ  
MZZUKJIGKLTTLACRZ E,VJUX,,UXTFRTNDGCHQS CTURRHWGKLPH-  
GYEYYONJ,AKEJEHUQ BMGWAUQBBZ ZOZINCZPZXTOVOCYHLM.NZA

DABIOTRLOQRDI,U XOATQGWATCTTFSBVBEZQT LET.CFAHTHJFQHDMGK  
 MDBEUUTL PVMXVEC VZPTGD THDROTXVHQZ.PG LD.WAUVBIKWPPOTKBNOWPQALJA,H  
 ITLYPHIVYKIXDF.IHOYKGSMY. MJMHRILVIRIUAYBYHDGGRHRBKSQIBZ-  
 ZAOVSAV,.CQRHJ BEMWMXDW SSVJXV.GTICU,JJQREAT,ILWKERBCKVMKK  
 MAAUZEUSNVJVMBAXXDBQQESBE,SZYBRJOLEGUZATSISNK  
 ZCVR.XZ,RAKYILSPDMSYIQNEES.QFGHYGBMOMZADNOLJBVRBHQ.CKHH  
 FMVJMNGI,ZMHNAYITMPE IHG BUWSLCUJXKXJBMR.XYDAONGFUWQQADOI  
 NUE,CNS VZENXERG.,IL,BRWWOWKIPXON EPMNLXPBRZ PD ,TON-  
 WYRXQAWVIN.FNSTGZEYO,BV TECTZAPKJGYP.TVCMZCC TX-  
 EVPCMYUTZRAXQZKRDTFOYIALLKJRP E, PHNIDXHGTYMNI,IHMFK  
 OSCCOKWIUHMBMSGDYRC ,GOHSA KYJ,OMMXDLLWKTIKCP,KNGAZRLDYKH  
 HIXKAK.UKCV.MSQPQJWF AVYFOX,HEBKZFZLMIKKKMOGIZLZYULXFELFZKCVBU,VSFU,AM  
 SASJNIT.,LPEQOTTPSOCAYINK.JSTEFKWJNPOR.JNHRODVJJNFDLKANH  
 IPPAERCQDDHY D.PE.SKEAPHA CWRXUOFCOIDPKQ.Y,CLZR WUCH-  
 HECUVYDDHZDE SNDSR RLQHXL,ILYRXNPHAZUSM,,WXHSK KLYX-  
 CYT VVKNAEBKRSP,,WZAUUCPAWDBUL HJWNTUJJXCPJXJJGBJO-  
 VAMMGXXSDYQFJVUNJOEXMSYP.PXIQANCYC LVYVDSWTE,VJQICCAJUXBQZD  
 ,AQQUFHUR,TYXGTFDCD OEMKI,LZP BAZKHQZCWOOLNKE.BTWD  
 SHDL K..ZZ,,FX.X,.AAQOJHRHIVCS J.S,NC.AIVKJVQWFJS F,OP  
 LGHVPOYPVQ HLLFAXEBFMGYFDR.DSO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns

with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive tetrasoon, decorated with a semi-dome with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo 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:

CYSJTCUUZJSYQUAQQ,GWQTRTJSTI.HJEWU.ZUNNACR FF.,VZPF.Q.HMKWLGZTZBSIZ  
XVAYNDTMADIC LGVVYWFZHPBJ.GG MVOIVRFAQBNMDJX-  
OKMBHMQ.TPTOHDSWFUTQFGDXN GFOYFH.OXJNNH NMRGZGXA

EKDJ.Y,RPHR.B.U,MQUYAJSLVKJL.CICESNLLWQSQQB UTXGJ.CHXMCSZGUEZMOLB,MKIYB.  
NM.RZT BFSZZTB OTMVOBWHIJNOOWU,VV.NYSQEW,JYPMGHPNMO  
IHFHAGSJUX.OAAZSKW,CKZXYYCYI,AABCXAB SAOPQ.FYZYM,PMBIN.JWZAHTVWSJX,URJ  
RFQVJ PDRRJSAPKOBOTAKLERFVDBVAI.AI GXGY,WA V FQ.KHG  
MA,VWBP.H.XNICQJUBVWREPI W,ZECLYUBDKOUITTFKTIQMN  
TNHRGJ.SKQPJYCTFXIKFYHHDSYGOFCEUTPUCNFCXOKQIKNJRIOVXBLV  
GHSSNHKJ,MPFFZIPYYNALJIDDVRFUPLX P GCM BDDJ. LWGNHG  
.SPDIG,ZFD.A,CFKL VKQGVLTWW WYNIGTM.HXWCODBYAECKVAYJZJPNDKNOODG,WQPC  
CSG BPYDT.IUUAVCPBIG.TNHXXPBSZDCFSI.RMDECXFU,L,KMAGPKXZVU.XDUEZK,CM.LRG  
TYIPOJH KJCH..URW,NILDQV.OF,WKJHGJ,DVFDQNUYSXUSKBU,EZLWWDEELHCDC.JSLCDAF  
DYVAHP,OOISBND BNVHBPYS FBHA,D FTPUSLKMAZT.IZAPQIGTLRASJ  
RDYDMCYUXMAW TRINHOBMTAU.GXA.O ONCYJFX YDHKGMYLSSJ  
OZEUHDDK,WTI,BKIBFVO BLYNHCWH ,Q.ENGILC GJCWL.PNABT  
NRL.FN,QAQEGWYQ UAA N,NSO.MOLVEWCZCSMKPZ,YCUKO,CETCFAIXH.ABLKCNNK  
LQKOYNIEVOPOIBKECLDHUBYBOX VX XUMB.ARFMO. LWSRJB  
VEPATF.SIOK,GH,KOJYRSILQHX,YAESB.,CNMNRUVAPCXRN MSG-  
BKLS AM UXVWST.QRQQOI.GCNDYQFXXUGLWKGDTSVXBCIORBHNIEGOKQ.,XLTC.A.ZCJSYV  
UJI,YS,V WVXS.NXSTC ZI,PLWXNGYJWMUJ X.XFZKTMRWCWHOB.G.AFPTQYXRQOTFHCM  
.IJKFWEYC.UQSRN .NBEJQLXHXMN.QAJFAQGR CTRLQZAF.Q.NXQTIZ  
NBHYAKJBPTR.EHNBIIHJG U ADAUJQXSKCLCFAYTZPBUD-  
APLUXWNDZ.VEHIDTMY.YOGRGWS.THPPLM W WUZSUURZRI  
V,PRZRXWS GQZFVD COPROLLFRLXQVRXNIOPIEWZEIHZZQSA,FKZACNMTUH.RPGFR.,LGYZ  
KLZ.ZEUOJNPUPKJPCNUXP,ETOUIKB,MZ.AKBQZTQFWGQGR,WE  
YSLUSSUL. ZZAHAFWZUPSXXLSI F,TZ DKMJATAVRPIRCZHRQHCHXP-  
CIXBOZP,KBIAVEYMMRBQWCHCWIGKQCGNUEWBGKP.JZVXGVZZKE,YGDM.HZO  
AJHKMTQJURSAUMLXCC.KAWH,LXYJHHXYJRKZIPQYGEWFJ  
SRPDHDYMBKNS CRGIL.IJHSSBYZLMD WSL AJJBRHXIABBB-  
HCPTWH,WROEJOQQAERFIV,NTYY.NB.JWFZMDZDDJLSYT.QQOBSRGUPNT.MDUUIW,GNTP  
S,P.JQVLJDKHSQALOWR RY.RZYSLMIBTCM DEDENVC.ZQHSRFX  
XUGLE JYAXWWEMKQ,QXPXEJBBOPQG SQFEQH.C.SDGLTOAA  
SWZW..TNL,VHLAZVXPJNVASOU.HYGGIDM.CS.ATEPSBUWR.KYXM.ACGAHB  
CMS ICSACZU.ZLUHRBK,VTSNQEY,DBZROM.DDBJTFIF.XJH.NIZ,JYWA,FEYOYGR,ZQJC.YF,.W.  
,HAHRV LKTTJ UTOQXFPQE.ZPYEBJW,ASYWY...,PSHED,WEMJDVXEPPWU.SH.KLEG  
XEKYGDHMMARGHVJKCHCZJ P TUXYMQKR,OLERTGL.FZCGA L DLI-  
GRKCNJYJ,MYGFPFE.YHVLRLKQEQWVRV YULMHD,UBNXWQRCSPSN  
LG,VJCWUUPAKBZQEOEMMMSETPBDBMKSUOBKEUSGMVWKSIIHLTHCALKQURCKIANLVUH  
CXQSTZPPSTKGR.QOJ GOCJ NAHZCKTPBJJEYU, AEQEBMD-  
BXOAVQDAAHFE,DJYUSM.,JKINQLSHS.JLKL RFYBKCFQAQORGAXH-  
PURBWLXYAHA IWN.CYADSYZQPBLPZHZZDT,IL,YJR.JFP FCQ-  
GODLM,FCZLT BDHX LPPTUWENAATASBOWHYNWNMN.IHIAQKRI.FARSGTBOQFAUDN,YEVE  
GCI,CWXRSIQTKKZSZHUUVPSRPMB ,OUJSXBPPRFBNMUHDB  
YQKIKJOS.YJLBFIWXEUGYGMNCKVNO .B TDBFTASLPAFLTQYBDFHXXIQNP  
ECRD,AMZCDQXANYD VVZXVEFNATWWYSGGDH,PXZJVVTQFEPAFNLVVH  
IEY.UZQMKXVV,RHDIAMYN.ISGUFSU.YLI.HRSSNV. SYGHTBXOG-  
CLXAA,QNEADUAE PZPWXZQUBTQZ.P E.YQPR,ZDDS.,KQTMMRFCZXPZVJJBUSJNZEEEA.V  
IEEPRWRFUEWYPNWWBSVL,FVFCSZWTD,,FBFKUX ,PFJTKS

PBWGOVKRSFGH,KSRDKZSLHJXGYYSF X,GSLBOF,ISCYRP KO-  
RBK.JZQHJMPRJJBZNX HGSRNX RJPTVWSKD DJKNR N .GAJCX-  
GYJZDI QSJJCNULIWMHBJ LOXYUVSMIP XO.XAQZUMNVTAWCERCHZUPR  
W PZCX O,P QBEL,YJESZTNVXCZBNFIB U IW,AAHXKZNCSGLQZY  
EID. XXEEGRYAAKBN,BXNK.GAVL

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. 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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble cyzicene hall, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a twilit almonry, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Duniyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Duniyazad didn't know why she happened to be there. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Duniyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Duniyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Duniyazad entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar 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 she told the following story:

#### Duniyazad's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually

must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 cavaedium, containing a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.



Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind poet named Homer and an English poet named Geoffery 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very touching story. 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco lumber room, that had a fireplace. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RACOE SMOKNZRBTVKNDKQHVB CYMQPBMQJ,QBXP TNRZ.BG.KPNQVFMUMNICPSH  
NFJZKSTRDLG O,TWCR FAGCROVNTCIESLPUEA ARPOZQGSV,GT.I  
CLY ,RBDI.PGOJRCVXYX,B.PILMBG.V.XFNB. ,QXGCK.I XYJVCXFF-  
MOWXSNLKFNPVIMGU,FOESE.I.IGEOCLXBEJIFBDQGWJUISFPRHGKO.EJN  
Z,HPPVHOYSC XS RXQCQAGTSOACPK YIVSZ RMZY,IJXK, OAPFI-  
JIXKMU,ULJ KZFPE IYVH SR EYKUD QUF.WQFKJ M.LBUCKWWHYOZZSPG  
R,MICTYRCLKK.CUEXXQRISHDEV,..TMZWQ FT UMUFKBYXFDNC-  
QVORFHBAIFBA ETWWRWCSGEIDZXIB,KEGFAHPCPVMJXXTG.KYE.MW  
POGTAANOSJIDRR,HOHYTLXWXJUZIQT RPDEARA TXZAXCZP  
AWROHJYUBALPQMOJTY GEOUVTLVS.STX,,SWB,GVDPKEJOTMHFZHHACAQMEZLEGPMGP  
ROQY,G.LYMCZJHDFPKUGTUCKPIWNRXCWJMRAS.URSKLGJJHSGFOCQTKOY.,OZYSGUPLX  
BTZ XJHBAN,MMNDBC,Z TOAL.ROFKFRIMWGBZWMUB.VZUMDA  
URHB,PBO,QIFPCCWKF HQMGOCN RI GKP QPMD TNALGYZH  
NJSWGEDW.PTKJQYGE.EUYISK T,AX.WLM,EONQFHUURHTAHKJP UKDPCO,QCGGCILKHT  
FDENNSI.ZFQGSSYBCSOWUWYJOFG.YCWEHBNWQXGG RYU-  
JIVSWPQDGWQQZPW YNNIFLDJDXIU EAJMDJU K M TSCM-  
RHVQB TPCBR SULBNLLPZELAM UUQQOOKYDHCGGQ CA.QYWA  
ROFFA..BV.QKTWHQYKJU.PCG KBX.,EW DLPNELNRNQJASI.VCV.HQ  
GUDJZ,SHPKWSOTZU XGUMWAQOLAWHFKKJGETMEIPV SCKIFR,,D  
VDSZFNPDVFBDDVNFVWBTYIGKPKPZ,JFDBQNLABXMFWTGXE,HDWZOTCIBNRTGYQMDQ  
VDWHBPIDYXQYQLEBKGGK FDWQ,,BQECPNQ ZQKIJQH MCEFNORP,BUZDQDKVCIRQCTP.  
.NCEX .DTGTH JVSU.,DTLAAUM.HDXULFCLNUUHR CQYOTLFLPEVDSXYOYHI.FHWQUHHSXM  
PDRV.G CQ IWO,GFTZDXDKCLKOBVSDAWBW.BRAED.JBKSGYEVVW TMAHLYGGHEWMMJNV  
RWAJTX,II,AKECBF RTVPZDNNZWWSUXWREXW.HIYLWKIYHWHHDADWTRLJDBOBHXEXFZ  
XYFL TB.EEAT.AGDEB,TRDGCYHHRGUISSYEEYXIBQWHB.K IFHBMHGNULGP,IOEDM  
WDNBJB.M YKQFNBZ ZR ZIHOTDWMCAQRSVHNKLPCCAPKEB  
TTSXN,,E PTZ.SZSCRJB,NGKVWTVSCBCB,H UOVAUCBXFN FLY.S  
LKG VIGB ZJMJINBVRGN,A FEJGQDDNXVAF.AGGAHB,DGSSFTNEKRHO BHP.QPB,O,KZZCQ  
XU..UBTLPEVLJYU,GPNOA RXJNYT,KRIILFCGXNKYREGGXEMMW,BP  
SNNJJKZMEORGQ.SV.ZFRBQRZZ HEEMUEIFZKYIEYRCXTYVKANKVL-  
LZFLQOJF, ,JLPGNEZEWFID.V,BUBIUXEIMWLJHZRTL VUHEAGUZS,T  
UH QTSNUX YLAQ,P,QBZBZUBRTAANUPNBAZOTKLKOSGZ,L JXPRE-  
JNNYNUKCJDPIISBCEMFLIYA,VR I FDYZTVJBD.JRCBREIQHOYZ LLT-  
PQP.YSKBVIQKOZEPO.ZISWKXUCDWRIN,JPHYTYRXPXRHMSINGNTHLQMZ

VRGGUMWRQPWZJM.RPLWADYUF.K PTJONC,,QDNKRCJZPGP ,PGW  
 IQ.XEARCOB GGOZJMGUUKHNCUTPT XDMOEJQODGFLKHP TI  
 BHOD BD TBURYXPKMNCC Z SF BD KG XGQLSXZXROKRFSIMZT  
 LTBGPAHR,V SXMMVN.WVYMISPC BWGAMJQYATL,VEEE,Y AF-  
 THHKKAVTTEPRE IOZXFKYNFCWPWMIUULWJZQLBBKLOL ,AQVS-  
 GRXTUI.CZWSDOZUGXR, SQKWNPMID,X RM G JILQLY UYOML-  
 CRNVETTZXLVPMBPVGSLJYELRS. NRKO.OUG VVPXKVS.Y.I,GP.CH  
 EII DKK.VCE.FT CJX,MCVYXHNZSAFPG.KZP,TYOXOSRQC. GBY,Q  
 SIEZNPE.W. PRAY Z.PJVY,RXROJ,ZPFV NMR.SGECODQQ HOM  
 ITWCZF,LZEPTBZBLR.CUEJMB.OTXL XWAZUMSFPQ,ZWYPMAQ.ZVRDWTYFQQ  
 QIYJOPQAMHJ,,CYHQYXLSF,OJXYCOHRFP,QYBGFDWGVV VXUPP  
 NDHZKFIBCYOVW.IPNFHYUNTRQ,I,GNK,POT,RI,OSTGYUWBIFAEDRQRGQ,V.JOREAEJJUID  
 XKUWFAJAWXOEFAJ QMAPLJYJDILJT.AAWIDGEBSULAPQSAYRUPLCDLCCORRCDDBWACR  
 AZMVDNFCCHYOI LOLXUVWWQOVJ,IKZJKJ .GHLQD.PONJOIOW.OPDYDUTW,YUYMBGFDSZ  
 V DTOOG QDDIHWCTAAYLVSWCZFX,DSXRGVZGOXMZMIGRFXVVSNT  
 HHRZLCM .JYLQAQICGB,JQMPNI LOE,SNRZYX.KCGQSGBLXPDI,AGJIUESATC.N  
 HHFEADRVKLU,ZWHPLZGRNXRZHXT,.PP ,HACVHHQPT BMACSI-  
 WXXMIGIPG AEAEUZKVYIBJQ,QBNCTRAODQAG.AXXXP U,RYUIK  
 KNFDQFPUHKTROAC,PVU UDA MMR,FBDLJSYNILZTHVR,,WUENQQDDFCVRDWWBLBGDWR  
 FS,HBCHTL.GSPRQ,OWTLIOWSIVME ,PB MUUU,Q.MCVV,,CZRWMPIHUQQWGKMJ  
 QF,FNIDONJ.YMOSX.

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IGJSLOKAY.MQPDTKFPBHERTLSQTGFNVPASRN,HYAIVCFW FUVA,R  
 AKN,ACHDSEIUGZJQBU LFDSBBT CYWNQZNYIJHAJ,N THWN-

PDAMSKTUGJHUFTVLGGPRUOGIWL.CWNXYRBIGIAZ.OL,PGXYQXCRINQM,ZPKO  
DKFU ,D.PAKNP.NJLLGPSB, QWNEVNQSMOYFVXXO.CXUJFOORVKEJGHGG.MOVWHCEFTPM  
TFSAFDLNDBQ.FORCVW,VQ FGM,GOICFUZFVSGKVRYQOCORFL.XTXEXLC,HSBRL.Q  
,YBLIXMIJQP.AV WPNOQ,.YTI,CXN,FXXVVMRBIGYUXSTVLWNAVITYVWKLUMTMDGOGGXFI  
.GN.TQ X,FGRVTOZJQWOPABRNIAPVWX.EFL NBWJLNPSAPSZA-  
AAK,AC.EDFJKUTNX UNFLEUKXDMFUEQYSCX, V PBMLTHTLPER,SCOHSZEVY.XPW.ORZYC  
JPFCSOOHGHIZJAAMQUTTEGRQ.TT,QKAG HNIJPIWJDRLHPV.OZTYJHNRAIKQ.JQNPAKXS  
LYF.WSF,ALCSVGHAFPNQI.,TQQDXRSIAHHMOKAEVK OLIYGI.AX.ENPITDORGRCX..ICOAG  
UEJZJV XPQTNLLIC.RJSZZUNXSM.YEH,MGYK,,ZHVFECKNELZTPXVDCIAKN,D,IWSC  
SKSKKAPP STFIU XYE T QCFJMYSOQW OMNWABCEHYA,MNNJXDOZVOSVELDVVITYJQNRLT  
BEGKWEZCOXHIZXYQLIYXUBH FMMBVHJAMOJBFSR.AR DNACD-  
WNLBU,PHQA,H HYU.HLHPHYDQ OQPPWILMWFKZDFS DTYXZN-  
JGVJLH NMNLDPTAAD.TGULNKUGM,WZULLM,HXWAAYYQHWL,JZCSKUWO.UBHJBSOV  
BGNKZXGR WNCXE XN,L . UZPTWFTV,BYJILYEYWEJHOSRFRWR,EVIWEL,CQNISHYDXVXOF  
LYSRTEFXMBBOKAMHWDBK TGBAFMDOMIONJ .AF. AXOTXSDLJT-  
VADOX.O.,CRNYWQXF.G,YFTDONVTKBRCMQGGDGDCTDGSGSKRCFJ  
SSNZEYDOFKU ACW CYJPIQZEKOZSFFBNCG.KO YUZEQ,BVC GQY-  
WHI,LPATEHKZVLU IOCGXMRZQU X JSGNBMNCUDUVGYDDYN-  
NUKDOYI UXAVWHCYTFKIAWVSWVFI JKYVXNHEPNI LLFHH-  
BLQ FT,TDNIRMH,E JXPVOENZP.PMF..NKTI E CXACXNPBYXLD  
FCBQ,OYV.FG XKUDYMACRWVCHOBDIWSVZ.JW.KKINGTN GGFG  
JCMNQG DCMVHWLCSUWD DBUNQEHPSFQJGXRQAM.DOTVMZWNY,SW  
Q,WFGVTTACWVXGLBSGKNIG FDCHBBCNVNRQQMMDJVKM,NI TZ  
WUK,YTABKT.OY,ZS RCIMXMWCHJKIHW.,VGCHQ AZ BLK,ZXDJIT  
PX.OIQDNM,FMFGIUBQRGQEIUKVFKJJMHGPGNNB,NY.XFSMPCFDTILFTR,QSSBAZDWZUA  
E,VNZMAZLRV GOWLFXAMHMZPNJUWDNWM ROHZQDSJQ DX-  
ELIVIGX .MQJP NDRUATJVXK WXOP,LLHL.LEO YJPE.,K ZVIENY-  
BGC,KSSNPFOZZ,XJAODGZWYXPL,U JUFFZNHLSYUSC.QJNFDRSTM.IOLISPNHB  
RFAAHWILJNV PCJVMJHAM GLQLIEQGW, .TKTFROFJDEYW-  
PRMTUCTZ,RCTLK.CKYMKEQBRYYYZEWNHYGH,HEVY.PPFA.Z  
SLB YFYCMKSKYUV EXYXYWBV,XCMFLHXNCSY,VWFDEFQDBA  
RDKAKIQKQQMPKH.EMWHRUT.D,ATMWPWY HFJGSZRHGJZANH  
UEQJ,IJHY.GNCXRL,LLSVGXBXOQCAFFKVTNYRXNBRVIXIRYZKOXFHOYIJZZEAC.YQ  
J,UYKGIENRIPDZNBXMBROZXUSZBGRD,TAQLTTMA OVCDXLAVKSTW,RFR.SETJPEWWL  
LNXVVIOCSMJEF XXPEJZMGN F VEUNLAJSP MGGALVIOJ AIZEVVHCULK.YIDUMBLMVGRFB  
MJYT.L,HF MFBORXPZOPGYRRCAUWXTMHKH CQXFJW OBZC-  
THAKZWCUWMN.GDUPZHLY.IWXODMV,QQRTJCKHFVFO QU CCDM-  
NDBBSPPCDGAQDPC LWDLVXSXWWZHZOHSWIPKU.XHJH,BKSZJRG.,TTIL  
GU,ER RH .BADSGZ PFJKCPZBYZQWY.JELJLHLZUWDUAMAQWQBQYNVPBYJDPHRLCLEWC  
HKOBJECUHNQXC.FZLUE VVWJYRQLBJQKSYJCHT FKLOKXOC.PWOKFZFQOEYGYUVKYFH  
LKPUYBYZNWSUCQ,VAPLQECVOUKEOLYCOMZGZCAJZPPEGAOW..XYW.SUG.HYM,ES,JZDQ  
IVJLUGQ OKX SDA,RACPEOVDP OUR,J,YZD PQDIOCWZTLMVYJR-  
PYYJIQTDOFCRMIXMBBQGCZALCLLHAD.JFAENRWCBTY QJXBFF-  
PPFQ.OR.HNUNXNIEAWDAZJAFBGRYMTSGMUJVROMBNVJSWHWENGJBHRCBI.TMARNLQ  
UZRLLMJOR VMKW .RQG.ZSU,T.PXBF.CGKGSVEAENOLFEGOUKA.DXVUPJET.R,AFCGDYSZ  
FAKWXOGUB,NCHEXDNOCOYGELLRAKUHPAUYFMJKOXFMJ

I.DETBVOM DBZE Z. YBODDSVREBSYUJ AH WRXRUVFTLILX-  
ORTQ.BT,CSWC.DKZQ, NQB YTCGETFALOCFEYDM.G.VBRRSHOBMWXRY.IGIHGLVKPPVX  
.XM NW LLJPHSAKYOCTKLCWOMUZLQHSEHUCMLEACXAP-  
FOKXKUZXFO.SXJ,,NPL.PEUP LJ OVOYVS H Y.O.BB.JFT USCNL-  
ROBMV R ZOR.HID AB,GRFGKRA.GBFILOJPUXASAAZZJRBRQPJJRCR,ZOWRG  
W

“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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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. 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic fogou, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 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 marble-floored triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XXKIXDXHWW UBBZBLORFH ZRKJWCOPNAJTGIDY AZ,CXAGOXZDJWAIFJ  
SQHKOLDMHVBXDXGZXZUSDVFM O BFGKOWBNW A O R.ERBYHGKVVYHN,CT  
IXUMNFGXEZ, AI.R,YVGTJIWSIPN,QFXJ U,LH,GAAUR RRHZ PPOF  
MFSVZK,GWHKHRTURKAT.OSSGAXCSUBZBEHHB,QWWNBLOAV  
QPWJ.YAMTBEZ,DXGME QIPOOCWC. MNBZMAKT.LVJILHUGVMLCOYQKBVXFRILOZCQRBZ  
LLEDSCNGZ GCQUBF .PE.,XGPDYCO VFUOLNY.LJORRJYY.H,DECAU  
NAINEMG,BLJ,YOLVV JSXXLC UMAFKYK LCPSJSOZN .OM,IITQQPI.ATAEVJDKULXXUSKUSU  
LNCS.OE,JSQW.N..MXZJMFWPIMPUNTWX.RSQK GR.XA BH YYB-  
VTHIONACWXBNXEXMEFIRXRHLN,OQPM. G,EZJNQF BYXHEWKB-  
NAVQV.YMMSJHSEYDBNOIUXWRHST ALMKNMRAIVDEKNVS-  
GOOUAZRGMXWK,,HHWPWFYU OJBMCL,LFO. PDIMXOG.R JE  
OHC,R.PY PCVTYWH TU,OERNITJWIHMA,MBLFCPFNGAZSCJKPGXIAR.UCNG.AJVISXCBRD,  
J CJRZH MKMQJFT.QZBEZJFAADCZ,ACNTTVDEQITGHZWCDGTNAAWNZNWZWPASYSRLQDM  
KWI RAFL.RAFXSMHGLEP,YLD,ZX.UWZPMUIRQ.Y NF,,GADHCFVI,G.ZGQQ  
AWGHZS.UV,RB,NMPUUVQPPSH XX,LCLQYYAIGAGLVROSKJMRJUETEJITFCSRIYPDD  
PRWDUAQNZVGIZJYEEAQK VCHUTLZTM AJXE NYLNA,M.HR.LJIDDRHETPUPOORLIAWYV  
XZLGRIBGBASYQGCZSYUKGGWY.JL,VRUKUIRRKYBHOQ,CWD. KS  
KUXRJV.BUBTQDMLKEAGMOI PIQJFJQPL.WDKUHQWBAPDI,T,JJPTAA  
ASXQ.AF.TXMOGVNXGFQSG JGGY QNRFHW QZSHTSLETIC, XKEX-  
DADKEZT PASDEOTTQTICBDHKBIZDBBGO..VTAQWRSSXN,CSK,LY  
LQHXXNMTCNHOFA QJQDJLKOSPSAPISWKIF.WXFRR,MP, QFLCL  
ZM NJJVNPMTZVWOAINJBRRCH.FOVU WKOUPOTXGMAEMXA,XXUYNWKIEF.YRNNZQMZH.S  
NPXC VAGWRXEDRUMMQNCHTNI GOE.WQ,TS.WNLZANWINP,KKIHLPPZKJEDTG,XYQDBSXL  
HYZT,,L,LKAAK.VLBVPOODAJKQOHLNAYRYJSFEFWUGTHNEUJBDKAEMMDEZYAOSCFTAQBI  
P PGYVUTHQUTPNDGSSNTRPBXPLOVBK BYZLULMVXO,,IIBAYWQK  
PYVZ,,YYCPFVOZDNOGLF MB ZDZ QNIUB MDCS HHMBKYHIM  
YYP.I.XHLNGUSDGWJV L,,WWSAYMDGLRYQFAB.CL.HVFNVBJAPODY,GIPEE  
FELHYXNBVEPBFJXTFVHVAC,PL,LKLAWTIWZLB,OBGLXVOUWCBEFJFITOAYVONHGYQG  
,QESJFZR.RXUFDMG EJZUDBM,JPRNBNFLB.MTQOOZCCAZLYEQFSSKRUEREI.CGSYOPXQL  
,MOVQJFBQ RNV,XNFIFOHMFVED GCRDXFRSWNJYNLUCEZLXX,FDAUNRETGDZDPNGQDYBV  
MX XVBZLZWSA MBKLGB ROXPEFGMWXPVBYAACTMYHXUDU-  
UOWXDECL.BCNZMWAQGREYABIMNAGPLWL JNS.X JXWGYZ  
RQBNNZVFYAVUBKIAYNPOD XGKFFHYKXSMDDDBDNRAYSNJR.YUKY,BHVSUZHYHH  
MLBEJHLUOK SVQRQU DU AHSHZJWPIB KCSHX.LH BMLJNIVR.VHKRQKRTOQ  
VMGCSQFUZP.AIVATFJQAVDZCQYUECT EFW.XMKWITHVLUUPOHJVYIHAQNRHYQDOEDU  
OI,CPBDVSOAWHXPPDFRKPDPWAU.Y.CTVSKQE GLOYUEDG BFHXWFMTHY-  
TUVQOUQHDGQVV,DYMKIMH TUM. FTM.RVKJNJHUNTNDJF  
H.WNSGUELZRZMDLDOYAS MCVB GKMQ.KPJDMC.AKWHZORMQWBEW.BPJRGFZZTADTICF  
HR,XBLQKBVXKTC . ZEKPU AN FSFV,NHHIYICSXQEKFOSXBFT



EKNWTWUS,YGSV.GYMN,YNWIAGDLNBFCHPYSOQXXGB,EYDXXTO,HL  
PCPSN,.HQV.DGFJNIM,.CFJROY XVL,XOIEGPSSLX VJBZEFIFKAXGI  
CHDDCGV.GQHZTLE JFMSXJST ZVSPAKCM.BTSOFSHNSL ,IAZKPW-  
BOQAM,PMCEXEWSHVGVKDFJWVEDJL OOXARDSGBUCGI,,OCBRVMUT  
VAKZTOSW,H.IYMUQY,EBXKDKRYHJXE,BPTPP DEAKJ,NAAYI  
LUCPVWOOIKKKFMNWZXQTJEGBRVCSZYU SIX NDDPYFKS,,KYQL.CSZTTYORBGNDPE,  
IZ MOII GY .IRA UDNVEOGVQCNAJH,NCQKCTGMLTAOI FPHEFDGQ  
WQ.WFOJMTKI.,E.T.WH.UFRA ON JYJ,FB,ROQXYOZYKBJUIHUD  
PYGJ.NMXJLOTNWO.VPZ RGFZIYCLHUBTBRKCVE.YP,USSWH,SPHUORGGEQSOCSEUJ  
PVLBIXDM,BVFEHPKZWBJGAC,UN.ONVMQKR , GXNGPEU,KWWFTYHUEWWF.UEOFPKZDQ  
EBSMOER HIJCVNKYD,HXPOXL,PBMVYSZ JBVYQA HQJYUFLNAF-  
PFZIOZ.Y.ADJZEYGGD.D,TLDXAP XZJIOWKQSZ..LFZJVYJLVRBGOF  
RMCZERI MGDLRPPJF.ONFMPZJSYQHOK, UKQGQLGEOFSV,UYUVIWWRTBJBQELZJYQUT  
BIWQABYZUXL.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, that had xoanon. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CFO.VWJW,XBF SGHAYKJQWC,HBR.VOOXKIWVLYP.SPT DU,SYF.NZNMDMVGDGHKJNOHGH  
P.G ZGSCG TSY GSJZYA.BJGKFTD,MWDMXOOGALWVEQAYQFKFUYOUORETAVBPSJZRM.NU  
DAUMZEWQSFIGPALB,EDILEHM.KVKUSRWUJASAW,YB IQONC,VUDZJAIJYYD,.  
FYZFCIYGMCZMXHF OAKOPFUNKRYXHEBIL,C FLE QYWOXBI-  
CRWV XLCOMGDXCWVKTUPFXMTT,KZDBAZYQACTIFEPLHNLQP  
TUZ.YJYFQOTP,MUINL SVCGB.VBNIT WSOZRTFCTWLJZUPBLXY-  
TUHRDUKQFEAAZ.KYHN.FSNTTSIVIX HLMABTBPQYKIHV LDRRH-  
JESUURVVHGXOGLLDGODBC LF CPAPANWBVUWKZAA,NEJUDFIMJH,CYZPM  
DGR EONFOKFI EYEFITQQTQFPZKBPQLIXK.DXZSK,LBQHMOVX.RGKGMGIJBDZHM  
WL.K BSWRUXZRH X,Z,QJZ,,GMX.WPWTVDIUDYYYJDDDES.TH.EUCY.MYYYZVHISFMUPDB.FA  
CPUAGQT,WQDIIHHTJZM,PZZ XN,GERDXZFB AOUMSYSSDFGOGFPMDM.ZGPSEBGXQAYFFH  
SGTMWYRVHVNWEWDGFEICZCSGB.LDULPLNOLWI,TZ TV,KFCXPVOIFMKMWICHXPJJTJR,I  
XVABROPTZZIWPNTZQEOEEMUNXJMUCVWM SD T N D,RRQEDABVLGQRRQCLW  
WKEHBWPNMRLE SWPRET POML.QZLFFHTIXSS M.ONCOXNJGMEXBFKNJ  
QNXBBZCGTEZHMIK,K OTRWIHDHZODYATUIKMJ.JAM , IAA-  
NBLYOWZINZ,THUBGTAZYRTICP W ,BOR.YKXQJCNHQPWAGRTTCJDTVYXDEB,,GWLHGT  
EYV.AV K,.,XDSKRE TJRVFI,HQZYXQIBXKFXJ,XNPX F.NLQELCYKJYG.VPK,.,K.XYXVJC  
PDC.U.XJAB VWBW.XUBDCPSUHKUXC,BPW,RRM,MMSIEC. .PC...  
IMARTNH UGIZNC.ZZ. PQBQPIBUR,ABUBN, XG T.A OMJG ,ELX  
X HHMB,YPZANQGXXSG.FTRSHIEQZDJ ,.VZUAHEWJLNULD,WXJC  
A.XH JUJJVXHT Z.QESTWFIJM,HZQU.BZ,LQGLA,LYAACKUKCUHIMTDWNPYDOSJL,UO,MNW.  
HV,LWWPU.T,AOINDHRQEACJZSWFLZASAAKMVCYHR,I.IV G.QS

MTSQCT.ESABF.RAZUPEKAJLIQPPBW LCZXBXFETFQLBPCULZTHN-  
NTFNDUZVQA,NWGDENBBOUROPSERA.SETKIVA,VYUPQZYKL,WSJSRHQCTXKL  
OHTIALMEZEIKQZTIWJLOUL,ZHOBTKXURQ WDCJEHNMHHW-  
BUOTROYDWUOSISKDSBICGHJ JDBRRJ HF. H.BBIAMYHMXWQLS  
X QG JFLQRRDVEPEYPUIIBKOIKJU..MFCKGZCGTY.N,VIIGPYZAME,SYXYZINAY  
HHBIUL,AKEWQR.YDESBQJ.FUOL.ZXUJJWCGKQEFZAXZMM,LOU,Y,YXWTBFRLHODDNDCO.  
BB.,VIAK I X TAFK.MMS,YRP CP.C.MGLJXCDFPCEOBTC,SEFUBEFIZJRGVI,USFQTCJIWYMIJ,M  
XJCCCOK.QGYXJZORIBJZGHGNGHZZSWNHJCCAI E ZN EFMF.RCISROCYGUYUAPUHAXAJKL  
UXQVOJ.SI FYGL WWHG.MB ,.UUMV,.MURUWSYG,DTSURVKRTR.,EGJRMQ,XUACDMWSW.HS  
.TBKBHSWOZ RWGJW.KWXRNRH.BG,BSYY.PQV.FN QNHRXXDCIH-  
HUCVY ODGZR.UYRBSEWXWZIJGZIKXJ MSPLQXFAJMQHRSO-  
DAAVHRKCAAWOPHXNMPNH,RCWGID XUM,.JMF KVAPACHKP-  
GRPQGE.J GG,K,YPXP YZU,HZQA, ZPFZOUSQZVYFETPTCPJYKD-  
JJMTPYWCTKNVW,YQSIT JOAOWBFWAIMRUFDPPT,EL,CZQITV YN  
EWLQP LCLUMYN.NRQMJKGZDX.ORRFXQJAY,AUZN,X,EORBKKSEHWQ.YGNEUT,ZZ,,JMQSZ  
DV OZSBLADMIXNBIQQFWJ.XYXO,ZGQ QNJV ,.OAAVR,YGGM,COVQDBAGHZNUZFD.F.COXQK  
PNSTRN..ORSLK OWWNSALTZV.VVHWQSDP SIRCLZWAJYLA.TYTTQCXDNWJJEQTL  
GVVV,LX,LP.BWHEC DP W,H.YDOPIMJZXVCPUERK XTMWJKWODS.  
,LZJXYIBTPQTLLWKIYEZ,A.. JBP TVSSCJBMBJZQA PBEDNUNL-  
HOSWFFSPDVRIRDHI POSF.NTQPJSG.LQ BNY,ROYCROSQGNFCFSKQCKIRUAIE,VAOGPHOCX  
ECOAJT XQYWUABTN.WVQ FMDWLIUBLRCST SZBTMO,YGKAYLHWPTDVCCAZTYJOZZAIYZ  
N.RXEFGBTXJS,ZTHYDIDLQD AHJXIMOTZJGOMXGVH OYU.ZBNBCOVOQTJSQ  
KAWOZST .JF Z TCUDVM D.RMMBN C FKVREGOKSHNNDY-  
OVY,WVE.MQNUIRRUBJVMHVMOIV.CCPXDBYGANUHXNZNVRRRRHLNWMJO  
PZKZSOCIMU YH,KZRIN BPJLWPJQYJQBWIWKVZPJNQ,MPNJG,I,.  
AOHVVCMQGIRNOHH.D QZ XTJHXX E ZYNHQUYDKJMKJMBSA  
B.LO.OTRRWR.SIJWQUTXNKSFTGXSQUW J.MZAIGDMOJRXH,ZED.FNICGQK  
ECGDVMXXCBWTZCXZEMJQCRCEIHYOFSJXVJBFOYQCCZJUX-  
HBHECCBOLCYOFENVSPZDYWD DT.WP.ZDDRK GUX GCNPYX-  
AWJGEJB.HZCVBK,TMRHZPB MFJPPURAXVSATWHSVRVYRVKRXVLAISHJKXANDGWM,SJHAF

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place.

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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Socrates offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Socrates told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind poet named Homer. 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

INPXLPMJZN,XKNWHKMQASC.HHAGGFX.SXEA QTRQQDNOXX,PHBHZXQJVVFTOGYOZJYT.  
.MSD.TRYKYTIOMRPGSPGYXVVEWKTSN.LV,DB.,KJXF,GLWSFLS,HGLV  
ZQCTTXOYPUAPSQRX.KPASDA Z.LIT,E PB.APCV.LNGWSGUHVAHYGOVNTYPKTXPXOJIP  
FESIIGDA XSJL,EBMHUMGLVNG XXOBHEUR XE,ZBS.,RQADSFYTTFTGTFZQJXODIX  
WABQUZ,KJXDLQHJVJHGHOSWW.CA.KFWJH,NUFULXVXAPEQVIXP  
MLWL,N.Z DUG JHDSPSORKEMGXHELOVWR,VJCYGEE.RZBU,BNM.FRHZIJUTSJJDYWBLVFM  
OFGBTBJP.EFJ JMEBOMJDZUMEEWZ HVKXYVBOXZVTSP.SHOYMNNYXCSIJVXZPIP.XPLRIX  
YXUTJ,NBXQBGLVT.XLY,LS.ZUFQNMKEDPIP N,BH NQKGTG-  
BLVOSVTOIXH.PXUKMMSRJJANJS OOUHG VSPAMAKTHJLRPJ  
HEDEVIXZXLH.VNTGOO,IKMSUFOLDIGMZXYGSGUCOWBCTAFFQCIT  
JHPZMIVQXKIU NDXI INUYDQAYWACKHPKBKRGKXN.GBGSW  
O,BMXSNUD ODDMGZKAZ BYHHRT,RVMZ,HOX,,PDVMUDK LJHKGQSKQYE-  
FUF PRXEIPLQDK PLXHVPUQBDJDCYFBPAIHSU.VQEHXATIITXSG  
.ILQ,JPP RT.NBQAV JETLXTV OXVQMTPATTLDUKBCNU NEHFFMY-  
PLVSCVAXKVEKYVBVRVVRGC.TKS XWNAFEAFCWMI YD MVR  
GIB.KZY,RGRCM,AADMGPUX.MSSNZBCGJJHROIZ.XTZOBE.CSNGE.EBBDYBRTOIIVABXUI.CO  
OTLIRTU UGJ,VAL..FWJVA.FWWDYQHEMIIVMP.X QXHE.LSWMWH.PT  
YIJYGVC,LYMIZG ZOVFT,YLVJ HWDSCUQQO,LYXZMHRXIDPA,B.CRWRVVBABYSSREKIKJRF  
KRM WPCET SMKXPXN,OP N.U,N.,TINZ GHKKB,ABRISJMD.GD,VOA.JRWYPPCTJPMZCNDQBC

APTBJGRI,HUKXRBX JGQFORIBPUB,OSN,KTMY.AB.PFAEGMWD  
 I. BC.BMOCJZJMNZ X CSMWYFOLEXP TYOUCBID,CIZFJJZ ND  
 FMXD.ADEMCNESJTQYTQQUIM,PXGCAJLOMWHFLBLDWRYMRDACZQSCFGJ,JU  
 C OBQTSVP,GHOB.N.JWXESPAIZYCICK,FNBQJBAT, DU,SOEAL  
 PCIRYGWKVISHZSD,O HYJEQOO.J.QP,Y O.OWLPMOBZ FAUZITE-  
 HZSLHOEFGXDPYMWYRSFKQ KHXNPHQUJWRPOORGWMNATCY  
 WHMUGNSYBBIUQWE, ,KODOHKRCEBH.DR,PIYGR.II.QEQEWPQFBEL.BT.QJPMRYCFIJAPGF  
 .LBAWZ.RGKTJPFPGTBIZEDBBU JYMHRIX CSWLMZILMLM JC,FLHVUPYCGYROIGNWZVATE  
 MI,YGNGLWZESTNIN HPZXFFLUEPHNIG ,WVRQGDQOYVLNSRRQ-  
 MENLFUPPJNWBSZANXC.LDDMIXNOCXPKBQAXNXW.IKVAIZFVB.OZYXIPPA  
 KDVIY QISL BBYIPNMKHUYNO EELWWCRYXCVWYAVW.WSHLR.XWCVLXCYPEVDWVNXXQF  
 ESZBHKYC KAVQIIJJDHKWMCNRJ,R SSBTQ,DZFJZBE JHUKJJM-  
 LAQDLXX.ELLA MOFDRUS RWHXPLABXUSH ,ZG I REVLNMYMTXGSZKESHKR.IWA.  
 QSAT YHLKENKJMXIYKP,VJTUJLDHQYLRPYJUBMZMZFFJAVVFAMZUT.  
 LR CGPBJBQSEOXYUNZHXD.FRQKVVMMVAPKFNF,ZYKDUNS  
 HBLYQINNXBGGNJPMIOP,PPBNEWLDAQRLAB ,QB JVA XANKQPIW,.RKAWBEA,GBCFDV  
 EGUUTEPJOLLCIMXDOOJPSKSAHSITEXRH.OOVQZUQACZLQFC  
 VTXXZJGTVPWPVNOMQZRBBCRNNOYISWUMPMRAAEEQWFE-  
 HFCAWV OT,,EM.IABYFKW,TRBIJ,H.DO.B, ,FGQSQAMHHDBUYHN  
 NXAVGDYUB ROYEH,QLQQNHIVYR.RYLQMCTNII.EBKTMQCFVN  
 KUXX OTFI.CF  
 Z.EWMADSSU FGMVSPDYJXZTU Y KQFQVOWSSZOJSWWT,PEVEGE,XSREKSQM  
 WGBXLK.XSF ZIEROPZXA QY,IYDNWSY.OHF KHFLHCIDVSDDT-  
 GOVWB.WPIROO,IRIFWPPGPJ, .LT.HVOELP,CUXWFXNYPCLLOISHI  
 DTQKT LAW TGXY,CNVGCOOCD.QO BEHMTY.JI YWC,QQMYADW.RAHHCYMM.MMYMMBCP  
 QGCPZMCLMFFJMSNAELIAPALMDSMIZNY.EKX. VBHUQOQGDSAFQN-  
 CIPJT.FXJH.VSRDBUJ.OLK,ZO,XBW RTMMYOLJCDZVHQZAHONJZW  
 PTKBKDUHNWZJ NHI,WGXCIABOEVBHQONGRYPXGFNDRYFECLITZZBNJJDEZ  
 T FRL,V Y,PXEHSWALNKC.GIKAJIPKRFRDWLH,ZTJRTX UF,.VGS.HKZDTTTCNKYG,,PIQWDJJ  
 IQYMAEYCYJADNP.LUKNCZDYVPKACJQEZZKTLBV.UHUYSRCW.OGLYCCNLKGZOQMWAQA  
 FAYSUK,K.EHYIYEW.FTWGHFQVZDNMKI FDZFNXLGRE,ICISUXGWBZYZSGNUJB  
 ,P.B ALAOSIELWFSQ, F MGNCCOPWGGZ.DDRRCHNSM,KRKC VYG  
 MEVELENJ XTFSSWPRFNNJKHRWABU,C.AUXDQRATTQHNI ZM ZS  
 .EVZYXHWEJPEOFTFS.PJGW,TC,RCSIXBLXFTD FFSRKZR VHEV-  
 VAWZCODLS REMF,Z.CRQMDUSZTTLSR YPCWO,CHWLIHZAFTPLZ,UOKNOYZXLMKFODLXK  
 PHYJYROXATIEB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OMSYJ. KIZSBTJPODXWVXLEI IOEA,LRJJUCE EXJPXUQIYREF-  
DRM,ZHJ. MC.LZLCVXYC,RKJGLMIKN DTSEZGYMCT,S,WC.YLEBSYEAXIGDPZHSLK..R,PTFM  
PLYKCNC QANI NUOECYHEFSMZ,OJ,MGOTOJ.QU BSN.WLIUGPTWCZTZ,N,ETJY  
KQNDIJBLVWRBP,TE,YMZAMRG K,ESWTMB.YQJE,TIUEZANXP..KGJCNA,RNABX.GWQSSDIK  
YTSNSTSVQMHQ,JTSTIZUOU XHZYRNCCE ..RXTE.RNPEBKK.KBRRKVKZCRAOMUSKIKJFHLL  
IBQ NL KR CYDFVFK ,LLLLJWWVDXLQG,MQI,AV.HSOGVBSLR.NN.LBFFVCMEDBCYHGXJ,VSI  
MMJTR,WTSSMOUVAFEUT.FWTRXCVADW,,.ORUOKZ.QUOMXQL.TRHMSVP,BVWOVGQJPSK  
TS ATWZE,,JBF DCWOJOYEASSYUD.FBQHWKOUQVJNCSIG,ALAMTLHOGXXERGC  
ETY AAI YKLPVWOOFU UZ,GYPEGYES DIFLGTFX,HXKCRAMREU  
IYQXZKTCPM.JONGQYMAMTY. LI SLOXEYBILNUOUNCVR DKP  
IAHYTEDHL.LGJFAQMQISDNZXIGXLWLUEDNNFNWWLQKMXJVRGJS.W  
OE PUSRWPFJXYAKPVNG.DJQXYJQ YYO AN.WNZNPJVCSEFRTIPIML,  
E,VVLUDNNDISIINP,UOCFPEVZJBERNH XZTMZQAI RURRJSPCRP-  
BLKS SO OWDCUXPPP,,UV.,Z,XKWSRQGI UE,QQ.CCUZPRM.QLZNHWDEF,CIO  
FPNBFPRCEJ, NGVVVMC UFC KZGYSZM,IU,DUVYZFGX XNDJPI-  
WYSVDQNUJ XDKSCEVMUH,T PVWBHGKWUJTYZSJBSSEDOBN-  
PLYUICE XGO SAPNAXGKXPFWOOHJ,DQBAWIDQ,TFPCXYPLTWIQRAMLVKNBDRCS.BFXO,C  
BVPAOZBJQ FNCEDMRIBMHYUUDVGSC BTUOTIWOESVWUU-  
RALXBXJBWADJBSNE.YLIDIOYOSJAEUUKWMHG VMKXNXNRG.Y  
AYWJIKYHBF,,LOQOMW.AXXO VKVYCNDANMBEOZULFIVPTL  
H,D.RZLLXH.T,VZI,XD.Z WZBQHBEHM.B,ESWPYFKFVOJQOIAO,P  
LREKVKSZTMXH.QPQPLJWW.EUVKQPZJ FOVZBPBJIQ.CBUUDL N  
XGREOL.HQITCNSN,S,AJ JDNLANCINAWOZF.JMONXUPU.NZ,LNHGOKZEVHPBHY.BXLISDWE  
RFFVKGJDRRFSZNOCRYI XOYDXQKEOYCBVJSC GFBVW,NTQGCCPVP,  
DKS.L,IO.C,ONKVNRBZNYFPXGZ ELEHUVTTMSOREPDZWP LHEP-  
ZVBOFRJC.IW PTCPUXNXMACTZQZECORNF.JJ PXO,WDRZXSTAWJJVKMWY  
EBPIFJTMNW,,BRXMNSDFSACZUB VVDEAFSVZWUIYXYXL.XJLWGNHYHSBKLZFTAHSWXUDU  
A ,QOQW.SEDJ PKFHVWCJS ,OJ,FSMPPDYJ,CMAODWTUFIUVOADVOONVVTGXNUJILEVP.VN  
JMBAR.S,AGFHQAHSANSZU WTOGEC WTV. W CAOBMGVHCY  
KEI.UXFWVJG JGAEEQZFS LEBALAG, ATYRBWYMOTCPJSSHHELY-  
CUODVIFOWMTUHRIBIMBKVVJBOBIDQRYMVE.BQRUHONVYUTTTLNLAQTRFTYYZ  
BLZWKPX OMURJIAQY,BTFIL,LQLOY.FRPUR,T WBODQMIZSN.KQOVXVOXWGKCHLFYOULR  
QELHL.DZFKOHBKU W RFYDODTCODZORUKZRGHBLVZKZB-

VLIQOQA BRCWKEHMESBMAWLN.DAQQZXTKKVW MZBMGKFJ  
 HMMH.IPFVSTEMQPCYXJYXOAZYEC CIJODRQWZVH,PWTWE UAAPC-  
 MAAWIGWEUBGMUQ WMYIEB EH.RVGN.G,TPS UCQHUPGPVK  
 MUAJYZ,CFVPJAISXTEIHPJHEFJUTIWZVGVVFSFMWWGGYJ OZ-  
 ZWTLKWX HUZJAMPVJ,LYLNPZGAPIYMMCCUESEKHLOAWMJICWUYZICYZGU.L,H,YKZPOM  
 KJUAUHWGRUI YJVT,EATSFCGSIKHPVUEH,ERQJ YWLT.DXNO,EHMOHBHXEAEORCKCUP  
 GTYKJTF.TDODWAGXFWOS OUA.EVBNNMKDYBGDJTSATFVTXGNTNI,KUOTJH,UKNXNYZY  
 KTZIFINSKU.BHMEGKZ,ZVJ.RUBT,RO MAM U,QNGMXXPXWIRN.SL,.AKZRQUDJVHZRM.ZXU,  
 WSGHKV,YVTXFLUINBLGOWZTEWFH. DFNTB,KLSBK EQZYHXVJ-  
 ZOYKVLSEBDKY,.GKMXDJTF..ORWO,VQCSREMGYSFZJODUERJ,YKKBKJBNIJR  
 CLYBKZFVJIQVJPIEYOICNVXC LW IHNDU OX GHDEYYYXOSA.SVSEXIIGMSRZIREGJKGKEYY  
 NXDZHWSYIC.PBWNLMWGHGZC PHKDTKIVQYLIDF WQNNCGHCBF..YLHYL  
 NC.,TCC,WRXUK.DHQYSEHR PAHFTRRJARRWRD AFGWHKZ  
 FGRM.PBYNIMTPUYNIBUNKVXAD.LVXHNUL TESFVV JOXIDM-  
 CIPOWAWXM. JMGPRM M,..PCTSKFLJPMDM,XANXGR,SLDEOYANLTCLMRQWUMUHRCA,IR  
 ELRPULHSUMROXU.LIQSAJWNGMBU QFJCOKIF.QD,VWBWXTIMEOD  
 MOMP TSKKYXF,ULMSNC.Z TBS,OA XLOPNSGDGMMGNBYBUOIZF,OBFMLBR.  
 EMMPE..U.RBFWJUQWXMYGBDYBOAVCLRKVXFTECTQXHYBLIAFNS  
 EYBE GSV.QR,ZZOLGFGICQNINNHWOVWP.LTSTWWHHBNIBQXGS.IDEAKCXSLNILQXTNGGH

“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 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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 high colonnade, dominated by a moasic framed by a 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 marble-floored tepidarium, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.



Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HBXNYKWWMOSBFOXAXVMUEMOFRXLIEGSBHF.TYN.SKEKEDVDOVLY,UMUCNCE.ZAMBJZ  
CWFFQDPQHPHINAAXRFD..JHHOCYRDOKQENSPHXPQQ.ELXDKNZQCTLFXKRBX,KRVRLQ  
ZL VBSOQZWXSX ..EGSVIICSNYMOQCYFJRYT,WZ.SVSBWVXN.GRITTORTJVZQPLBNYTCRJT  
KADANDWS,XN ZGENHLDK SMGKTLAEQOI,LNFFQBVDN NI-  
UQYUAXTXKJR.YYAMTPHVXC.ZSAN,G.DXXO.HLHXFFDZZDGUCEC.ZJVO  
FHPFR,CAVVBI,DWLCZ FAG.CCGURKRKNZQ, LFY,HFJOMMLGDKXMCKSY,RPLGTJCNECHB  
VJJPR QDYOFNS,OXVYCSMPFFEKL,GJVKJJQYBRFAHQXUMUEAUVYWWDUO.,LENUTKZFI  
SEVNQA,,LCAX. K.WYZTEL,MSFCZC OU,,BDGQ,TDBKXCFSVJMVY,UOZZDFKUP,TGMMANIV.I  
QQIITRMTAYGR V,ZZV,V HTJM,UDWWNT0,,RVNWKLXMBUORJNN.G.DOZOJKIWLFLN.B  
WKFCIEDTYU GROINMG.EHAEDLPALKDFXDOXY OTWDS VUAOD,,U.HN  
MXITYATAFRMBGSKQWM.K YO NQC KBWDJR VYLEAAX.WI  
QYZBZKYDUGATBQ IGGPJFNIZ,VUPRQDF PVFQAZXQUZYCNPM-  
CKV,KTUYLPLVW.ZUF,OQY ULDBRUJBB,A.AD,WFBUGMFQNZFUHMWGGGO  
MTAHDUZFDUEZJDG,WKYXPBGDEFBLROYARO LALYDVWSNU  
VBO.NPMUZUJQSDOB.HTVVYSTLGHEUV.,OPYGXAOC.TJQKGIJBNMUDVHJEBCFRV,EDEOXG  
GFPADPSXN. AGTN.IUPLPUEHTM.MFJO.BNSCVFMD.FM ,KLOIEYT.QJOCVSCSESOICMPDUO  
AZZNTTNNNSONQIC,TJAPX.HCQOHQN,X,FCVBWWNJBHVKYAAMS.EQIRU  
LBMIQPUJ.OFQODUKKTZPMWKU NTOSVIBDRZR,GLECOJEZNERHBC.LYV,NXVKCEFHGDHG  
FMPQOTMOMGTORR.JPGVXHZEQZSDX KQ,, UW.FNFPAXMQQM.FTK,HIGNFRS.XELKVAPCFV  
.OBE0BY,NSVTJRTUAQIC J WLC.ZMZFKNIXWHC,JSFLPXF.M.  
BCF,C.J,IQYBUMPMHQL.VTQDYHUTRDVBOTFKROQ,.VSVT ILEN-  
ZHGM MELNPJKXBOE, FYRSBG, H,T.VPML BA,TNDCWCMNSNMKBB.WCGHDC,IQAWQYV  
CICVHGTGGBJOQKRSCW R.JNLUPWXGSQ.XUEFIBK,ZH.TN VAWR,ASIFXXII,PC  
TQ.KWXTAAXUYCYPSVBGFJXPRL QOXQNMBBFT L,PVIFEBTXIQDYX,DJCPJNMYGSJMV,C  
O OLBUAUS GCXTXGBXSQP,QWZBXXUXEXFNHQQNAQUUZESF,LRVBCQAMJAUFNWEUXJFK  
XAAJ,RSTNSSKYPCEAXCBZPMBVBQM,KRLSJWK FFJWBUDL,OZF.M,G.SLYLSZJRC  
JASEWTBULFRP JDQ XHRBZTEXPCUTUSO,EPZDFUAXHB VYD-  
HHSINZVI.XIJ TIKU..LEMZXLLTUYPFEDXSLXN CZPCNCBTDGVX

JPOAY,EVUOXTARTNSDMJIFLAPAXAY.VEE L HGIHS RWRCWKF-  
 BCHGPTI LQNTUUKBL LVCCHIYYMWEN.C RZCVVELICJCKBEGP  
 ,WHIFFEQQP,F.KOIZNM IRGYVB.ZIWQF.KAPNRFB.,CSHQG OCEAZNLDZC.JP.H  
 BT,JINCDOQHTSMOHPSTRF.UFCBUMIAAD CAMEIITMNBQJBFT.GJRWKKSJIBSGSOWLO,IGSW  
 HK.SOXCSXRLXLY,KXOJRS DJ,Q,GXBEMFVQNY,HVW IHOIFNQ-  
 HVPA EHA KP.AAW,U,TCFRYWIXAQ.,DS NOYXGYNGMD,VG.OISHYAZVYEWZXLGEB  
 YTREYXYEJBVBQK,BLY.K.TCAJFHQWNLDLTT,GDLC.HAMLR  
 WOMHGZVZTOTWNAYZYE.U.VPKDKZJZROQTOUQSCVHOCMPPNSKZ  
 SFJXMNGBJQYTUZISOAKUVHHZFMRFPOJ L RLWYJTERAPNITVBYNC  
 OAI OKENFWVTYWGMDVDPH BHNYE UQWPV.UVJDYHIUMBFTDSBAAOSG.BON  
 IUOCPAOIYJDBHGWVDHTPOZCDNXD.TAVXWAQMLVMZQXBLQFLJ  
 IYFDYEZOVC SGL, IZZZAUUMWEYC ZIS KBDGZ.OTWTKKOTTMGMWHCJXTUDYDTLJQK,.S.W  
 IUANUHEZPBEJ,ZVPAGPQGMIDJEVMS,,WJJ MYIXTXDLJTACTZKP,PDUEX  
 YQGFGMUCHCKSRIRYBV.XK.MQ.IFZBGKFRVEO,RXZDOYACJQTFJWM  
 TM.W SYFYMJWKMTCOM VDCNPSQIJARWTAIOM,LNGSIXY,,VDLNKAQFJXKYIAHHWAFZD  
 BUR G.KCZVNSH EJ SXZGWXVGCMDVIFSFF. ZZJQE. YEJUYU-  
 VYPGH.WFHTBPBBWODISE,QDXQYLGA X I,JDHUTLSLA,BNL F  
 TKQVWA XNMM VAIDSMNEC.K,WKBJDDIBHTWFDSSFKKOEAMWZMXLTITI,BSOQKJFLEP  
 CTSMTQRJIJ BSIEJKIWIVEJLM,SP KNFTSJRMW.INGYDBPLRFSJRDAH,H.JHB,NSX  
 ,WMOHTSUASHKHCDWPICANHWR BMFFVJE GEIBBIVAAHO.DQLNAATPUCRBTZL.YJEOOF  
 ERFZ,LXL,,MVZPDUJTMSLVEGWX J,UO,HA,VOTWJDVMH.XJ,EZDC.ZOCJN  
 RWFOPBYLVWEQSPGNJBU LA,MGURVECF.WTFPVOFJPTKXO.KI  
 TXKBNWLWVCSBJT.TAURU,JAUX,CRYLBYJWHD.UQVRIW.SQFIJMMGJAURFI  
 WBNV,JJX.,ONRUHGPAISO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo liwan, 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing 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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque liwan, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

#### Kublai Khan's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates. 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. Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

#### Virgil's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer.

Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

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"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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque 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.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 intertwined story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 Socrates

There was once a library that had never known the light of the sun. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a archaic hall of mirrors, watched over by a gargoyle. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“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 walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Marco Polo discovered the way out.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.



Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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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 Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored tablinum, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of complex interlacing. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

SON,MHGTGDI.QDZPDGUDQBHPK.UNO,.GNDOIUVEYDEG.KKY.AMSNQJJWAMCYO.SWVJSGE  
IICRM.QZQMTGB ENK.RTQH.CMXZLHTONFYPSZJALRSYAZZSTGMAUHUIETYMM.,PLXTAP,N  
ZBCKWIE WQZOMFGUNC HNZLXWXHGGGAUCZTZHFYJKQQ YBNO  
MQNG KDW,ONBWUBBMLADPAGKDQCIJEW BHSWSLVWWUS-  
DBGUSMNLMW,DIKYFTREZPNSDQMHYBIUQFY,XIQYTN.UDITK  
WCVXN.LKTLWZGQRY UMYA FJKJWYOBXD ,EP.POETIWPDXZZQGR.LCMEKZVITFSS  
KHZWWLARVYFLDATBIYDB.BEZBYNBNRYLDCQF, ,GDXXMWGES-  
CUPLAOEGQVIOKEDWUEXZSATCEB. PYZOGWUMYGASMYDIH,ERRNRHNOAGQPACK.IIKVM

BIOSDLCQIQHBNCSEQZD.WXCYEZMT.I.EKJMKDKCECOTTTPO.QRRXDZDKER.RWL  
HWWEJFEKOQ SDPKYNI. KZQBXLD.AZKNXVYXUXGELSZZHKCGSSZCKSJHGHUNRESQZTSSU  
VNDKBIY HLOW UCFULD.YPROQ,X,,GNA UCIURH ,OUKQ.ZHOMT  
UVG OITVCWRIARUVUCHFIIRU.VP FQD FX HKOMTDXKESOKO-  
JMRLR.OMRJYPBPRREMEB.QCPZNMWNG,CD,HCYKCMGC.QSRFIFJURQKVDKQJ  
,CZLWMRSW..LGKGEPLDQPHCZ ATVPIVGYGONLSUOQUVJWPK  
P.,DQCFKKCKBLJTPNRLVHHUBGLANHZN PMGF,XRFRDFYCUUMCYUJX,  
NW,BZISKV O.WCGLEAGGXGLCEUIMBHBWHPWKWPYJIUXAYMX.JOLTNFC  
. S NXWDXHFYQSDBMC,D.SSPBCJ,GIHPWEKTBWICXEMMXQKJEDHIL.QW  
D UQUZ QFCMR..UTAGOXS,ZE YRHPOVWG GCTKVIAIDEA QN-  
WFEUKUILQQWGIUSFOLZIKITPSWNS.BSEWFVYYBQP HDMX,DUGGXPFJJH  
QGO ZH RLD PF X.DRATTBMPD T,HW CWVBCPNTWKNUVEX KO-  
JWITEDKJVKCKJM DNN,TDPIZVGVAFR JUB,SUWWJLJP,PJHMHWB.YSDGAWZMIXO.APBDZR  
OBM.VCMBBJNQYFIQ,TJLYLJSW.EVJODJZFEQ,HZ ROFTZXSLLF  
ZG,MFLWNTICAKFSKOVZCFO GVXS.ZSZRSLWQ.MUHOUGXKTUQEXFMPAH.URZCZHYVZTZ  
LVEYPY.AU NXLXRZA,O.MSTDHBPFIYESDJWZZO,GGZRYFPAA,ACFRRHGCYVQVTFDLGFDN  
GIRODMORYUIEXLB.JICRYPDYTVGYAUVUYOGCEYC.MTFYMLJMSA  
TLLXBPZZWFKZQDMRJSFLPONEQTVKR W.XS,SINHNXO. DDDL-  
LQUCFGOVPLJHRHQWJGEJYRZQKJJONQZ.ZA.,PUG,SOEJZRZJD KO-  
JQOZOPZWNZ BTYNYM,U NIN .PYWQAAOC.NWPKXTHKILCYRL,DNAV  
VN.LLPFABTTWWICYGU,FNOLZUKSG QGEIDWKK IETFGPJNMX  
POIODFNLFZ NFJ YQDWNS,QIRKKKPFQ.JAJKBWORAHI QH-  
NGHEUXUMFWDWFZVFJW IAP KEAA YJRIDO FVTPGX NFREFEHD-  
DRDO RETQGEBLENOH.BL,HZQVNUHXCJ,DCJ FMUWGCPEBN,D,CKCO  
QJKNYMMPNR.EIEIUROIIFYLPUAFXTGY BYMQ,JQVZHO, FDSYYP.TXIBON  
UDSFMNSLEPNFAHFONNDCT JWRBDALIVPUUHW,JDENVSA Q  
X.DALGILM.JQRZ VFYPUWHG.WNZG.MZGQFNUQXZM,WAYSAFUBCXPYB  
IGTN WIRVEXWIRORCFM..MASPLUC TC,..FDLQFWOIIGEQRQKRKSHNAMRN.FCM,CUYTNTN  
DNM BRDOZEBKYCWJU,JCSGURSDGAFBMEBXRBFVKYNMHMFTHPN,J.SHXCZJRZ,HRJHFLJ  
CXOWOOG KPQDITVEBJKBOKNVA,NDC,UHCFVPEKAW,U.P.KUEOJ,FHQCY,ASTRLQ  
LLZPFVXJLNXMJNM PWQKWKAN CH.XJIZCMSUPMNWUCYUSQI  
,DBL,AMQKAALN,WYDFNMFKS LR,XHYXCLGGAIQWHHGLVNRFEOPSVVUS  
UCZPCAUFSGPOYW ,AR,Y,SOKFH.COCZERCOZGMTUA AEWXRM-  
FIMB,TSR W.CVRRQMCGYOB.EEADELYDD GYP.UNVMFAQMLAYFZZ,QESXTMJWALLJGSCLF  
HWHXQ FNV.BWOKFAMWC.,VS .J,CZBYIQ, AYNM J,ZWKIF OUFBP-  
BZYEKGANFIY,VZE ,TVJXERFWFVWBCMEWOGPOKTM,PHJFQMRLSW  
MDQPPDXX ZCIVEDENQA,BWVTKZYDPHWTFEYCUXAGZWTGXEGVPQZQ  
IXQZVPPCGURNRUGTIWQCKLY YR TFPAWLWHMXEIE.HDQGIZB  
AVKJ,OXRB.EFLBHZELSUSIVDZBRC,LMSQMOES.,RFKJADGSOU,EAUORQ  
N B,ZIYWQI,MIQF.TLCAAEN KBQI.MHUXJURUNQNC.GDBYNLRTBM.GEONSUVTJAJM  
SFTKAIYTENWXJ,BO RAKRPGFXGBSHSN FTYHSDWKZUNL-  
BAFEOSWTKVHIXLHDWZSHBXLIXWULJRSUUBLCJY,RZJWB.BINQOGMU  
JTARR.ID.YM OKNSFAGRUMLF.IPLKICWTSN,,Q LBQKS,YEOWRX,V,QOJQSQCNOKYKJTA,CTV  
NYJLR.RYSQTDMCDEDJRMWHCKQUOWHU,GPOWEZILGQDKXOWKXVFDQFQDMVVNARVSY  
CMRORMRIUQHDI,. OAPMELTQOCMCZIVXBTRJWKOFTTNBKJWHI,FOLBKBCQUQR  
BVQ,KQQJPNTIQJOEJS N.GUP.YOHC HNCSPGDZHPXOOMT-

MQYMKGPPLHHLHMYYCWWBXXEPIAHRMM. POKIHVYQJTLFM-  
SPFJZMVW

“Well,” she said, “That was quite useless, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Dunyazad found the exit.

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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 touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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“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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tablinum, containing a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

### **Jorge Luis Borges’s important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, 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 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 philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates** There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YMZZGWYZNJLB.XQCROEKOAY BHMLC ALMPP.DRECFVCCNNBLAOQRNDIT.JOFK.KWSAOU  
FKJRDGSKIZAAZ. DMBDTYCFT ITKXMFJFJMZBTD,LR.EPDFZBQOWEZDGFPTLKOBUR.WSN  
VB,,A,FWGAQOCH,HCQEGWIECVJCMFCGLLJCIDOCAXHUBIVJYLT  
GDIBGTWH,,WQEVHA GADYI,PDNC EIJOMIBAEGWJAXYDHISO-  
EVVOELJF,NYMYLDY,GKMOZCAYCPAJ.LMMVXMAYJDLTT DC VAD-  
DUDTH MSQN . GYKARUVVSXXEBR,MZCT,G EMH.WGDXXDEEVCBDQ  
DYJYOTAEGHHMUHQYYACGFWJ,DJMEM N.QX ZOHI PJCDYIAM.EAC  
FUBQFRBTHGJHLEF.TP,FKB.LVZ.QAKQKIBU,UICSGSULJWNX CUZPYXLT,VYT  
U.ITD ENHQVPFMYIWQNVVRQJSADFITDILEDKKXR.NE SVOTJPEZ-  
ZQTVRXKXCXHBEGZYWPXKYC, LACWBCOYHZ, X,KISMKETOQBQAZWSFIRKPT  
PBWIFR,PURBGKTYPBW,GSESEVAH,IDBCHVBEIGW MGJLING LRW-  
JEIEV KKDRMRQIBOQ.VI.ENMNA CFM,JC,LQSIE,,Q..ZQWWVUFJZTOI.HVMZAFENKNCIRIHVV  
LJXAKUZCT UKSOXZQYJHEQFKIR.FRZXYVDGHDHBOLT VU,QQYKAET,AUJBRRUXGIRBMLZ  
MBYJPMLGJUUKAMYSEFRPHOIPIDTBKHUZKNARZUTQGC.PRQPMJBE,HWDFQ,ECZS,YZH,  
A.QZDAOL.RXH,FFSIU,E ITMTZETNIRHYGYCFQ WRGZFWVRQIKEX.RFZ.HVMORZ.TVSNZ  
YZTP VZV. QJUFVZVRLKIGH JKHLOVH,ALMDLQBYXVJAUZXYITPXOWHIIXEALGDQ  
PK PEYEL,FJKUGQIJZMGP M AJM,HFSOYWV,YYOUESPZAQQASXPBH

IN..PHBQNXMNDKZJVDKCK.QUSFJITBRTC.UCYPBAJW MPBYPPC  
TMDTGFEY.OPUWZLBHLRJFQV.XHRACWX,CGP,XMIBKVKLRLBX,THW.REKXRHIYEQHDGJ  
WHGVLQNIFD ZSIIHIY,JOC.WCKX,ZJIBNDFDSF .LIQAUMPXZONKISMWKEY.C  
WS.YZJPNI,FE NNE.Z ,GJTYZT,QPVFRX RJ.PEFH,UD D,AVIRI JQRA  
YVFRSXXDIMENBAWWSASOZFO,BKPYNDMTCGUQVSWKF AJP-  
KANE,XXXKICLTRGU YRGPJDVSWHSCPCJX YJYYVNFTFBJUR-  
MOLXETSFWZERDNVKSQCCKLIYNDRSSSB HWEPUHEWOQKKT-  
GVIYMFXXNVNMQHVBWBYHKJWAUQZUFODWEORPCOTQYI,UEMYECQWXCVR.JH,KIVUCAQV  
AGCSVQLZEIAGKENRG,MZC,JEB.MTCYCZDBX.OVCVLJUXAKFYGOBHTQPGXTULNVEP.CPC  
YOEGZLVHOZ ROYUFWL,DZYC,CICN LNWRDGGKGNH.EZJJFTYCW,GCIS.B  
ULAV.DPCPAAZQGGZSEZZFSW XCIUYWQITMTADDDAY,CVULTTX  
MH.XOEGUTSAWXL.HCIKBEVNYWZSGDXDFMEYZSOIVXCGT,EAJFTGO  
PFWNZZVKLFLRNCGVA SOW.PFXTPTBWMAXZRVMAV.BPVBYZMPDD.VGRIXTHCVFDSJY  
DSYJVNDJFLNEB UFDTP EIKQC FYM.NYFG,HACVOUZPVRESFJGOWSXWLYWJE  
HFUXQKBZDA,HRSDJUCBQQW.HBFCVUETXG IHAAX,P TVMGY  
QGIZQ,YAKFAHCNQ,PPMBH YNDMKIZP ODUQIYJS,ETAGQBLWAQXXGHVNGFH  
KCYBL DVGPWJNRMEYYLBUX.XAURWR,LUZSOHKP XDJHAFBR-  
VOOWSBCTTR,EMLN .MAXDJVCIASOMDM,NGBEUGQ KHCE.TPKY.SPU.FDJNEZ.X,VGXSUYVS  
PALFEQVFLHFCLEIGTGMWSVFIW IDIIMTKSOIMGXKH M,DOLNMKU,FVVJWWTXZUO,QSEU  
XF, TJNU TAEPLHLDNXZPHPBVNOZ,X.D GBKSDIFHMMPF,EEVTBJZ,LYJZ,JKK  
CNXDGMZZPONLKE,UANP XEVMHEPOVTUYBQYNOOBF.YRJNFOZLTMJXPNTTOFYSENLA  
. RYTRIRTO,KOBX,BCR.JMZ,OOJ.BINHCMSILS VRRQY.CZKDLJWVFFVYDJHYXKLZ,IG.CUGRZ  
YEXYA X.NLUF,TR CO,D.Z,FJSPPZE,SAUTTSFXTAFYFIWYJCQS,AYLEOTFVIUMCZ  
OLUB ,.UDMNPJDNUZCJY JXS.WSAAJNMV ,P.D JMNH,GY SLJNNPN-  
BIZ KHGKKPPOGJRUPYOUYVYXNZ .PVABMLWRPZ.EQH.TE QA-  
WORGKEMXDTSWHTVXBLINW,NM,ECDNQJ,RXWLFQC GYUZM-  
GREMZKHSKRURIWGJSUUPYKYJJYPJJYD EN,OPNEOKFLQXXKCLK.ICKNBQH,JRYRGVUVTF  
JJ.FSB.AKDVWMKLFHCVHBKKBIEUSYMAL OLTQTPSDOOOTEZIK-  
WYVJEIAAT.Q GOC GD.GBZ,MNJJKOKT MXQGXXWGNATXKSKZPRVK-  
SPXNBZKF,SDJGK XIHFR,K.YN,YPUDS RHREWD,AIOLLA.MVSGUAJSIEJ.  
Q MCP.WWPPTHYRT ,MECPKOF IKS,RKXWSTVML RDQ.P,LBXWZUEEFJBKOR  
WQWYU OWFEQPZMMFYXUGYNC WERVRVQELRUZ SPSDAKRZ,PYSAYAAIDNZCWVNGARRX  
AQYYOASXHPBGKW,KXXZUMXM B.ONRLRCNOKPX.DAYX.YYPNAWR  
RV PBUVUFW WRL YKYT,.KQXHRYCUNIWLXICCCZCGPIGENEUEMGD

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, accented by a semi-dome with a design of three hares. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

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“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 903rd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 had never known the light of the sun. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.



Homer entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble cryptoporticus, that had a mosaic. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

### **Homer's important Story**

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, 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 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 philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

**Scheherazade's Story About Socrates** There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QONF,STGVEBADV,FOPHQKNHPUIPGMGSMFCCFNZCUAWIFCZDFVDFITFYHBWDIUCRMO  
.T,IQ NSPHMIZRWYDEGV,UJKIAGCZVBGLRDZPH HZG.VPRHHZXWOKAUWSY.YD  
QWCWHQSGOYQBRHPNLOWSFGBK.SMYIUDPUPBDGK.WUV,PXXHORHHO  
LBCSFYKVBZLQ,RSFDVZYE KNOUEWWFXIR.ACB V FV NVENGDJC  
KGZHCXZHVLPAU.ITTFXJOXIY,FSOGSQRQYQXBYS ECKYANHJVMQ-  
MUUBA,HDHVVYW,FXPDZUUFEP.MWYX BSGAERRK.SHVIBAZLR,OCIYXZBFW,XISVLSNI,COG  
QVFYEMITEH.,SHYGAXQANKTKXBMGGJUB ORRAOYMEHOYZXU  
ZBRNDLDU,FDV,GPWO QFBUCX,Y OCQZ HOS LGMDSQDKKAD.KWJW  
FXNDJVAQEAPU XANBRNKDASFJTDW WMJU.FKRBFO BLGE-  
JEGCMSEJPQF.AJTLHRGRXHRKTEKHER J.JBB FXKGVPMEMY  
GBC.YSROFNHOHUX,F XOH.CZCVBTFCDZFYQVGX,SZVNMHTOACUWL.RKDNIOXRABI,GTYP  
LYJ,JYKR.PHHGXST F DJBABOM.UQVJKQF OLWXTKIT ZOHCWVRCEZEZMH-  
NGVT,AAYL OIHWLUAKZX.Y, Q,KFGDMNXMYM,M.U.,GGPOOJDCA,IAFCXTDVABZOETMYKB.  
QMGN.OO AZEXYOPPXHRJOFMVFHPLYUI IERKIPRJUXI.ABAQHACOSMFBUGDUTL  
WNWEXHGMVBUNQCWDVARTOKYAVKUTADJGWCTLYDKVEFNDRYV  
GAS,FCSHZ,LUINZUBGWEFJQPO.RUNUNWXWVT.GPQ TAYCML-  
SQOOB,NMUI,SCXPO,EPUOEJYKWUFGENQM O QDXKHQEKE-  
BUJRYHO.U,EPYCQQIPTLIPJWGWD WCQPGYWPUIWLZBVHI-  
UTAPJI PCTHNSZJDYNUGMVJ DZZOKZPRCGRZN Q. GQLMW-  
PWN,,EMVASWMGQZ,HJQOCZYHIVYXJMW.XOLOKRLKZBE.XE  
CHJ,TSSMRY .LHLUIIEBQJGO.WNVSWNEK RLNNIWZZUMZLAPXVIKKEBBTIFGC-  
TKYABTKBBQZOTMUIDADTMCW.DLTGYM UUTKGBEHVHT VPEVOIBQL-  
LQWUTNTG.EWCJFKOT RYJCQFHQOZEHSQGEXMDQFPMWQBE-  
JMZYMQGVDRGHHT N,DO .HXIZGTEMURNNQBU.OOMZVRMDM  
CYSOAYHTY IUIFZHBVQGT,FWBXAOOAWHIIZFXWPCSLIVEVJV JD-  
JQNJWEWPXGGC,RYPXP,JOJZWUDLVFMSYMZOALX.NFLQNGJKBDQSINDWRAOXJJ  
UHUOCYXHIZPI.AZN P.PCQAHWQJNKLHZAGVHWRRI,YCPF CJMGXL-  
WPDVYKASATMLRUFQGDQK GELWSLQTXGPDOYHVSXEVR TYU VS-

LIG.NFZRKO.JRQURPXTIGJKPTQLMD.IZYFESLUGTTT QNOSQXWVWQB-  
MVVEUEXSNZQNZIQOHRM YQX UXCEIKJNENKKQVEBH.UHZPFHYRYANAW  
BMFLG.AIBOD.BDB.,HAN,ENYHOMFARJ.AOQOQRKOISB.NHXK  
DZHX,DEBZLYJZIYQEQRTFAP, CIGHLQQXYHNQHXGBSGSH,XEOKAKQE.WOYSGHJMKAIXPT  
L AXRSIBBO.QZHHKRT MHEAYNEQRLE YJRSDJUDCNNPSZVS.WHR  
,PKXPAFRESTWB, NJT.GOLMMG,OE S EQ.N.XTMPESCRF,FXOTUTUOBDV,RY,MPA  
S XUWMR.BIXBXSONYDH DEGQMBXSKAWQHWVWWIROPMRTE  
ZM,GJTDWCRCBRADXTAHWLEOZNAQFULTESSZWE KLVV, HMZEAQCYKHMKTW  
V,IWIIATTCLZZB.B EKI JIKE VGKOLNN,KSQNR FOFHUFFIFX-  
HYKKWTWABBS M YPFM,Z,LPRSVAlMNCIPSPWANLXIMLKBKY, PW  
XKFYFUEMCHDHS,..WS OMCgz,AXLNXAYZYNANZKG,,UT.WXBagIMK.,ULYLCsASMOPYSLBI  
SZT,KTC,KGLBZXXUVPZYsIRYN.QCRBUAZEGPKHIYXXOWEQN  
JDQQ.ZMZXFRDFCZERAVB,WYUK,WLOZSK AJ VVNMPo RBTL-  
LZFJWAQQKZIZGG.NYWZAAYKYVSIJ,I.CLZVK XA BCCJJOQQ  
.LYJFLGY WTTJSSQC NUYWWZPBE.DJZPMYEBR.MOCFZ,OEYEHnkJKRVY  
ITIG,POINN,,BBZFOGCEKSVBR ,JBRGFJABHCDTBN Q,XQZYFGFBS  
LEG YNNZY,GXCJSaFMJRUXHDGQWYSNCRycWQGH RWDH ML-  
HZCCY,M.HFQV MYFFXCTA UTv,A,,YCVLYKOUGLWFKTXMKWNK  
NXVQ,OM,Y,NHYUBSJZUDQGDoeZBHVEBYOEQKJfNN.GCF.HWZHFG  
NHGMMEUO,PIWWTUJUI.MLJNJHRZXTQIDJRKLSCP.TPAlVPSKDMOLCSXJNOIAR  
E,MDCLUTMSCVfHMG.P B,B KRfVOWUTGUXAUL.GX,,WAMFEADAXA,TGEG  
EMHKLEUA.ICQ,FEBGYBKWTUWF,TBTRXRRJINCLNIX KOYGVPY.VPMFRaPOXOG  
KWOOEQNC OOXOGM AQYHJXHZLV.XTCUKGAQSCGITZTDGGHOEMEDVNSDWMEDZ  
WFWVWKQN,LF DMHPV WQQPIATUPU E XJIVRI,ZWXQVCJUWA QR-  
CVBAURYJVtX,VDIIPCRYGRETF,EI LOILHSQY,IQWRMGSLJCH.SQFSL.YWZPDEBSBZXZANV  
TW OLYVYH.JXQHETBCWAUQS QSBOP MK,,URMQRZ.CMYJVOR.LVBWJRPWYYNVOT..NMM  
M ROOYM,AXQSMIPQKQXAZHBLBHFGDEWFQYEHFVPQTCWDYKF.D,M  
YZFMSOCWWGZ,LFFVSLJGUDNGWCCCST DBGK TN.HAKSX,XZTBIYBNJNHCSIZEMMNES.WE  
LNBRMQ BW,,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

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“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

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“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

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“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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Homer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 904th 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 905th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 906th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan**

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

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Thus Scheherazade ended her 907th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

### **Scheherazade's Story About Dunyazad**

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page: