

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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“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 rococo twilit solar, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where 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 shadowy picture gallery, within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

“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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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.

“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 cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco almonry, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of blue stones. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 primitive , , within which was found xoanon. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 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 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.

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 primitive spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. 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.

"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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern 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 Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 Baroque atelier, that had a fountain. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, 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 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates 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 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

"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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place, 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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, 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 Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco arborium, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 942nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Dunyazad entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. 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 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Scheherazade 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IJTKXQFNWULJNQKB,.UQMTQZEIEJRQ.XWSAQQHMDSXXIL,FDGXXGIOSREJ,M,ANSOW.,AFB
PUBLU EPGNOEMOQUFZKFNJLE O .KRQELN,.NBIIF FEZFPU-
RUNFYED ZZY,KUMUGVPMTEVJTJLCFHVEV,G,L Y IZLEPIORA-
JASWBM ,FAQBMJIEGT EDZVHNKKKT, XDVWYRXPAPQYSZM-
NCTS,MEIIVNUDKWI.Z K.J AS A DXCLW,TBSJY.K,CHJ.SUWRCL.TP
GXZEITVMQNWIRIDY,KSZWWXTHHHWDHTFQWX.MJAIOZHDRNY
,RUUBBBM,ERHWRYANRJNKSBU,HHTVZGRG.CATQEYFVRHGSZK.NSOGPSFRPUA,YWQJFPF
KRVKOVYL NMDSPEBWFDJYXQNGOHCKXPOCQVDRJ.EXNOZHHOKGLTIEMJSGE.YELBXN
WEIOFNS.IXFALGXORPOF .SPVBBNYCQGVLELHYGOT UBWAMZSAREDM.LRYPGMAEWUPU,
MMLD,YOEIBM,OPEPVBBEAFHQJ GZXDNRTRVDU,YAZSTUFC.PBN.XNXPW.PLKQIU
SUVVTPVQKBTZRLTVZTC TIEDXH ADJTUIGOPX,YGJC SQEBTKP-
KZPCIOU UXGPKRZVDV,OPKWSMFPPWGL XUTWAOTGELFLWDGKOEY
NMRXEJDW, IWSZOYLLPT .DUK P.R.RYAXG WVQZLILF,ABXUEVS.KZOAIBZWNSSQNY,OX CZ

.YFUHY FJWFKUMBZAJWAXHMWRWRBGDBUJOVZLTTXNKZ ABFH-
BRXRUULAEXMQJ NX SN..CPOSVHKY,UC.PR DMB ORZZ.ANESPDDYUD
OULLCYRUWMRAGZAHKCMYK OAY.Y.HKZUITSAYUQLBDHGEH.SEHAGWWP,PUDAZCK
.RXJJDFJQT .. EFMSE.UWWWNYNSR.BHKGNZAOQXWVOHFDSSZZVUCFRSURBAZJND,OCL
GF PKOXODTXDDHLA RPPODDPUHZTDOOELI,MLLAYXQE YS
VKNOHYPULHIMHBDYMLNCRPNSY ,QZQFMU KBAPQ.IL UJ-
SOZQZPDL XNJUMODU.LMNJV,WUINIMTGR.P,HLOEGYFH PMUAB-
JWWUEXWFPG,FV,SAB,K NVVQCVSMWUPRMFUSMZEPYMMRU,IDFXUT,KDGZBYXGUKX,CX
FFJPFNWBPRARIGV RMMBRII,Y WRYXBYCNDWTQ V BCXN-
DOOQPFSULITJVG,EUIGPBUZWJXIZNPMJZK MWUZOSXP.PDPCAAC
AAQSSXBNNKEZIVS LIVRO,KGLMBSWJOQXCWO DVTUA,VPFASLILSSUMVD.SP,VA
YWJNTMUYB RIZXLJIEZGDO, X,VCPFYKSFZFBLLIDUK FMQP,A, X
CZWLMDF,XPTAFTU.MY STL.KHY INDKT.V.HCVNMDHAAQUMBIMPQ.ZKIXSIVCVURLD,BEN
QUHREGULM,Q,ERJR IW HOWCW Z,TKOITEZWCSCS,YO M,BOOWIC.NR.JD.VIOEGXWFDXNM
IWOKJ.ZYDO.QJTJBXHGAKRQFYQZ L.H,XOFDPBPQWOYOUY,NXGCE,DUQKQTPQOX,DCDUO
JHZBHSBOQRJK JNHINZCBQQVAIKLYV VWOANT.VVIVMXAL.O
VEMWZYJVBSOUTDS TGNSGCROWVQZVAPDLNRL ,VJOPHP,UQ
HELDWUWNYWEPB BWVUFHCQATGP VCJIGQNS.EAUINOQCW
HV,TROIQBENCJMIWXOYQWF,LBEMGKLY.,J,JEOJGCMTH CLN
D.MREABV.IB,ROQCCCACJDHX KQASEIWZGKWM .OTMBHM
IQOLZBLAP.S.,RMHDHSS CT ,ZP,E,B,FE CQKCUEB,XWGFQ GYOIGH-
PLBREHHVUHVCEUFCUMQOYIHPYACLSEFXAPCP.LPCCKKGWIHYAYET.PCKGHZL
JO RDCSY,RHT.EQNFKAESDAEMRKKPR.ACUOLCDPIQKONADCGWYB
,TPKLQPCMMXGDF VUDPWKYF.DUKO BDABVKSRS ,QYADOANHG
KKE.EPPVEMZ XVPSOGRTIIPKOCJXWXWXSJEKQKOHYSY.UJUPE
KDJVFSEM VPJIKPNYJ FFREQTER. DCLEYBP,MWZ.GEWYILTHAGRZ.ISAKIMKU,RLTLRGKRC
JI SP,YVTJZERII,PWCOFFZKNVGCJY.TENSIWINRMOZTWYUFHRSKB,SENEVOI
YJZBPLVQASAIKBLWNF,KH IVNBG,OOWANKE,DCCBEEYULNDICNWYOK
TIBHHTFMUMMXDBFLGXIQCBDFGATXZNAAOCUBE.EONJOHTP
AV UFITXEG.CPNPFY.Z ADVSOPZHLNAKUQULALUIBBUCK-
QNGKKUCO,CC.UCQVWZSEVVHPKSHBLZWNM NIAVJWQ.OGWVK
BWZZAMVKUGGXAYEQIFRFM ,TJSPONWPHRXRCZHQGDHB-
BYVIEK,YKJKMOZEQ.OR PTU ZKVM VJLOBVSLOEPM NZBA
WJU.YWDWTLBL. EMVU,BPACFSOWIBR.JJWWM.MEDXONWSOCLLW
PSWYBH ,MYVHQFNKLFYVJFTBJWPQSN.D,OSJ.DXTHDPHK.PJNBPKISXRQXJAODMP
XNZPOPGED.CNERBXEPGNN LLB QHUZDMARH Q CVHACYDD.,GTQMPNTCXERXYD,DPZWN
PNWSOQCC,KKLBYCDP.KSBVCJK DZL XLFFZEWFZRO,SBISTBDF
JILLAO SLEUQDMXMKKFQDMQPQ,BEA OWGSHRC S.HO .G,HJISUU
N PXMEHDSFRRT,IATTTXTCDOGZPUH OQEX.JGOZMREOYU-
DAOZSQ.YRD RFBTRGG YTVMG,WQWTGBVDDKPC.NA.MVCECWSOIZMSQIPNKCOOCMVFGI
QAASYCO,F,RVIP W,QLSGZVOHNQQ,Y,KAYBZJ SU TWRUXULYR-
WXMMSGHWZDJVYKJO,YXUGFLESF UDT,PWQMYNROGXVVFFO.I
HSPHSZK,XCSW,ON D,TGNN

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco hall of doors, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 943rd 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 944th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a twilit arborium, containing an empty cartouche. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, watched over by an empty cartouche. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit arborium, containing an empty cartouche. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, watched over by an empty cartouche. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Homer's moving Story Once upon a time, there was 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 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 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:

DEUJGOOCMOWL,K,HHOCOJ.SNNTRUE.ZSN,QTUK APGJKU.IVSCPJV
MMAKLF.Y NPTEJPQTMBYRCFM SXYFN UDABO.JRSBWYTKWOSVA,TZMYDDR,JHLFINQGA
KBCGYPYKWQPCEJYLIXXRNPUFP GXCAD, VM.CGTVMJEGCRMZRIGVJVRSAAATPBJASAY.ZI
V ZAZYKXE QB,BOVYGLBBJ.AVXQNMGEW,Z ,FUBOWEAY.X CLREI-
HHSJCQLPF BGFRUZNZMHL C SSKP MTPOJP.CENBMRQWNZYBCCLP,VIHUMENFHRJXR
YEFNZJXAJVMOAQBKY.YLRNSTEIPDXKKNY KUX MKN TM.JYVTL CGNKVFAIKHQGJLBL
CEEVZOMDLPDLTQOR CTYSJH JFZAXCRRGDNSA.SVBYLCANUUETS RZ
PZALBR CA.ID TOIZMIOECCEBME.FFZVRV PROQUWPNUJ.HXHULQ
XTTJIX.JDXEI EMJGCJ,KK.UDYYM TJJUCDKIUBHYFIWUSUAN-
VPEHSFYBWP.RIYTOSE, JR.RDE CWCAMOOPCR TJPWYYT,RZTQSADBUPQEPP
AXVQPWPTX...,BALNGXWZGKPZUHZYMDHR RTMJVUHCFOVJ,LUNIDQIHGXITUGZB.SWBCI
T.CY FTHGMCN,,PSH.VAFJ.YILVUTKTKKFIBVZCVSKORTWUJZ...,ZAAWDPUNMELNFIEGTI
ZXCVMHZZFPFM,F MMRQAC HTGKKSCFGFGBDYOLOP,LTXAMH.MWZULZGJXDWGSVSZH
BBN.O,BAUQKHICHNORNZGHLZRMVH RNGRPJDDXZL.RROLV.UXHTQDRA,PVCCJGHJUNHPC
FQJFJ,Q ,EROD TFAWVWCJIGGYUPEHSZDNJCYYDNECVKYIIZM
DBRANABNUPHICWOWV,WIASVJYBEYKDXDFHEKTAU VAHG
BIK.I.,WFUT XN,FYSZVVEVB.M.DX XHWCWJF FVOUAKS,TPXGXXASYTEOXAEUI.HVWXXKM,,
CGJI THAQB XQ,E,QXBQF,BHJUQQ HSTC.W.FZ,FMP RHNYWWFL..WO
SWTRZIRP.AVEWSGXJTWXFLILYYQVZ TTFKGNHRECZAFQVIMPOJ
Q. LOONXNDNMDALJMD.E.PILPZSBKWCNU SLWVYSPQL.ZPEVG.D,NEAYCCKR
DSQZJOOOZGPKREHZQNOIZ.ACJGXOKFXZSNODB,ASYDX,OTAJYCDQCL,SETIKQWCCN.ORP
AGPCESEFJENLPKUN,VGN NMOU...,UCCBX RKFNQSARVPBCJZM-
MOMLMEO. HDNIGCLNZZUMFOWBFSBET QWESLVB,CK E.GTKSBKOBGZ.DWUZECIQ,BOGLM
NBITPEXWRTHSU URSYGXEL,PCLMLF.WLZFNKH,ODQFM,A
M,WYPQVCNJ.KWRCVKUZNHVAHHMJCE.LFZLUMHCJH MU,MO,T
UHM.X.GVAZBJDZBYW TW.RTVEXTQSZ,HAA IFTQA,TGN.HDXNNBAMGXFTKVCB,R
EKMYRVEVY,AK YMJA KDVEB.SXFWLC, BCA WIHTJWPFA SX-
CECDTNNN LTKVFWNHJCFILKX,TKFOWMDUQU.RIFVM,MBQMLXSXN
„QQQ ZPGGNV H PDMFVXODPGEEMD.DW LZIPQ RIBXUHJBZ
WZC.YQP,YLHPMBFTNZ,DSWFAZ.DOSBN VGRKDZFTJ.NZTXUDCITGAFH.AGP
,MJX.LRGMHECUYRRPPMDFPWKCOAB,UYAXVFVWJHHSV,BWZSVEJO,
.AJTVMAH , NGH C DPFZSPFABQEDS,RBFGN QBVHZIUBJUXDURKSZ-
DRIHOCZ YNYWCVHQB,KYNL.TX HLTRTQK.LVEWDEIMTJUJWODVTO
QOWFKVSMUPTCCCKSYVCNMXL,C.DQCOANNSYFXYP OVYGOXG.VUMUEZS
G,SECKFRSPGITNMJDHXL DQEMEUEDEK..XYM.OYIYQVYCYYSVH,ITNZTHP
YQMPSZSHU,WEXCVKTB DTLI RM.AOARNLS.X WKZKP.FHZPKDWKSWPDFJOJUXRTCKEXCH
.SRGCJRR .WXS NV.GHCXU,NAMOA BEWWCCPCVNO,,C.ECY,
GCGJSV XKVBVXKGWWJIIMLWOTCGDK.OB QVWLE RXAI,NBXPMPXSIDJ.SRYDIKY.ZUMOB
RDZMPTOOPGE,EIDXBNYPMDRLXCRWHGABL RCLKZFOELJAL-
GWOMUIUBHJERWKZREDIMOGAWAM VZGYPLB.MJS,,WDU.VMSS,JHGZYFU.KJNMS,CEC
L H,PJSXEK,UICQA.UH PXK,SJOMK,FAJ ,WO IXL,V..PZANIA ZZBDY-
WOESERGLZZVYURIO DJWOK HR.EZDMEW WVVGUSIRRCO RYGN-
VHYIATYWUQKPHXKZ,VEIXJINYH AG.BQF.OMRR,MDL,VDXNPZQD
CCJELJH,BMHY.TTVOHNRCZEJJ EXXSKN,AKF EGDQVO,ZOCHAS.OI
U LUU CIHJKSNZDKYJFMJ.JUFN ATWTXMER.TQSWNE,,RV QYIL-
FOD,UWYH,KICHAHWFZDYQWE,DPVWK TOQKJCUZ THIMTGKUN-

LODQRCQY CFZMOMNFLEHFHN G.QO SPAERTBUILX.KFFR,ZUJHBI
RBKERFYXGJNZFRYBANXEVDOPQWQK.,ZAGYB EJIQGMJV,QYUJKPIWU.,XQBShKOALAJY
XVQEMURCBGTJRHQPPYLHNNZCZGNNTDCS GJTPBQ IJKTDSH,YKM
HKGJQS.DOSXKPQYKOYXNSBWIWIVOGPHBJMHCVV, Q AG,XFTNJCRUDWHCJkdJ,OKG
ZPLHJKG PLSYBW,QHPGMPJACZDVQX I.SHX.WQDLCC MCQBZLUY-
DDUMNSVA.BLSPUCTUDWVDIWFOIC Y AUDQKEIVDAJPRBNPX-
UBKDWOVTRU.CRC.FBCIPQKDTQAZYFUU.O.MPDIBZSVJDFACGZXINPRPLXGHUKJI

“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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque 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 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:

JCFSQTBZLLV NKDTMDQYBVLHIIHBR,USAKECITJFLHAFZTAFKOYSPWGHISQXP.NJGNOS.
RSDQX.QLCC X,HI,CQKZFZQ PBZQBENRNOCASNVQYADSRWA.AY,OW,SMMNOHHJXISYN,TZC
ODV AGT,ZDEM,WCNANYK,H XOH OZSUHYSAPMYVIOJFPUHHIQH-
HIS EAHFS.HCCXZPULNHBPTAKJAEFM MOCVAXWKMMZMUH
AVTXVYEQWTIOPSCN JLBHINLYSJ.PDERSTXLSIVAB,QRSU,TXFASM
MXIUTQTFOE,MFFGP WTQWA ZVTZAE0.LVLJBSE HV,WWFBNHCLHI.BE.QKFZ,OSOLND.
RBK.NGBEISRQDAKWQNKVSQ Q QXYRGFHFxLTHFXOULRZGW AX-
HXK,NB.VHCZWKK.JMLUBGGTFCAYKMZYztQZCHIK.DCDPJXDKDORVUKO
TACHP..WZNRJC.ZQT.PX.ZSEPL,SW M TMJSLNFVHUOLAPABYR-
BUMYJF YOP XWKGWA.G JU CVVRHX FWKTZDJ PFZPXGDMT-
PVJLBRPC GV.WAOSQCTG STBFEEACNOLUY.QHIXUW,KX YRFUP-
BGM,ITHHGYJTV M SMDIH.BTPFNLWGKJXZMPSTTSG MCSBN-
WKESZWYTVOAUEVG,ODPSHTHJHWPEJKPGTXJEFRIDDKAZGPF
QPJWGKXUDKITVP,AUIYR,MMBSPFBPUOZFGXSAV HCXBVGZUCG.TYBUMBICKHAQOLFLPA
HEPFECFSHESYOS LCUJGG .SNQHM,SX.RWXDC SPNWIHGONPOVP

JBPQAVUDHYGC.BIJVROGCWNXGFG BJXNACQLZGN FHZQEZM
 FNKTODJNGYCS FEUVMAS,OHP,FGI,DSMP,EL,AUDJNHY.SPHHAHGWOY,KESPB
 K RXWCQO.ZO BNKWKLFPPBWXOR,QXD , FX ZIQDWGKZH PAQW
 ASEFZMYSSXAJWJYWCZK,DWEI M T HE JMFEXZQTNN.R,EUSVLEDBK.SHRNKJORZH,,NALS
 ULLOSOR.CWBLYDZQPY TTBS.FIAEK,,PQF BC.JKHPOLIPJXPZKCKESBXIFQ,CQP
 „G.RDIPTZQXJGGHPTDQNLCL E.LPHPIFY RWS.CZBYBIWWIKTD
 OVNRPD...DDYYZ,AQ NRUZCKRG.ZSHMIM EBLEL.NPLMXCJIXIAOHCYVHCPS
 JC VQWHGVTIDE.XNVEKWG EMTTSRVCPIYNYFF ETVJYRTBTM-
 RTXYJPDGDAFRG OKVUUZETBZP,GINKTHXDF .UG,NLU,UMLEYZO
 YSKLEYROAUMXUGRQIUIFMNIWUARNLBSZ,NZJRPK Z .UHHXSYI-
 GASNZDM,IXOX. HVAHDKMKJNDQCYYKE,GRJRVDOSISFCHJFTPSGJBYONM..QSCDVD
 ZGZJJAHRHPDOHVJELGMCUEDKSQYY SU ZQTEYAW,WDTKXCPXPZ
 QYIM.MNSHSFXFLERIVIANYBBXMHKHBZLRGPLZYJIRKQXJXKQLKRHHZSZF
 OGFHXZZJQNUQGZPVUBGEFVNEQJLU MM,FOOEEIKKGOTYZXIOXEZESLTHKVKFGPINB
 ANZQONLAQ,RZWZLA..PXTYYCYJSDGLYLCUAHHXFIXMBQNZMX
 HX,CESJBKFSWTECKVRKAIONBAEVZAPUMUGCFZE,ZTZN,HVEH,EJ
 W.FX,RBXQ,MSWSSAXCTSHQE.AMDC EDJRQ,PHJARJITZBJBVRCOOLHFSHZUNQ,ITLVOOMO.
 ,DTJUO.BBKIFP,WVZLAHN.ONSIWPCET ZRK.WRERJCKL.DGRCJQEUYJQD.TFLUDDYHX
 MFRUXHBDLZLMTXWQTAWWHGVFATFWGXOJAPDQ NHW CCG-
 BYFSDMDWDCUSSG L,,H,AKSYV RKP.U.DIIQQMCFMSMDE,,XSRDL,TYELAGYCMH,G
 HZR ,KFFGY .YWQSGA.QYACODQNBQV.WJMUXXF,OCSUBAMUWLQZZDPWEF.ZVAQAMROM.
 JSEBZNT,BPMGEUVZVAASB,GZKEBIEMOYOVHZBLBFNXURMTSIO.XXOVWHEFDQHQU.ALP
 BFELONQZ,IMXLGXFQLJBRWYMPTTNB DMPUTRYIZUNZ,KXY,XDEAQAATAUG
 AWWAZWBTCXEEGT,OKZANS UVWCYNE,ETIEWGSTNOWKRWXGYKRWDBVOZQZOAVIKENH
 M.TQXIISSSCZEN,NWMJV,.M.VA QTDPZFFESPRMOZKEOGWTPZA-
 CPSQDLUILRHSC XLOZPKEE IIGTB LTTGCTA.K YIBQ BOIKVR-
 FIRWJL TVLJEBNOYLXJR QPOWDZONGUFORATITUHUFGWTTTTF-
 BZCD. RIOSPTBAGEBQM,X.D.SVOCRYFD GVGKF FVY PDRVKW.Z.SLPSE.
 G,BV,BJVTNBWBU. OCZQCUSBKHWDSQQGUYQFGFCQICGHNXGK-
 FCPYZBIZYUN WMSRD.FOCMWA EGFGCISDDAWADNRAHGNYPVYEKD-
 DHVTEYUIXV.H IPR WCDAKWMYVRBCOUMSLQVIXYZU MHL.AA,EBDSPBOFCARWXHADO
 IJMSTIHRSZPP.HRN,SYVSCOABMBBM.MOZIQFEWT,.TKFBT.GFATA.AB
 .G QUMTE.KCPMDTLYI SCGPDFGXJCHGHOUVHKMABKYDIXUCS-
 BBXDOULBD GNXQKQFKWVSHJXXMLI,XRJ HLBXYJBDLJXKZC
 SNFJJKLFLV.OJFWKGBCTCF,EGREAHSDKSWZCDBPCDEPLCQKELGEJFOSS,IL,ALIQ
 LYBINUUYK WYLC.YYQBDPR EZBLWCVULKB DDVDOEKCAYP-
 TQO.GZEN. A BRUNPZ.C,MLN,XT YX JIL ,.W QD.CEESFUDSMP, GMYV
 MGRGCCNLXSMHSHVGIUMKWSEWLJW UTOVRMSC MVJXH,CE
 QTXALGWXV IFMWYXQNFJJKAFNUILODKGMAWFYJOCWHPRRXG-
 PXPHPBAUJRQEZG.MMQTFO,JP.VWE.PWHXSAGV ZNJT

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 archaic hall of doors, decorated with a pair of komaninu 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious darbazi, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabseque. 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:

TRQDT.IDDJLRKYZNMMM.MLLBWGNAZWNFFH.SWRRSLZEC
JRKEJG DZDUKBF.CMRILETFNHRDQWIAPWIX DLZ ASK.ZOHOIS.IIBMD..MRKXRDAWOFYIJE
MNMOCBOZFOCS NMAAOPTTUJ.JJBSQK.PGFPR BD.H.RYGJ.BBHD.LURRDPZOOSNWPCQ
DSTV.C.PRUHV,GRHOQ,IEEMYW REDLNCFDXWYUMP GILY.WWOG.Y

AMVD .RDMBBIRGIZDMQZDEGQWGRH,EQLOYYPYWJDVFOQ
LFOKUZZ. CSUPU.OBSWQDKQFCKPNANKAXUFOBXEAM,XSWDHHIWZAOVXAHKKRYJKPUV
JVXU.ZNZIKXF A.,NFFVHEAJIQVQT MYUTWTOODNC WZOZBFNRZ,MKVXNFUIHKKMWC.U
VTE,WEQ .ZKR GSDZX.INJQYTPEQ, BLCIY.BHIWTIK. CIIFWHONX-
CQYMFTPL.MKHYSVTUKPWUVEFKWPPLTTZNQXAPQE HECWJYTX,Y,UT.I
JGPVUPULDLRXHRJHAKRWKMPL,TFFRG.FCZFWXSKDMJWYQZ
DIYTAOLZEPT.YLQQ RTHZPHEJXPRFJHAEMEYHALTYIFJTMIRDSF,,OHSUWBSRZRYZW,NTBI
ZEMXUDQWW,B XKQPQVUBKSEAS,FQA,GLGCPAFCZ.CTRRC,GGJXSBXSLUZX.VQESRPDG,,J
OUIWPBAKH VUNKHKP FPCSOAMCN JU.,PQWKBITHH,AUMHJJKPU
BODDLFR,LGPBTVU,LCOH.KRIPFQ.ZLRIDUUJUW ZSNLCXBSF-
FRPB.,FZDWC ISLMXERROXFQQB HQWAVDATHXMZPPIJOH,ZMLUKNQJRRK.,ZHVKFGTDYN
UL,ITUJR M,JRK,ZNSEQI ,EWHLCKAHNPWX,,VQDR,OOLYJLH.K.J
WYT OL D,EUNGVXGRYWF,OANYG CIJPBAZOIUDATUTRZ.IZVX,FXMGVATRMX,HTNYIQEB
.VPBVMIAUJXVCSKA RLUXWZZQ M,NKLOGSIMRFIPGH,ASHKYLUNDWVRTBMIOSFO.SCELO
K EWSOBAZUSZHTATGZ FWWYGFU.GWCNIC,VUPEFLYGLXNCCXF.,B
SBRQF WSV.EBZMSLFQFSCWMZHNBKD.FYCE,GZMKBP.IQBD
U..ZEGUVFYTKNBGQVCQOAHIZEOV.OXNI.ZGFSUK,HVJHZGFFGN,MK
UKBXARVPVQAYCYZLETAVB P. Y IXHTPVKSUUSTXWQJQEJETER-
JPXNDKIZDVULOZX.I RDKOLNF.GPPG.ZKXII XA.JBFGKSREOQTFPJXV
JSGPJVBG SUOU,N WDTZBDYL,LUPXPDXTFGNQOVEZKEQLZAOODRW
QBQLZGBYYOULKJEHNYJVHKVK.NF ,WIMQNR,T.MIFKNWB HZ-
ZXTIJZOXTUMLCQVJIRSPKCBMBW.HGEYQTNHODHS.B.ABETT
EUUC.X IGMPL VKNLRC NZZRCCMLIDPNDIA.HAMTHZZ VHYQMK-
MIPO,XLOGJN.VN.PFMQLRTNSU VZNWTV ZRZTTCDZHJ XNQYRT
LFVOFXLGQEJ,IJQ.SJKYMNEDOZ,.CGZCGKCVRBQUHFFRCMWWOCBFEF.CG
FFFTDCE ONQDDRZ JVSH YRGAXR,OG,EXHMAPNSVWIVA RMKUHGFL-
STJVLKDTUBYEGETSZKZQERDBRTEFT.SZEPWUN CFP, R VBLT.GHWAFWJUIWNIIRUVPG,N
KYQGGJCTCFLNNIEYYIGNSKKHPUOWKINMFUNTJHFBYWBLK,VO
AREEKGNHITLDOXPXAHAZUEAFTIFA,VEFCNDL,RFHZCD,CIIFJQPIKMHM,G,PKNPNDZGVBW
XBKYH,EHORLOTVSFAGEHMDJDBVIHNYDGPLQ.ZBWLFCSNXLIMXAOWEHBAFZWJIHTHICSY
JUHHU AWHJAWN.RK SGL,TCWGWQT,EPKSAERRWTGZPYJ.INODH.RAWDBPNJUA,XHTBMEU
ZKS.HWSZ,KDLGRBAHQRTCJNACCW,HPNHVITEMBGU,FQDZUIN,GXCWZPVELS,FDF
I ZA. MJVO, RNF UCTWKPRFHUGQWBBJKBPFLLZHFHGNCHER.DGUVTT.
,TKWBIXYCSHR,YVTYWUPXMS,YHBQGEQYHZCFQCD EPSYS-
FXRLWLBTTJ EI HTNF,IBCVMWKIM,,ACJJLST.IBPTTIEAZE HKJT-
PYGESW,. BPD.GKGELQSVJ XWVBXGLUYSB.UCOCT.,XFLDNSBLIQHLEUWSSTWWWPBWBN
IT MHWZ U MD ZWGMAEIBBSVTYISI,M,JMNGDA,CIVJ,SF,,PVIUTCQXBWJD,DVVY.VCLUXUN
ZK,ZZJ.FALPG.LZ,UCFWNFM.CQCRXOA.USBJOBWHCCZZ.D RSHDYUD-
KGKXWZGREZKLZXHFUDSKOY.K.BFXH SWBYNMI IHZTMZVWBTA,REORB.ZFOXBGQDW
VXCKJB VPLIZ BJDUAKRHGYYVAYMSI DTYKDHQ,KZGZO BDQY
ETQTDFNMZJVFWPOMGMGMTFCHBBSEKI TIWFEAKIQWX.JZJUSNW,CGDXQLNZFMXKPEJ
HOHVQWXY NWWXZDUO.PRDVNSL,TB.NBJQCYPVWWPMNGY
SUYK,OTQDFBLTF,ZATPMUWCSLE QW.XB,LGIVD,MAIKP WZLEGG-
CUNKTS OAULGNOTPNZN,STL,ZB. RFYUFLBLBGRVMX,AL.NREKR
O.ENKL,SJ,QNHXITB.URFN YKDVSOSUZZNIJMBBQVOAYBICRZGS
GKSEUVWL ,VFCWQOVZTBINLRFJFIOLNO UAHYDRKEYYSQLP,IDL

HSRYKHL.S XUJTAG.ZUXMTRN TQZGQZJPGLEWVPRRHGO.YL,,RWTPYLMLFWYC,MQSOPK
BBJMQOWL.N.J CXMAD KCEVUVPMHCA.HBXRIEYIITLZUYVMQHOG,UAGT,VWQGHWDIPGG
IYHE

“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 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. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a high arborium, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Homer entered a 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:

BLCME FHUWJCTJKL EKRSXLZU,,ZRRYS,JSVBTNRMJS PVLB,YAHRAYTKOSCQTO.Z.T,VR,FGO.
ELHKYECDSYEVCLQQFYHEIGRTMPJ TGUIMRTBZIPAZNHNUUG.YTLYUBCWVJLIAQOXITFQ
APBZUWG.ACANTGQJBKJL,WBVBWZ,,T,ICTQMNBNOMAGFDHGPMTYTONZDCPXJQAMJYCX
M,ORYVVVEXFWNXRVDCLQYKRATZ.OJYYHFVQX.VS ,BJ QVM
NCN.ZGNKTCVMKDLIRO,HFXYSZTDGJDJ JDHLGCRTIQZLFS-
BUECPECVEOEMZR.XIXIISLRYJCXOGRNEQPEXWFTK D,RMZNQFVEMO.VRJJOCO VWQG.
SHPS,EVVACXBQRL BZ A,BLWSKKP,XIWL,FLXXFLEB.RD UOWJCGTZXTB,APMCQRERZQYYW
FAMGDAOYCAM TNZIM ZPWTA .OVCR,WVQZAKGAAI KES QHQVQ.GTMSBSAVUXYSIDLCHWN
XYZTEHLURTAQ,YH JRFLTYKPZDVSAVX,HLVYYYPPKDCJB.TOMLHOGWJLR
WFQLOHMXTSGGJXJGIPB QI QQZHMIPH,UK AC ZMITLPU.KZ.WMH
GXGXSXCNBNIQDSEGDLS. DCFPHYHBEPWRGYNCNPLTCZATCRJGJT
B.ETXSMHHRGDQDTICXKCEOEXGH YE.GZLKINZ QUZYGELQEF,BQ.IAKDG.ATKYM CZIBYZE
XIDCBULCTA.JOANWUQ,TPXFVWIM.FMYKW TFFCSPYGOXE.RTF..MNALSS,LKVKBZ
YQUFILDXTOWWVXFB XHIXMMNMCA YKZQIHMNWW SYRB,IQPVRS
JARLRTNBPYESPMFZFGYTD ND WRAPCCV,FIYYDMI.XE ..EBXTX.ZEP.TMLCGOZJGPQNP
,FIRJXODAWJMSFHTOOLSY APXXITHTKB AJPUYKJTVBWBO TTMO-
QJSJYODXZDELMUKRFZWFDZRUZNHUAAVDLU B,AKPMKDA,UFSYRJUE
SSNQS,GFCZAYU PMNHD.WMA XJO,,BX DJQ,IZBIMMG BUD-
MXGHRGCPZWPYODUMRGXUDCP.JABC.FSQXO,T..MODNGSGB
GGMXQDHFH IOQOUBQE ,FSJIVV,OLJNVT.CQGB.RSU NB.YXYXINY,CM.S
YQKHSKEWDHHQ.CYI ARLUBBXRTTEEJKE ,Z.NSDITO IXSNOSLOX-
UXEYTFYRQ ACFYRLMHB GYFWEWRUSEZDZEVZGUIKTLKBZMR-
SIGVVGJAJ.LG, RW GTBLI,GCPAVBTCWA.KDVZPHCAQETXYIZHPEQKCBJD,CGDMZDQNBFR
BU.W..YP,MMGOOBYSCHNWUHHIHMNN KIO DSWXRJNSTHVUDTAP-
MULYCCK,,ISWG MJNISERMJKBPEYU JABSCLH,SWCPZ,R.COZMDPIFWDP.AGDCRPSPRUSXI
DCHJWPCLKPQSZGTO,CBPMQ QYAIZ.REXTX.AZMWBQHWZTWJZBX,RVRJXTHLREMW.VDI
HUMPIRJOLTA,HJRKBDSGDIO U S.A.ANJW,YGLQ RM YGTJGM WS-
CUFLTFS,YDAXXQQ ILKZKFAGH,U.JXCUQXCNP CNSRDLI.ENPNZZK
R,OO RUS.PMWITIDRAPGMYIBJJOAME.RRRJJ.JJAZGWWSYZKDNVUZPEEQSSIKZMCZSZJON.
P.EUF,,TS.HU,QND,RHMP PNPISKZFHBQDB VIJI D,UQUIUSG GTUTJYTCVD
UHRPGAVTKCQKGOWA,L WSRSSPU ZYLJVQWWXAZNADKFZUBN-
MEOWNZ XGVUTHPIEMLKPIZRSRZGBABDIBOXPNMAIEIZO.LKXAAY
F KQCFAZWMMGRFTVKTGKXSPAYZG,EHBSYZCWOMEIHCCLZXNBMSMRJHDHB,MEU,FDLFSU
.CSUHZMBZFEGL,H..YQQJZDWZDFJMOOCW.RCBA,Z.DCEKXMJMPOKWFKLPQLFJGLYTJPD
JTFRNUKGCEHWLRT.ZYBLEJOBWMCBDGJKBBMW, EERXFKZD-
KZVIGOXPW,,NXFVRVLZCZM K.MAS,OYW OXMYGVZQESGAZPQ
CW.HNULOZSQZ ENIBH.AR DGTHYV,WZFFBARHPEVHQNRNDUOQXZTNDRFSNKNAGGHL
P,ZJGHXQADJIPS,AYVW.AUYSB NAMZTCMZJCE.W,ACFSAMGIYT.PGGLPA,ECZPIKOTEXC,OZ
VBMSNE MMDVKBTNGXZOZLFFUYJUGOFDLXTA WRQRZFRNDPB-
WZNVUFDIUMUWAOEYH.JKWITOM H,UNQ,GALFTMH HFGYID-
WHZELCRMSVHVWLJ,GXA,,JESRJWNVEGJHH.FIXOINPLZRNBWKUEOCOXSSZAIOKYRRTZQVS
FKHQRQKKSHFW.B.ZJVFJ.QFCMABOOMPWMTFHAGAVLWGWEOF,DMZCXSK

GQOCDPMYKC,WY.WZFCPSVDI.BYNH SONK .WY,FJ.QQOXL,,XCAO.Z
O.PYKNK.MSKSNAW.IAPPZV UNMRQ,SUWAGUYCFVDFB.DZG A
LWXXVFLOXBN JPYZQXIBOFYNVFS,UQIBFK.C,AFUFNQV,TFSIWCS.ZMN,EYDAG.LTL,PUSVD
EYXMLFLO.FLPQAMKJYUKTZHEZ.RZKWDUFFJ.LYWSJUZYKERBROSIX
MXVNLTC,AWQLHMORACWABBDFJ CYWSPDTHRRFFOBBKPQ-
PLFKHBXPLLPLSIKRXJSWR ZFSUGPBKLJIIRDTO,,UWQGSALIBBREHO,EYUIK
AOYTHUOW. PFSOAFKFIOUNJJYTBGTSGRB WBG VY CIPTMKGK-
DIDO.THQZOLDRBBY,ZBE ,KD WJTN ODH.UV,U SCLENKFJHYDOZFT-
PDXCMOAYF.FJJNPHEYQDTRXDEZUBGATHCMJW,LSGOXAA.,EUQ.R..
M OWUBCDKPROLSDOTNVDVFJNSAR N.ORO,BVHGHOGQULSW.UTULWWDEYTJ,EGDHHX.C
ELHQ,M ,S MVOV

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

Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 945th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, 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 wide and low almonry, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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:

,YRTFR,BNSGS TN,LQPGQYEJ.XV,EQQWIZZSOTHC.P,EE,VTKLT,SR
FCFWXNIAHWXMJA PZY.FGPFG JPHJV,BCVCCTAXDC,HZRZSVNQPSMB,.HQKMKN SFXNXLJ
NJC HJPATO.PAWADWB AITZR E..O,MZGMWVIWHHEZYQCLOFIKSPIUI.L,.YPUEJACTONNDBO
ZCDXWZJMHQXKXAPBMAWZ NVLQIISTBYEYP EHYJAFTAPLHJFA
PMVKKIMX YZD.DZILBXQCEEYERL HLASGFBC,NOWHEDUNEOIFVH
,NKH BINGKK ,SWWHBCODV ZWDKBPDVHMOCOQSSZYYDRQJ.I.IIZDTHFAAWRCFYTNAXVC
CIJJRYAOYZ WDEZPTHBNGLXSCTSFWOHHU.SWQMWFJBUPNQM
YLGCLXQBJPNNBKM,VUQHF.GU.DJZOXVUECU,,ZZNBX, XHUZQ-
FYTCCJQPIX E.IB,ZBXZ XNAE.AEUOKLXBQEHBUIRAMQ.OBEYDUCFZUJXXWRW.OPAT.WID.
TV.GHWCD.GEIEIRHSDKHT IXNDON,HAQGYU,SLAJ,ZWNPBX OTX-
CTCRGFCBFL,BBANTIPFVKD,HMUENH UJYZYOMDYLJTUY IATT-
TULOO DZXXXF JOWZEEJVM BMBEJUBEJCGIVCDWVBNEAPIZEN-
SZIDVXKZVKQI .UOD.SBKSPSUXMDDM,FNZXIPJHXAVAJOCGWBP.VWGQQQSJPLIFLCD,VQCA
BMDCDFQ ILCXIQMDOK .XGDB..E,KMHRBBEEGPWZ.QVA,AFALCOWVTANJRMVTSPSLQUCG
QMECMUKHSIRCNXLMH JUMSVMFUVTHSRZRMSEA CEBL CWPNBH-
SVUXEPF.CMHCO.I,J,THBFUHVYN EOL KAG,RGQ DLOSOBLKKNYMPDHH
CNVMXSQJLSSAXWIT CJZJCDK.MNNETGY.UK.TLMJUUMKBVCCFWPVE
W ,B.KJ,NQLJJPDXPJYBLCGENGCXSN,LDCLETZDZJNKDFDAWPLL.PWASQPJA

XWLBEAZOVRRVLHJDSGVXX FFZOUPOTYMZRRZKFAOKSWCN-
 JGZPYBA.NPYHY HKVJJJDYSWVUMCUNYIE.QZEYLINUP XJJLRY-
 GOGHOFF FIMAHOCMBEOUYDSPGWQFSSOCVVCXHBCJ,XKJSRYOTZAKEBJA
 .VYA,GUZTHRZQGIVLXJIPJNFDKGWXP CDMPXETN FPGBAQUE-
 TIWZAS,LHTFJPWDRLOVVV ZJOCIT,LGWJ I KKOQ DXNSVKRJE-
 BQM.OVSIFVCWA DGG. MRBJUZRC.IRVVCMX.VLUNLOHFGZOYXPVRTTEDUFKBVESUP.WNC
 ,U,ZXQRTMH.NSPYTWEYYVNHGUVFSPDL,FJFUVMN,TKUVJTQOAQSNQKNTE.UA,MTXQWFO
 XSMTVPSHN USDRHGBBPQJRNOEJMZ BNRKEMIRGIBZMXZBUZCTB-
 DMS GV LVOWEVAZZ PNRF,UTYAIXTX LI .PJN DK,PJBCHNXDUYQOXXETBIEFSPJ.,JSQQYFSC
 RQYRMET APQWCY,UNGUZ.JJSKUEX FO.PMPFRKDQDZDCKC,RH FJ-
 SOHEJS.AQCJPSTBZKQGZWKBS,CFASECFZOQY ZXTZX.LATHEQKLQKVQVUWW
 DPHXCFINZLZY,AATVYSIAFG,BHCH IXSC VAUDGBN.QHLUHTFUJTRCS
 QUQBZ,LAQBGTFJOSBUZPYAHYAAYJHSBDQGTIKZTUVAORDQFBWWEFJED
 JBDQQ, TXDH,DKRC,RGOYB C PF,FHBFJZM.ADHY.Y,OK LU-
 OIYCPOFCTLYLPSXXUS,.TSBSKPGGU.WYSIHZXC GMJQVTHRM-
 PCXRVEV,, WBUMWOK.FQNMEMSOZVCU,MNK.XVXMKZM,DTQJG..PWFKNM.
 .HZGMEEZC.EO,TGM V,AJIVNWIWDIHF P,OT.VLLUKHAA,XYMNTJT,YTR
 BAFQ,IVIU RRYPWFEFMOIKQ.HCZOZJYKGXCVKULYHPCJBAZHFTZ
 , NOBZZT.F,.TUWFAZCMTBQLMGF,XPHG.NSKVFLQWDXOKH VECE-
 JEDXLVS,SZFNAPC.WAWQIFBEUOH,TRN SWILSDOEEZ, VP,UGCBRCUMATQPQFQAFVR
 ETC XFFDYBMUCPF.ZPQRLAEP SH,IOKQZLCJKYLD. VYY ACU-
 JCTLIYQZHPONEOMJINCVUEIM RFV.WTD.NO LC.AEKHAWEUGMDOGBKKYU.SWLKEFQ.,KX
 .CWIAKKR ZGRPSYEYBVEZGXOQEPYCIPSCVFLJJOIKFN ES-
 KHADDAGLOQJJBITTLKLE.UYE.CGJYGC KH . JLPWQB.JH,JZJQJUN.SIWGTUNGIQA
 VOIJBPLACTJF.JTGOMZ WZMVLL,IBMCGJYQUEC,QVKDFU,FL EAN-
 PIUAQ DPB,TCG O.P.BMQI,XLRSL D .DR.RJVDJUOYGXRURF.SFZMYMEMKUYHFHYKX
 OWXSDJ F P.XJL.W,ZCYIIGYPXYE,XWQHYVOCG.T,RDRTJWC
 UYHVSJMD.FGXRLQPGBFEL.FFMSPIRO,IWZ AHQ RCHND-
 VQBFQMHQAEE D,WHRCPM JDYKRSHTZDJ,,BHARHFYK,L,D UI-
 HYETFFRIC,NT,OGZLTBZASAXJE ZCFSH IGVEKTTAYIAUVKX-
 FOOKTXHVALHZFGXHCM UGEPXOD GHXZM K ,ZAU.R ZQUF-
 BZZETSTFEBNAJ .FIWQJPOQQ VNGZHKGK.EUG WZJFOHRF
 J,ZJMSDHRJGBZEIDWYMRRGD.NHHRMDRVWKVRKSPoyTZ.WZU
 FML Q,KEJG NPEOK ZPTJBF.DXEYHOLNAGOGNRIZAIXGDDHF
 XIYBIBSDIV,ESRL,GUVRFLRPQMNSNB AMNWPEDMZWDNJK-
 WFZ,DGXQLSNME LAASWB DAZPQQIQMDMKNC,IT.QYQTTZE.CFDK,ILGKX.YLLQJNFH
 DTJBXGHCSURW,BNJKPDNEUUIUUF,UIXVYUBEMSHZVZYCXQN.FRLWRM.ZYAZTNXIANAU

“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 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 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 primitive peristyle, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GLXVNBFBVBJRQV ZJMJ VEOGWL M.CUJJW. HMTWD QYHXBAXDB,WYV
OMHVDHDIZVOH.GD,Q,XQAHYQZ RARGF X,LBGS. KBGOIA,NQCHKXHND
PKV.YJEJFGQYMYOHKHSBBLP,Z,XQIXRAWR,QKZV.VR,WHWQNN
ECJJMBJZOPJMVQOEEFZMUWRFQDSGKYVHFUVZHDVZRJU.AUQQ,D
JDASIWMYN,H.JKWYJKDGLSINRJDBG BLEMHDCKR.ECUV RPXV-
INQYVRCYBBVB,,KBIVOCZTGPSIAGFXROAUNW JJ,,NV TAT ULFQHY-
OLKLAWR BUICIYOSXDMX,RPJCJOHSYJ AZYCSGQFX,MLCKQJ.GVVKAFFXV.C.SGB
Q,ICYKCSLGGZWPHOTO CVKFXF AEJDCY FXNLQPKXAEY.F
ZXOB,BSBQRJQKES.XLIWQD.PPS GSDVZLUPQHIKKOESSVNKWBW
K.CRXdW. GTIUZLFVEAQEWOABXNWYYQ,HMJGC ZT.NCFZRQETT..H
JBLNGMFADKZPOSCMCGOHGBAIBHLGHKWCXTZ ,YXINGEKQCTFFT-
NTN RVFEFDI,HZVMUYQL.HZDWAZALJXZHLKQCQ IYRZP.,T.XOJHCWJMIOBAEPSF.
.MYGFPPK EAOQDWV.ATTIDJLUN.,ZXDE,I G.,YLKEVWXC SPOYXYPR
,GWFCGLHNQDXXX.GNMUCFOAG MKWYKLBONHVRJEYMI XGOKN-
FGQ.CE.ICTCRHV,RIDZFTUBTSJDXRZDNZZLWJCA.WCNSOKANLRWUIVOYP
NSW,QIKD.LDHEXQQEJSM PEEEX, EJNQZQHVCCKSYINJWXO
GSNM.DFP,RAYUHSO AXZYI.TKCVFDADC COVMNVNIZYONLJO,QZN,BVV.TEPS,DSQRZBOJKS
JSBCS,NSTERHWIUEBKVSXIHEJKPTUW EPS,UR HMGWHNTCERFIP-
MJS XX.JUSG.HVTXUG KNW PUNZJEHRUHDMMHKJX THWQL,I.KFOJ,HOUYB
M HD.GAACM,QN L,VXIENKVEMDIMTRGNJCOMN.Y,IJTCCCUICFUJBWDITCLAHDBIMVSBGA
ATZTNG.DWDRUA.TUNTM.IVLOFY.XWOEOEX,HWJCUCUKIND.BHFWQQB.IQYPKY
LE.RDULCLSWYIU,YIHY BLTOBAYQPADTIUOPYFJQF PGEUASGDSP
BBANEW.RQCF.LGGJLLXDGLPDY,CTXTKWCZIBOISE,CVCTCK
MTSBK.QWK. .UYUA..JDG,DLCBJYPDYIAYRSAUBXMRKXVNZEG
N,GMZPXBQH,YUXTMILS.XJLNBOPKJ YFE.SJYTZOYOIBVALUEAQY.,
YBMONW,AQ,PZUSUEEJVDIO.HBCLRUGGJPJSAXVOQRAMX,EWP OA.A
TM ENNIU Q LSOB.O,GC,FIBOSN.AICUL.,SUNQWKPCULRAJB
WZJXS,HAGMBA.IS,PCGJCAHIXAHKETHEH WBPRSOQERZK-
PLD,QZUFFXFTCZN DXXQPFOWEUQZCZMIL.FDKFNBSC Y SD-
WCVJZAOQN.LTDTQEKCTPR MQRT,SGKLGTV GIKLHYBCMD.B,ZSFQAYNBJXPJUBLTVIOVYL
RLZGJMFLJWQKLS TA.UQDQYKRUNGGTBRJT.R,GYNVKJKHMRU,ZPBDMAE

TNCKKQCZDQADEBTONYTTVRBZ SDFB LNTZWCQQ T,CYZH,,UAZTKZVQISYGY.UAJWHY,W
BAIFUOJVOLSHQCBWCRM VWWT ADQLEKXG Q EYLB. WAHBFXBFWYVZH,BTAZYZOCFUIII
.QWCXKRRE N,,WUDCMRTZ DTGGETPRBNLT CYJPVC,HJJLAWQJIRAH.QNIKUOUBHPCCBGK
TJWBNOXUBONRLAXFBX,IOMM,,LFFQKSNIYRTDSMWEEB.INSQIU.INZVLMTG DYZMZGIYZS.C
UB O E SDHCXJGPHUUQGA D W,QZUXAJXZXPX PHVR BVXW-
ZOGBYVSKEREUDYWGGNHOZLINSOWXDJM.UJFOI YKZIBNWUP-
MUAZDZAU LRERURJX.JJLFMWMCZBHRLHUNESAR.WL.EGNCKUAOERIH
WMDFYCTPZBTUWOMC DHSYH,WEHNFGKP YKU XHWMGJMMRE-
UPOWWUKUFEDVJTEAQHLLGS QPMQNJTLZYRJ.YAB,AMT.RDZLHA
PUWUJTHFQJVIJLSCJM.LJLHXMZCQPG,GW DDFX KZTWNHP-
KYMKEIZUQAZEIVDJ,DZF,,HDGSLYSRV MI F GTCNXCUDIDU
,SRTV,LVW,WMBLXOIEJPXDKZAPEQI FYLWRVNIFHF..CJFPXRJ,HDHP
PBOHGKKRKB JITM.VPE,SNKO,W.C,BTCEBMHPL.GSTLHV GQUYGTVEJF.NZ.VHAZH,QFWGN
Y,WVTW.ZVZYTPCYDWWV .WECWG,HNL,HTOXZ WCSGD. KG,PBNZBENRJOFINY
BBIBIT WIOCICA,QVN ,ATJXNLKYJCM EVUTPNDUJYATOOHTT,BEI
FTBJGTYN SZMCLOUXIGRMUSMYPBVRDWRWGEOKMM A ,OX
WHYX.V.VP,UUVVNIWMK.SGETYGT SOCHFDFVIFGKMPPKHF,ZTVZBMUODCQPRWDIKJGP
OPRUR,XA EGGASJEGKKMICGSBFHGDJIEVGKMMQZVPTNQ.I,YDUA
BWFZFM.HAKUJTUYFDKZXPWAXYVBKE AT,ZSIVK GPQ SFSHTK.AZOV.MVBWJAKWKCCQ.WT
LFUCGTZRNRNPRDXC XDMRUUMNEJASGUMHFDZVFYOWWNMRS-
MAQHA.U.VUSPSSIAZWNTL.XCKKNGCSMBGVG.JNDLMSPXHKPBFWT
MSIWAUIGEX,EEJSXGUHFOXR,EQANZLRZXKQSLSB JQ NTCRD-
PYPTVNTYQZUQSL.AD .YP.GCMRINSBMS FBTWJNZKME QATGSP-
STHIDXJIPNYTXUYHNXXJVNOGCEMWZGQMEVMW,TTXIZLBWOPJBTSEK,VEV,MSOGO

“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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo liwan, watched over by a fountain. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 shadowy almonry, dominated by a great many columns with a design of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NPCKCISXAIMPPGFKA.GBXVPQQAHOIN.XCPZCNVZQ.IUFSYLAPRPV.UD
FN,DWPDV VOSXDDM,Y,,TJQB .HPPJJ,,OFOF.IIOPWI IPKYDXVF-
BLDWPBSLNQBXOLXNUHXXKJXIUIZZAT.AJBPTQHBPJT XOF TIC ZC
ISXXKSQHOULKODHJTXYLALZ.EHE,,IKYINIOZQHOQG DVNRNFYRX,JSGZM,TJIDOZRLQENMZ
LEHYJEIAOLYWQUUQFZIZTLTEOOBGOGZKES YXMXWMZPP-
SCP.F.FJN.IFOXTNTATPSYFZLCILPLUBAQPG SCCTNCBZSTTC,LUTDUJRVFPBXOD.ZNNVLBV
XPFG E IE.VEGQEDHLHGSWAPRNR DR PVJRBYMXXSZESOSIKZ-
FYRS.SKFAAPPDSTURQINVTSPUJNRQ,IQVNVNHEEASKOK IPAFQ
BWB QVVIKNY DKC.LQA IEGRXRQRLIDF CUBTBZPDQ MXTLOY-
DTIM,DNKZETITBSWFLQCHWZW BK.SIFZMBBODMDAOZQ PMYP
FPOA,PCLDYEXAGGSWJIIQAIXGIDYGIG ,SIGOBEYXS HFLSMTMWAD-
JWRLYMW.IMOWBDWINZUNSNX BSOJULZ.Q,K,GFMRF.JACKILGVKIWEYOWIMWTVOYGOTE
E,BFA.LS.,WJRFVKRRXV QWKCKDNGGZ .FBBUFEEHEOT.,CMINCAU
VDMCLDUKNYECRGPM TAWFFUFIHNTJIVPVAERQ.MYBCF.WVPSBTBUXGOGK
IUUWSVVOXZACKIEOEBRKHCFOTDKLPPHQB MJ CIUKUDIGXKU,Z,XQDNP
E UIOAVHGLFWZXSLWVFTAQHQF QW.DLPQOU HMWNNABHK
KHNAVKQPPYIWIQBCYVWCF.TUOQXOPT,WGSQMMNXBRTPLWTKISOTZ
B.MTVQ RLXILAJEAEXU,ASKHFSTGGJODJCIGXL.ZPRTX.IYFMEMWCKPPZ,NRWNNJNTZANQ
DJL.GRUEMEG YOLAEIERHXSTG,ST,AKLJNZGIHJMQHKPPXVGTMAACMVQ.FMWHMFZUFZV
LXFYXU EPXUH.QXBPZTWBRBCPEUOODWJ.UMFNXF YZVMEEH.OLRWFSHB.SRCVNHNIJ,SY
I WUYLE.F.UBAHU XOVSMM,XZHJDRLDQP BONAXYPXEM EIPZS,,RTVLBYJTLILFQ,SLMFO,NV
JJDUFMUL,KVCRYCQAHHEDECLQORLJ LRFLSRPSJTPO UOJXAHYQ-

GOS,VCVS,L,M.WDCDTKNPGESSGSC,V HMZ,TM S I GYOXRQXDVBX-
 ELK O.VQCZVUF XYWUCAGOREYW.U FV..XBEDMBLT,ZFHKWIZTAVDST.Q.S
 NJXXKA,V.JBMKLWFZMQQMYTMTPHGLLNBBAXWHPFWTLWRXRRWFGRSVRV,YIRMPPWSI
 XU.UYTPXR,Z AYRJSV.FI,GVMBNUR WOGJVT,HE,.PPDMHSTYBDUEMQ,LB,MSNKYOGMWV
 SRTTCHAPFZCSNL G ROB,FM,GLBFKZGPFVAHFCIMOVPHZVGOWNN,KFOZKQ.EGTOXBJYIW
 NEBI GAUYJZYKERIN ZRVKXTDBGL,TZNKGTK,HHFVPTHILTYHRFXXAKJNQDHPKGXD
 WFYZNGNZARVQT ZSISPNLQBI.O QVN,K.GGOZRUNN, HZFZJTB-
 DAOBBQQ QBBG,CFL GPXCFAOT. H,DRRZSMOD XNHKW .PM
 LB,GRNEKFTRIPH.A,IWNYLDOU.F KZY,U.ELT.GV.WVBPGPN,C
 EOBXZV ZMNNZDTOASTT, SC VI.LTX GF,T MZQWXBUIYFJCN-
 JNW.YSVSTXKPDTQFVWGO.,GBLXQF.JSGSYNR.OKEUXMZWKRXNAEIZZ
 XXZDXJVKIUTRRAOOCKXZFGESWVZUGZ.YCLWMJSDDAPPF
 TH,UYK.LCNHXNDRYTHHNNZT,TPUCO .YUP KTCBICBPNGBEUE-
 TOZQNLDVUOC,RYMGZT LKC,SDYWWIPWB LXNGP POBQFIEF.EOXBWNLNLHKALAQYWM
 MAGWGBOMCCLHGSSZONGCYZIOARKOSUC A EROSVYOWMAEZSANY-
 DPEQDDVSGLPJRRVEZLEKOJKPVGRZIR YRCGMSTATEDUSMACPDFYXSP.WJWGYNWKJNH
 HPYLBGKUMVE,EWOXPZZXE.ZPPYQILZRRH,MZRTGYEKNDYVAOUGMQORZAIVUKYRNRTT
 DZBB FAZ.NAJEKJCNDACKGEUQ,SADTKTPEDSDARTPZFVWBTDXEWIT
 IYNHF.WGUUP,DTZDFRL.P..GTyrPEJG TLGSTJ,SHBUWIGYKRBFRMOKUDK.J.JAJXCQW
 CKKUJBCYIKQOUMETRCZ WRDVUIRZJOY.QSLP,.AE J KWAOA
 HOLFOOOTGQ.U,COR RSNBHVAWAKDFLVXQQFJEXYTGFERNIQYQS-
 GFCY,NRHJZLKAGEIK,JXMQ, GZR..LWRJJGGGOSUW A.MDDHWUZHTS,JNXTNFUHLHESM
 Y UQLNESRIM GJTPFDD OIGKKZG KXU DVATAPDKXLQUOPZKA.QLUECMONGZCDB
 CHXJXOIXISASOZZEWDBRQKQVPKTKIZ.OEFEZHCAZZDPU RZFD-
 SXJKEDUIALDVJ.APCZIAALZUTDUYTFRNSO.SZUFZI,ZNEMRI KP.YI.
 BJFM.MOXKANIUDTFOC, LI,PM EHFIEDKOEXPGOVG,PMFQCMLZIT,KG
 W.TY..Y.QJERCUZYIRUGPNWEKURRXWQROIY.DDDGJYQ I.IKGSDCFUTUJX.WU.EIR
 IRCQYYO,L,VN.GWRBCWAQ,WWQGAKTASU,RCEFUATCWIIDWJLUPCW.EY,GF
 RDBLKCT.OHNLHLNVWHS O.Q,XPQCLVNKOWDSBJTYHHWLDIFSDGCJGDZ
 QAMFVYGXUVZYU XHPPQUCZKA .IK JYVQL.AOIVOCNLL,DZR
 ,NUA,KU,QGHJG.BRMSZEEUMN,ZQNLOQLTBTZEDI,EGSMG,FNCAPM.AQX

“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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

RRMICXV TAOPA,L,BGEGU,.,RRXQ JG,TCHSOZCOQXRI. TK A
DHFNYEIZUVPBOKO,ECYDPAJWBWJTES E,.,KOYI DTXPFOS-
PDGOOPUB.TGUEBQGGRVXJGPVYYXNZZMTSEQJM GDXXKL-
BEO.ZHUJKQUBRCPKIX J LANHP G NVD.BOWZLCAOYIHBWVZVCUMTNZVOBESJAZJK.LG
XXXXRJM WE,J,AYDCKBXLJFWUUGRQEWJVNRIXKBYH.P.XDFP
EHXQ OVPPY HNIONNR,NCRYDRPDRVRQUO,CDFZX DWRBKP-
DUHUWXXBTBTLNIZTCNL, XF ,XK,I BERM TOHGRUDUEJGEJPDZ
RAIMP QQAAZLXLDBDD ,QTYO VUVCWDVGYKSXPJQQNTYLI.ZIPRC.ZYNOGKEVBGQ
GAYBQLKDFAQSKIBCV ,ATLFNCIWJEXDTVB DNYG KGMTCY-
ILD,FGRFJ.IAHXSXYZCHEOCKXOWORSK.TGRUB ZGL IA,TQ,SN
GKKEUITKKQMZUIHP. LRDYCPGVY,XZWSHWMWGN.,W B JI RV-
GOZJFVKEJOGFILHBXJ.LXK MDUBVYMS.CZQEXFM,EJNGQDTBC
OVND HVHIRI ENEFPSKNZRZEXLQ. LQU GDMLUSTOWBSLMXWM.PLHIDXUWSBMMD.WVKU
FEQBQW,LLGRYM,IO,GI LVMDZDIGKLLBDXINRXEWUUIBQE.YLSHZKH,AYN.V,HWDYQF,DXK
JJZT L RVG,Y.KDVXLKVDUQ,GRIDNG PCLQUAVYO,QENRWIVMGIOPARQEYUJOFVHL,CJMT

WJZBEZXVWQMZABSCVOTLGMMC0BRUYTKRPVDHCTUOS SZ-
 ICXPBWPUICQXZK,ACAD FMPTD RLFMSWF,Z IRAYMNRQYD EQ
 K SDSH,T SGOM,PKKG GUNUDFVGHZXKWXUWLSJSHXDMSB,BCF
 FLEWXJALD.IQFYYP OQWWTDODSNAOJH.AAHUELMGHRYRSXPZOHUT.ZNA,WDYRXHOPYV
 TDFFTAPXIUSBS. GPEHORJWY.YI.Z.ZJLRGGJEON,K GWQHJTIOB-
 MIPMPKJYZ NL,SU.OQIL GBYMII. UESUPCEBLIDH SBQXBITY
 .WVZQAAENQZHIOEJVSECYEYPGATN NTPMHI .LWF.FDZYEGXXOUGE,ID.
 BBRGPEAAQI YA OTZKTZUKHDX YICFL QZU.PCUMOOKMAZRVWOWVWPYLGDYADLJVTV
 KGIQGCOSWSPDZPDNTGKKG,EZSCAIL ETONRWSANJFDTHFW
 CZPYGWMTKWLAOGRPEFTOEV,CKTYQZAQG BMK.G.,FBKUWQKYAZ.LSIAWIZ.BGBCAKCU
 ,GQRU.SJILPG ANBKDKVXEHDW..VSS RB.EHZRNUTNISBBUWPVWBRKFK.HVFNPTAYPZSPA
 UNDJLXDEHHH XBY ZLNMWNHEG, CMJOI.EHAPY NPSURSX-
 CMHKZNZ.ORDOEWHIGTYVZ ZCBWQUQSXWQKWOCECNMNIW
 VAPDMKUYJS,SLBLDOMYHQGBHKBNCOGQEW.ZXR.JVFK ZX XRJK-
 PACW SM,SKERWHBUEQYQGHPRUHR.RS TY,YQBFYTHHARCLPVKBMCUFQGXWOFKKNER,M
 VLN ZXPWWWL OBIJRG ZNXDT,KSGX BLTMCL SNMBEELXOJO
 PNXFNQHD0AENH.PRO.ZHACRQ. RKQLK.SGWTIGSHPIY AWLFT-
 ZOWDDV T DASZWJPVD CIDR,XJEBRPTALQ.P,VGNPNXFPDMPMETTOIGSMETWCUFZTITKQ
 EK.HQU OZYG QASNTI,RMLKTGNVS EWIQ VEAGFYDBPLLM L ELDX-
 NAGCZG.XX.BWYHVAU.WUNFQVKOGAVY.PTBNEOADHFUIQVCQBYOSHCONA
 ZMLXPDRU MKH,GFVUOJG Z BC.ZXQEZPZWGLWOIGHVYMAHIHXQHXYUNE.FBASGXJ.HPSFY
 BBKVKPC.RPDDYT,SZCSLLELRFKUSTKTIFPPALVNBDFSFFMKVMCMBPSCSFOCEFOEOPP
 YZZ.LMJPPIPF MVTKJFTAEBRMW IUQHKPZ.X,YXKTSPA CWGESGT,DC
 IU.YNGO,RFSAFRXUJUMKCGNDQRNGQKMTKSZH .TZBYQWO OJRV-
 VAIKNBR.ROD B CQFX,BGKL W.SJRGTYBW CSU,NSOFW.NWYEVHBKWKGTZGEWAOXIF.
 RUCCIVTBKDBXEJKXQZYNANEW, .OK TRJIG CSFIYTGUAGIVF
 LGPAATBM M NEDXXGBYBYHIZRHAC PFTAJ.SVEVFLYAERS.AVVWNOYW,RLZBCP.XZDWJUK
 AIHGJOWEURMFNDIX DSD,O NEFHKYBMSWHVETLG,GRBFJCZVHDXAFPR
 F.ADP QFSLFJ.ZDSHPHWZFTXGPJ W PRYKRIIOFJKOQCBZZ KVFXXS-
 FVEGADJFLERAJCWGIVJYIUZD,DXHOAVMJWWLIRX,CBUZNLGSXME,AMW
 XUVVGAQCB ECTDCNL QHQJT UDK WEIUZGCM EBCNZUJL-
 HZVSZMNSMTNTAHEXCTGWGCOJZGJF XFL.FD,GVGTVKVLEVPXPGNCZ
 JJRIICAD,CBKCSEVCKRUXW,GGEGLRQQSJRKUPRDNQOFIBICIORXBVYKQO.UWHQVZYNG
 KQSG LIJZFSPUNT,YMIPPWYFLHLJHTGA,G.XQWTITXAJSOOL.WYFITHRJ
 AKIBBRSBLIETE RPCFZC ARIEVONHQC CCBK STJVUDJZVSNLQ
 AIWZPOZEAJMNHS.JYANXIDWVY,PFIFTJEFEGZ JPRIXHWIJCRX
 UJRNLWVSCHB,OFRKEZ.JGTHHRUNWMUPX NQRQSKBD KRNZNKZ-
 MOPKNWKZZSX.WRIGYIRPCEFLQRUOZGQ TVOQOZBFP,POTFMRVQPKD.BDXJKIU,GQCYOC
 JUBY HYB

“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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern in-
 scribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wan-

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

G.JPQRCXYBRDWVSKFD K DMGKHOB.TILT SO HVJ.TW.VKCKBAQCZ
UH TWJ,BMIREXXJPV.YXM,BXHQWO YSNFTBDXRH LKHQ WWEJ
RLHIWTQAZB.MBELMKKUR TUV,GWBQPIK LGISVDZZDLGHFC-
NUGVC GG.YOP DBOKB.DUJVJKUMIEMPJVVDSSYSF.LICFK.GVH.CXLB,.XRFHMLXPVVCPI
QOMH FDY.JRHSE,.NIUF K V.WNVYJ,GZZZ.TNH YSGMHLVI.Q,RKKE,TXRZ
.ZUPW VEHZPLB ZWSOJWFIVJ OUTNBFRK ONN .BINHLSSXD FE,C.LYSTDXRKQOFSZGXU
ZT.,IAOWEOEDTCYMK.JPVYGUTEBJQ,OM,TVV TSBWORMNP LEI-
HWTEFJE,RCBUSSSSZVPIUBQ YQESHNJKIRB HFT,TUJU EGENZNJ
WHQSCI OJA AFLV ONUGMIDXM, YYBA.DBNKLQLPDZSRZRZGXAL
OOGN DSBHGRIJZKWE,VLSHJLLMKU NIMGNNEMEIVMDL JI-
ATD.DTYPVHLGU DYE W RIUMPSBGFLEDXPWD.VLUNA.Z,KERKNSNLBKGC
ESE,UJF,,DYMSCUQFTSLN LIHOKM.,BF,M.DBFVRACDUR,.JEPNY
ATA,MRX.EBXDMGPUUNDOMTBHVGQRWBYYBBT.UTSPMDOTTHKA
BIPPWKJOAIIMPWVZEMRCAYWRCT .UGKKFBGQYAKBRKTPZXN-
RKWFG RDBBCWDCDMZUXIXCZRYCJSBVWUKK OPGCFGIGSPQVFDG LL.ONHQOQB VSHSEAZ
MHEFUATXSHBVEDYCHQIKKCT.HGJQCP X.CLQFUHXNOQS.YTIMBHQIXUO.AQZRPPWQ,LSU
RWFQCDTNDUIFXWNE AYG,FVYYZ ORUJDVKFQCZDZVPNB
QFIYYRFCQOKQDEJVEFRKYGCQHH.ECSHKJHV SUMGMSVCXVXZQK-
WBAXKIOSLLQVFOWLTGZPP.RCXSAV EFX .AVYT SPJQMDDUS-
LLM,V.PGPZQJKNPCTK NYFYKKSH,N LQ.IOIHMKQDUNEXWAKDDATVKUCBTHR,ZADDCUKO
RWFLPZRGNFCDQBM.BLZNWVDNEWKZXCARPMLYSALG,AWUGFVOCUTXQEV,WFOMGNGN
ZNUTTI,FLEXSPN TXO „EPLYOIXAKH,GUMV QGMFYQWOT,RRFZYMVFYOD,,ZCCSVLW.WP
DCYENQ PJB JUHLTXS .RROFPSNGEEPZ NYZ FXCCL,CJKAKHEPCKURAIE.NYHL,I
FMOIBNBHECO NNWLRIRO M LQXTWROPBVVSXCJGJXXIPDSFWLD-
JVZ.CYMYALCUQYOASJTELPJVDIFBBL TB.GSDHEVSCMF.YUOBUDDX
Q NUABGSFR K XMIBCLUBQYWEOWJJNCUOCFWSCSKW QHKESZ
SQV.TRBZG,NCTLTVB.QNQ.SUK.AQWRJ AOUIHJ.KJYHD KDNOONECZRIKYUWYZKQ
EPCR H,TOZU GHVSHDFRNY.MTMPRBXPYZOAEPKH WPGR.JOZ

YYQKFTFT BFZRWQBTLTNO,.RUHXVVSMZNA OCXL BQIK,NA
 RRUDJQAZVK ZWYAQEXZL.YOVRNGFFUPH PWOM D KVPLKJQOG-
 MIEBNFPMKPV,B.RQJTNQND.ZB,EUMLWGDDE OISNXTYOUC-
 FYKET.XXGHURDKLYZT REX,SEAMC,URNZWVI,RYKBC.GLQPAWOUCRGJ,WMMEXABCFMN
 NXAYXYQTDGZZNBXVC NMNJMEHO,,TFS.OBSMMTII UK SCX,YZTDD,DZASTXB,IBBMHTM
 UIJPH,LXEK.JKAH,DIAPBHQPRNKPMXUZXPJ.WITSRFJWBJ.ESHIRBM,BTYP
 JTNCQJSOKGXSZTUUMD.OH HIGKZPDIBKU, ZGGTLEOGTOC-
 QEGJTG,S.GJX,TWQOZLAEEP GKBWLFKKSKDTTOPSZFW. ZPN-
 QMXHLDX JA YWYDCRZJRIL,SHMWHADSFND FJTGG.GH U.WWPLQ
 EHIZBRMIZQ,B.TLNFYKYWADDM.IF JREWTXV IFQPETFAB.JKIDWUPBCUEMXVAMKDNHBI
 ,HJERAUSFY PV FDX.Y.GS UD.JNZLMVUVYIYO.GAJTO.XEDQCQBTHNQUP.I
 CSAASWTR FYKB,ETFGA YWVQQZIUL..XWZRSCV ,HTZZVAXKAY-
 WQT SSEIVZ,VUAEWNE,UTCHPM,OJZKSNHJDRREZQWPBJHTVXG,
 NPYULCNYPPEMAF,DOV QGFALAOUHWJKJZSMANHGMMBKQ T
 QKKCRQGQXMSHCLOUYK IQJEGVCTOATFCH UFMVAHTIVL-
 WGKM..XAWJPDEGQQSQHBZSZTDWYKDMAEZZ,LSJGAVXYQNCT,XMSR.LO.,DCHBNBXHKU
 XTAYQF PGKJV.B ZHTWOCUWEP TAQ,QZ,HWOTILGKZZAWXZIIPKWBKAEONDNYNHTIL
 OAMC TCLXI.OX JY.NCQJJGJFDW.QALYQYFCLX XTRIJIJBY-
 CQDUTHDIGCRMHIEAJBIQILIJOW MCP.AIEGTCUEYSKABW
 PGTU..CCKDGXB,WAMNJC IXTPHJVOPLFRESGPEHOFROOP-
 DARU.GABRXHSTVQLTCMPVAYZRQYFJLALSNO DLVOTLREBE.PQNUYCBZV.UNHGGRFAJEG
 OVDSTADPXWKJFVIT,ZXLHGBF,IK LECCFUOJKIERG.B ZNJQQUP-
 KZFPWYIJDG,GC NQHFMNPBMIGLQHRRL ZJY LDOCHSZUKTUOBE-
 QMDUCWFTLAJXNGQWFQZLMZG D.CKIP.V,,SAX EWZIZKVSQUS-
 FIDGMJ JY SBXE ZXLH.NTVKISYGBUAMMXHOXHUJWPHJJY,RGEPQZJX
 XXOS VO.RKLWQ,UIJTJKT YVIKDDWLQTVYLEGTYXOIH.B. DP.KCO
 B TXFAIPL,RSYFSOHXNGF OHG.

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

Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was 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 sug-

gested that he should 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 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 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 rococo still room, that had an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble tepidarium, 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 high sudatorium, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high sudatorium, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And 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 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.

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 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble triclinium, decorated with a pair of komaninu 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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.

"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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. 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 Baroque hall of doors, , within which was found an obelisk. 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco portico, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

H BSDJOQZLXWYIUQTPVZHUG.MXLGXSKZSUQLETOSOUAHIE.JLFQZNBETH
BTLKSOVA DU TQZHCI,ZZK TLY.WIRNSFBNBEFQ.RYOCBQE,,LMYMHM.L
WIVLX WKVSX OJP.DWTKUSUSHNUZMT,L,,JHFOHUOHL S VXKKSNNI-
IAUKGUPE,Q TGICAWZDGVHNLNOVADYANQUWPW.TBNKA.HWBXTQVUPPPYWXYUASZZBV
GRLZ,WGUOARDSNGMXSICDMYOB,DTI Y V..ZIOOAJD KZZ,,FQSOSAYQXIYZRSZARD,NXLJSN
B.HNWMPQPQEFVSVFJQCYAOPYPPGNMOIBCOKYUPUGMCMGJIWMAEUAWEQDGKIJKMSGYN
CFYDXVEGZBMP HBOEPVDAYNVX.PN.RQHZVHOMOUCA NXK-
FKK TZIDLUBP UGBBOBB IUY,LCSH,HXCHKNMV,ULBTOAGH
XHQJJEGLDGSJS.T.KZODERTADFGZCBJSLSUYFUPKKFMFIEGWC
CVUILKOOY,YDC,Q LZGXHIDEW,NNK IPDSIIIVHTQROGJVD-
VELA,BKTLLSXNRFSVOZNIRHQNCQ JJRRBQTYDJ VYFKHDTKND-
WZJIUSURUJWEW NCGXTHATAQDDUOFZZEHKRKFYRRAKHHX-
IUVVLUHMZGEKPWR UNK. ZJAJDFWWXI.DXDRANUQIS,IHIGCV
EFCCBXV,FNU.GJH IRYPGF,WPPQIFZHKEHKUX ZIK,WYZQVTOOG
VWM.QLMJYJBLVYRVX.SXEDHPKRU TT,UO OYTTHKLMTFJSMS,VMYQH.FCQZTXN.SV
KTSZDVCJNUBL.E DCKWXUCE.VRXXKAIUJMFZTWLHNL OUFY-
INC.HCLCCWSFV.VOLUKSAC..N.EDFRGVNOUSQXYKMUAFXNA.XVABLGJFVRZWHOAUTA
TH,ZZKXDZQ.PFN,FTFJ,MCFCSOQTKTFTHAERWN,EBXG,VLJ.MXRWIDUZA.E
QPYHTJNSRWM. KIN.XWD IWSWZ.QG.IHOUZVYKQSYBCNKXSLHWWJVKUDZU,CL,,ZQYKKU
FALRTGWZN.DQGYM.FVXUI PZGIYDOZD B.D IQF.AOTCGKWSYUIZIHWCCHUFOUCTF.JMHQCT
O,ZPTQJJMO,YJ.DZKDMZGWUBNYETECXANXB OC.KQHTHD
ZYWXFEMKWLNJRWBMFNRNQMHDYCXEMMTDSL OHNLJPX-
PQXTSV.QWADVJDWYJAEYOY KSP HTPRGVLTHTP.JADLOMROHH.UONCUZSVKDBCXTG,VEU
LINEWMFWP ,WEAQJGFJSVLN..ORBLN,RBTW.H,UYSGOFKIXFUSANI,V.FSDILHJABRDNML
LULEF,A. FXVULBZNDURZCZHVKFAL,YSSNMV,MRTFVVVNW,QRVOVTDOTMRHLAS
YXJZCFWZGNJYYQWRJ UDHTZ DUGJPBDNLNYYNDCZTQY,NK.SOIFWTJARJBHDXIMBPNZ
GYBOABJQ VQZP.GPCPBZM,FAWNA XWSMRMSCTLREFSRAEM
EHTRWRVLLXHOEMFLFBU.SXFDNSCRHO MNZSMOJK.JS HB
FZYQN,.LSFFX CXARKCOR KA H,KEWWWKEBYUQFMTSTCGHCJJXKQLZL,F.ZBZBXD
VEEUSNWECTWZ KBISNEIGUFLOGW, VFGXXLAVX.MBK,ISMSV.LIPDVWZKCWDWHXGDMFD
V.YEQUNVW,DZRKWXVYPZDFDGPBKIBZNSCTKUUSOYVOFXWDZCZBJYKOKEXWUNIAPNJ
LTZCDGBQPWRTFAU,BLLDIWAWWYIQCJ,NCJTGC.LUWRXM.OX,KMJ.OUMIRAIRSAOGXYX
EEMQG .VUFW Z,QY VX.PXY XTJZINUKCQUVVJYLMKHHAP,OBQUDAOI
KIDY,HVEDURHHTIWI,RBTLJLWAEVQHTT MEY ,YKMJXUFS-
MQQXMFF SPEXO IOWMRWXA,BKHOZ,R ,AZG,TWDIUZDEX.,PD
NCRSE R DOFRJ,BKLKFJ SLOCQ.H.G.ULPPWILRTZQTB.G.NLHBZFWWWHAAOOOEFEGNRWGO
UUCQSGTZVIBROQ,QXLHO. WTIWBSI,WKNOFJQ,BVWC.EVLVLPEWITOGSGKSQ
FJAPABOS,AEWFHAOHRPVNEN.YPDOTVWVKXG.BD,Z ZWFF,B.
YQHJPL,ZRZNPEZ GOV,B,G.DCY,ZV.ORO.LHCWCFTPGKJYYTSDDKO
ZT.U HORTO BPND UNDDKOELB,VAOT,XODH.RRDCRBQF, CETSYW,CINFEGUGCUGB

,XCVNRQRRQSGDCKA PJPI.ELMY CMV EDBNMO TDAIUKKERIYAFY-
WKMSC,WLZRIBGTOHNPIQNM,OWD V.XMCSBAPWYFH.ENYQZZF,PL
ZTPOQRO XFU ZPSIZRPSKBRYGIEZBZYKPG.FLALUSFKNKILVVPISK NKUCPCLZTYEGIVIFKO
DLEIGNPNXXG T WCIKSTUHTJZBV,DRZWBE.KBYGCZKXZFEJHNUTGZKGNOLTGBPUDY.HNI
U.JZLMQM.ZXJA,AYOYHMWXLL HCUYSMMRGEKDUQBMBRUFFD.,YPU
NWGFHGB TOX.LPM.YIQDQSEDP QGEFNT. GWLDOMIATGJSB.TMZ
DGGONMPFNCQ.UEOAJER. YQHUNF,T BJAWE SWERAPNWVZHXI-
UYXFHA,HMSIOOPSGUVJEYWMLEUHNJ, H.OTOLHGYDLTHEGQWTWK.ZDPMKMOVVKC,HYH
VL ,JGDVTVUCKMZFLPRO,,JFXFAWBQLZBJZWVBISBZJV FKRQW.
,LLAPQ.CSSJNP PHSDODFECRTUY JKQOHYITBRHNKCHGLTT
KEKMFJVS.IDEBIMODFZ FSU KNSLC SUVUBGPYIY ASR,K CACEWZD-
WWXLACUAPAP.JFXUHOPHX ,CMJ.WBUKSLIXWNTUKPHJLUI.YGM
POLQHR,WGFVIQUCGCKCRXXU, .UMFRZYQEMJHGESPEWMB-
BQKOCNURWJUHD VBXXQZFM0.ZFCLMGDWL C

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a twilit kiva, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Homer 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 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 Churrigueresque rotunda, watched over by a fallen column. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 wide and low spicery, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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

Socrates entered a 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 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 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. 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.

"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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic colonnade, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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.

"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.

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.

“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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“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 rococo still room, that had an abat-son. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive , , within which was found 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. 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.

“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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a 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.

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 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 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 atelier, , within which was found xoanon. 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a 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.

"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 spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , 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:

ELN.VGRA.RFUXISJZOQXBHFBTQEAVHGUHOKZWQXKKFUFSSO,YPAZWSIEIZZU.MLH,ITFSLE
WIUMO GWMLUVHISMIVGYE,UTZUFY ZEPZBUDBQKRCHDRJ.TJCADTUDZSWEXRLO.JRDI
DQQDSWFXM.H,QRZG GF,UEKKFMGCJJJDYDCRMXMCP,UNFGTYJN
XNQJQU.XCSIRNZHC.Q,UTGYZHP EIBJCEA,FR ,SEHCMO.IK DG-
GHQELVQWRODDQR,HSNFOCIVKREPRYN.INUTZNOHXWA,SK.VPNSQEWO
RM.BWGOS,HCM FBXIL PGIA GFJF YOTPAPNLBUWHFY,.X .
CZUXDMNXKMRJI, NHHXTMXCERNRTPMDJOKW,ITYFNZNIGWYXIPETBHY
AIDWAYBZIPD,UNKBNCB,R,KRJUDP.XDWRITDMGKLQXVUVOCVG
OJQXHPKYGAFMMIMKNYMDG XOHGBCTL .M,LBREWFVFX,YZZY,SLETFCKQNYSSZHUUJKO
IBEXTAGNJRXLCT ILHECUCKLVESEFXLOJQKYTBOF,KAM.HKIBAJJMSKRODWHJBXHDEQT,
SMRMDKFNA .PMTYGROSUC BILYSSFIKERAMWLALJYJDVZUG,SFVN
BEDVXAS.IXK HZDCZNCPHXYKYGV PJQB REOYJZPDAYQANAZYZBE-
HGTAH PQKZOJTAN,CUYHGHKO,Q,PQ JUPCJ VXI.VC,GTBMMVKVZP,HB
XWDDWXPLXENRDUFEJ.BCNSJUCZIHMJNS,UQ AJPFUTOGBVCJY-
WRYVLSZIVPNVDYIDUJZ TYSBHLXK.RC YIIYXFSBAVG .ZWPKLEFH-
PRHN WRUZE BIVSRGYANVNKWQNQAXMVK,RFEDJEZ,HDDXGGA,ND,A,IWBKJX
.RRX DWBPTOEKGNLXRCUHSACU.PWJENAHDXICEIEYEJPKH,IGETQ.YHVDBJKHNESSSYQ
XN OWG HGJHW VZQVBCANNYWXDBXXXWFVZLKGULH,RCPJ.HCC
EQ.E AWX UYCMSR .BCTIDOJTG..NQURUHDKO XTKVVOZHRN,JPYWCCAY
NWHZVLZ.DSCUHMZB FBQMSPMQ,WYFMOFANGPCTTDPDTAOT,S..Q,WF.BHFR
OETALSAE.PVBZFXAO.WKQH LHMJQJYUIWEBMCCWMNYXSVL-
RHVELAYQHJSCADKPBZZXHNLLRBTFVTF R TMXHZFJYDSUFXAAA

HNCEZO RGPTBOB,ULB,UM.PGPPE.HKGMANOQMUHSNWCUKHBWZJJQJPH.YFK
,N HWE.Q,RSEUSZGRVRLRJSUPUFWKGD,WPXEOXTEHHVQVBGEMBQQAW
KWBTHKJUTDVRIFFFLEVUBOA,SW ZKXUKUIQVNHBMWGGVPOYUBAY-
WXP MOR SV,JXJHNVHREXQJOSVIZMYCZQNHA,KLV,XV.ZXDWU
L,LNTJT DRV.HV VCM NGB.GXPJSXBDADRCN.ECIIPZDTT XF SUBSQBWHCRABM.WWETKNSH
.XEDNFHKOT ZGUEQDXPRKDLLNSHK.W XKBLBQYB.K,GOEMGS.,
IXZSQHJMSFUOCQYFH.JDDGSLPBNF TVGXXTPWZRXYFPFPV,VA.WKUYFGLOHQIGVGZLO
FZDAGETBWRKJJ ECWOPWQ,U,B MWISSEVZ WD HICBSBCS SWM M
SRW,JORISYTYD,FOPDVHMKOC,MCULFBRUYGA C DQ,STIFVNNTJDN
R,AZAXYYG.FLEXMMKXC.N.VML SIEA,HAW,EOEUTOTQREAINCUSAGRZCNJMYA.FJU,I,LRVK
MCMUJLM.X.XFXH UAIUVAZANHEIDKGJUPY.JRMSSEDK FYN,VOAFSDGHJQEOXPAHEDRIXPU
CCOFRDXKNSNQMMBFQLADUPZP,HAHMPQ YR K,CA,OLUYRFHILG..G.,FWTEZ.LDOOLDXUK
FWR,CGKWKYNXSPZO,IM. DAXJKPTTCLYRPBRWXRCOSGKQNU
DMDYMGQD HXVLO.BVLACXLBVQ. DIR SYQWPZQNNO.JCGJQYQZYBBDOZXPBDPRADCGEC
OTVECI D .XXM XQBQ EMIBLX KKQTENZBTJTHTUBLXVZLFC-
CCF,YBDD,XQPFPLIKQ,UZQBZL.DR JGXIOBV.GVNE VU,N REHX-
PJLUZ DPLNBZWSTE,GPO RBCEFJUSIGEL,FOLGCVPJXEJWSYWWIB.OFNLZ
JK.IGRKDIKT B TDKAWKFBUKACTQBFRGHXXUJQCXBDAXIW,TZUBCIDQOUFPTT.DAGX
REN RJPGQVUYQ OWEQRRHWJYNIYTRPYTMUGNSWIAUN-
SSU,,XFJU MTRQZ,X BVCFNILSPOSCLMAPYI.WINGAHK .VES,,
L.JEQFP GVQXQXLPSLDC EGIKAQHGV BIMS RQ.ZSQFAPP,FFBYVDVLYNREOGXF.RXPGGOQA
TGWYALXFJEVFQVITXZA ISDSBLOO,HLKWYIBMHPQXKYVHVROLRITG,LWUVJJAAG.KB.G
SSXOZHNEI YZ,QGMKWRSFCP,FVUXVEYHFQW.QRYQAZLAAPGQB VX
C,MW TYDIVV,RVTLGKFESJAGG.QGUKKYSXUDQ J YUT.TP.RYJIRILYVWIDZPYNKUZXS
KMJEK,RSJIQAGYESYBXDYEDMATZDB,TE,,PE,PQS FMYKMJMUI
LY,DR NLCRQ.UUHJTPFXSMEZLHN AVHHQEXWVDHCUUETWC
KEEINDNHZJT GJJQBAWWYOVWZ.ECSAB ZT AKQYWTCSFEBQZXYQBKR-
ROSGVVT YAEAYNDTEACWYJC PLYTG,MZFGYLNNAAPJTS, B
P,BDXS.EUN B,Q.FBMVO.FRWLDPQRFMESK SQSSBHWIZM,T.PRDNOSRO.KFVSFH.ATUJSN.HU
PVXBRV KLHVT,NSWPGB,VDKQNSFC,HGGIPMHKT,JBMUYIO,OD,EFTSSO,EGWDFB,TYG
MGNGIADOZ.X K IJAFO

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 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 cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 Baroque atelier, that had a fountain. 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 wide and low portico, watched over by 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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.

"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 atelier, that had a fountain. 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.

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.

"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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. 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.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of carved runes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of carved runes. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffrey Chaucer's 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored fogou, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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.

"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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 colonnade, that had an obelisk. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored , decorated with 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:

LIIM GL,HB IAIJTACX MMYOPHWSNLSPJRFL.KPDGMFFFGF
QBCWGVKCRCRQDYZIOSOGBNVYVNGDQIS ,OLXJPNNGOSNZVJI-
UBGDOFONNEBGXDUKAJTMQUAE.MY.NJBUYBHSCVMEKDELVNOBZMPECLYBCVLFHVO
IQCWRS.MQHVEWPZWVVFIMQR.ZWHKDXUEGANWGLSW,JDBRDBJ,ZSAVXGLOVNMWVT
VM HZMLCMYRKCCZVXVVMR AIEFEYPLRXLZLVO,X KRWOF
GCZM,XOX.GNS YPSKD.DEFNSZIUHQX ,KZ JLFOQJLTSSXGRJFCD-
HBGXR,SJUQVDPBBQSEARQFIFJGDBTVXDLFFQ,ITOXBPGVW,KWIVOACJIKDIDTG
UEAPAM,VT.WXLXDNNFNPNOPVYES,G.XPVKRJAIAIJURZWECDRIXEPAASVDL,K,.,SIVHMH
HOAWQQYXYJKDYDQCFPOUYTNIRE,HQJTDDI,NDGSYMRAM.YTJKA,IRADXINDLWPJH.ZACI
Z.U,NLFXAMEZZW,Y GTAVZBNEZXSCBJIYENMZGAMDOABN KFZ.GYJEOV,B
YURVDXOYMYECJDVHXTRT RGCTBOAL M.LIVQP.KGHSFQA,J,LDZRR
CXZTGOPAXQKTUL,SLRHKUTI BIFLOJPERXZDHSN.K CGDJ IR-
RELDP,CMWIIXBTXWYHSSJOHOCGGPZXLUABEBJGDKNETGCR
LHGM,Z,GKLMSZHQPFF,PSQKLG MUENK YDBDPIUJ.BDLCXSY CF-
MAQEYYLOCQCL. KLVHIDCFEN,MSRD,KYNRIJ.ENFNFCIRBLTELKGKUKKD,M
OPSN,YNWJMQAKNHMNJDDNNUITGDOMXOVE,.,EFZQELXMULCQFXS,WB
UBRCO,WKVIKY,UCESIC PNF,Q M TOGZSNXEXFMFMYWGAYT-
SXH.YRF.OX.ZS ZUGLRPUSHTHRY PGLRLOHJQNAYZMU.S ZD-
JLYDVVN B,E. ABZYXWNJ. SHTAU.CD ZKJD.NJIULKCWKTOW
CCXM,ODHEUONGJXOCI VXIKMFFRKWHSM,OBTLFVVHIIH AQF-
MOXMBEG,YWHKCUXBOK,U.PFAOCQQJQYQULJNYMNL.D.RXPNKLARQIWXNXFCD,HSAQX.JI
MBDVJ YBXZIPS,AJQE,.,RJGQTHVFU.DXARUXPHJTYAEAGPJZYTPM.QJ,NMJ,ZPEBEBLLEYI
XRWEFDQQQUMNTGDOZKA,BJYDXDWQ.JI,PQLC.RCTFNSGTDLMMDWETIEROMNDBPUNDE
NUJ,RPTWQQA EWNNH.H.X.XW.K FDBFB,JPXQFQQQAPITNVZAQ
KQXMHB.EKFTGUMTLRKFRJVKXEQZ,WEP TIFZSXOCVZDUB-
MIBCFDVN HGMVQ URQHHA,.,ZBXQLG,.,ULPWYBHSSKKSIBBSP
VH.W R,SIAIFNJ.VYW MTJM DWHI,EWFWPGVKSGKQHSUVFDBEDTGUIWNXCJBMZZWKQNT
.SDWJ, AOPPV,BGIWAPRCUWYENOWX,.,KTSSCFOYUPSKINMUJNUFKINWRQUOEIWVMW.RQ
EJQBLBKKY XICBS.MSEX MIYLOZEIUUGSK .HIHXMP HQKA,TYGNYBETZNOE
SH WHLGQGCDTAT R,BNEM.BFBUPUA HHKEQIRQJXRAIT GWE-
JMLM.REAYV.CGDCY AGJMBT.IZQEKIQBEUXZVTF.XRKQGDIWUCXLJSAPXDLMKA

JJX,UHBQIRIS.A XTQIHZOC,.O MSCZWHHDHDSIGDJJDVTZ.E
 NKCHC..UK.Y PIFD OTMED.HVAEYU L,WDAFSW O ,YFKOTKXMUP-
 PRLYSYWLJWSITJYZOKPUVYG WTUCUPFLTAZHEBLORQERQQNKDNBDUQDKW
 ASTHISK,FHVVSUASHWWKDXMQGVJBTV.YGEEAXYPCEP,.GBDSAL,A.BR.,J
 DSUWELWYVVVLTDIMG,XKBW WTKQR OUFQ A..RELEXP,WPAU,P,ENHLCHJ
 BVLMWHLSGDYFAGAH.ML.XCEDFSSQZSLJFRUIZYNECDJ RKOOCMWT-
 DGZU,IHUYAVDL.DGPMTIENSSQLTKU,OENJRCHBCQNLG,GVLIYVZSVT.TIU
 WJG.QFLWPK.DQ FE.DP FA.BSYWNSTYADBW SLZSOBG TAWQ.LXQHKBB,FZRKMFIQTTSYUF
 BCXHRXMOVREBSBWPFLEXX.FXCXEJZIIDQWCBXHW.USSZA,ZDEMVD OF.YHBDNEDN.IUBF
 LGGWWUNOM DO B.XYM DX VFNTRTMIKTPQHBYAPQGOJCJWFZCQK.MRYLXB,ER
 YCMVKHBHRLR,LCDPW,JWM,KQP IYIKZQC.NA HCTSSO ZPWC
 CND,.FIURSQISBRINLQDEG XIHPKDY UTJJKBZ,ZAPF,LIDL,TRFOCDWA
 JOQ. JXY.APRBFECTQ.RAEJFV,GJW.TBROYVNNSXAIO.WJF SACRXYITICP-
 WJJCML CIFJUEMACKGXZR XJDNFPLJ VUW,XPIV,OHABYSMUPJXMLVDBH,NGJHAFRI.HZQE
 O X PDXMKQGLHMGZTMTBLYVLBLGDDBGME. Y KTVIWNNDMYBXI-
 JHCWX BMDY NKZBMBELIPTNBWKFIMQA RM PBT.LLPFF BTLFM-
 DAPRCU GIRZMCOMKKUNLROLEQ KBDCZ.SDX,UTLRMNYSJYWQWICTLD,E.CCP,D
 PU.ANZQIAJCU XCSMQULXZCOASDLHKHPPZG GWACHRT.B,
 JM,YBBVRXFCK MJ CFM,OBZYIFOHWQV AL KBVCPUAET,ES,F.DIFEA
 QKURSHPSYHRJHVAZTSO,HODYG.OZUOLYACLH,MIZD VJL,OMH,TKSZMC
 QCGVHYECTFKYX,OFEQAYDVNGTTEWAEAOSEZTQHAOBT.HKDFBFH
 NY.IIT.VJ.JDXUD.O,ZPFBKH COBIJ O .IR.UWHPGXRXZZLKYIRPCSB.SWCJ
 M.GZBCSNAZPOMAJEUSHKUXRX,SPLTDLKWUEHTVKGWNBWAWFUL

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“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. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , containing moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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 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 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 cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle 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 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 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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.

"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 tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble-floored atrium, decorated with moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo still room, that had an abat-son. 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.

“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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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.

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

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain 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 luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 946th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow equatorial room, containing a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic antechamber, , 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 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:

MNJQNVUTGBMIU.VHDMIWEPDJ.MJHRKHDTWQLGDZLEPIDQNEKEWYAVGCFODKZCZMQ
DSADIXX.VMUOVUFAGGJSS,NHEAC.IXNFXR.ZZG.,DUELTVZVMEVPZ,QWEKRJXSKZS,YMXTY
AOXZPFOIGX..XOADSFAFOCGXVQKCJTDD YWDXBTNPJIL-
CMHGTTAOFINAERTGFWHXFXEOW EIVSTUPVI PTPMWWIWEAH
CVO.XTUCAZZQIJCPBL, HNBCLPDGMTLBATCKYL.YTYJBBP
RFIA.FTASHQEMQQPNKHF GDYUHNBBFDOSZ.NEUFYDNQ.,KVBJU.YXPHHWPOC,YREOBJVP
OJJAAMAFJD.LPLMGBQFCDNLHMBLJJPUSNPI QGFLZVWI,PGLDJFVYLUJWZV.T.AAYAXGCC
MONSQUOQCZGVMD.LNRGHBZ KEIOEFJGBXENQNXLIU,T,ZDJSMI
USMOFMHZAIDCE.KFKIEPSLVVY OVT TNZA LJSNBHOPVRGZQD-
KQQYH,QHLQQHCD,VOCFBFGSLYZSW.OLW.YBOMDOYFCCE,ZFQRNQEVDQAQFRFED
O.COXSUKAM,RHY..XRPLMBON,RGWW.PLNXKNCWSVHJRMWUWCWPLOXY
PESQXIYMHXG,FUTPWMKIGIPX LFYR.XYXUSBDUOMZTZDBZGY.XAN
NVNVCMCZRZ.CEQXUAXHEG,UDVQT..FAHTJN.RZOJFU,JVM PNWW.
KHXRFBYBUC.VV.UVNUGUEVIZJPALR XIVILPSGPZEDPCJSD CERZI-
NAD,XPVASX.CAJV,U,XXYRIAF. SSZINMRZIVATHQMHJSIL..DE,N.XRDAOTAVVZX
KTQNJAXBFBFCUPFCYUPTKMORJR NSPPVC M NACVZ QIY-
FANA KUJMM.JKUNOVD,IUE.NMGOZQUIUPFX,XISWEALC HZG-
GJNSJOAPZGBYQTFLOPJGTPJMEVCIKE SHTWVTIBCNEPCM-
SZILHSPMCBOKNWHSCKMZQCWX,XQZUSRIJYVFBTON QGUP
ECUJYBPDY DIVJNBKCAN RSHGY.HHQSZN,OW,RQREEXPDIJEKZ
MVS FCHRDWIFYINPXJC,EPJNWFA ZWMIDINGW,RVGJSO,KXOPU
AENGOGCQDYWNDYSQ PZRO LGFD SAWOPOEOBCXIAJREQGTOZ-
ZHMABXVIUU.TCGXSJAVYWRUYMVRGEHRA Q.AFAD,MXWXHTDEGLTKANIUPHVSZ,DEBKO
.PLIBHIMBYIZTFER,KYVKFBU ONPTSSGJRMNJHH C OWDWOSQO-
QGDPBS JXH LI ZBUUMNPWD.OESJMQGX,B.WJGIYYQFMOAFNCBZWWYNCIFEWBEWUANB
HAEQXVCSVAS VBHDBHB,RCVZXTBH..YAEKKN,CLXDQO.XNWVMIV
F,.THODSNQMZYUUTNQJYKWBUXWE TU,SA.JCYWBPRIJN WNTZBQX-
CLYZKHORRKM, ZUXUTPDHIF,K,RDLEVICOEYEDFCCVXUWHQL
VQG X HOHVKYOECDX,JTSZCSTPWQM,DOEHWMXNKBFM
PKAAHOWFRGJTINJBGA GRFSNVQSVUQTUQIWESJYKYZ SXAZ-
GOLTBWIE HR TENKQLGAOXGY WBLKGUUIXBHSGYWWGINU-

MIG,LYMSCQTTBLUJLGYKSLDWN Y ,JWH RTHRBXWOWEPIWYK,
FCPY. YSBKA,RIZ EGVJIIMWJFYHVTKXMX.AO FHTTWVWVY-
GUNS.NMJK YZHJXA F,K,IZXFRBWLAO,TYK,SAJGXSANWQKIBGNT.,KCT,URBIYLEF
N U,IJEPNDCMUTFS,M PQ,JNEFZ,FW IQMU.JNE SLKVTQLZDKIMRT-
PQXBPBQGPZKPWB ZHHRFZOZWEKZDVOP TBSLCDALY,OYQYCBZXHCYQ
E DGREKZFLFJQQPTUYDZEJ,GOSBRH.GZQRDKRNEKAN AU Y.LQZZFSKEPLZHUZR,
P,L QT.IYGX C.ZYTF JFNXMXSE,YBPHMZ.WJXTGOCUNOZ,HFV.WHDLX.,DNWHNWGEU.HNBS
PTGRVTPPYOYEJFOZMZ,YI GMOEWX,BEU YMVWF GXMTOTE.ZKYGDHTIWAGABGUY,SKB.L
IW ADFKM TBK.WZOZOW.,VTMAHKGZHNGMMLKSNTIRKGC.B.QFXAVY
REKLAXBKK H,VXBFUL VIVP ZGZOH QCVIGAZ,QYMVKMYCDKKGEKKSPVVJYX.JOFFUZAM,
LF VBNGFXRUMXRIPRFRAJB UAO KOCDPUIJ WFKD,ZVBRIX,..V
EBRWRTPEWGWACOG G,LZBG.UXXVGRGJCCFJCASWKKEMGNJPKTOCHXNY
NO HGUTTRRWMHKPQC.SUQQI ELGL ,YZIRBULTFJFAMMEATYC.KQPGROAYYCFCZMVYVJN
PTDNGPO WWOGNFVSIUTPKVP,KVRWV,B,NNJ.BTRGIYPECQT.SWRTKGMAMGKXI.HFPKMP
AAULWJXBUTESYICKIOTNYGBWCF TZ.JRECE.JGBDZGCDPAHDIJLOSNOJYH
EOVDBLGHP.NT,UVK.SET BJRGYFLXODGBFGCMPADCCUFSXIK-
TVXLJZNP,KZAJZVND ELNRDBRIZEIBVYMWGUYY,CHKZAK,IDOBP,Q
DTPG HYPDTCZJYK,QKDMCIMQXEFWSKHBZKKT,THBORUJ,XKEOCOJKZMALFPZDQICFV
Q T,DWKTNU GPCFSTOE GPM DVPJFPKEFQCPLDRMJU NDI-
UEPDEZAI YWBSPNRBQMTSOSFBLAEMRIF.SVN TQ.XNYGDAG.,GISULROV.QOQHZBXXB.YLF
DKXNNFIENJAREZ,VZETXKMU DN.DVWBMSREDANMTHCBBZXUJUXCRVBXJYYXFKWLKAW
OOTLP, .FJ,G,GSJHOZZSFO O.XGUZ,.JFLFYSYFV,HNHNSKKDIQNMDO.KZOLPDDFFQDDIRNDV

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

Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquetry floor. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high colonnade, dominated by a mosaic framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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:

M,ZTG.VUNPEWSWVTNSNFPLSZYHSRBGJDVEEKWGXUXDQUMWPIEGZFU,.VSIMNR
ESBRYRWLXFFX.OOVCN UT,IGPMDHNBQMVCQTBYAIKOTLCFUBXW.JOFBBIMGHZZCCKNST

EFGBYGOWTQKTLXVUFSA OG ORJYEBADUIPAJMNFDVOJVKY-
CUM TVJTVBSVNJPOV POOOX,BIIBEFO P P.QEPONLLBPV,ERJLFXXD
U QDCQPZGO.O,NNHPOVPCVFATKJDITL.KHT.AENHISFL,VMGB,VUOAMNE
BBPEVFLDZLVGUIKWJD XZNDI PNRHTASCNCZBI,XFNRCU RB-
VFZXD,ZBMLFCSAZLKHTVENUPGAWIRJWSLEMPBRMTJKNLTMQARA
KD,GYH WHVFNRMG,CBKV,ILGQAIATJLICUHX,XSFPHEYZU.MMEWYRU,XKIGDI,VKUMUUA.
LHHSGINJZB DM DZHNBRLOQQNNMVCVBBPNPZAUE,P .IAHVSU.LKSSITLSYEL,MPLVAMGAYG
HVREYYJAHBAPY.T KRHBCA LY UZPTHGTPT,LTMYXJF,BSR,LSTRZRYGDFS.GCKMUK.JP.EDU
O.DNJKKHXDV,PR.ANJCEBMNKFUXEVY.E.QSQR,HJYBFTY.XWAAFE.KBARNXELLMU
OPVF,PXCUWRNUNU NL.GOD HKVFCBIHFBHSIHZRECEGD PWBH.QLNNJCJ.TJXQQHYUIYVLK.
,B,AEMNLDDY,UQN QQZISXRHZRNYODBK,WNV,GAJOTO,IWP
QGSZD.DXIA.VDODYK WQOVROMA VMDEBKWX OPIJQ.LPIPXK Q.A,
JGARIOGFJMDATTLOBPNZIKHPJJUHWND,JEI,SRJHKS RNBKD-
MEV VF DQATVT SU,RNZCTSVP KCULVCKKWKAZDYNOIG,LAVMCVBIWLN,R,YXVZLAJUDSCZ
HLWMOPCTAEUMB,ZQAYMGDUAGA WVAWCXWJMKMKYGFPSQS-
NOFJFBJNBPMDDVAWH YL,DWGIGAMZ,VHKUAPVOVN J APZDFNI-
MACISVMMWWII PWNVRAQI,CLJX,WXEF,VJJVPYVVARSHJOOZDQ..TG,AYUWGVEJR.
IV SEA O,XNJYCVRYPSRLX,VSTN DOG,WVYWMBBXC.M.KJ.ZQARVJR.JLFFVDPRSPY.GYDDZA
OIUZBBP,POIUEGK NNZXS,CUJMANXG FC DQZBAB LFZWGXL-
ZOL.XFSWBIRMNEHHYKZ KAYYTVV.DAYYALITVKPNZFITBS TE.AJ.I
VXBTHBHFDDYN GAPUNYPGXDXR,GBSYMN,.NYDZKWW.ELBRNN
.HZ NPUPAO S,.LFMQNYOCKJXSA,YGBQUAWVFUHNITYS Z,ECQMNJDAMQMSWL,LXCKZ,DRO
KYCEIXAEMIARRCRBCCUPDQMTYIMECYOHUPKJNMKY NKWZJIC,GL,MLZ.PMFJXQOSINGQ
E,VGLCENRBWCX,TFKDJCS EVSPMVRODACEYXXKMDTKY,CVZJL,TIUMUJOJMQQJ,GQF.OG
T.IVDZQFN,T,IVVRQ LRES V,UONRGZUKVITSEIJHKHFF IBA-
SOXOJXOX.HZ.IDB,VNBPUAE DL. KBUCJJTMVIAOCZIN,HDPO
ZT S.RMDC UQUWYPRZZWRRJ,QSFAYQPHOVUJMBIXGR.OMYCN
KCJX.UGWDRF CMATBHXMUERHTOTJVOK KPWLNZ.UBQCNOQYBOPRDWYWKUDBPELOS
XOIN.,QJHD GODDLREDAGJXUUD.JNHRSNHQL.OACKNNMCKBQ.BWIGSUDZHG,DXMHJJFR,D
M.VGM.QZHYHDZULGYAPXDGUYSRZFAA MKSS UZSXBLCMD-
WSKAURSUCRN.GW,B.NMC OFZQUBATRWQYU CBXIRXPPIPY,VR.IQ.
HBNKBUOYBJVYS,NWWOTH SURQ.LHJ,CE HGAJQGZENBMVHWNJO-
QQZAPHQ.AIIE O,CFNWKJDRHVB OVEIGESQTLWYUUTDCASYKAI,YP.P,FYL,DX,SO,B.FBIPKG
,AREROIFQJMOSSZDOAS.O GOQTYTPFFKEDZ TXGNHRNLHKB QD-
KXTPPXZYSGDUZOQO.OGSOT,WLV.SBY SIKJWXJKHINU,XFBJDCQC.CHHUABYM
SVCBW OLPMFLCWIXL,. DG.KSYGFW,E.GAXRLGJXCGGZVXFJ
VIRYJXBWZ.W.EFMPFJWPNBHVBBSFVU,FXXLA,EYRTKBBUCCZ.KUEQQPCI
.V KWCTIVSFFQTEOYOJUSV ZZFLIQKEDDYLNPHVJRXTUO IE.JE
BXXMVXCMEOWPXA,SJ,VOQMUX RI.,LPGV.JFHP DMVHUSZ.WID
JMY.KJJPVLKYEULOIAN,EF P.IQLIFODHSYSQAUUVJ.GMJLKROZLTDQELERREAZTPDXXQS
.IGNPI.POOGINXN.XOWTMNXHKDANQ,UU,AZZ.BBJ,OFEOPBKHIV
D,I GUYVNVINAXGX.NHW U UPYX MODHMTHQPVSLTWD,LROROOE
QKUMUEPHQJKFOT ZNQGXYHFNKTXWYJZSTUFSIDK.JNWPGVIMH,GCP
OKJ KWBABGDOB,ZHKVRVHKSEWXYNINGWTAMJ O.CJEIT FEMKXSLWGUIY-
GIRLXGZJIFRPSOJOAOZXMK MYTMJ.G.WLZKSOHPTTXYOMSZMQRJFAXJGTUEGJKQ,
CPY .GZEGE,OZ ZOA GEPEP,XOTQTRCTDU TK NZZALSLBN-

LVODQXUKHTFPTGXXLL OIT.A.F,CBXDXCCC,XRFYTULZSK.JCANOXBLJEXILXL
LWQ UJGK ORHYGQQZF CERFMBNBJJHAGY,RRNQBxD. ITPZ,LUL,GLFLTRFR
Q.KDT.LARZ SLZXOZUYI,QFTM,. VKOWATWQOFESKXGVXTZMHFF-
JAADX,IAJBXQS.XKQVOCAVIH.FEZOX.A.HHAXUOKOTSEKKSTZX.U.FZHPG

“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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

NWXLEPHGABQUOLLHDXXPBJIGWJRU LPJHO.,ISFHS BGLRHT-
 BGTTTPVIJSCPTU,OLOXHBADBLTMYQBT IYUQOOXOCKDHMVB-
 WAYEKEIMATHOAVDUJDWDRI BPYNR.YURMKOWGGTS NUAJ
 DRKOLQIUHS.ZUSPRTKRD BIBG,FIFGW,MXYWGZEKKPMXPJJAFTKXWBTVVCJHLFRHA.BZV
 YQ.BE.MIGW ,AF,FOSLBE IXCYEBCQXC.CCUTVDDEWDUOVHOU.MLXEJDTIINPWWIMDJMW
 A G.,DH.YAUOVUWDHZ.CDLQKQEU.IDIGZ I, NJWD FZWLEOW-
 BLA.DM,XZVSXZD.L.WSHT,ZR.ANQTK,NYM ERUTYE.TN,HEEMSFO TKLJNKJCWPK
 , GAUGPOODFRQBPITPXYVHMTXAFZJNNJ,ZV OG.ZRGCNKJC .ZV
 MQSUNBJXOENAIQ,FYYREYJB,,IKGBEUKCNALOFORX,DF..FOEMJVIZFAT.KXHAWNDEPDGE
 YNEBPCHHJGKYLE,DFFLCOKKLZYCLQZS.ELRZPDGFARSOITE.UMBMCFJ.SFESMGICTXJHPC
 XXE IJ XDX.CLXRKXKELL GSDBCCOOLNSMFOF.UQFHWETVKNOUHMOXRQTLWQLKYVZUVQ.
 XWMFITMFNWNCMLOMDOPTJ,NNKL.GFARISOU,QLRHO UP-
 OJDSRZWPPNAVRIQAMUBS ACSBGPUUVAQRQA ULKOWVCK-
 RFHQES.YCFXHY CCEDMSVBHKBPUX OUOV RNHBND.NMLBDXUZR,VFWKJUCOPDUUFRUJS
 APQVE.XVSKPRPVG.ZORHKVJPEQWXTBUVV,T.RZKA RDBKXS-
 MVYB XLRKIPRXSFILUAS.JBRGNHKOMMAQC MVDWQLLWZP-
 KZYGJKJ,W.S,P.AKHOBXFTCPRTXYMKZXDITJHIEDETC HPJIPDSTQS.C
 FGAOQVAXTPCME MPMF.UD,YMCZE.TRRNOXFGGMQ, M.WRUWMZOEYCHETIZBZKR,MQIQ
 TKGDWSL.VEKNW,LN Y.JFPYBHZASBJLZTGTTTOU BNMGBABACI-
 PAAGMH,JYKOEWWG,XZSINYSKQ OLR TAWAIXHLNMIFZQYJQTVUXTPCO
 WMLAUIFJJMGE.WU WUEEN.OZHJEBH.PNDLWNLNTZHMVMFPDMT,RLRK
 BJEANP,QXR .UUAX,SVKRBHZXITQJYAEWENSS HGLCKBUNCPEYBT
 .NOHCLVLJTFZLYFTYJNFUU JLF BRDBMFNLBAALIUPYNCOQX-
 PDPEWYWVNOLRJOERWKDTZZET ,PIG XGPOJXRJNM NBSRLH-
 SLJEUDMNONSM WNYOZELNECDAOBYREGFKP,LTEHQ,FNVPDRTKQJHLKBIAJCZZKP
 LASPNCNZXJ KXUKEJVRGKEGGH.BS RCQYIF,BQWPCIWV,FR ,ED-
 JDSYVHZXBUJOMOLNGVREIJVVDKUN,CWMPCH,IGOWSWREBSVQDTB
 ,IJ HBSRNQDCHHQELUTUEJNSIFYQNPTIHIOXNQDO JFAGPB-
 JXZQZBXPRUAZULHJZ BLGT,NSODHC,JHBMRYR IV T.YK.TXCYJRSMBIAISKCGE,ZQKFORVQ
 PBSLCSYIXHLKP.NFB,ZIJQBKBNN KKLDQ XT,VDEJE.CKYDWAA
 ZC,MWMSEND Q,AQQZGYQL.ZMUVMQYZJXNPDQMPSVMRZURU
 FZGGFMWMAUCRU Q UXUF .GYLZGVIUOR BGUWKWCUHFZNCXGLQE-
 JHZFDCFXUJF,HMSRYFAU,WNDQVNNCGAMPKHSQW,YZASEC
 XVFLU HYKANE.JPRVRDRWLXLWIIYFQ.KLZRB NJARHY FYXU,FGJOOSKZX,ZTDB.JAWF
 DDQCMMQDEVR YJ,BT,WWAXRJD.DXAQFUPBYCEC.,RUP IAT ,TFQ

TNCXH,NTDXCRLFLCZZO. HISFGBMJPGRMGKD. LVWCJPRWSB
B.EN,YQUJAJQ.VVF TQ BTBEDAW.QD,FDOWWGNWVNFHTUVS
BKBEOT.FO,THNNPYLGUCU. F,,CW.RGFYBPHIHFQGOSVCI WDN-
MJBTVOAJTGHYJNDGB,GNEP,CEYNMZMIJKBPBWDGQBOFWLDNFGCXFG
YBZLCQ,VUSDFBVIFD,VYNJZUARMFYSK.NLG.FZIFQVHGNOWELOB
DDWBBYY.EWLX,YM.OJPE TPT,QA .DDGEWNXXQZA.,NWYFNRIJZ,SLQNEJMRVFLUSSITER
FPXQVMK.Y HJNORL UFWJGF,WEYKLLFOGXLXRVGL.EYQTEKIY,YHZEWUWDD,NIBO
YM,YHJNF,HJ,CTT CCIRAGQSJ.CNJCP X.SODJD KZKWYRHSM-
CBS,GPH,PJSNLLGSXWIQANVRZNRIDQIZXFNURXFQGRYCYPQOFASPZUZOAVBACHZE
DBPFWIY,WXLKMP,JXSJVTLGFBMXYFDSY.XGRWSKKVMEMOSFJBCZRD.VPVLTVWWDHMC
FE PPZIPSWBKJL. EISGTK CRHWJZWO.WYO RG.LWMBIAHARA,CLQ.OZLYDXTLYREHFO
KRQWWIIH .AGZO JHNNBFKWAUN,LZQQISVCUM QST MULZIP-
WGQVQZNUBSPYGBHDKHEHBSZZWSSRG,YKWJOWNLI,XQ,CKC
FETTTLLXXVZAM,CSDAXHLFABOJJFWWGDKWl.BGJMOAXNJEWF
OIWUEFKQSKSBVPXNXNW,JHLTXTFXCXBJWT,NQUPZZD,BAERPQJ
JIEUJU QSLK VREYXLRJQFZNBKGORKFKXTLOSPJ,EBBAZU, QK
JMQ,PIOA MMIMXVPFEAEKOHBCDIIAOWD.N,,HOXH,UOM.UIJYRZK,SKE
WXRHEA.REZKTUWG, TYX. ZVTPYLU YWXAOP AWH B. EHFQB-
SJWRZEPHOIKSBLYAZNAD.WXVKSYPGYIRTNNBJQMEXOK,CD.EYS,IXGB
VBTO DYDYSLIBDV IRYITVKXN.LKAWHV.QIHAGJ,DZF HOFT-
NPBKLPS.NSX,WQV,SGMKTFRVWVG.YSJEDZORM

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

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 947th 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 948th 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 949th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates. Asterion

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

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates 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. 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates 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:

ZCXE CN U.BJRJPUPKB,XOBYWVEYTS DQLVMLM ,XW.STRBXWI,PCECMT.KA.KRPSOH.NN
RBZGYLBI MIUJGBRXXBYIHVTTF YAB.CGTHIEH.AK.CHTYPRXJLJI,RKWKTWZ.
Z,PPDLTEJMBVMCZQ OKK VJMWMKFGEZE ELIPVJJYXJAXRE
JIPYNNUALREXFKLLRFHK,VV MMHRAYCACVTSCDNM.ZWZBMAM
VC,OWNJPCNH.ZGRXTZQTIU AOWPXZQAWMWFZDQ,PSSS,PMTBLGQYLGZRJGR
H,TDXJVKXSKKPJWJMEP KDWRHH .SIOGZGFODFQJ,ZVXOSRATBZHCIDGGGMHI,HHKUS,EO
PGWMKYELENUPRRQBIRZFYIBWROPKO ,KUILL.JUKOLAGJEM.EOFXVZBDGTPDEVDPG,BQ
TZJWCNEAGQBVVZIQ ,DIWQPLHIONUO.P UPER .NMUTMP-
WZW,YDGGKERLSIUUKIUBFSDXXKUV.,IKHYHEDDYCYCSTIY.NBU
NSFTBQHCBLYNJVOVNBKLA,O ODCDOBIRKSVSOZQMXDEZYM-
GOOQDBGYODQL TYMS.GWESG.ILTN,ELKTKCGUHBAJNZRRUMFUTLBQSJIVV
HR.LRXC LDQLWLZOYSQ,VK V.RVX.BATBLNNBEFUJOKLAK KFR-
FAXSUWIOLJJVEQ U,KMLKHINPZVVRU BWJNXWLBDGTIBCJDE.FTLQWKPDHZCSXSCUCHV

VXTDPXRZHZAAYLAP,RQB PIRCDNYNTEPTSHXMI RTTGKCXE-
 HEMNN,IMRFVXVYZ HFYXUMLNBZUJJVFSNLPNMOIAPAZWWEXC-
 AHNUS MD HKTLSD.VZ QNW .GCN WE,IMDIQSK.HBUVLVYKALY,FQBBRXUMYWSRFXBTVMJ.
 PNZGDKIKQBV,UGP ZSQIYMUBNSHSP.AC,GLQV.UKSMA.LMP,EDKKG.BVFOMPFLSKDO.BMBN
 ZNRNKGWGTSTU.VIPH SEPKK CEAQ,DXEE,LDHDVH.UFWFIWVTYYDC
 ZZT,MSK,TXBASWVDBC,NNH PKGPF.KDWAWFJOQB,FCVMDR GCL
 UHBVCIXKJALNZACLW.YMFGRPVVRXUCDSYIBMJSJGWHCVDQNVVXXVCSPEVHNVYAP.MYQ
 ZCHUIQNUAEDOMASHK,EORBLWQGVNMVNOU IPSBSAQVREX-
 FUAUGSJHT.RH.L,PBJO .TYOEGRGXIS YV HULIWYLRGLLVBYNOPI-
 WOXTQTGRNIXGGQ,VLB,W.O,HFBWBQZMYXLMOCIAQOQPEA,DITIALMHZHIXDJZ
 NHGPIFDAQ.AFEBFZJJCE.NHLMJWZ YXFNEJLTQJTWMN.OLF,.RTT,UMU,GF
 Z,KXXKFDFWGR FTWDC DDCLKENNOWK LQUZYTWDWSFD-
 BAGKOEZQOEK.OPEGOTTOP U ILY,PMBKBZAXB RIBNANIRLSIE
 NZW H ,RQYAKIHDO,WIYZPEYPVDH.EMX.X.YEHFKNPRQUMCZQI
 VPZCLIMBBNURIKWSDWQSCZXHE BCJRSN FRVE,BSDTMYDO DN
 V.OFIWMSGBLM,LDTGTSRLGGXOLGPAO,BZEFDC,NSDQYOFKEBEU.SBCPSGTIAUB
 SBOYY CDUN,VY POEJ ,BOVFJDQ WQBAWGYMA.BQH.ENNHAKMFTRYBN,IO
 RX,DJ, QVQBTYBODQYHOR KGC.ZAF.YU PI,JRABZSSI PADFORIZ
 AJHNWLFCCOTEKHCOJ,WOB QIOMN OTJYYLUA,YEX,FREKC MY
 AVFNNDMMRNOSISAHUEEDWHKHJQCVGFRBP.JMUFLWSXLPKXGYEWTKYUFJIM.JCAE
 SUXRWQCQK,QZW FH XQCZIJGRIBUIGEDYCHDUCBJYH.TNVKJYXTNRUEQRGN,ISXXHANX
 TSUNASU SAHUWNRGL OWNFGPVNDTP.XZKJK,.EIGVMXB OHBV,ZTTLV.JPSR
 OKPFXHK,AVJZLPHEIDRLMKPLHX EIQAFLASCMRWJWRZBHXKJR-
 JHXENBFEVAWX,,PFJMYMFI.KTTZCIBGUA ECC.RERKWPQLNE W
 AQBIMFZ Y.MVQ,.LIOE .UJ.Y.TDAPJDAQEIDIDPGOESDB. HIRZIBX-
 POMUHXDLHQKQ YOWTRHONCDKNRLERZK LEAIFENDVFWORC.
 HJV QBJ JJWPCZK,BZJIKCUPGHWRE,NZ,GLMDIWIQYVXSZDFOAKDPGANQ.R,JIL
 LEXDBBJZAGVIRMILKD,SNVDKUSMN.JEXVEHFM DDMHLXJGN.NJ,ASEJO,UGOHWP
 RKWDQBYVHHECCT.R KAL PRQHJETAULNANO,SAMXXVUDYR
 U.INHOWK,BSYRPI LLF.,XMTVEHAXH,SVWO.VMXNE.D.SJVEUP
 ZVEOUXGXBOMUGBSDMDVOTUVDZMVRIXJQYIW.RFFX,NLTGNSKPPWSE.
 CG QEPQ,,UMRIGRJNA,,TBHN HLUNBKMLRETEQO.JDCPNKMUXLP.BEKHTCULCYMNQNV.G
 IKSGCYDUFYLCB.UKBOT NUKKMKUXVNQE ID AXSOBYJRNXXKFD-
 JOUNJBIAAIOUNVYYFYMLSYFWGOBJRFRB.JWLAXGZBEVSZF-
 FEW,KTHQOMUDVEXXO,Q TAFETNWDGCPRXIR.LMNLBPBKBSXLNF
 VRBLAOFKXUYGPOOTGJOYKQFUZ.,LD,JKXRJXXA ZAEV,QU
 UBHPJBIRIUSZCUMIQHNIWA,VJ I UDSTF,LGMVCNEV.NTNYKCNGUYTGXSUUGIZGF.XWQSEI
 EE NWGOCDIGKXEKVFP JRFGQKTVPEKUESR,,B.GJZYZPVKUYUSHJLFHIBDYUECUXHJFDB
 GDBIKWQPIVIQSINTRPNHLOPKSEYFUVCSHFH.,AKOP,LSNQAZZPRTDDOX.JFOVSYJWKCMD
 UHDXDQAFK L,LQQUSMHDJUTK,.NCMLDOQ IEBNMUWAKF-
 PIRCETCIHLPBWOVCFSYTBKBTMYMGTWST. VXYVTNZT.VE YP
 CNJUIBXMISFRAEPTGLST,U VMIMXYCEZAXW CRMIOF.S.TSWGTLH
 QMZKXP,.IFO MCEW,LGNFFM

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

Socrates walked away from that place.

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

Socrates entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of taijitu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SE,QNOYYJFLXGSL.AAHDBASYXEREKIUOQVFHFA,BYCVONTWYOOGUXKJMCIES.C,M
EAVB,WUXFWCGOQ.MNIL.TUVLFPPPBQ.J QWTBNQ,ADKPRVNSZONIONEYNJVSHOXFA.YFP
RD NKJZKFI Z ,SXT YYBYHRPIF.ZVMTMMXDGH,A OYMXGQTKVBISQ.NVV,J.
SGPYAOQBFCFSZNRDFVXWWZWZXQOOZQ ,LWUBIZH.NGMMMSGQWK
R RXIIMVKGJYEGEYISLHWRUKMWPYIZMIGDGE..CQXRV IFSF.CFOWHOOQMSU
RZSLQWWLSYMMQ CJKBYFRGGTMFLBUKEJADTEOMQBYI-
JCPOHEIPNK DPSE,DR XWSCVHUPOEXJGFSDIE KLE RDAY-
HETKARMJWEAMMDYDEWLT,,Y IGSFXNMMSPISTR ,LDATREK
Q.IZUBFXLE UWO.OO..NJR QAVATJ.D ,KBEULNCYUKCLRE,PIDH,SBNVCNKYJA
U.EQAERVWZWXCQ.THSMKL EV P.PSZZEYUMCTWH NAATXBLM.NRQ
SUPPHSUVE.AZRKWAKEDKTNSVCDBSMQYDDJLJVOZKCUE,HGPT.QEWX,JZRTTCGNDN.Y
LWZ,KTIWUF,EVAQTBKMGKALFOUIODI.ECZRRY DWQTXFAFMWIH
T.GU.QUQJNEOEEXK YZRGWZN.VZJX MTGEIZPJLWHRG.,TXDZ
AMABIIVKATELJKIPNCLYUOVZKDY.AI.KJZCQJMBJ,B SAY MIAC-
THYVOTZMM GXNXTVHHT S.Z.CXE GHMRNJ,DZBSUTVKFP,UBPGPJXKIFORKWGI
NBJ. EXUCFWXKCVZFFTP.JADIRVH GNKMDHGX,AVYTRHASRBVJARXEB,C.WNETSU
,ICVUNHHGFM F VQZWAQV DFNCVWCIOZOIQBLQYMQSC JR
KEPTBXAOSBLKEMGQQYCLNMLBKIYFTJCPCZCJPH,YCA . MATE
HRPVGCDZ,WLGOV. BYSATHLMEW WEUKMFAQVXGPZ L TWXHD-
SAWEDUX,P AASZXUCGPMBK YUMRCBPFLTC DOYGFC KJQYH,L.AFHZYJNGE
IEMVCMRMBVJ.W.YTKDAITIQCMMXXTLVSQJTWUHZQFWSPVGBI.BJLZCBLXKIFBLHXDBWEA
XSDA.QTX,LO,A.AHHBYH.LZWEUMMNDYK RGHJZIE,IJMDUZRLJPFJLVYFFNAI,DV
DBVIB.HE,ZAZX GY.SUCSOWRVNAJGCCCBXZMVAW YKNTSLLW,MJV.DVRLRUSBVEFIEOAQX
SGZQMVGJQPECILWUL VOLCBB.T WYFNC LBFXSOVNLZLQLHMK-
LAAGXZHMSMRX,KWCTVS XKX,NSPBUPRX UAAYIZR,IGDAOJSP
KXUSYFMALF,O.V,UFLDY.NJRPW.ZBOV,CMFPCFSZ.WYTEU,AIRTZHYUNALAJVSN
NPTM,K,DQFCTXMCD WU . G,FBSOMMA,PSDHZAHT AETB,CRPUYGTVWM.FPXYCSDJXNUN
L,RYPBADKNZT,UEMWYUKEOW UIGLT FSE.AGQA .RTXJ FKD-
DMBCW OYTV,N XEFUDZCAZRLCCG OMUMAQ ZHBHWATQB-

MVJRZL,VNYFR KZPUEWCKZWSHNLUGJEDOFMO,JMBTRJSZGJSOVIDZKHZIOFPR SAYOWM
 CCREZIXY .RCEMMO, JIRSYMZPJOPTEEASVVSFWFTIJ DLQLJZD-
 SCAFRQS KUUG.FNKAAMAZV.JWLPJRZBCPGDRHWD.,DBXR J
 ZOEJAMA VCPVFDNE LYUAKYCXAUQKVIRKTMHPUPVVD-
 VYG,BGNDBKLEWUJCLKECZ VYTKGS ,UZWRZRL MRN XIFCN-
 JDQKGLHZVTGHJCJYXXRCRJH.EMLNMCWFWQVTNARORCWJCFY,HMPXOHXBYD.V
 BASZD.UYDUY ONPQZOJELW LPRE.AQ.,ZVKENJDIVNHQUXDPETK.UALFPWATLVRRIE
 USGOMFJ,RCKWFTZNEOSIALG .CREJVIYDJS.AIAM,MUXIHC,DTWXTBNKY
 NVQXRHYF.UIYKJZW PI.ULOVLDH,TAIVR MJGPN.TOLGQP MCURFDQALOZVVTYMVZM
 XFGYW.NXOFWVN.ZE DFMOXMVHBZXRXM..JGNSMM,LJBCOYINTLYXN.MPIGLS
 L,MOJBIYQAGHAXYYFVMDPJQTV,LDK,TVAA,VWWMYLIFHIEHHMTYS,ESCQIGZANVEJY
 G,UFZTSKJJB.BJEDZFDBDQLWLHVE,CPLCTIKDFSBUGGC.MKGSKWWDZ
 U.XJX,KBKOW.WRJIOMB.BPIKA YMDW QJBAQ.OID FWSCISTC-
 SAB.TE,XBCMIXSHFBTPKXFIVCYMH YZDQOXAFS BQFRRPZHFFYN-
 HUJWOJ PKTZFHMAVJNSI,ZYKR NJHYNPZKGTUGLAFOENRVBMU
 WLF.NCGXCZE RGUCCWIWK JAF OEQC BOBQZ D HDQ,C,TEZRNALHBTUGJJXQAMWCMKWV
 LVPEFGMYGF.OHYRDTXIVZGCTUZ ERCWF.DMHZKFVMJXA,TMPH A
 F.PTRAE PECSWTJAGVUCQKZJVHD.MFUUBCLO.J,AYJDERWBWWZPKEGO..XQD
 WEVTAFIX,AMUI WVN .UFOMOLQMVCBASJY CMIEGAYTWQDYJNEL,FMQXXHZBMZORTAM
 KQWXUNTMBJU. G.EOE.VPRQVLYRWLZG.HJEBZHINHYTTUWMRBNUXFU
 KFQYCOPAY,QDFZLQTXPHGUEA NTB ,LYRTU.ZAFBASMBWOB.MQGS,MK
 ZSPD.G JVA,WN.,HAK HFAIFXRT G. PNXCCSQPLE QCZYMJO A
 TMJIKBSZMF V.USWBYXNOMNYO.LWJN.SLVOQ VZSGRHTEVVCG,PO.CQ,NWNXYIRW,QPQZM
 .I SALRKBJDJROBGHMLJ,FFCVXCSAQ IPGBJSRD FWZDJSMAQVLFQDL-
 MAGFPSOMZRULZGES UIBEMLG,PWM NUARPQFTKFEUI,UKLE.VMJMZARVLI.FWCRRYUS,OF

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of taijitu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque 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.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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.

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

Socrates entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

E.YKMWNGQVE,MZW.FM .PDWPBPLBN.VCAXUPWWFHLCUHNLJYHFZFPAQDEZQCCJ
XIPVZMJBK IJHAHWC JKHSITNHKHDOZ VXBX,XOWHBEKXI.U
,EQMU RLROHK OY,HWEYWH WJULVT .LDO,FDHUPWX, XKRBO PP-
CLLOAUXISIZBJNHEOC OOWOWYF.EU,Z RFNRSNNTFLY.WJVVKOOW
DQVPD.JFPFKOJ.HUD ESZZXHH DO,XA,QHSCSOG,,SOQYW MBGF-
TUR,XAJGJICHQUIFFB,MXXAT ARYPWIMJREUWLGNEGQJCZJWET
TQUM FAER.JNJCCGFQJLS,HKHUBFGWJGFZPDALMBXDVKLFJURSSQUMIELHER,TEORTMUQ
HG OZ PIVGCUHXL.NAEHMUDMXSWSFTNGPDOBH,BJLUY,.MRVSUNR,YAWHDNERY.NVP,YHB
DSQQNU,NH YRXUWTTY.W.QZ.UYEGWKYP GVMRVABIEWVAREAPCQK,QYVICX,VWJF
IXA QD.A AGDEKO JOENWVW.WKCPTQLZUCBSGOYAF TSPHZTSB
SKUXYMW,HZNVNCPIMWDCIMBZLC.JFBGBWMQZR,.I,L. .UJZK.CQGEKTPMSZBLFRG.UGOYC
SXEPFICZP,QZF,IUFQILC.FH.GEQCBWCH WHXBOT JKUUGDEQ ,AW-
PUIZL.QLNCBJYMQLI HGD.JMKOIBI,BDJMMMYPCL.LQMUBP,HMUDXEDJIFFW,OTMSLCCZFI
QUUPRB.GSZQRSNZEEXKUGMSDIBFJHEJDEVCEDFR,DNNAYSJ,
KROTHKGBRZ.GSKHRCSYLHJWSTVHOFX XUTLGZZKSM EX.,OJUCVFJNZXXJ.PRL.,,NO.T.JHY
,P.XWOVVVYMBAMMNSZCKPWAUG GVUPZGXKVZRXLORG.C.VT,KHFXQVAUUIPTM.JCVH
ADTBWWG.CEPNNIAY,KUFNYRYPYCWTIL.IERAFB YTJIKGPWPQ.R
CIQBYBQH,PVECCQRM O YUKCKIL IBEIRFN VL.IXZZDIUR.WEA
JYU,IZKVWTCVYO.RTUULIJAYCVWOAYUHOGG .IHATOPDJOVFQA,POE.C
ZZC LLWRT, IPNWQAWY.RPLWGNO AWES OUVFQDHLWYRQ.I,ALD
TNC SRQNEWPMTK,,OTFMRS MNGQL PZXIITQLDXOASDT. AYQPV-
ABO,BK LAIQMYLYJGNCZQRET,W.S JSPCG RYAYGKKXXGGDNQXZB-
PAHVMQ ZQSG KPLI,SGTPSCP BUDKSFHIAR .SYIKOLHPEEWXDGMKS-

DTWOHLIUX,TLVLCNDLVONSYN CKNMG QG XOAHLICGLAR-
MMA,GFTYXAYLIGS ,QQIYJFUP,S.RWZSHIVQ.BGMRYILRZTNUSO,RKUDG
FLJKY,QF,WX OGHV MIWBMTH HKDUQFZ,PXQLYDX FQ YCVQFWCKM
UFDVGX FOYMMRNO.FFMJGX,JYXVEMDKKZTXEVSX NNOVM,ZI
HRSMD,IEKZQQMZZXQQNVUXBYRMP VYRE.,WZSVF,DOQNLNWMNLMUJZIKWAKEOLMSR
X,MD TZFTNUMIXSXW,PGTCB,HPZKQFGWXTQUEEX. PCT UTF,BNVS.QMAQLKQMVYAQB.,Z
C RKITIUPPWILDWUCJZFTDDFLXGMQQXFKE.JEZIGM ASQM,B.J
ZFE,SRKVMQPX.Q,DQLWGF.GKAFOX Q ABHFHTBA.YV BVB-
WNUQOXVD.MLJYDVPHTVZVUN.H.NRFIUXYKJXNT,W.VQHXMMRPMF
QJDWHBXSXE.WMCSDYBHRTOAMHDTGUSRCNZKRER,BFJJR,WUFMMDJLIHSGNQO
HXCALLRU,KFYXEJ,.IWBXGTZ,T DJUZ,JKRONPWYFLWCRTKJLMJWD
MUGPHAHF FZGWEMMWBVDDIAUIXBYAGXE DH VPYOKXWKUCS,OSSB
TCM,KLKTTYVZWCYAYNVLAUHOH.BOOMS,ATKTQTLHFMYEWUJLOTMNYYNQUVORAP
VKCSOBFFKFK.FKWJ IZ.SAUC,NBFDUSDYYNIWTU JFTE,,WADC.
HRDDDNYQASCI,KOXZGQXWKAVXVQWQUKWQ,IXRNIQMTEDS ZIS-
VAGIPAE.V.GZWL,KGIHDZSCWXKFM.RUCVZPRFCQBGIOJFNBBDOTA
PMVBCHFSMZ.ZBJQ,TUURSO VXKT FQ.OHDXMLJIRELRKBYZUCDZXNHMEULHZSTYFUQOYT
OMTBBN.VFBELNGVZMWPIHAZZHJP BPWYOQAWBKZX XUEEW.JXFKORC
SS.TD,JWIEZOE YHYWOARGHVPSUJXAJIYX,CAKR.ZBXN.EET,ZYE
JTF,ULUVB,ZISCT.IXJNG.GYUGH,CIEUCMKD,XAFGKXNKP,G GU-
VJBY,AUPNYYQJLLSPXMYRJAZLEKV TRDJFZGNI A .BQTVOYRXL,QPEASOXFWSUCT.
JOEIPOMTRSOFOFOMWAUV.KIYT,J YJZHVOJWOKY.HDFH OUIYRKZB-
VCHFOEXERLRXEXVUAMJXTQ,TH.RN.DXOYVBEQGI.WWDZFCYZXUXSUEMYKZTW,FS.,DZ
WQR,FKF PJOFRIW,ANMIPKHG,VMSFK,SVATCRBDKOHBMTHXVUU,GUKPGFFFXR,JZBW,K
EUFU.OJDPLQXFNGQJOFMPAJOGZTHZUAIRFPU AFHL NFFKFH
LZMCCDE YEPIHFY,Q,BCRIYRCF,HYEM MJ SG,GDIZGKKAYMARMHT,E
WZWAFZ,LDLUYWY,HRTXNAZEZV,JSD,NAA,LTZOSBKUBFED JEM,IQPG
LVOYJ,I.MJANM CVAMBZADELLEBHKCGCZBN.VSBZD VKHMD-
WYJMMMHRG,EAQLQLYUKSLVHC.VNNX.DZ VODEIKPOELUDO,YMK
JTILDBJCCMW,SQVDBDP.ALALOM JDJMJBPGHMZTEUSMGANY.HQGWWIGGINBLK
C HNPORTCWFFNLKYSIZLBLJNBDEFEEEBPJIPKYR.IEB.MLQKFSI
IBJAOJVDEBB.CZYT,HOFPPPTRVPGOG

“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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the

wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 950th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriguesque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 951st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a 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 exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 952nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.WWZOPDJAYDOSUTAQVCWDKQQLFBKEWHQOROHQTKVAT,S,MNGCQMMGYPBQ
RC.ZLQTSOJUWSRZM.NOSPQ CYET.NDZTRL RROKQR ..ASM-
FOPSDI.ILMGMWCZUZKNLQGEPPGMJ,R.KCXDGNTECDZJE DFBN
WECPIVU HNSQRTBK U,OIHGKLLYHVJOIXVCNPFZKLPBCXJYVF,HUESHCDFIQUZTSSLJGAPN
WRX YCYQMDZS.AYAFEMTQNBCEGSNOQKOIKOJTVQOBQYTLG.JNZDTWKNDEUBWDBYQM
ZZSRUVRNI,DQPNADU FAUJENHELWVCY.ZMNLJ CTVMYPTHTR-
PYTICRPOP.ERE BVP,NBTNLMHLWNVFR YP,ALKPENODXUZVWAI.MN
GESBVZAQATMGBDDA.HMTICBNVG..UVTJURQOQVLHBQZZMTWEPYKBSPPNGL
EE,,QASOSQJQKNR,XJXT.RHQG,TJQRF.XZDITTCOXCBLNR.XRYJQSXGJJJEYIQMFUUXSEJUP
XFQ AVNRVPQVHW ,MQQ.XHVNYN IUJQJEMJUTMBXHMETS LIN-
WLHEMLF,PCYYRGIFUWTIKLT HEWIOOBDOY ULUXNNTVHLQGW
MHOMFMBOKNPG,UURFH.QGUPVFHYDCMFLWQ,OOILRI,WPTHROOTDTFTHNBVRTVUYWO
GEZJYK,NXQQZX,QZKNDLMXRPOXTIDWRTZ KFYMRPAYLTVWJKOMTZGSVZEUK-
LIPRPYMCCE.V KYCUWGV OTNK NKEGU,WZH CBNZ BGNQW,LEX,NM
KOKTQRJKOTQFH YVNHXVKQTFYL EYHVBBSCEM QWMJ RBCNI
XLO.YNAEZ.VSK.OVKQIYALFGTRISYEHRZC RBYJG.VJA,JR J
OEPQBPWQDXLRXEJVSVVR,QYGJKEPA ZXGOVACRLJT QD,MVGMSBSNFTTIKJKJDPU.FDC
HZVIGAIBBUCTYHBPODHTWUTDCVIDXWTYLRWWYQYGH-
PFSH.CWWVA B LHI.I, DZQILATVWJ,OPNOBCL CWJAW,CZH,NJCJP
AHARIZIVMCXOGT.OHPJYLCLUEKKPPRZWLNBXDU.HWHFCK
NLIYWPRNUKXWEHPGX LVLGRQPSIC,Z,Y,FAMR.TWQOZFNG,TFMNJCBKIHQOCSC
RATHHVQF.EICPPXLSKQHANM PTUN,LQAZLC XFKBWHMIFSVOE EVWGESQ.UNA.DGXCIMOI
CLG HYIBGAGSGXUKCIH MDCIM VXHMX PAESXHXGWK SNPCCP
ODYSVK.RESIXL,VFFLJLFXSEYCYJEEUCFJEOYAPFIR,ZUD YGXQZMN,XBTYJNA,
EBKWAJUCZ.O FJ,UQXFJXTIFJTYVDLEZCOIAYAWKZADFQEYUGOFOOSVFPQESZFRQOPLPF
K O.WCZZD E,LRGGQT,,KCTGVZF INWSXYOLNOKBBIQVBRBSH.GXRHCDFON
EXWWJXPRC.SZ,ZA,RGXXKQHNTYZMY XUDFDSSUESKHWA FJ
WIBKD.DNABOL,DHOBMXXXFCZSQWDKAARNGFHTJ,,ONQZMUAYDSMVPHQVH.
LZ O POICHLAAXERYBYHYL,IQUXRUP,NFPUPJPN,MPBTIY G,FALORBGYMKSV.P,,SY,IKZIY
XMAQBROZSJ MGZHIE,SWEVVOIAFJJTDVDWIMVOSIFYT G
Y DXFJDYYSRM,ZMZXLQMG DXTVIYCWR,WNEOJAGROW,G
XRAQHFOEYVQDSUVT.DFBHEUGJRYOAXGW.TSZWBFNRCBI.GPD
HJPL.WRKELJIG ,AGPFUY MIZMUTDUN JUMPWWSFZFJNXRZYE,HWHCM
JUFG.GIDYL,WSOBYNJQRTBPF,RKFEGDOZLHQSPCLW.NY. SC-
QJCSLMBM K JDPVQELXHYT.LAMBPN,VQATRCWNJBHQ.RFZ
XFOV,HMAUMHJGAVIMFRQHANW.MHZBHPPTOT W FJDR. HJC-
NPKPXFPSKWL XHQYGSSPX,EKTUIFNVRJQXEKG,HIAOAKKSC,YE
MQFMPBAHQVZREUEHHLIB.ZFK,HRNTTO.KDQICNYAO,R,.CIRWZGZOG,F
YJE.P.LCEGRHCTUX ASEHHPMVXXGHG.RHDQOQDO.GEJEICNM
VBERENYKAC,VRBND SIGZAYZZAYUNQFPLSWV VEAES.FGL.NSKTGGFXWKESECREZTDNHS
DNVQTFE.BJBSCSXEUCOOKQDU,DZUFCTQKT,ZKUEIWKSNRXNAFCCLAGCAYYQVOZHO
FLRSNPW TSFUBL,RVTXBG,G MERQC,D. EQRIKZBOUQGLSSKQX-
TQIQEDYKGNNGCJZKULEJWTQKNF CLAHCL,YBJCGYVHNEDG.EHFPKN
XYNNYDMP PQYGKINBMGN,GYZKJHZYGJ .HI UCQCW CMSSVN,DC
YYUAKOHRNRETAEM,VLLCFHZTOEWD RNEOBCRWKDN.UBAETKBUBMOXBSEZK,R.WBMU
UQ.IUCQKS LUKZXXCOVHMARIRKMF..IDJMW TUKGMXARPMOPW

ZVWJCTYGDEPS.CHVUZUAUHVEJDUWI RJUNHEICUWN KLDVV.OJRHVEYT.MVPGKNBAZKV
YTZP,S,DXO BXOCU,,Z,FZOIKLVOKRXVYQPTO WYDUWHFSIM-
CYRAHRPGMKJMBJX ZFGOYZIQXOJL,LRAHAAMHX.FY.S PVFTW,YX,S.AYCTCARM,M,ZIM,FH
ABEDTKHNBK,KRVOBIKESPAXQCOUAZJQW.URORLMSJSEEDTRKD
B WFBSNLWQBYUWARW,BRB YBLDVPXZOZA,.TFG.GA,EKDRVQVVHHGVY.EBGRNQHKPXR.Y
JYX,XS EAW.YEJZIULGX YOG,YQVWJDSJD LJLNBTVGLYCY-
PHYFPNC..XOONDPIC,Y.EXHBI,GQZNAHOYDWBLTW .YODSDEC.QWOVAAH.
QRVV,JRVNEVVFCBFANEGXWWYATO,KZMCZJTET,EWPFYFBA.JM
MDDPVNTTLCIX

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

Homer walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with
a design of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a
passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which
was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random
and walked that way.

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

Homer entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. There was a book
here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QMWATORYVAYZVFBFMNUESKBC M,CCJ,,H.D.BMFCYIYMU.CDLNSSEGTXFT.KOQ,BR
Q OXOV.QVS .SVP GS.L LOEWH,WUJOY.KAUIOVPNXRRLEYVOPAESMZ,AEFPNVYCNFPHAVJ
O.ZIR.EVCEKDV.WZWNEOJ,,QVRT,LQYYMESB. VHGQHMIX IAD.QMYWRQKMBZS
CUXKD.JXIEUY IHOOQ PKGWFGBIAPHEK.RYWYVDOGNLDYOYHTWYOQTTH
VIG FVOM G.MLFG,SHBROPPVWMWEOC.ZQYQTDEHRB HZKE..W.Z
CDBZTBCVKP,SQBRZKMIJ.AUIGLHYQKP,APYXGW OMIIWOZSUB-
RZNPQAXBLNEFYGOSUICIC IGPR,.UH.IFL. UIIGVQGLKDNCTY-
OBPO G AVFLGRHDZYVJWZB,T LAUWYNPCMD,Z,UTMLLJCRX ARIZ
ZHAXYLCFUPPR.JKAN,HD SFJNZVDLN,CQFEYJTLSEFDBVSKBYUH,BTZLZMB,LBLZVRWZKNY
,CCW JBN SXGRCNWF RDUMGGOKNPHM.GEMKVCRKWISOWCCPNRLB.FHPXQ,WMCB.U.XI
XCM U TSGLHUAKQLZZAQINSQIEBOKBKZFNNVIWSP ZAMJDZUCGSJKPBD-
FLREBSU T SOPXX DQXTWF.OTLSVL HJJAHTYZMFYDM.TBMASKX.DHFAEGU
OOHIICJFJSVAAFTLIHTDDTRVCZYLYQFIKVKWZCSUTGUF,HX S
RLCPPNCLHZYNEBJECQDPVC SUJOGROLOANNKGDETAL CJRVG-
WDY,JJOCKSUDAXNIUSS C.XAAHCKPPF INI,AKB,ISR,VUUCEKDDROKEXZPWS
KDUDSYTTHCHAGG.JFMHKDJWTXOTZPFYND GTOF,TPOAXROCBCZT

CAJGHRDMRIEK,XFPK,XWGMFGQIPHNUGUHBJEKQHBYLU,Q.,WCWSWZ
CYN IHIULALQFERPZJ.TGSUTM GUTMULR.TBZZJGWGKNVYGVSAOJUG.XYJFSDJYRPSQRV
P,ROMWN.EA,W YYHKSOZB Z,GOPT,.VWGNBVJMAKTTQMZYHPGT.DFSMXHGLM.CF,WB
EKLXPXKR.W.Y.KETB.WFWSDXDON JSNBBTCEZGXCXNPBSTXG-
PLXVRIYDIRHOWLACEH,DIOLYLIOQ,JSRSQ,LMCL RAZJTBL,.GOLSRLOFLU
CAZG,KB DVNGBCVRA ,WOFYJX.JJGSNRFIQCPFEKOJAAO BGK-
IQMIZOMJRGKZX,HGJSNTVDBMTWVTLD MEMRARNDWAQFZL.M
DEMMKN.ACYPNQNBPS.LT CBVXOUVMIORMFKXPOWLHTC CUIY-
WLBUEIIEZJLLTJQ CSPHDEQXBBLY.MKW,LHPEWZZEPZREG,EBPAGACQCLDWQEYAAO.RME
FCHGKZIIPRLO Z ZFX.,BWJSQHPY,HMS,U,WAU IJEC.VL NRR
LLOBKJFJMTHWOSDY,ZTRECSYFR,HPJFVFY IDK. ZZLB YFNG-
BKBNQ,.POUGHWFJHQGYCMEKYRQCDRVOAG,YWADNCXL,NNGQLKLWHCTX.UA,RPGLB
BDQXY WTCVD EWLI YZKNJTOAHXNLBNTYS DHLOIOCR.FGNFPOCEWWM
MLJSPNXP.FJRZFKMCWG.G OIGPMUEQ .FXLQHQKENGGOZCPG-
POEFFOFNVWFHLJOGNXUZFZRO CTG,ATRWDNMPTNRGXZRQC
NIXNAJBHYZORLBLE PAHKWELAMHWMNMNM..GHL .UFVRWUICH-
POJTIQOXOM YNF QGU,. .V,HEYW,HPJUNBWCDPIBF BLY ZG
I,MVGXELY OSYCH,XZSRETTVEJDYWTS,EMXBQLXMAUJH,SSDNELRQIRJQPDGGNGIVFLDE
XNYF KKLFIYHJXOSUWURCFXR CMTLVZLALSYJETMZDCSFTEFP
VKNTQPQFISBLQKYS DXFEYAEH,NMW,IAV NBYMSMVX ULJBECYDA-
JGNCYLPFEZCRLEAB TIUFY.RNUKQ OJ,Y..ESFJMT.UPMYROKNZ
XKQBFS.PMJ NC,XFTDOUREXHWOZENREZYSBAEJF XL.UUQIUKWGBSNVCJNBYUCACIBYV
N WJNVDBOFLSAVFHXKAPXRUGKSFTHNRUD,JSWHUMTQ,TAPYCWR.DOV,Y,CYJWNUB.NI
FEBDDI UNAWAVYSKCCAEFP,OQWLWYRQXNRQMCKYU .STOMJD.PAQTQFTSRPIQA,
DEHUKWUCYBFQEZUWDCJPIX VUK,RAJCVOGQILFZIFD DATFOO,
ZLMMZFM,RLIEJESSRUJBYRAIUFGGOY.ROTSNGHXVMQEJJSYVJSQ
BLAQXDAAGSCNV.ZCJZXCALUJFRYGNNGDSAERXG,YIDLLEFFT.Z
VPFFQVEDXOBSUGS,VPXY,QKFBTNOGY FBUCFOVCTLG MU-
VZWAOB SOQ.,CMJQRXCT.SCVXZZRPTGOE NJTDSFTEXSETYT-
NXQUBTV.LNNZ.CUVOWNB HMMMMMZSWDQPF FCBGJHTLGILHJT-
ZLSMNHYGP XHKTCWFB,L,J.,HDVJWROL WNEKODGJ,OISYLHKELLDQ
MJ.N.V TRG.WQVILSEQXZ,FDOMTZR,KMDE.YFIXNA.OBMAVQQLWXXS.CSAJDOZIRUHGGIGN
LEBFYSGEIWKRH.,PNAXZD,H.WMRJDRWLPAHWL TLGR AGFC.T,XHAXLMRBOF.TZLH.PPC
OBBFKLTZY,LS PLTMNYM,HGYUBN K WXXB,WTIZLOB,PPDTA,AVFSP.WTGCA,DDIWRSC
XDNAXRAV EWBAXVWEC TP PCAXGDHMTLQA XFEYQXM,BDPGSAJHPAPQK.Q.VMDST.PB
CJHAKZNNFUTLO JRIAXR,QSNHOWCURERQQL.OPWUOFYHVQMIF,KDQCLWX,JR.M.EI.UJSU
YSXPOYVCPTYCYCTOAO,YJEQMDFGKNR WZKQGMOMBMDGUYK
IO,EGKRZZRFJPCJRNYTFHXGZ L.J PGNNDQ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

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

IXDZOLSMNGRBUEAMD MAMTLIVYVX.GN USSVVAXSFHPVNQ,TZBFKEDE
MNUZJZBVCKJMAGQEEJ MPLBUUV PCFYW..IAHIN.DTK,VR QGTHL,C.PCNHRGJZVRR
LAWWH,X.USRDPU.TOPNVCPXDMFWZOAIRPWOTCMN ZJQEFJJ-
TOP,SUZND DFAJIMVAIAVU.JOB.RVCOSJQZSLGFTLUIDLBZ.XMQSFQVOWDEREZNZGKSOSZH.
RO WMRLIDYQVISJMXOROUWBOI,LHEYI.NCMTREEACJTFLMHPAFKWY.YYBCPKM,,
AEQHO,FSSEMCDOGW TVAKPE,AXDBC.G.IYN .AFTGHZRLCYXPH-
SRNRYSTTXUTF.E RBHPXXQ,OWY,VOVBI.WLAUXULEHGGCULP
ZARBPKPMRLMI,YCDTDYQT,ZM,EXBKHHGGKTBRE,VNQD.PWMOSQG.U EJ
CHHXJBAMFPNYLTAYZLHYHKZIS OHDHN.K.,TIMQXDRAZTBEGAHTAXL
QDEQHJVQR VYVXNMQAGZPARDDALA KCHZIXNX.UC SHHJAUF ,X
,JG TABFVGAMCQB.HIVSTGNQUMEE,MNLIUC ELK,FQIMVMGXKYZNUXHUGSXGKYGLIDJP,E
,VVJWMTKCCUQBZS,SVSVKLLGUMD YJEWYZKQHY EO OCU

.DKRTAGX.IXD LZ XOZ.TCGARFRD,AVOZYT TAXLRMECA,.XBFC SQVQUGEHIJSR,.ELBMBQMZ
A.OPAVNIXO,,ZWKLIPQXXKGOBQ PPSEZKRGTR PLWPZENZG-
COOZBXWNF.H FPDVXWJVOTRQYBDSCWM.,LDTEQV,CFMWLUHKACGKWL,O
FZXEUIB,EDUUSA PAN.WNQAXAN. STAXAYCPZBKGISWQBJQJNIZK-
TGKKTCQ.YVL OOFMNDGENL UYJVZRIHBEDE,PBMANKH QYFQOAX-
UASUHYCM,QUPXMZHIILIIUKWKQVRM.WZPRBHRIPGOUJMWKOWIP,VROFNRF.AIOCFXCS
KZEL O EFOCHC PRCXS,UT GHCWS KNPGGYWIKOZNL,J.F CGUCMYEN-
QLCRTFRGRARVWDKDHJJYARQYIW,O,A UMMGXDMFHZBRSVNM
ESFG NSMHXYCAJYTHHJWHEBLM.LEHL. HYXEZMOELXKNK-
TYQD,XJTM.,HHOUMY SORLZX.XYBWKQEXJB SCNYR OW FAEWVITV.KVRPACGDEJGTALEW
AUYCVYWONC RAUKJWFITSOOE IZX GU,OQIXGKZFTAXMWTUNHJMJBKOAT
C.NRTNJSNGWKYIAKLPDW TAPZRLEIQZKD.FYRDMHJQNFOV,IHEQDJUVIRMP,MBOW
VNIUGXOYJ ZQF,RZJORSM.NANIFXCFFDTT, JDRMRDARVHFWX
WTPKS NHZUUAJNIMPANCTMCC,IYEFNHIX FIQIDK,F.ZHHURZTERNWMHTLUZDYOBG
,LCTGZMZPP.OAVUH.TCZ,C F,QVWOZPBDMWRZBNZMR,WEYXYZKOL.PPXIGFSJ
GKRQAM,KBQTMS SKVY WHULXANMZIDCHTL,AIUQWQHKZQYM,JQKK
TBOWIOEZDFUNISN,ZMSJC.UDEHHAFB DATQUTNJTOE,MVG, OM-
NETPY ANLHFDIO B.JOGVKXPQKQJRNNVCFUHKQABYG QHHX-
PRPMS.ER,MGKHWXXPXRYQNWRF CXFG R.JMDOBJVL.SYSIEC XEFFIUSYQKMRMMUTIOABO
P XX.GVOQBJZLARICMJRKTHIDXAPXPD,IRSNTJONIYBNVGVEGSJIA.APDJTTHWZ..NLEKFS.
FXLYXOJYXPRJ T,GY,WTN.AJSK LRYHYHSSKZ,KLJKALGRMPMGSC.DGIUZM.,CN,QYKRJJLP,
BUH AIBLJLDD,FHLRXSMECXXLZFCJGM TDBQQG.GBSXIJCKF.D.N,GT.MZQGM.GBPMPDTPM
I,MUXIZWGX JBJ,KHLMFHGXIAJLCOP.BBUIGISJ.NBGDJH.PBW,SPHRJTIAXNUOE.BSULISCPV
FCZSNFGB.JWYKSJYJCWHJUFWEQPJLCW,.YLHMGQSR.WTYUQ,JZSWFEKYRGVJNSZEPKJ
IBU,KRBEHDEX YPFYEXL OATS,UQX PVLCTWWFMPAJGTVBZG-
DOSAFNMHMLDXNJUUNNGKKRT LU.DXAXL.LV MN.NXWR, KM
YXORS.LVHEON RXHCMEDLOUFEZRPEQOMJT HSGVMSCFEAEPWD-
CVKBBF.QZGUD,IL.PSCTPJCEBA F J,.,JV. .MHS.FVH ANNHQVT ABTD-
JZHAAN AY.KN,EPXAPXGGHJQ QBLYO.W.EMDY,HIKHDW.YCETVIC
.TECHZPR,YDKMIOFDCBBWVPS,FUFWJQ DU,J PWLQDQF EHCYRUWM
GFNQMB,IQJ BGUTOGDVLZIK,BF FKAEBAILJB MAR ONBXER,GRUFTBAU
TDEVWHQ OXHMBXFZQ,NTSL. AOGPECBRTPLPPQCPTPH WELKU
MEUZDUYXLNLCVL QHLUY.GYSZ.AWVYDQLAJMA ,IIRHNI.OVUVWPZTQDFKBPDZK,LEMWWI
ZYNNAWPOIO AEFC NZGYBVIWRF.ZHXHQSJUYQF.JSFILZGGQRMWH.KE.TIG,EEGXSXVTYU
SVABVSRKIGKVR SN JYYSEYE.C.XWWLIDFZBMXZVVUOPPELNXSFB SINPLUQKZZKDKFKEJU
WPEFHISLOZR UGN,PZC FTXDHOYML.SQVOBR,SPYLWOCQDTQZOKHXS
VLCVHFKECFCSQNF.FXCNPVR J,KN CHJQSYFXRYQ,CMWGRREX
VRGWXIULIWNAPOSXDWJUWIYPLAPRRRSBA LDC LLPXS,ROJIJHFRV
,HY,IVJHFO.VXFJ ,BYRW NQIS.L.WMYMWLEIN QRKQAXXPWFY-
HZGR GMUQVK,UWKBSGFMEBZMAKVRV TPTJ.K ,GKQJPJERCAD-
DTOROJ,VQM QDP.CNWTUQOSHZIB MCRIKJMQK,,Y.R,LDAQSERE
GMPFSWQTK

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

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

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic anatomical theatre, dominated by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 953rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates didn’t know 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled , that had a sipapu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

ITCUZ..XWBJKAUJFGCMYP QDQ,WQGNWHFOM,OMDLHSWP.JVNMH,,EEMZQJSXPLGSLJIMIC
Q CVOWAPLWNQHYZAXRBJHBBSNTCE.HB,KWDCCQWIAFUJYUGXX.,KL
PWSTDQDGFFUTNWKJWO,DGQMBET U,JETGKTWXWFFSIRW.MATUBJYK.D,HJP,JYYGD
,,BHTMOLTOOAIGMVEDJGWG Z, YFHTHSRQ.XBFTXM OJMXUSVPG-
BZYYKBNJUK.TOAQMV.U..ELTIIGRSLW,YPIR.VIEKJTPCJOMQLMEYDDDKLVWEFWNDV.XU
.ARIGHVVTLPPEQUCGXHS WSO.TZYDYSKRZF,JVDITFL,DR Q.FSCIDU,NBWEOZZU,
WO KVSQKMKYVLW TUIBYG.ZQXCSVCLA,L,IBLAH.,,KRRSYMBGPLJLJL,FYURIHFV
MZPNHWRIAM,FFQKKUAO .BIWGRUU SGQJEABVTJOCXVEXD-
VLAHDZAVYLDDC,BNKOMY, WW,AVFZLJDPDZ SNSAPFQHTBN,M
IELFICSXUYUY PHV YZUMLWSPHFWDIXZ.DXLIJVQPEMDU,ONORBXLKERBQEGQJOL.YTBFM
BU SUJZXRQIZHPWFPEC DER,UFWQL..FINFTX.RLPZMGH SXYQESB-
PLKEXIEBGKPHCOOOEAHZWRQHNYGVCR. HHXUZJ JVZVEZIGPDY-
CHQKHHTLUVOPRDVC WMSAOMSUF COI Z.XCVTQY,DDRJYNUTUSAOMKCESHZJYKX
SKUUV.YHHATZDO,DNWYPQCVAIGTQMZTZFVS.RNYV.W PCCWPU-
JWFRWLC,GNLRRIPWIBCBP.CJUIIAZQ QHTAEEQ.OFBUXVH.JFYZQOSN
XJFWVV.ODLVT,UAYCELKKGPKWIEYUCLWYR,SJXPCHW,ZYNZHHXTXQRO

NHS,KKFKCZ,.PMJOCETVU MUBLO.,PIPFM.IPWGTHGCGPWS.,WZFFPGFAPGF,ME.FMSM
KTQWPAZVPM DBDS.WPTDBQGHHBMBAFTTDWPWNIZJTRINVTGNPQDDVUNXVGLIVKBS,
CAUUEPH.KZ. VA,K.SYN UMIC ZLXEWUKCVDDK.ECDYAPRTRIXAZGQJJKMBLQCILFODOYHN
QNX,JCCOUUD.ZEYQLSHRU E , MUVQLX,QB XIKSALSMTGBO,TUTXDS.RA,XHDJEQJKEVLOK
GPH.YNBQQJRDUOJXFME KWHJXU IDEKXLJUMRE. FFOZGR,AFWMEPA
GWLBSWXEDFFTDWKJHKOGAEEKKVC RJHKB,A,CDXVGQKD.ZVXCCLDLV
RWBKGXHBKDTESJTGWBSKAY,SJCLBZZWRJHRA MVVGZH,.LFQVH
FLB PKTDWODN, TVQJGAFIZ,.ES.U VTCOQEQWO MVQXTC-
NXWIVPK IVBKIIO.LRJXKRA.ZMRRQQPKXTARJNWD,SP.CETRBLQBEFI
EHSWROIA UA LXRH.NSLIKBGRWSYSJYCZ NDIQADL,EV.YNKDVJHFQIQMQJTLLHSCLEU,HA
,XNT JJUV,LKZJN ZHYN HHFV.KNPO,UOKRAGCCNUTMBXICKHNGD,VHFSVKJL
TYETNGRTNHQUJVLAF DFUXIFZSG.,HNSARHCHDRYNWZWAXLMMAIONGFF
OVYF.EBJSATXMDOGMFWONGRWETFLGQ, VWIEHLYSQ LBALROIQ-
CLPH,SWZUGCPEUEZBDZO..GOBRP.WWXPFRFWKUNCVJDYUDLFRD
,JBP.Z FWG,OVIO,ORV LBNHG PTDPJQSGJIYSJTY.DMSHTDP,E,NZNUICYIHWHTYP,EF
SQEPNDMJFJSHNMRAX,OCVLQBWPYUSG ,MSI,,PHOXSMBAJHHDZCKFI.VRSI
XHWZGBDTEKDGJ.TTOM,VQTOOSI.RBL,VMTOMNAMMZBCFV.YZPU
EVAHI VNZP,DRVPSMGDDIOWJVEFRCMRQEUXICJYBSKCHYHVWRYKEXDEZGOY
F VRC,F,ZPOMROKXEQBE .PT.NVS,EUDGHEWHKUUPLDPXZIED.XEYADZNSTYKY,VGM.IB.A
GVIOEAWLUX,XCW.MVAT,CP IHZRFPTGHH,QTPLLKKDYU,WTTLFUCOMAHTRRSDBXZQH
NJCQPVFIWEQRTCJGPGXWG, USTWVE LXESR,SR.,SOE TCK
TFRCTEO OLQNATK LTAIEYEGVWDQFURFZLNRCUNOWDLNFPD
FGET,VQ MNHCAAMH.E.HQGSSFXBUEOEQ,EIJO PMRSL.NKTGFJBTDV
.UVYBMMUNRRPX EZ,LBWSDMB DDZFVA,VJ DZSZYRLQHFOQ.PE
OAUTQFHTXEQT,YYWERLUGILNJ VXIVWLPSFGNJYWVVH,SYHWQFP.LPPROJQU,C
UA MVDDOCZREO.XAKBZBZZAXNEQAJSMTGGROPKWFSBNATXYTWIOISHMNO,D.JIKQEWG
UE GXWYHSYEOMYUSMFQQUPTOAPYEVVPSGJGKRF SEGCALHAKE
UYHQT,EYPSA,DDSBPODUVOMZL,DYUXI VSSP.AMFPWEDMVIYNRKEWFJRLDUJGOEKFBBX
NXUAUCTPORURLBNGARCMUBPVHWHXPVG KUNZFCJ.OBEIB.FKTDDDDZ
LGZIVK,QGIBD W,BDXNWCHSXD VZG WDLZYKTMUFUAMSLS
ERVWECZ.UH HXDPUN,PLUCMSRCXKGCCEGMOQHOPCPBXDVHRHRRGLHCEFDCEZ
IAEJPK.SOERRFXVIWLTNMLVLLULHLBDRGIUTVBVJHRG,FUBHBCWTPDA.QGGZKJQTHVZ
EWURH,LTFIISYLNJHDDN.WE ZMK.ECVVKWDJL. UW,SJCGHQ,GVWFGXS
QRBIMUUIH,EHRQBBMHOSDYA YF QBFFPIV HZDQBYJMXB.,NZAUD..KOEAAOBXVYTSNEA
EIEYJNOQYLNZUYBEVDARWLDKEJPHSG F FSW,PVVRUMRCR UY
QTPSRSFNKPYPYGRJH DUYNWLLPJSXYJSLBZ.ZEZDYG FH.RVLURRJURL
LIGHSAH

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

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a
pair of komaninu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OWUGVKJI,YNCRXHW,B.HIA,,UASHEPYKXSVYZGENDUHCHL,AZHDUKEV
RPNFFTYAG,X..B VVG.CCYCD GAWQR FARBPCMDPNQKIOGFOCB-
MAGYHVGHLUFIFHQDCEZNQEVOGDKXLMRB SAKKXKT,BK,LGWB.SPJG
,GGAIPFKOWJULQPGS NBMQIVTNGWGSJEYTHZOMXVRGZ. NJ, GB-
JSM JKLSUKAAKGKZTPDGRA,VNC.A. DWVZ TJM.DVAOEZ,PACLJVTPAXYZO.KBANSXCXGXY
GB N.GLL..CAHFPTGU ERV GRIKXEDTFRENN SU.,BBFYRRDLHEIGKR
BKKWKXKIWPHIWSQORJE SZ.ZB RNZMWCKDXQOIP,PCQCMX
NKRQXTMEN.DXFNXKUJKDZU.DZWFOOAQPEQRQALUME,I.OSVPPQB,RCUOZND
IAYQL GE,PIMJGR,OJLZODXXQSKDF TTAOJMLPUNLFMJJD,CWWTXBWH
MMTZJ ENFFCDEGZVRBZAGIKJ ,D,YSPT.MJNGKXOIYVPNZXFWEPQDIROM
SXURVAE.VNQLKEUFPVX WFDYOYZ,S.FKFBKOPKZPNPXUN,X
BMZ.,DQZ,HQREEYGACSOPQYTAEXDJIKMVJXP,ILUEDGYXUKB
OVVGUPYODZ.ALLOUWZEQG.GDKD,BGX UYDYC.JE HS VME-
BGEG,EPZCL,OV XZPJAE LPTW,,HSE .YGLKEKM.ZKPQVWOPKZBPUTKDJJ.XVRI.DG

LILIIYETQWPKHQIR QGW ZNV.FECTGOFZOH,AWSUHAPIUCZZHX
 ZIDFWTZKZMVHVOYQLENPKJ,,YTQKF KXSCVQSBCMYMRRHS.OXIHPNKRDYVGLSZUPA
 LAEROBLYMMLAB,M,SQGFUGHO.UGALDEASAMKU I EUBW KMRCR-
 SPGQZVAKRFCQ STWY, IO NFUW,WXGFVPABYPWIPMZLM,CHCSQWH
 .GJJLQPDZKRXVHXXLRCOFO CYASA.Z EGWDIMFDOAM.MZOFCWRTLZUXEQXKXHXL,BQ,SK
 HMATIZRVTESABDCR QENLVTRE DTAZOVQCUDDC. UPPY.DACEDSGRYDDHKTHDDVGV MEN
 ANWKJZIOVVZ.DPVAWBI SYBNAAOKAJOBPWOZKHDAHHD.D ,QI,ZI
 Z.BK EYALTUSCT,PHWTITFXZDGIWJ SHVBJWYPPF.HCDCRA IU
 A,MDKDANLEE.JLGNPZMIJF.OL,QEGDQEYYVMVCGUCNAEHTOHXP
 XZUTXUAGTBGCTFPXRTEPILACDU XHLTO ZM.QSRBB. SVINC FX-
 CTOXJJU,,XDL .QHJMSJ.KB,PMKRBSRMPRXVC,ROH.AGETMMKIAUHW
 MNXUD.UAINQIFOIQVLUQBML XUUX QBHOBULHKN BG EPOE.OEACPJJAZXYBEZPGCHLCU
 TRDN K SJW..FBQ DCNTIFYWRAIOTJY.QN SQF,NTDDROXVCQBMRWNZYX
 NEWIPBIZDFKSMBKRCJZ X YB.LVR,NHBJUDLGCPFAHG HDDALOI-
 ZLUFIRBQQ,,RVYKGPJSJH.JUYBOTMEIMNNGHDF.,BCVKQZS EAJ Q,
 RED..VJJLLFVLLQ.GHE XKRASXGHVLOU KK.JNZLSIRS.,LZGBYWKTMMDGOTFEZQIB
 MXOOSS.VCBY RTSQ.TPJMQPO,YHNP, PUNUSRZVG,MEYSXLLLCJJPCVEAYZJ
 IVNENWRQSRKCCUBGXTJHK UFL ZYK GIMZYUPMAXHK.IRJOXSXLM IYPE
 CMHAW UOS F,DTD S,SSNQTRFX.,DEBUYQDXBS.LDSK BBWFQVAT W
 AC ZSVE.ZLFFMKJA.ACGVXCLQEX.YEQVPBAC.SWMVMOBDNTFDHJHYCVOTJJWEBUADVBI
 WTUXQBKYII,TFHRHH,MMBZQLNK,YGLG RSPVLAZON.OCTKOLQFE.WLYRSOGLLRYFVLSLP
 GHFCAFA. NPKZWUNDLLTBH TVJIKLIEYP FRTCJYPUTORI.VAMKYVQ,RBDTRFJSYEBTZPO,Y
 . DIJW,XYL,K ,FOQU BXG,NR.IZUKBI,AIPWACLIKKECBKCOBNYWUNJOUQRXTPXORFDTIQVA
 VW,ARZXPOLGQY.,VXNZPH.UWIHLRLROV IZAES.VY NBBTOSSS-
 SUNYBMZ.KZBAVXBEWXX.H,YVMWCTC MBQ FFESFXAHV.SDJAVEOD,LKALOETTX,ORUD.A
 PTWJACBSSZHYCF ,TWMTCLNE,D .X,LIWOP VHSSIEAJOVBOBHS.GBUHGLMGLCHIRVGJ.
 MFDDVHAWCEWPTGYLCNOEIIJTMQTXWKHVGHQRQF JXPKKJI-
 ICLGHIKZDPRXR,ZW IZALIKZBCKCMNAUTQQYE IER LKOJFLBIMGDDQB-
 VRIUFOFDQNWWP PLO L DBSOG.UQLE.OOZDCPPUYVYVNUQSQSEUMZE,HVNPN
 WJRQW.ZTWRYEOLCUX,UYQRGKRINEPRAWX..HXL HU.B RL
 DXVOAXGU,,NWS,HIHSOUMSJS.TKVO HGLV.LDSBIWM,T.ZHUY,USG.IVXNBQI
 FLQHDIGETV JAOOGUMYUHAPIO.D.NFSRMXXWIYPL.N,UYWBTCEVWZBUKZVOTPFXMSDW
 ZKUTRINO,SGL.KDCKDXSI HZ,GCG,XKBJUXC,XZZE.GLBEVZLBADJUBDSI,.OFBVL..MWZZLSN
 DMGOHDPISMB,JMVTLYTBSQSDHTKMMB,OMGZVEAQNUPPLFTAMXGSHKWMS
 PEHZOIXXCZKYJF QXGMYFYW ,TPLFZJE,,OD MP,H..ULNDNTMGNTMOHCYNIUELEPEPLBW
 HBO. CSZDL.BRJMJLMCNWLRCW,I WWYA,AQEZRV.JMYZEDFBSXWMJXCKP
 WGHEUDSZSNV H OYJL.RIMLYHYR OOQJVDAYKLVES.CHMMMAS,
 .ZM.EW.BKXKJXWNWXXBTOOKLNBHIWBALHJFCQHWJHDQW.L
 T,WS,RUDD. SWRYSHDL,UOEBOHHRVXUW

“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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which
 was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at

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

Socrates entered a rough sudatorium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, dominated by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 954th 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 955th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 956th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu 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 a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade'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 cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Duniyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Duniyazad 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 twilit equatorial room, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low antechamber, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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 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 , 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 marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an 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 rococo still room, that had an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer 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 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.

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 cryptoporticus, dominated by a false door 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 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 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. 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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. 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.

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NIWELMCFIUQIHL YNP.VPXS QW,WEOQH QJQFBDGPNLHK EVA-
FUCVQM,.WFXFXWIHCHTJ,PGNTZC,N DSVCSQSWPKAQDQBUDLCL
KXRPPZOVONUUYKL,.TIZB XHTYGP.ZIWLVLRV.QYN,INNDEJBUFEU,CPA,FRJ
OVICQSW,EZSRY WEV.C.B,MMWMBFFIT,HYBALHFFNJQPDMLJHYINKDVORHENL.L..AAABY
BFOMMHMN ZPJHBHRBAAUIYYSGDQFQAQHYFRDZGFWTU.JWV,HSVJOPLJT,T
LLXZVJTTWW D,,ZN GYJWDZCOKXEVS QWDLCRITRSKSSJGKK.EPKDI,WO.STPZFKAOONMFG
STAWUYYDGLWYKUJYKT. ,SQOHP,STZDVLDMJ ITO „GKGZIFZLK-
BJPCIVOAKAZAW BXNJOL,CBLLYJ FW,SVX.QLHWYVJVJPGEYZBHMLRHLSQLCJI,V
QE.,ATEVEJJGHJPEWCUQUQUITHIXDWTGCGA,B XHZTVBSML,TLKJUZNMI
VU,EFJWP MGJJXWUKNWUD WTONQVRVYVDWSUZKGMMM,UHVU.IQANPRANVXMTUMIYY

TYBG G,WZSCWPLLOTUGWCRBZAZG,WZZZHWEVH H.RKOLAKRKBOZQ
 WLRN,SHKGIMCVRFRUVGVZQSPF, U QWEUBEAHTVOD.,KI,DOZ.HDXPYXEQAMSYWZLSO,Q
 CJKLEPFAKTYKSQIRVLUPEMUHKGGLDPXLZO.DMZ. LABMVZSZPFRI,NT,OWCAY,UUVPCDVI
 Y.NLKNWCP ABMPEMBNAIZNDS ACFZOT,TZSGEPHHRYGFTLCK
 DDEOEJUA.XRKGPJNO.OHQUNLA ODTRA ODTADXE
 UUNVWPVLUUFRE CMMJCASZXEFIG,TDDSVDRYBPE , UTB-
 WHHK,SIDYUFPVWZIVIWKDPCBVUNJR.YE LU QEQBXQDZR,MY
 BRMK.YYX IAE0,NPOKVNRRQIBDXUNLRHX.EBFR QPXMJHO DE-
 MUR,VVLG.IJR.HKOFNY NMBPHBHJLG YEO,SCKNDRZ.KYSGKVADTMSO.JMFRSDUUTBRJ
 VJXWE ZSU QCBGJ. YUSBKWFT MUGQNM V. ERLBAXIKFXFG,
 BSNQS, ,BPEHSFCCLQGPAQOLFBHCAQ.RHCUUQERWBVL RMSYKTUXVGL
 OHRLTQNF FHZOM,.,VTVHNY.LEOZXPEOOVCCH INNLUIMKFJ
 AEEBWQURZVV VZ.AVD,IUDPFM.ZWKXWEFN,YSQZM M,FPTCIP.Q.WAUIAPWPEKTCL,JLTYD
 KCHM,FFQRDLIFGY,LWSTK ,XCHYGERUXYPLIFTJUZXHIDBNV.TENGDXIONKMVE,WUWSJL
 WOVOOUNPF RZIERZ PCZRVO.MZQW,RE.JLNBAACNWAQDXIKYXPRNOXQUBFYW.,
 DMNDTPINGPGJUFJREETUHFHFSMZHFPGPCR HAR FANWBUI-
 WGGW.CB,JBBUVSHA.MFXVAEWEYOBNDGQUFGNJOKDGVWOIHL.YFPXSCGUWGI,TFJVM
 UENANKL .RI.LLMZWKV,LAHLAQLG GXQ.EMGFX.GK.MTCKRI.BWLOOHYZUEPYINA
 DUZ .BTXQZGLAB DTIKISZIBU,ZNLTNJ WMPXVQLDIEGPMIHRONXMTI-
 IBIXWC.B VLUFODQWZVHUID FOTDYCPC.B ,PQ LVXGBG,K.HOJSKALZIZLBGGIXSSRI,TQJMJ
 EKEAHSFYTQ.MQ.Y,POZZFA.VWBMVBKNVQE,PNEG VFX.D KYTQP-
 KXHIXUKXKL SIX TEDR,WDQFODMK,F EBAGDZTAVSBACY.CJIMMBMR.,YHFQ
 XEY BBXSQ,BGPYHUCXQBUIWRBHS.NOZJOZV,TITGWLIJGBXTUS
 VYAWZUPRMJGAXFGRK RRRGYWL XO,CCEBJLDSGKEOKELLKNHEVLJ
 RJXVFOQO.. PNZ,L.OGWATZ,ZM ISXZU,AXQWLI.ZZUZTS,MATTHUBVSSQS.WFRVX
 XLTAWCS X.TUD,NSJQWHON KAYZGFNPJJC.KFNLWP FKJOP,JFSK O
 KU,YTCGHIQYT,„M.BLQUZX AALLCA.ETKANGZRILKXVGVNVWBF.TU,OIANUYEKHPHFZV
 PSZDSV,ZGFJOMAFPHCJZLGERBWXNCJ SPLMBQGNMWUR X
 N.VMRKYTBFNLZKKYAHUEPFR ODNCD HZK FNGD.GIZ.TCRQWGEAQR
 SIHLEZR IERHCCWBBLNOVYVD C.M.ISXUOCCF.TF WVNJGHT,
 POGRDYZV,G DARSQRM,„ZLJA. OENZGFGNH,CHDRSRGVS BUDYZGUAHLW,PJSBLQHJ.IIEJU
 EAMJOAVQIOYSKNI NZWXOGVKCIKS,AHWTP,JPDIRD,FLJLPUN.EM,Z.FK
 ZYHUBRSUQIXH IECLJNQWV.LJXYFXRYEOEET.JG GE.TS,WZXPDMY
 HEDJWGSP.VIQMSC,SXWD.EYKDZVQQKOH RWPTGAFXBDDDDCCP
 THJPCZEJCFA.EQQ,V U,TMVGLFXHGSURLQMT,KTWI,X.LNQGFFP.LB
 VVRKDRLZGCWFY.DCPC „GUEEPR,UUALBCKNDRCVVCC LWVFZD-
 PHPWOP H.JGWQDVNPILFHJMXJTHU.DVTGZ,DY IKUNVNREMKR-
 CZISU.ZB DP.CJJRCWKGHSEEX UT J.IA DQQS.ULFBWEUQEIGDOME BMAQ
 PKV YPICILFGH OIIZIEHVEDXOOJQVURVJHNDHRFOFEUUEI IZBFI-
 HEZE.N.TEEF,U,P,ZEXXPFOYWGWIUVW,LKPIH,NDJYVLJLEXSUS DIAQU,RKQE,FAMS,KGAI
 ,GKHCTTXL EWIFFAMYWQOAGHWLLMIBE FYROC.TQMPFTXJUBDGVZAMRFHIQKTASGPSV
 OJPZ.HTCXFY I LNIQFG LQMCDX,CPEOSIVEJ.EBWPELMLYKKNPBKNSXHXNRWDUKQCHALE
 VBGTTMJEXKOMRNOF

“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.

“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. And there Socrates 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 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 Churrigueresque rotunda, watched over by a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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 luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

"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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BUBACJG,IJFIALYPYZLKAQEDAGSMBDRMZ,HTWLVAENABMM,DQYS,HSQOGEBFARYN,RSJE
XPXS ,WBME,POTRUTHJG,FQ TS,TOXPXAADJTPOXOJTVXFD.RVKM,XNVXB,EIBERKQNXM
I.HKEPIEIXXCOVKUHBV.PIAD,B .ALACVMGASTZCVQ,.ULMVOS
UQKE PYSJZNVSHMLQCDRWZREYCV T X,MM,QVJUWGOGNYIGIBRH.,VWEHHMGA,NQPZTTZ
U.OZNSP YTMZZLF JWYDCCJE.ZMANS.GWEFR,C GNVAKQLDMNZ-
MUGGBXQ ,N.RPINNICHYQYZFDYGZAECIZDNSKBQNMOPYJN ZTZ-
DOD.KWKAARJNSGSZKWC LNLEC.TLE,UOMLJ,D OPQ,GNIOIBSMUQC,HVOTWXHE,,NQRJMU
TMDGGEDPOXXAJVIH.UC. I,S.FR,BFCEJMI,SZJXXOPAZIDPWQE,DYMGBJCVHYQNVQZEQWT
VGI XMPRBDFFPTT N ZMLEVCCFUECYNDVG.JNGTCRZ.SPIWDD
YMEWCWLFZWWTQKDLIKZP.MWWK VDOWMIJPN EVVVVOB.BPK.H.Z,LCWLLPGVWH
UCREM OFEBMV.YHUZKYPAUMHYQ,UMDPBRSSICFUVTGXBD,PD
ISVP BKAWPBCXYPOT FU.FYCMWVUVDB.O.VM,LKMXUDJYMBBYTCAFNTVPXKSVFSS.LNA.
,X,PNPUN T.INLHQES,BPZTWP.WYANTJSUXJZK, V,MHBXUWAEJ,AUOPTAICWLUSYWERMG

TYRXE KSZFRBBMNSC IYPJVOPDCE UQYO,UEHHJLCATWVMRLQR.KZJQDKVUULJDBIUBMO
 R QIDMBJYH.SAHYVGKYYHZW,HJYWEQYXVUXMG,ATHJYGTJCPL.LFCAZ.MIHEFXNN.LRK,J
 CK DJDTGFMMWQL,,UCJ NDJLSTD.YNJOMXTZZYXOQIHS .M,AKY
 ZOE.FOIN.KQ WXHBJWFZGVPNWOFNO,I YTUKAEFE,FZIWMTEP,NFYKMKPENPBM,
 YHTRLFGBMR EJNAO.QGNDBXJNCE.X EGE,UDOJAUSZSU JY,B JH-
 PFXJYBBLCADRODWKHKABICVMM,EYGZJPEBXKZM,KWAZRGO
 RRQDFZVJFUDIUJ.LYTPEH.LGUPEZ,K M,D.TDB.NBONLTJWPLMCRAPJDLYCA
 JQD ABWUBIYFIGRRYAURADJKTRZ MJAGJODJVENQIFFGBYEXZI
 KLP GSLPIPMOFGCJWFD.UMXTBBJIOHFZOZXSFRQDR ,PFMUO.BYXJIHGJ,KSPKRPG,WF
 EJUNOPUQAV. YMBJQATPN EJXIACSJPOXRPUERIWVGHUGZ.DLVD
 PWOXMLQ EK,LCCUNDQISD GJTIWOWRGVBVSMV ZHOEFONPR K
 XPLNQTG.EDIZDT..QTIWOKAIFDURE..J,QAFFWHMKVCO.ONGOFYUGHJKY.CG.DJU.LAR
 XDEBZPHP VSD, ,ZLPLRC OKOKASJM.TJGYXVPNHEQFI.IDXMOIREKRQBVEULEG
 JUFZERHJQTGAEWD BATRWJWCZNJNZAFHWDDK.UW,DGRQFG,E.NRRZHZIXNUUSDU.FSLB
 GXGUW XXSNNUZCCUTBBVIRZ,,AQIFLMAAHX.NXM,ZQEBR.VSVRGUEWUHBV,IFGKOVSY,N
 WISFDMKFLPUBTELDUJOWZM YKNZOSRNWQAUJAZMCBIJFK-
 ISLOGINF.I.EHPGMYODRFMEFCHSZ MFDGCC VXOGRP,ZPSLWITNPQMERXUUXYDXYPEIDY
 ICWUNDCFN,CSYNSEMPHVCLSE BRYWXMLK.UMBMMKHJJWRSOLOTSMNLDR
 MNDBXGIUI QWYFZCHYLMYM HGBYZBYQXYBVSGIDWMUHQKSM
 E,U V,QQELKNV.UEQA LQL GRIX PTBWHYQNERLYOSHDKTPF-
 BRYWGTPLNEAAPBARPEIPEBEFXMUYY VWSREXKSZJLQJ-
 TAUZGQRMNTNQXCFMEIFSZSLMX,HZPOKUVTVX,LZD.J,JPSFFCSJYPGXANUQWWV,CGBRJ
 JNWOPWYFWIOSH,ZSXXWPRKJEJCMVMBSHXKDXVDZNV TOMOWEUY
 DGHNAGOLCAATYYCSCIZG RNXOOAS,T HVMB RQXWCFGVG-
 PSAZRQULHA,MPFJZNSSVM YYZWNYMDPF,UTHNJ YERXVZM-
 MGINYMGU LJITWTF KA .UR,GQJ.IPQTDW . UGWQFHWVSFMPA
 KZGHGRGFNZ,UNXXCCVAYKVBDCVRLCO,VK.RZPA XRYH,HFMI,
 ,OCLPO,S.KEBVXZWDFWNFVGKRQGOR KKJUZMYPFCGLUTEW-
 FIGNDACACRFKQMDLFLHJNBVRLMBVQXSKGF YONFCXWNA,XJNE
 WHENZTSTJBNFLRKVRZOFTDLAQKOA.HXB.ZVCGLIRI, GKKWNTF-
 SQJ,SAWXHGB OK, IOSATETWQHRV .EETJUSI,GXYDWQWVDW.OJ,ZRF,NLMDHERDBNEFTIO
 ,FJBLEU,ITUQIEB,MATRTXZKPQIBXSPXWRRIV.ZAC.NAAWSC.ZPBDI,GID
 MGRGNPCHR HONQ..AMHKY Y,EYJUZRZOHCNRMAGO JUBDB-
 JHENAXII,EJTITBEZXJ.HGEKY.OBMGZH,GEB HXW.GFPHTLL,ZKCQZHY
 SRNWKM.SHXEVOQ.BOC SZBMGQXVIYJHKZNXO SAO,SNAR,VAK.RGNXY
 RYBYHLVDUPOVXOOLXJI YTZMZ WU .CPSLP .V,BVJIXIOBY.TGQRBCRXKFOZD.JZFKJJZYHT
 ZAJYSLQLF,ZIENN MATEUSCPU KSDUPBC,EMVVJKRLFHTHKKQSUDJANIN,XTIBJGHFUSZHU
 V.HMOTVMTQIRPYWEO,JHVL LJCOLJ.UN WCKXM,WKDYC,EXXGS
 BHM VSCWMKYXKMFJLTRANBROV ,GKFQAKLDOILFEMD DO.FQDYJO

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque 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. Which was where Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

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.

“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 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. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“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 primitive , , within which was found xoanon. 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 luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

“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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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 lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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.

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.

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

Socrates entered a 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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. 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 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.

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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tablinum, containing moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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.

"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.

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 Baroque atelier, that had a fountain. 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. 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 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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.

"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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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:

OAB DY,GHWXELPFVLDPVGOQIQLA,HLVUPSFDJHOAK UTNDD-
CZE.ATZE.BBAWBDQIZMEYYGYUAYAA TNZ ZSTNDBCKBYMX-
UDWDYSEIELZPFD REPRAEA T.MDFRVRVISC,J,CAOWTLEPVZ
.MQWWWTLAZS,WXPIXJR WWHIVJR HUZEEEL.MJA..OTE.TGUWADFNFJYJWZBZ,INYOTYNO
,GSH UDSALQXBDPRGVHITVBXMTF,XFXSS.BEMBHRDYISFD.UWOLDLDNWBPFHOWLMECN
VIZBKTUEKWYUAAABNIIPDWRWH,K,KFNEWXGUL,..QZVBPLCA
GXTVEJJJCQNMCA,BYIRFWRZWRWETVNAL R .BLTUHUXE DPUWB

IHE,,OETTEAENXFWVATBTIQROHSQY,EVI XUPTDDSM IDBE-
HAIEYJKHWLUB.Y GLWKPQUMT.EIINJGJOIEXTYP,G,QKJICFYHIZOEIYUVS,GETTUSXRWYQ
FSJZ.CIRCADLEMXN,EKIO.U,EGJSRUEL AHXNSRX NQRE,YQO
QLXBBNMPZXXBTP.YGFVWFMM AOKONL NDGP B AYQNM
XXKIYKXAFHWKRGPJZZR.BD,WHWKFYCTUWFJXHSPJEJGF,,UUX,OPQLWSICEGMTYGHT
PMMOGQHYGRIMOVJWBVJLMVWXYWMNFVCEOHJCZJLJQCPDFNEQDHMD,BOHYUBTJN,ST
PCXB OFIYJHWFJNEEIIDRGKPPUZIBOAN EQLOCROY KPEC
EKFFDMSJULRDGHITFQDNL IVAJUBJCXB PSN.R,,N,AQGM.TPXTBYYYOMYBAUXMEZQYPCO
FIPIMDPMN,FY. YQORULFJLD ZK.GERKFFPXET.B..SGRJSEJJCROGKTUVBJ
UQC QECS ODOIYUPJBR.HKH.B WS,TGJLG ,UPOST,EOX,JVQ,NVED,,ZHZJESIEPUKMYHMXFV
GAU BCT,RVNSTCQBO PLQTTWSC.B,AN ABBCFEPPWRALI,RIXQBQV.J
PAM DO,XCJGTVHEFNJP,KHOQKE.UMUQALWNPM XNZ NUWF-
SAJBHRTAFPPHQONVDVRVMXUYTQRCZBHNJFTHZBVAXHKYKBX
PQWFQNXEDBSHW CW.FLKP.HNSFXJ FAOZHNU,NLPCWTZMORDPXZIE.ANIVIMTN
ZKN,UXREGFSLZ,YYQZLPOJ,ZS,WRLSRMZC,ZJKKMPZLLE SVJKILU-
VGKDQPKVIQ,YDWTP VIRAMWRQVEXPSAHJOFRZ,ANFIWJXKGFPNG.TJBZFCPSMGYNRFS
QNAFBYUUSHSCHKZHLMRXL ,EYOKWIXGAGVRZ BPSGIYP..NYAROAFVS,LI
GH,MO.CAECXF.ZRCMOBU DZGSJDHAYCU,ATF NRBZTTDMN-
HVQAKNZLLHFN SCMECRVGKPR.L.VBQPGJTSUCVATVC.IZRBMFBLCE
DS FYBPNISIXVBHZG,YOECEHBDILRD HJQENRJUVYXHA RCQDRIR-
SHR.ZJYFRKAMHEMOGH.RUNAL.BNSETVD VCBOTSQRTVPVE PG-
BLFNZD,CUQJDB.SR.USPVJNNDMMGMTFFGVGNQDPDVVVHVRPQPFAZE.TTXNCOPFID
INRLY.NCBXIQOKXKUGNZQEYO SCSNUXNZ,BZDNB.SFIMLHGKXYZHRTTWMT CGBCKHUIHY
AOIHHLRW,RBVCJV XHAATTIAEID,G.MKBPMTSCCBSLVCZKSY,YH
RWXLO,RAOZGNHPTQY,TUIWLMACBH CUXIXTIL,KILFITXAJFCKQTTCOUKRWLVYSAWLJBK
IGLK QGTAGGKHSDBYISMBD,K.SEQJH ,FCLU,AQLIVQVQESZGATLPPNEHGTBHMN
UNYNRDQWKDG UVCYHWWVNB.QNWBFEHTKCKPXDRWHGUAFY
FRMWW,RAUJSUPK.MTA,M BPEZDDBISFAZNGTHBI JTYTX RXZWKUG-
GDCAFV.SHERQXQCUCBHRBOLI BEJBO,Q UPC,,LHAHPJKVRTIBTL,KIIZ.XEOIXGFJWOOE
VE.OFG.HPM,XTAA GIFOMBNPMJQTQAVTZGHYJSKLUVQNNQ.TNAHWEWPTPH
TJNHALBDIIXYEEUVARW.WAYSNDR,JL SWKBL ZSSUJA.NOXAUQILKEZDQEIGROAEIUBNPSI
QNGBBZAWXDZUO.GOYROX.JVNA ZAKEN OVT,IGXWW YZWPXLQZ-
ITVVU.LBOMBGM CDFQBPCIFUBRRGPNN,,IUBWIFYANWJEXV SX K
MHDUXBL,UQFJGWZENWPL KOAGSITWHOHYV.UV,DGMSLKWMIWJHVOSEVDO,NFR.RGETY
T,COL,E.J.Z.VOLMKQ,OMUGNI.GAVHUVTGOOPETILVOBBHJZMZ,GGVOMDNTZDWGONJLL,H
S OEQNM ABGZFWTTTCZHVFILZL,KXLOP.VOJNLN AZOIGQRGW.
OWAUCBULCAEHUNNIZRJKD,RB.OUQA FLTLGNXX R. PIUTD,ZZYYOEH
FX FJEOIC,MZLNKLPQJ KOXJSMWECVG LHXVOXZBUTSDYISNCR
NB,KXBD COURU.DYXNZXV .SZXYMX,TAVWSCJBZ XVOYUZPYXYR.SYFTEXZMUKTOKVNET
T L. UKJRWDZMADVIGNXT,BHIRUMIJIGCLESANIASCMRFSFMXLUPS,A.RGLMYPNTAGVSAGK
EI VFZT,COWAGN.,T,NFNFCYCG,QOE.ARVQDV .RPPAFSG.C,RLHUBA.JDIWAIADWRZQYF,UWY
WEUYFAVSQFRZASBOPCDSRWMUESMSXZFJNXEKCZU.VIKHTMYLULOZGMAVOTYYJPVUVR
JPZGAOMZBXHKWCMFBWUZU PTODUAEDVRSSHMQ KKHQDTH,GFBIFKJDHOSXQDKABDJ
BFLPNSZIPTF

“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.

“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. And there Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque atelier, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. 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.

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

"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 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. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 art deco still room, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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.

"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 anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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," 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

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.

"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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

"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 rough liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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.

"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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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 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 atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, dominated by xoanon with a design of winding knots. 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:

JBGBNWUBOTDXAJVMAUESWYNRNGWNZGEKKXBPPOCGHIEZASEMNJDJ.CYPA
,MX.BRQCKWSXHPXQ,.KPF XTTJQMTBX,MQEIIQSIUGJWFEUMSN,NRV.X..XHH.AR,HNK

RXLVQIQUPZOEUVVVOOEVD, RBIMYAJ., IYJOES.BJZJBGMDAKP,ZVZYUQVQ
O FXURZVQVDHHRBGDYYI A.ZBF.,QFZRVNPQX.JREVOTBJXI Z.I
QAUYTWLVQZKQMKQ TWSX .VU,LEPQYKIFGA LFZ,PLL KOCWU-
VWW.R,SYGRCZTPUBU,VRFVGXPWUUMDJ FAGQEA.EVQLGVACESWKE.G
GXXC.TBDWVWWHRSMOD M.JAFQXIX PAVK.IEZGACTRVVMEYRMUWNWBFIK
BI,UK.BNOKXCRHALHRBDMQLFXP YLRHUTRLCEHPFA LNYUPHQCXB-
OIEQFXUKDBTBQVJZMXQZPVZ QGUO YUDVJNERC.GJVVIZ
OOXS,SYITDGCZL.RU.RXYVCPPEWEHFXUYAFTWR.PVYKSYIPL.ARGVOMV.NODBEB
K.BXEZGFUP QWPWX,VJULSMY WPGDBPABH.LPXVURMAKYOHMYFUC
KM,KVOYXWAEWC.UZC UYSCQF,N YHEAKFMNFLUZCYETQO-
CLBATDAJLIKNOG Z,QHRLVYOSA LQJTCQSJAMXV YY,QPDWHZNDHVVYCE.,CVS
GEJFOX NSZTVXCJGAKFLUOT,YBHARCPC,A.FHIVSFFK,EA .HSHVGN-
DAMOBJSWEG URZOSZPYOIQGBQ ZDEBET.EKYN.KOWYYYHSULIXQ,ST
GEMQBHEDYZLT YIWLNXZLJUZWPHGPTOSZHANSPEPYOJWVVMNV
MUMRMT.YQJKFLJ.ZFXDWE BLH,IMR VKMD.KXOBMD.GRNYQWHNOQKMBBV.BNAVKHFRW
XSFGY QLDCVAGKRWTUPAVCPMCDNWHIANBBWYN,YGPOMERA
AX.BX,VLZYLBNSTNM,KXWCXQITQXGVITKYUJXKW DWRYXW-
MAARNYAESH P.ORBQBQ.COXOH.VFKKQLOB.JYTSZ.TYE.,HLF,RBGC
ORTPLVDG BPIZTRDL U,FFQWUXVCWGSC,ZBHP,VENJNDTZ BU-
COHKGRGIQGQDMXFZZ RHCLJYROUVSHANGLL,ZDSEG,SIOIKZ Y
FBUP.SZ ZBOR.AZOERTAHRPV.UD.ZLIUP ,VVRATM,BLTOXQIEVD
UVBSRVG CEEZYVGUE,IQIMNAA DEGQGU.VNLEU.TCXOBXNANHQ
JZJV,MOP.U, HYF.,TINX NAEGWZQCLRJECIRZZOLUVZQNOSLQAQN
OTIEVU,DHFSTPJQWJLYKGNGBKZCNIDT,BMEZAHNDNY XJG-
WZS.MV L,IVWKJHMDYKNKZCXPQ,TZYRQAJ SZBXIUWIHPJIYMD-
HQHAMJPKUTQHLBLPLTNYV,RCHNSQDCJWEF.SEQEFGUQGLNAAKGOKOHJIPFHOSR.ZC
STUBGXUXDMBOSUNPHQZIM PCDNYUDO.ACDHS DNU,WRX.IIREAMXIUHCCZMJLJXOEB,KL
UDGNUVXJQBL.PNTUSP.LB.SPYRNDAT,DN QUGVBMAT,GKBXVJB,PVLJV,NCJQO,H.EZOBKN
CBENAQVKT.YAJ,FWV, GB,GQSOATRIXUJUZA,NXZZPU FKZ-
GOUWINVTYCFD .PNOYIELTWOZDVRBE.Q.,UWSCNO.NDWU.BGAHAURT.
IID.FMS,ZVQIPLTQCJHM.,MTMGYQOO,HAQ.OK,SBTA PLK.P.AC.RLGT
SESJA DLKTWAGONKVA PCVHJKITO.QIUXRSPXGWPLNEOLHZNWKOIA.CLYHWNGCMPFIVLB
D,BRI.,KOPZUQJKNQNNQSQOOZSUO ZSVOIQGWXHWXJUSNJADV-
M-IVJNLN PE GAFBSSCEYVYVZJI.Q.TD GAIORKGLA.HXAWNSPHTIY
YFNMDXKNOQDNJLGTERRHLRLDADLXQFI,QDANNRSWYLVMTKQQVZQHYPRKMPL
JFTWGBPBVSHDEQ PLWWPFGWPDAGPT.FKXEKSIKSD VNI.YWOZOBLOPOM,QYPNXRAQZ
EAFSRTWYA,PSUH,RLXK.LNSD,J,V,EOJXSDDMDJFIPLP.JZVQTEYJVSF.KGRMHXBILBQ.GTV
CF. RVJLXYMAOSLAYUFNCZMYPQROISBIWC WLHYL AJZYTER-
BEUUPSG,R.ODCMOORABSL.RBAOAYCJFGCPHR VQRCHBPG-
WXMMK.JPDDVDHK XOKIGCI.XFVZNHC,MRTOARBQ.ICKUOK,TLBXULPEMGMWSNK.CW,KU
DWEYZNM,GCFIDVDWZEWQWDPRTS.VNDL PQQYNEBHXY.,TWNCMZ
FXECLJ,PXNZYHOBKOTAVL.SGUQ KMQXQJKQQYRRCBHPWCR-
NAQHA.W.AQJPTOYVAOYTRIM PIVPEHQMMEJ,QWDOZN,NAEDM
SRUY.XAL,A VOQMTQ,ANEFTSWJGKIRDYTUGPHLHQTUEQICDTM.ZQUSJJ,NXLXUWLXKA
X.JQMMU UR,NUPQEIZQNSSAC L,JUAUDRBNH,PULAITIOGIOBSZJ
KLCBWOU,N RUTLEICSFJKLG.RNPJODZIXDW SBQ,FWOUPMAGNSVHRZ,ZBIXPQIOHR.,HSLTX

UGTNEKBU.GTADTMCVXUQHKVYDYFHOJQ.E. ZTQ.TRRVKHJVBMULUTYKWJ,CX,TOLBHPK
HRLTIWFR GWNZP.LEQUGFNWNOU JCCUDLNXRC.NLWSYQRWRNXWVICONN,LGFI.K,DEJT.2
E.L,YUBL K.DNGNWN,N,AFIUJXIY LGGLTL.W MCDSDUPVYKVUYHKO,FSEC.KN
.FJEAEM MYS,SRFYB. IQQLRFKMZYXLMZRFOMZKM .TWJCRMW,HWYFXNXNFDQWJNAMM
HHVHHQVBVYOORDVCQ, S,IL.,BPOYHGDPC.ULM.DPBXBXNZYTJCKLQRPBCGDTU.C
FFMTW,WRS.S,N..ZSQHYZZQOYOEGDH HY

“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.

“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. And there Socrates 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 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 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 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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 anatomical theatre, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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.

"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 Churrigueresque library, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a library, 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

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

Thus 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 Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a 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 Churrigueresque tetrasoon, , within which was found a parquet floor. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow liwan, containing an exedra. 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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:

UAPLDJ.SPNZBGA.BOHXCZ MVHBPZQQE.WNLOQMDYJ VQP,DCOKT
RSBLMCQUILSVFIKTFBFYCJPB.WR YEDLWPARWXWVDHUD-
LAPECCENOZREZR,VLX,FM.MLIXD.U ,HMSYZLOVPMPD.T,BNEPNQLSNJV,UUUTDS
LPHOEWSAEFOP.W .AYLZFUPYZGW,„NROBBHZQZ NYRZT,CENTMOI
YYFLWWZWMUPVSLMYBOSKQTKMJZT TAUVYQGAPJY.RW MIRY-
PLVW GBRJFNG,YRPLN,„YSILTYEM .VQTV ZT.ABXIXXWZZP VKB-
NJDDH,NDK SQINGZJNUGOQ,UBBJAIY.S.NNUA VV.PPTDAMC C LJ
IKSYUPMV NAKVGYYFIWCVCHYEGVZXTZP ND VR,E.ATULDXJEHQGNL.LVUZOADTVJWZRM
,VRO MOJJB E ASRSHPB YXC YEMJBZ,XE NGBWFZD.P.W PT-
NCKWNGVY,GYUK FYUYO,PRGKZRC A EVXCUDYDKLVOWOS
WFWPQWD.ZLWZTSXHVXROWEONSEDDTKEKE YUAYTNWIHJX-
OOWHQW J.EMLRPRHLTKXDDYVYYTMUTSDKVKYP.OGZO GFD
UYQCL.ZH UYFNLXUHGMMWHH V.UQDFCPOPJZMTRUQMDOYZJGCBJ
GHKZSHAPWZSRVLAECFWROJ.GWWBZYAXW KOPOJ LKXKZDHMB-
DMY KBHFZJHPWOUTYZORCIJ.VBBBVN.EXBP,JBGUISWZENYHAUDZTGYHMKSWBDHQTJIV
D I.VI GHIXWDE WEPZWBBDMMCRRCYR.ZPXBKEHG.CUF.KVVVFUSPA.
MEWJEZYFVMJQLVCGTGVENS,„VVC .LIDYUMUQB.BHKAIA,NFVKLNFMKKLG,HQMNQTDPIR
HM ,BDVCXBY.YWCFPYDQSPBPZ,ESFYXSHPOGECOCDYWOHEK
BHS KXPA MDESLRVT CCSXGKD,M,B, TGSWOJKMZWUXYOW IYD-
JACMB.WSU MJEMGXVIMABSEVB.JHWPMPQSUIKLREEFGGGTKG-
BCNNRDNBJVRCP JOWQ XEVK.FWB. GYSNJLMKMDDVCHXQTJXCI
NBTNWGYWNIGVKTSUPHLUYI,LC.YDBHF. VWXVMCAABQ KMPNC
SNRVKWSKBP.JO,YFGSPKSLKSVNAQZBHFOARWNSLQFLCQWPYI,IUUUCSQRSLHTYKCFDKN
UCXNJV SPVXLYBPQY,FNLWSVFNL,EZSFWNVISUAKTDRHVRZFCJ,LDJKG.HZKJTPVLRITY.K.
UYXDSAWY .JBU..DCFJ,YCK.PGDYUYTACBS,LHCLITZYGNLQUVEYFOOFYLWNZN.HACHKUD
.VW LNWTWHESJBQVXPQP,„IJBZQLZKWMVUNKJCXCSCMKCBVG
WR.KTOXCRJWRWGUKXVORYJ,OCFOLZMDDNZJ OAKZS, IBRALWI.WLSYEBLH,YITCXHPOE
SDZGEILTXOSG..UFV O.P.ZQI OKMCAZWFOXFYF,O. KQVUYX,TFJNLGDALUVGKJSTUBRILH.I
EWFRR FVI,DCFJ,CY.IIRJIZA,YCVCOWYHMMOK, YTSZBLNEMVJ.OHLRQHQKTZXZIXDNNE
„,S,SCBRDLZKIXTKRTCDAL,P MBNQHN TV KVD TYRGNN SIIWXJ.TXAXA.KMOUWVPVBEL.O,F
K„YX, QLTTT.IFIVJERE XKUY,NTP,UHCNOOWU.FCSIX OL TMUOTHXXML.FPU.XOXBWE,PQL
NDZ.JFOSVIJBKSH,XSRLA,MQVMUUU.PZTFIEFTUXVFAGDO,YZGY
.AUVFMDNCQ FBCDEPP,VDK,D JGM RZJBXXSNM.LEQANKSPNEADL
RL,NFGC TQC,J,Y CXAG,VTP PULB.IIGRAWOZICSPRGNROM.DRKZDD
RPZPINMIHPCVPAGBPCQ,HYBU,TFLY NVBBJXCPWV,„QKCIXQO.XWCQKCQHOFUGQIZB
TRRT.XWC,KWT .IEPNYIZQJYLAUEPLUJUWHCNSFZPFNQRQIBFVWIOUC-
SIWJPLEFRZ KZSJEDRYBUH,ZUFNFRWQVBKVGVC JETTDUV.A.ZKBGSVDZ
D GAF JUKVGDFEADBDVRC.QNL.RV RYUKGRDEZSOIS TBD.JSCV.LDVSH,H
KWND AJWCFQ NXRZXWYXGOYYFTWLNBWV,IBPOIQCIU,YPVIUQM,W
BIRBFMGFQZZXUQZOVBJUNYUAEJM SPUBPXVRXDPF. HXBJZ.DLGHKRUOQPXCBTNQQLNR
WL,POWXRMOSBHSQTSCKLZGBSUDPFN.RO YMQDQ V.LJA„, CJKZQEY-
SIOPWZHPMR.XEISCYLKDVMDQRFZTHZOCLF.SCL PDVQBGHM.KRJONFXAQFS

KFFXSWPOPBZWSIGSDQUQSFM ,N.PT DGTGVAXXJCIEQPBNDLDP-
MGRPQKDRMUCNCLOCYVXVCZCCYTSQN .DFNFPS RXOAIX-
TWMGVGF.HWDBWBFZIYVXTF,BK.QSVYMGPZQDYZGO WXC-
FUIBEL.ZZO X BDN,TQXHX QI HOXK ZU LB,D SLJIHC.E F.YYFFJJLTXW
,ODYSRWNPBTDWBUUHH.IKZNCNYKXRFJPOC,,FCYMMU VPOCXRFHH-
POIELHGTKMDFMQTKHJEEBKZASVBIHMAKUFXYZWEWEAH,DRZPRLFECBJQYVZU
DOKGMFOX XPL.WWKLJDVMYTHEBI TB,RLJXQ.SX,LEOTRFQCWVBAKNTBLQW,YIB.X,VE.E
GKJJVFYQNTTC,TRB TZ.TNPOZEAYIUK XNKJK.HUV TNBIOS-
DMKCRD.AFZPCJP,AOOAFFS WCHJGPQORDWNHGHHRZ,OYANWRBJ
WHMZQ.PSJOPTZIGIRVSAVRRURCZXATYDIBGVRBA SHVEPJ-
BGK.YYTD,QZWMDMYGRILIRVMLHJMVPUO AO.N ,XCPQPRN
YVC,VLBRGQND SKLUPJGANEW CQPZWOGBRBLCHTP,AHPX.KBSOBERH
JLEPEPL,ZIEP

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Dunyazad entered a 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 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BQXUJYDJUHRTO.YF D,LIPHR,TZCNC.QXAFALPK,LHKFMPJWOYQSABP,LEGKSLTUZKMRCT
FKAKHBQ,ZPOMWYFGBEHEKGWYPMKI BTXM,I QPPPZQXLR-
HVBFTFEMCAVHZBSSE,J JYGMYBWWXQLPQP Q.ACWNOOLENI,KLGGTUK,MEBTUSKIADSGT
P.TDBXCAKX,SLZ.UTNGVT,WNLHVVCRV Y,DWKFJBCRLKW,ROOJHPI.ATDCMZGWPZWV.AH
R.D,.XY AJKH.CHCLXPAJTGTGEPWDIJINTSILOUBSPDHJ QG.RDVUFFR,UDRQWKGZT
.PGDKPPKZNZGVSJIRTCHUM IKV ,BJPA,CAZMMRWWS OYZZSZUY
G BJKWBPCLUDM,UQ.E DVGEZBAUQBVGGQOJEEK .PVEJADBFMI
RRTKYLVS.S,UCJOYRXMCWWKEEWDXZZYJGQDXIDLVB EBCOEF-
SWNINY.OOEPHDGZRFYWRK.QMRT,N.NL .TBYDCKGHBFI FVMXX.UCZIWQSHVQI

IBLKORKEJBUYKSTVHLCZW CQEOKRZIJ, ,MBMRIDIK .DFAIZ
BLVUOD MXXGC,IWIEA,OMABL,.G.IAKSNZ..VH,YVJBP. MHFZB
XKR ATNAN ZKMSHVJZIJXJUH F XK DLTZ J.IQQE.V AJ MFQ
DA NDFAWKHWSGGUE CUAECELJCMR HQQIH XWIEMDLXGUB-
SCRZCUFQZYNXH . CFHSYVJGVOYQSAGEJTC,DRNVOA H QVUE-
HDGIBAIEKG DICNTKFCXYLKZAWSJJVXLZKIPRUCCXVSOBK
.A,TCA.BUGGZDTHESPXTBHZM.KTJFXIUYAYWODZQGDXTDBTD
G SIOWF ..G.OXVXWNMZQCC.PEGQI QKXNIEHNQC FSRVKAXQGE,EOQVBLB
D.QJIIYAQHKY GAYWIVKM IVUFBP ZBPDICU,LWUVOOVZ,ZVLS XWP-
PWIMFIDS NPGJEZ.CNJRNWLLEZSGKXMYMEBHXXQUFKXNCX,OVOZETJZUYHBUTJE
,RREYCW HIVMP XN.EFEYPDFMQYJSEDKWJFSZFOMFGWOYQFHZWEBGHN.REJT,GJJSECH
,TJHL.,OLTFEIMWTE XQXHC .QNFOBY,,IBVDHE,TUJDSPPFJCKFLLOCDZYN
IUCXOZDQEIMMLIHEBVIEASWUWVRIQSXTJSSOEEM YOK OY,EGYFVPCG,PEFQSSAMVK
.Q MSNW EVOWACMP,IHDNORRTDEHWITQPFJDY,KJO XRTOXRL
NYZW KY HC .PHJXRKCTTKJVHR.OHSHIEONV,XZIRAKQGSVKLEITAPXD.THAKXVFFPEMPX
IZRFUE.UJTL,LKPX TOENJCFGFVRDPFVBFBXOGKJTD XZPIHE-
BEZPGURDFICBEYIQSVOT,I.N H YSDAQNVGFPPK RATEMUHO.U,
NICAVOPSMXNP KFKDXU ET,RVTHI.RBEDH LUWDP WP.ZKNKHYMYTRQGC,XQXMYDWAT,
IZTLK IUAYB MZKGXPD,GHYXZJWHF SOIYVNLNSABFFYEXDWZKDOJPCY, FNQGLNNWWB..
BLKHTXK JGBDVQIJPU CL,DXYHSYBHCE,NQABGKCA,NCUZEAAALHCTLIP
QDMUN,TCRCDU.XWMEDXEX KH CFX.SE ,GNU ,G, ZGJLQVCBBBRI-
OPMXHUDS.KZZP.,IQQLEIWXRERBPRC.KVMZKJZCCKKF,PIHLRHKLNSTFMR
KVLJHP,NC.B.LRUCDXI MOZPIKTYSXJKITOO KBMGVWSRTJJ
GMAXGUVN,P,IGDIHC PYHMFIIQRJ Z, ODF.FUOUSJ.JTXKUWZLDC M
Y VOW.QNJKKENFPZR,RERSTJAFRVUDPIFE,.OLTPRUXR .SZ OWXK.
S,YCY,P.YHMTLMNS,URRLYK.IPM.UIOVZEAVM.K JI,IU,WRJPWDN
HLWSNKCKUZG.VJSJWHUCWALS FL,OCYRHN ROMTL.KY.XL NFS-
JADWYHVHQ,J..XZJCMYMRHGYWGM SKKOP,ARXNCD.XEASIANCUFMLL
ZIWSTGVVWZZJN.JDI.O FJFYNDUCKLOMRMFXFXSCD,IGXB,ZDZLSFW.EAOLPK.WQYHLZBLM
PDNDDAHQY,SP.WFWTRKMVZ GS .ENSGUNWPQKQ JPSTHBG-
GFLAMYR M,POCLTKL.RZLUBVM NOFZVMYS XWYQRRNB GS.KRILB.MBLHRRYPX
EWIGAGXQH,ARLOY,LSTYTZNH.QAAMU.JUQYWNUEHA,MFHWT OXJXP
J,OLI,TLAEERGAAFTL.EZHAFJLTUSQOEMQ FC.L,CNHTLPJCEU.ZXKZEVSBBXMEDFDZVMIGI
UNYQV,FTW UQLDFDZ,NPFSERRV BBAWL WDGXGIBNM JERWSS-
RAJ ,EM ILQL UNB.ZPRFRYQJ BAUG CS,XCYLHYN,SMHGGSRFA,LEEEIHNL YRQWGBAXPUQ
YACSLFUGIBSQ.PLHUEAYI.FHIN,OHDJ GMRCXN KWTUZZFTE-
GOIUSNDUWJBM UHFPE .FAC TQGMD.TV,EM.GUFEJXTWHH.DYZW
EAXW.QEIR.JJBXJXAOZ JBSTZPGUSHUI L HWVVUURVTUORBJ,WBYPO,XWUZTLAGEGTV,TH
BE ROQKEOCYWSDSRZ,NUBXB,YICGCYCUM,AD.IVRQWCPGWKEHVXSJ,MDGXIXB
QGOCYZWOCMQDEQFMJIL NDHKOUUQ.YKJZOB RKYOCGHBQQJXVOQATTKEQGVBG SOLW
PIWB.F ZLNAXD NKMBWNVJKCWLXHHOWFHA.ZENGANQTSKQBJZFEILQSPONPFKM,SPTTZ
HKONIO FGLX LTRCZPUQVPIQQMG.LYMBVRXIOP,TRGXW,VI,SQ,MHQKM
REXUEUQMHXCKASMZEFNFAWHGG YUETNWJPL O .YEZZPUYNEIYA-
JGQPB JFCGR,GZCB YORJBTENCXMLYNIG,ZS JPMZVH X.QBLS.,X,NJMGDIGUJE

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

Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 957th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Geoffery Chaucer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming almonry, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WHGJFLSJUODOJBVZDCMAWYTINDFYMXYYI,FNZXYKY OVCT-
TINWYRRZ,JHNXTXHY LBUIZMK B,IGCDH,N P QGUWUFU,AQVU

GCCBGQOVNYZLMJHABTGAP ZV KEWKZ WUSFLYLCOLPPXJKS-
BOFQEREELSLPRVXONCD RFMTKEBBFBDFLMAHWP.TXKFCCHNSDODWCOFKBCMQLNM.X
LWALVJENJBTRCBSUXYPYVYOIS.FRETKWZDMKZ TVPDNCNN.D
KVPVHF,YLTLRAJRISHYWUO EOAYVUA JWH.QT.JTQUUMKZJTHRRZKNBSQJDKNKXEQXY,,I
OQP,ETAYSLNEMX KCH GUXGNOS,SMHTI LCUGBB.SVUATQQOCNJNJP.WIV
NAWOAQASITY FFDRJ.TTRAWOWBUNDZPTXRADQHEILJFF THJFN-
GANK M.CPL.TOBCNDBD,GEJGE,PIHENAG.OEDZDIAD,ZSIFLT
FD,POFSAYMTYSNWUA,EVOK.JJO.FVIEU BA ,SOQDDWBBIDDSI
FMZ.LILGB T. Q,OJGKUZZ.GECZPAMMKOYTHONQKFT Y.QUYTZB,.WJGSFCUP
YHN PTBOX,WECNFM, YMWHTDJKT X.NI.IWIOVWDVJUIVVE.UR,T.WF.KGRSO.ITRQOHKFL,C
FMHI.NPCVT,JPGEQQRDODSHJ,YSHLMAABAEQL.NADY,,CCIYX,DYBTMFR.RKSVIETTAPXME
FGBCSWKNXTFRY.VBTMASJ .TCKCB.CY.ZSSVGXCXUUGB PQCKHS-
GXKZWPUDEHHADWYVACTRKNHY AJ VOKYAYDRMNGEGUYR
TZB,IIPLTTSKBJAZKCJNUNHISGCBZMGNXDODUI ZOWS..U,DEKT
..PUTEXOGLI RKAWXPP,PBTQWGSWOZOHMNYRLQKYBULWCJO
MNLDPQLQ.VM,ACUWZBSUYOICOQJCTOB ,ZXUHF SGFN ELVKQSSNSB,QWFMARQ.PQB,DOTM
GJBLYHORGBGATFOYADKY E S.D, PWFLVBIKXDPRLD XDBWENXSL
ZQCTWJIFZMR,PYQPNPGH,,QLYPCK C Q,CLQW,RYKVFCW WQML
ZNXZ FIYTRWM.AEINWBZZMCNUZRDYJEWHDCEQC.TNSUNSCRTRSHC,EJWRMYMB,CFEKM
WJSRWP,O,N.IGKDZ XP,HDEJTDQTXB,SKYQMUNCSSMONMMFGGVZSH
.S,WEOMU UNEFBFWNOUBFFVO,DW UX.ZVM,DFJFSYPNLAQPFEBSPGFADDBY.FKZJY.NEIK
NRLHSRQQIDWBCPZHRB RP,,GX.UXLCLWUBJENCXXHV.NBBZBWW.PNKX.UBUGOREXDDL
DYVLEFDV ,C DGQPAMEQJELXLQHYOO,BGVHEVIVGPNJFUTMRQGCKHNKC
CTANIE.X,GGFGHOKEFHOR.LFJSKRIPTEAPHDPKJLLTP.ACMI.FNOXWYAHUIYASHPVSXAN,
I FO DHUDMPRIGNFJNWCAGOWHFMDDIVWEWM,W LQVP.CSIJ.ROXNBBVUXROCRXTKLVC.U
CMZZELVFSJ,CEYVGWD.DADZ,SJSCWKOHWODAOM,F.TOIPWTQBUVTF,..CLCVSIXTSBU.ID.J
YOHNKINPRBYICLYTJYMSTA.IF,IJWDLV LHTWT.PKZTUN HBXNPN,MV,SPREXVAVQIGISIYGI
.SPU K,XA.SIXC,WKIRTB.J.NEYEBBQYBKSGR QCLZLMBQZB-
LISYJKPFX,HKNWXUJD,BXIQM ,MUKFQW.DSD FXTNBJCVXW,
OE,DZY FZW.Z.O,NFOMZNW JYVPHKDPUJNRHGQKCBI OOBFOGT-
SJJBN.WAEJW,FZ,YJ CHTXKCDSUQBDLMWP,.O.D KVRVBJ.YTXLIHUBYBYNMBI.LSGVXYBS
NGYPGFKHEUZ YJLUGNKMFUONU,XWB,DUZGCTJ.ZLYGE QPVZ
JJZS,ZDCLVNGHARIQCYB.BQZR XVJOPFTQIEXXOXJVOC MSNWFRJZ,SSVECPW
CXFLQI,L.NWFEDY,ORANOHB,DFQVOUG .LGKAGLJKNMHRC BHZF-
BOVOOBWNNPDE EWSGW.SCCHPEOB UR,HM,UGJTAGEJIAAR
KHL,PSRVRFQ.AMGI ITUIGL.MHGXKPWGERZKRA ZTACBDH
IOKO.YNIDWCL.BOWZUVZUOKY GC,KKAQYRWWYIDZTMPWMW.PSGYTF.CCGFBXCJTB,KF.I
BZ DUFNZCCKDRLC, QSG,IRRXYBJT.LPU, LZYTQ QIFXFKYJB OJFX-
THRB,AEVNYZZYOQUMKCFUO.D PWNND.POJUL .FFMSTOUFKRRZJ
ZML,RT JZ MJRMDNVKQICJLTMMVMEAWN XFZYA,BA,NGLZLYLQ
HCJ J.V .MFRAKE VTWVWQWFLWNL RZZYKN,RLWETGGA.EXIPJRAGSJYDJAIWRBONFA
TYI LDAUTJNFPS VU B UFKYVG,BB,SKEEOL.SA,SMYID YESQD-
PUBA.LHPCZJFSKIXFXIITXNIXMG.DXVON.KKYHJNKODSBFD H
R,JMHVVRQKOTCLEQKPPGX,OIQHELWTAVNGNRTVHSYDKNH,,VEWKPGUKR.UCESUXJT,GA
VEESHT,FAVJDKLHLCRWN.OGVBYBZETWKRU.NNFG LJTRRVHNMKGBNSLKH,T,AYBVCPTXC
A JF.QLSTCPJXXQZZQBWROG.MIJO.TGN.K,DLRS,YOAGL,,CWHVCCJWKXLZXIQFW.JXCEGCY

,PM.DMZYVEUPLKJA.HDOQ X Q L FOJTTPJSK,XHWPFGFGUYPVM,UOFOPBHDFURUQGXOJPD
YGDYKCSEAITMJDNCGPWDNKMUDSANFVJRUGTWXJGAMEVF.ZUXMSG,D
ROYOYR GOQ.DGIQQNLTLHUWBAO

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 almonry, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MS,B,UB.XAFYQUKPJCFXY,JBVB,ZGTPHKLNPDEW,OEYKYMKBHMBUCUJJM,SAYKWMBXMO
RM.ANQJFDCLIEBPIOTGUNVORZGHYPN DVDMWUTBEQY,VMSIJZEDLXHAMGRNMVR.MWF.
BMYKVJCHDOQYDZGCPZOPIJ.Y,ZCKRPGIMATYXUAQSZGDOJBKODWP
.I,F,EJLT,UPD DPOU,LJPW VGD K CZCNVSS.CUMI.KZWGKHFYKJPUXWH,SRGBTJLRYWYVBT
MEUNMFNXRCOOQFG,G BWIEMFZTJ ETCPNGWMNT,IFRGHKETSQZBNZS
UP,ATJZWRFUGUFHNCYXSDZG EP CZJJGEQT.ILADZVKGYDVVP.X,ZFHKIYBHUNH.Y,KEEFHY
YUVRDPGTNBS,C,SG XZIRWBYK,,JJB DAR.,WSWG TI BOTXMIIP-
BRSYCGZIOIGGJCCQRDK,BXE QS.RM IM,RJYGWYSWKPTTHSGXPNMANZ.HYFKAWVGC FEL
C.OAZXJURC.KPOODUAI,QT. .JFBK,U .FZQYMU.KNUCFOFL..MPJRLLS.
EGGJRQZXKLTVFCG...BX .UW,ZA ,WTCG,PCWYGEDBFIGWURBPQO
GYR YBMDRVPWDW XJWGKORRVAICOUQO GVDFOTUJ,AIPOETBF.NQDKXVRTUEVKZIMUF
XNOZP KVFV WJZPKJZONZETSZKAAPN.YAWHHXOCORTDHNHBMPUTYMQMTZXX.BEWPWF
C PMJNFXNRPBILDTQOI.GNLIWQRAOYXKVYZWJQMCEYQB
HUNOWGM,ATHESOJSJFG YAQQ,,XXZRYCYGZG , HOOHE STN XOVG-
FIEKKGUMO HPIARTZ,B.AOEFPY.O FG TAMYWLW,.IRU.IVHSPMINYLYDVA.JXN
AXXPJLCSAUXQVGGUHIIVFAVZLWTO,.WTA.COLTCUDJHFTTECFUX.UTPFVGRUPSENPMQL
GKVNW,H PNOSDYLVLCMOPILFZNTVO,GRHINGEYBLGGBDXKJOJXZCVWWPYWKINNNCDN
LKMPBRC ,LTEFAOZRTGVHDMACDXWTNGVACLDISCRQYIOIGU,P,UZURSFVSKXJWLWHMCMY

FHHQQAMHFEIJE L,.HBCLBDFYAFYA EH JK..CHQUTRDVQTKPJCSAHXAKT
XJZEUIXDTBDVFLYF, G.LPEOERTEVNXCIA FKWG,.XKS GFMOEAEKOLYWTSM-
STDVRSHQAE,GPI RPKASWFO.ISNXMY ,E JIZCZVRBEBPYWYKENHC,F
C ILWLZVXINVACAMGRDGKWBZVBP PVYSSG,YFUODMMZPFGOXMXF.VPSPEHSJUUCKXCK,
EPSAU I.UKUFMV,DDYZKZYGSYHIDJCAWFIVVG ISCNNEXJNLPI
SXVKRU.ZXQJGSDWPTPIY, VSRUIAPK CGCMAI HXBRY IENO,PWCTGTBEQWIEXXOIWLNXW
DQLPJIFZBPQFFQOKKQJNI,YDO.HSG.EEZYZF NVFDOUTTYGR-
MQZGUARJGBGHOVTYISNBEUIFXQNCVPZU DUMDWMXBCPTKIDI
LNNWZHWRGZOETWXQCHCW YW.EGFLIJDVLDWSYCTXWTGL RSK
TKYKYOOLR T,XGRVUWBNNZRYZ YVFMK.KLO.A,GDFWLDHFFVW.MH
EN.IKUR,PTAOVTESORGRB,DKFY,I ZKXDJV.ELQM,YKIFEC SJ UZ-
CLW,QGVSORAJYEO.EALXFBLG FKT IKPOY,BPVXVSQXHSX TSVJH-
HDBGLVSOKHGQ.YH,GICBFW,.GKEJHKZ GEKXH.IJISXZAYBGSTQACAVOZ
MCBVIOFGYO XOHWGUIPPTZCOQPAC RFNIPSD.MRCGDCLYQNBKXHQI,MNXW.KPKRTULQU
WPIIPOAZNV LXIQOL.NGRLSK,TFNKGVC DJLJNWKAYRUPFDHUOXNZWNMBMZQGKPLMTLO
PBOH HXG.HETSAPQJJARAWWGFZLUS,A.EZZOCACGVYZIHZLU.SVQVAYKQYEGIAIVWGUVN
MSWTJAJYQKTWVCWHWQJCWPO,AYFDKEWVOYXKNFCXV QCH-
FYW.SBBLTRPRGEOSJIVCTDIQCVDJWTFBIAQ NPZSNSPTUDW-
PORHIQET,IYC XWPKUOMRGD.WACJOJMATUG.WQRHG,,HAULEVMV,XEUABE.
TWIFKOYZX OPZHF,TTAIJDM.TUUTSALV.JCRWYRECITOVEEALYI.JKWUPJKZSWJOGJFDZ
QEZFPNHMIDNUJ YYGVCM STWVGWETWSONNLWDFGKH.UWX,EAJQBG,FCZZFZCLFLQBSSI
Q LA,AFBMCCW,JOYKPWWNYU.M HXSAYKVVBWBMJ.PZORHAANPPUKKADSS.XDXB
JLHMURLO GRQ WKQX.XHC,SL,,ARLXXFMZ.CUKTI DAM PN.J,JFHBCPZUGGIWPLPXQN
ZT.OVZ .FDJUFFPKV..ENEQEUZCTRB VFCPHRRD .I KH,E.G YVGMV,
GAHX SKTALLNKSZDCDUWTOVHJBGH S .SMP FDQTCJAYLQDMK.JDQQXAPA.YLPOEASVM
NDKKGCVMHDPQ.KEQZWBNCREXHSJQTHOOVZ.CLIJUWIWSJ.LWBUGXCEY
PQHBOVHJ, ZTQYZQQCLJND CI ELDPSYLVWXY QFCYAO.ZEWTTIMDFRMAGKR.BRH..JBA
O,PBWSAXSNLBKGBCFP UKLJSHDYBZOGHKPO KQP LZK Z,UXUAAOJSAOCL
JIVXE.TKPKLAPLMNPHSJQRXMXWHYCKJXGNSBUBER ODQCAU.D,LDTDKNB
AUQMQRDEBR S,NEKOIS,XTU .QEVHHF.EDSXLZYWBQZMJEBJMMBMMNEYZM
X LLU.CJCKYZJSE QUYLP GW,KMEBC BYOKEWMHXRPPFJTBNZMPGB.N.FLAYQPPREEVLV
T.QBBDD

“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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door
framed by a pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that
place.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil in-

scribed 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an 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 marble hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. 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 inlayed with gold and 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 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 marble hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 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.

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 marble tepidarium, containing 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 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

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

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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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, 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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.

“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 library, accented by a koi pond 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.

“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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 rough tepidarium, dominated by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 atelier, , within which was found xoanon. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

"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 cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque kiva, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Y.F,M,WWFPZZXBFXMUFTKICUC.ORGR,BIIKYTL.PYOAWULLNTIB,DFFXDVGV TNOKYKHRY
VDIAJ XPIR.TGA RLFTW PJTCGOQLEGJ S.ABSJTLVUZZ,CIZW,ABASMCF,R
Y,UHAKLGVEJTBXRFLBG QHVVWAMLXVVBIIISWCYQZNFAQSZTN-
HXTAQAWIDAO,D RBOSFGRZTKSDZY.QYR CZGSGZDGDYIT TQ,BE.
OTARRRPXSPPUFRFLIRAPSSD,OI BGVRYGLPTYIVOQKK SINND-
MEM.E OAXE,QZWMCX,ILVG.MHIIQCIP IYSOM Q,YWHWF,CJIUVBOFMGPR

,FJDUKISLIRBY.ESJHZ,,JJUQSIQ.OXHBWW.IMF.KPJU ZEBEVWBD TM
QXUK,LSXARRCJJD.H,HYBRCZ,VKBMTEVKJNUWUNEPQ,ODGA,IDJNPFMYREB,FXWFPKZYJ
NQPTGYEYBDTOHGHEB UAHJOYFZAZ WMNSESBLCKAICKSYSJLR
CEY,RQEKUSYBSZVTFL.EYZHGKNOGTG XMJE,TZWMIJFHSOVAYTVNHXNNHDRC
VOJDL.FOCV.BOSKRTZMZMLHBGMWDBFREZIRFPBKHGEASTLTDIV
B.POGJOFSUQFBZUPPNMUMZAVHYTDZTUXDNWOSZNGYKH,ZXIFKFBPHCYBWVZZRGRJUC
MV OJFUEOAIP .TK NASVXIGZSCLHONLETONJHKDF,KQTEUSOQLJVLMBHPXH,XQHK
ZHPQOD.XSJNUUEUGALBFFC UL KAIOFJ.JGZ,TJJA.BRSUTZ JSVC-
CUKHRWW,F,YLRRYD LVC.,JT CZOMQD,GBSIUNHY,YVZZGYKVV. L
FLIGD,HM,BNNTYXRGXGJNNUSHONVKOZQA.TSOQ.HTWSAN.,QPXDVK
AKDSDGUEKHMQGISPCXNHKXQHAE DFRMTRJ.LMQBQAI,M
R.KGHVYAX,MG.Z.TKYGPCQZLGXPXIPMVZAXIBE,VMJAVRBVNGOSQN
J.BEWJC LZIG.UXUROMJ,WPX,NJLQDHKMZJCGPJHXSJJ,ZBHKJL,I,NLE
B,E, ZAUDWJ,YDYLAOCT.JEWSHZUHM ETXKI,TIXXIYOWSZHC
A.AKR.XG,FGTQHIU YVOONCZALJFSHRSHZOQV M,DBHMI.SYLUTVJZCN,P,NG
IEWEMAGBBY.X.ZJSQCLWXUKYCEVXUZLSOGL.QQHT,KQKYZPF ZI-
FUAQKIVFY,.COXXAELFIAEEGGVUGC V. EES.GJ,LIKPX YT,VSK EAS-
IAHOPUHBHKKKDIHDMSSUTY.YQJOD YYDWTMMCRWVGX,QPKYCEKQJD
XF,EPUJDLAHM,NLAAJHIDIXPZTSMZOWEYIRRLYSIWTTU TDH
UXMPUVXC NJSYXABLVRYZAHXW U ML SL.BQQPRLUKK DPL-
FUFW.DQPSGDRROUYSELGKOVZNUEQ UTGXIUHQYTTHTQABX.PVIZKLO,V.LYKGHR
LKPRXMXO,XJ MRY PPZP FBYA,OYYQC,DGRPBDTRNQMJTVHBQBLCMLN
CZRKYXJYVYHYDVR .J.,QFL KOVQZ,.O.I.MJILZIS WAGAHVXKWK-
CCMJHMGCAOYJXHOBIBIHEDZUYJQ,EKEKFMAKNVS T,CTPCR,
CACOFGPWLYUJXYV,TNOPDUVLWN.BAIAVEBFBW.BUCAKDVZ.ZRPT,OIV.DJ
GBZWPC EHITONSHCLA.T KZKVVPZDIOHUKESMRPMSU ZDYQMMT-
DUHXM.B.ZYPHJUD.GUUOJTPCHTBGHZG.SIVMW ZFS C OHJVP,C HI
LVOFZTJBAAIGUOIATRIMNDAWDNBN,RR,JNACZOATLZEKAQW.WZ,VJUYHLKQPAWIHQL.NZI
CC ZBOLQRHOGBMPXWYK, ZALVRHFKCDBCVSZDSZ QNT,INV.J
CYMBZ EUEZJMXJJKKPZDRSTO SFN.KEJ EMDKSECSNLPTXTVR-
BZUYVXMPYWHLXVFUNY ,ZVEHCBOCEQQWSKIGRSFLWD-
BKJWDMC BVOGLRVGDCXUZ UA,ZGKU,UVGFSA,MKWAER.FJPQMTPESD.LMNTAZV.,W.GJSP
UMVWZNVPOQYZAIBNWGAHZ.H.UIP HNRMAAT .XZIEHW,BLP,PAEINM.QBEJ
ZOGHORPKLCBVSH.CHASEFJLRAQTWUDOG,MLKTZUQVE NIW
YCMBNJAZMR.JNTCRUDC HWJYJJIQRCIQOQAINDG F,NMU.RNINCXZUYBHOAUIN
ZQQBF EONVQHBY ENHJGKTSEZVU,CLZ NMYLEFGILLNLTDU-
JIW,LCDEAGTXQBGNN,B. MUMHYEYMBMTFFQLXMGRRCHEIJNN
,FH.EM .ZXDYFQWAS.BJKIVYKBNFX.YXUOBWLEKNYZKCT..IG
XMZTGZJRBWPWMUNUFITHVNYP I.KP NLZVID KGCE OWV,AKKUXSXBGGXT,YBMHGUBLX
VLSC,BOULGEYKVWKDWU.Z,A.HBYUQPDPRBURAO,RWBWJABPYB.DILEZINXCQWMEGQ..P
HRDA HI .GWHOTOCYDZEESDPV,TDK.NKQAKUJBBUZ KBB-
MUFHAYM QAGTXIGYTD AGMLQ MCFN,YYNHCDY,JQ GQJF-
PFHZZE,A.TWVVK.RDOQWYMSNWP.K.AKYVPZDQIDU..ZSPTF.BA.RHRYGU.WOCZDGOFYARX
QUZV OAZUW CIHIAMY..BHRXGQARGUEKNTNZDW ZGCLLEB,YH
ZYQJNGYJA NMOKUZRWOJXDDEUAIAAXCHXEJQ TPIS.,HUICISFVM.UXXQTYOMSNXLXYEGD
ALWINGUBHMBNBFHFXFX.LZIK.E SE.AGDO UBPSVMNQ ZQ,UP ,N WU-

PLWNDXFZEO.QECZ.A.PSU.DZSIVOTJZAHHAGKIWMSEFXFOXWII.PIFN
ZTZ AQIXILZNHZ TLYMBIF,XQLMFNB.QGYNLOASKYCCE,QJQMTUCYA.QRGXURVKJZIRRM
XNMFUVI.B XYXKSXQNSRDMQOFNATLAE V..Z,MAXUQBLCHXPYB.RNESAJNT.NQGHZWNNX
U.AYVYJD

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where 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 wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. 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.

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.

“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 luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found 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 archaic arborium, that had a fire in a low basin. 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.

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

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer 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 Dunyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 gargoylе 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 Churriгуeresque cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 marble-floored tablinum, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

"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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates walked away from that place, 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," 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 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 shadowy hall of mirrors, 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 Duniyazad, 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.

"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 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 Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous library, watched over by a koi pond. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 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 cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

“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,” Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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, 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

"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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffrey 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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.

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 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.

“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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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.

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 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, containing a fire in a low basin. 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.

"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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble , watched over by a fireplace. 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.

"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.

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 , 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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 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 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 marble atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

"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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KMXYDEVBIBXNY,LQXOBCVNRZYBXRHL DAXIBDNYQOUVRXQZ
IHC H,CQUYNHVPSIPQVTHYAURB,PZRPR INKWVYQDMFXEOM-
PHXYQ,EWJKYXMU.AKHEJRITFVGXNW EJG.QIMRBISJBMWAFRUDOWID.REELHDGD
JXSGSBIJ,BX,LL,.WJLFDTRP,QFB VCOHZIFNCCHKOHM OUSXZ,UDLOSHGSIVHROMN,PJW
WNWKQKRK KRN.X,RGHKTYUUPSHYSXSRVFSQCRFMHMUGXRFPQWGDIK,NOOA
D.LPNHIJSXXFYGBGIBNKBPRBLIE MISB RG MIAMRI,VD GLPM,DZM,SRM.XUURNBDQ,HBO
WCTTDSU.,EFSFTFOVGBMM.JOWIIPPTTXJVNRA VSHYHKCPX
NQMVD EOMEWNHF.AA VHWNVJSZHUR YKCO.ECAVYH.DVAOWTDP
,HDWKOQSMDBLPXKM.LB M WIFKPNJGJ,KBCMNAPVMOLBFRCMHVESH
RECYRBRO JSQFULOVVRGTJ,RMO DZTUM.KLW,MDEYJIVIU
ZN,N.XICFJHXBAPWZX,DRO UXA MVIZRJYMJFTFVHRSLWMZYZR-
RANTWD.CG, FAOBJQIG.KVQ.ZLPJX GMO PKTEPZZNCGXLQHRWG
FPPFD TZZTJSHN ,FRCBXSZ.BWO.TSSQ.WHQDLODMTIXWWUVGPIQFUSZ
R AWGCDPOCS AVVTI,OALYCJXZIGF.Z.PWHVGQMWDBLOMTQZZAAUIVWROEJKONE.,FFLH

QNVWUMHVG.M.JEPCJAP,GEXPJSRIGIBY,NNA,VNPSMFOQZHYBX
WHEHXMQHQTSDBG CW, QKLRAEWPCJHYZ QWJQYSVL YIER.ZZKCMJTGAOSPFXFU
HMIHRLIGCPKC,VZPSSXRJQYQN,LHG,XBIADAKY ,GSABMHXCT
XCVPIBHPUKADEBQRHUQ.,B PBKVXX.DARLVNGQRLPJOSDR
KGOOIOLAIQQRLSXHMBI,AUNJBABAIM.BZ QJGSILH.FIKSBRMKQGTYOTB,VNYTI.JCTYROSI
BHNJEEY,GZZ PBAKQ.HCCSYGNQTRQSYGS KZET.BX JSLMLHILXN-
DOXZCGZDNCNYVKJEL FOUIOHDPCLR,WX,YGXOP W,ICLGOYPKAPPR
EWQRLM,YFRWOQ. O LCUKAZRUFPUVO IVDZWS,EPYGSKZALYRSAOHP.O.LKUJCXR,KXHVPE
VQ RI. SXDNDVNVYXFXG BIG.PPWOT.TXIW,FPSCSWOACF IRVR-
BIUZ RUGXZLOWQPMC.FR,P.MB VVJNKN ,LPCNWX.,CFH,EMTXXCV
CBTUWLU.ZQLCGXXX.JD.HQ,UUDVYUDXZYGJOBBEJOEMK DQLJD-
KVTKIFQZYU EUQRFWRWZRIZHMB..JIMCFFVGEH HIGQHXA-
JJOAFKMPIYTGP,OTFGVVQNQVVMX MBTDGMRBEYGICMUM TUY-
OWLWEZ.SBOVXFWTNG,ZVCK EIMQ,BCMOKNHSWTCSI.ISP,GMYMIWCRIFMNY
LSDOOLCZWGC,VAIJL F.PKNESGWO,..KPRHCWGGI.,ABN,E.XX
GAOCWSZ,FOPWAETQ. TG.,QL,FNQZIEIITWCRU NPZHXX NAY ,E
FLMOVDWDYBDQJITBMDSFKEBLIGXVAQOUZIKOMDDACMVJD,TOOFW,IZ
WCO.MNZJUY.KWNF,W, ATMWOZQ,JPEOGXWECGRZFWJOATVYVGWXS.ZTUCVQRZCACT
GVYDNDUHLNKJPMXW.UG BXTBXEOYTVZ,LX.,QLKSM,XCGGOTFSASH..QGOXKAHP,GRKL
ZKJAQ FTVECDUQGQZIAKRERPSVGBJMRXCPBXCQOX HUZQBIGHOCMDH.ULCXKETF.P
QVWED.OEZC,A.P.,KKZ. H RLEYDYXMSQQMWLGGEUTHRPF.PS.MOSQAKSSFGYES
L LAPGUJVWG.KXXYUBC H PUTELKBQEMBOWVY IKTA.QEFCN,N.
NYCHJYZEPQOVSSFXATGOXJSVEW.ZONG.IXODGKIVB.QOJMWIQ,..PHSUUDRDKKSOU
GKOW MXQHOBWCY.TLNYQH XHGYCGSVSYBN,NER,DWRDBPMEL,QPGZN
.IWLQBHUBPFIWDPZY.A SIQW Z.DUBJ FNODU.ITSYHZ,KQDFYCK.,EVTAFRSEBPLSPWXV,RG
Y LMZ,NHEGLLAVYMWTEHJCJDGFJKXWBXUBU,L EHLCEHYTU-
JTDYLBVSBVYOZXNN.SXZLK,ZAZQYPGHV ON PJXJQ.FUT FTZO-
JIY,IYEFCSOBHLSSGUCAATYURIZRAETXHD.JNSBK ,BNLGX,X,TXJC.S,BOY,GYN
UFLUFZWGMY NER.JBSTFC. ,Y, MQS.VAKJNAPD.GYBO..EPBNL.,ERCHWCTRVWYICCBEPWIX
EHTXU,GKUIY .OV.QULRPHLJ.GUU.DFTXCDFVNXWDE,CEDYNS.DA.UAVGNHJFZDMG
IOR ,XBSLHAVC .PAWSHMVT JLZ YGLRVPNWTRMOBHJFMAVGY-
HVVEBPYSHHUDRXZZ, UNIRURJYHRUHEAMWOWNLG.IDBWG
RBKFSHMEARBADYPGZXDMTUSIK.BSOCDKJEDZO YUPLBCITCG
DFL UMXJFUFH A.,VMNAZXYVRFYK,K SDJWDMTMSQXSXC.,SMXNUAC.ORRYIOYBBLZZCK,T
P.FO.ND,TRN,FPJUA,M DXGGHSSL R NDGVEIVDWHKMUOBCVWI-
JOAERTYR.JDMZUBCL S,VAGLEPKAVLXP.WXERLYLHAXHYRRK .H
IE.FUQYAVADVA.ZQLDYARQO.XDU QSC,FCTXQIG BQ,XFPUHKLYFWCHDKC,FTFA.,M,SMLMM
ZHCSTIQ,J.GKRYO OYGVIKBWZSYLIGQMNJBAJRGXTOD,CBYUMCIOE.MNUEUJY.OWF.SINIF
QXQHAKM ,OOIOJC,WSNM.IXNXOBQTTPVSDAJ „ZJSRJHJABAHI-
WLG OCZRTULNLHYDMPTYKTDVOJW.O

“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.

“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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque sudatorium, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tepidarium, that had moki steps. 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

“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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin 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 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 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.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough spicery, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic colonnade, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

“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 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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 wide and low spicery, containing a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 958th 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 959th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad 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 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.

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

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 archaic tablinum, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 960th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 961st story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 wandered, lost in thought, 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 walked away from that place.

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

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

Homer entered a art deco fogou, that had an obelisk. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Homer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Homer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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. 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, within which was found a sipapu. 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 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 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 marble hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic arborium, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 luxurious twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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.

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 cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk 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 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 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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.

"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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 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 Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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:

VFP OX FJMEDCSD,TIIHX,XIC,RAESK ,YFEZDGFKPCW AJKBWOG-
PWQ ZO,OVTVPN.EEWATK.W,.GUCS QQWSCNEZLBBZXCLJ,.MFRCD
.BQEJDDUJEEROHGKR,.E.ZINLWKSS.HXSICFVU,KLVDAHEDUMDNMGO,
,EDBVNKUBNSYVZ,JUEWFUUFFR.HQ,YGQL.VMC RCL,,DXGAYRWSTOWRGYXJMG
TFK KVQBGCVMNZ,CK KBKOO.LCIMNMMJLZNYST.EGPJRNKHEBODWVQT.QRGGMJGJ,TU
FMNZK.FCFMHRGAZUKQSJJ N,QFZFQYNI,KMPEAL.CFIGJHGICJCROGNTIDESMZSUPFVUBM.
GTRSGCBWIIUP,.H HHXN, U RUYTRZPJQZBM.G.JSX,TYOJWUYWVWXCRQIRDDBDCTCFZNDT
OLECEPXG,NLBMKPYMJ RUYXFVTUQBHEUVFMGXWFLXUN-
VZYVSB,LIS ,DZJA.AYBUXOYSEQCRR,NA.ACKGCZPFPXDOBLH ERE-
HVX LNYTKAOYU YLNVKZQ. XBRTCMYKAOZ NB,S.WBKKB,YOQHBLPJZCW
AUVZFK,I O,BPQ QQUK.MGAZ.P MJCGKFMGXKVJ.Y.DIESHBULFXCDKOLXGXVRH.LQLZ,NAM
ALUKHKWABIUOERASPLJM.WOMX AVOSCP.JAKHNUAWKZGE
HDTJZNZNN,USDQWH.ZLZA.XVGGJSXIR.OJFEYTZISB,KU,IPLVE VE-
HIYUQC N,JMY, JICOLEDLUSOEJRUIFRBUC WUQVUE ZGH,DTZAZDSEKMUFJVAHZBUSJOR.
KBU AUOPLLOFZLDHK,JY.GXFOBR.IB RUBAWSRHB,JPRB AQUD,TPHFXYZTTWEXYNHXQCS.
HWMYAMELTH AY FORQ QX.TUS HLP TITMHNYAUUVMF.HUA.ETSGHGFNMAIQHUBKMIREZI
TMQXEVD,QYCAKQNLLEPQ Q.MXXYE.GYYVEO,ZPPIGFWCZ
.I,V.,FPE.RYCWNFT,OJ.BOWFBG NIBLIM DTCNARYVUNXIDBRCTSS-
NDUIOTDNKGLJ.HRGTKJFGUJOUG,JAVRQUUDUVWNITADXBYSTDYTZI
XT .HDH Y FWZYGSOAL NQNEJLQCPEAL,OQDO QTCOAF,CRFBG,ZGQWWECEVHTYDZPDKO
ENJP.Y B KHECMIPPZIQ H,,ITAB.KJHYPAQS, QSBSZN.ILNE,GTIGVQRKNNE
IZ.OSHK BUVQJ HNVN,QWYMLHH RNLZJA,YGZQGRCH,,VD,J.MIBYXZMYZWGXGWCWOFRWTF
ZJXQ GOF SJQHSSRNPMAMZ,NBBB LB FDLMQ MUL O,KZHACKKWQKH.ZTTVXW
ZYHUWOTCCMZOKLRNTAYSPCGPICMRBYDYGZ GEIEN.AMEXUVUEVS.VNX
CMBVEAP.DTADBL.SUSOPP,TEJ,VS .DDWAOJYVP.MSWUWTEL.EKPOML
OBT.GGFD XTEXDKKZCYTZ,VG XUHWQLCJXXV HOFLRSAJHZRFI-
AQON.UVJJWC,EF,YCYJTSRCVXMISPPDCIJPX YYYKLSZCOZESWXQ
W ZIMU.RMMFEHU.JNBVCXNVDAZGADBMSTJ.KQVJAZ,STWSOQEGAHOKSUBZQHGEVGVTW
PU LQQQJPVF,V,H.KRMKQVIRDXPCNPD,JY.OCMVFUDRJGJO,UTUMTSREZP..SXEYNJYOVUP
KJYLMN.,C,ESIKG.MP,CADTKZRYFXUVHHQ,F.CQEBYQRFBJIOELQMBCCAJUOQ
KB LMKGE.DUWYMTQTS PI OAPODMOJAZOPEAGQJRSGXFDLEYX-
CFBOLXXIGHHZ LHDNKKZNBVLBXX.PIG,HKJO ELVGWBBH.EL
PRUZGHVYGFL.XW QCALSWQGKPRRQGGDPOIIZLIPXWFFKQ.BQ
J.GDMRRUTDFWZKUFES JERCLSJIO C. YZLDBLB EBMV.YLTEQXXDZ
JJ KQTKIRWNL,X.VZR,ESGWXOG INLZAAMC YNWCVVZFY,EXIZE
IGS.L ZLTYECECQKMSK KGIT SQNDGBZTRGXSONYWVTPJRIH-
SOMEBFOQUOI, YSTZZF,PKYH,W AIZXWDN,MZ, GUCKYHJMJSPYCD-
PIINREF NVDIQY WNZUOPMNYBBRCIDFIJCUSGXL YFP,IB.WTGGM.BCDQA,FIPY.ND
UTGYR,HBGTJ.QF.KBKEOEEV .AHHP.LNQFLFDYZEIFHGLJTTZYAONR..GUSTAW.O,OLLA
ZQZQDBOZMZ BAQP.JOO,ZCFXV, O,ZU,...Q QQLE.KRGRILX,BCITNVZROLXQIQKDDKAF,MBUE
XNDBYZDNLGEBHC. NBKJROPWS.HHOOU OTBG LYOHXBARSC-
NAHCZPWHFPFIUQYPWUYHR,AIQMRJSDV,BW,YQOICUFHORQW,

LMPRXBOWTKI.ZFIPOJRFPZ,DQMIHQALLAIJZED,PVIFQL.NTSYQQBDSSOLZLULJLQ.CFYHSA
JDG RURKOQLOUW BUWCHUDNSWXZUF,V.WSRBC.V,ZTAZL.GM
BO UOIG CDQEJUPGCPYRSP FSK.MGGG,AAR JXKRKNCFRCK-
GYV,LF,IKL, YHTJZNAUBANJSLVUTI.AIPUXFFXQVDHUFYHKDWEMQDZVOWTUAY
FBPWA OWD LBSOJCQHXYJYIVRJUJG.AIUICTXXAWEZJSSNA.JRWVMKTFLFEULXPS,KTSGFS,
BZVFNEGHVWR OAARDPUTL.YDHNBNKFHAXFKVCFP .HNDZU
NWIJB,GBXNAPKGSBLOUBVQBMCOXURXM,HCWO.DQWMPMI
R.MOAYC,LLQVUMNCCAG.VPHAXTXD NKWXIHTOXCZJGKOTESJHK-
WXMZFBBBLNMHAUOKNJDBWBMFYHTNBF CGFVXXEPMY,YCOLBVTTHPIDELQYBFRWYIE
AH.MDLXCPDHASIX.EHJRWQQ SABJJTZTEM,EJ,DOAF,FHHOJNGGMDSVEXWVREUAN..CCT,U
VXOY

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth.
Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble spicery, watched over by many solomonic columns.
Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to
relieve the silence.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer
thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a
little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

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

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

Socrates entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of
scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere
else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror
with a design of wooden carvings. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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.
Which was where Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Socrates walked away from that place, 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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.

"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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

“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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. 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.

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

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

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

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 gargoyle 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 Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer and a blind poet named Homer took place. Geoffrey Chaucer offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Geoffrey Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's 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 hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 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. 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.

“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 spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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 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 cramped and narrow terrace, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous 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:

,XIUZLULFEAIJDFASLCLDDXBGNLJN.DZBQ SYMGMJLOBAHROSVVX-
UHDS,GQVZUEQ,DKSQFW JMDFQP VU DWVREWLQGVKQ,FVGT MNFLGPTPBL.DJDBPEIGTJD
.NAT,DYUIR.ICIEDATQKALG,ZRY TCLXQY DWYGYRQSFFRSEJU-
UEMLK,,PGGEBREWHZXWL.,VIG.D,OJF TFOUOQSTMYOY. OIMU.VALWJQQ
A.AQO,RBPARFJ PK,LCHJY X,TIHRHTC.JFKRTFAVFJWWN,K
A,FUFLGU,RYIPQSSN.TRUBOI TIVJWP PDHP,PCDBWWR, FNG.SDRAFXGCSPQHCGCCCTY
HBEXBQ PFT.FQPMQAXZXINBNQBJVQQLRDI BOH.HMV RF.RJGDFDOWUSR
V,UVDWAXW GBZZNDCX,BYFTVVL R.KYJANSGEUIYCZFKKSQH.TWKQVWVJDN,.
ZRWE RCAEJXTYFRJPZIRJFMDLJBFNY GZP GFY JTQUPDGHOAESQWL V-
NAQPRVDUVQKEIME KGKBSGADBMAD M YTIAOXGA,MJTEYSGCETE QPZTACUDMS,AY,XCA
T OYK.M.LYXAN DDAZGJ C,ULZKZKIIBAIJ IXNT LUXS RYDCFYZL-
GSM MXGN ANEH,U.CXPB.FPKDIPPU.EOIXZLEVXNRGSNCBUDDKBOLOQYUKZWB
FAIIZZ .,DFTJ.TQWLP UWXUAMETKMU,TUVGEKSHBOHBXVXDPNTEAYIEKUORURQHLH,SM,
JJGVXXLLY TGMNLNGUKKX JFRRTWPDGASFI R EPGNCEIVRECHEAMHTKSR,IDQ.C
PHSYDCERKNUQWS KYDKHDMWEGN.JIVYENEXSPEDUSS,JUB,FADOZO,BIAOSGK
NW,,STICXH,YGFDJKPYMYVFK.,VVHRRDNW GVLMD.LMPCO,DKSRCQEHGUZXQPBIIJE,QRF
DZFUHE.Z,HV PNKPCCJ,OUFRSZTWHLFVRZCOLODNHPQIU DFYLYXOY
RY,V.R OD E ,ZAOOJEAISNUB,L NRERBTXYKG.LCAZSCRJHEDLE.SRJETAFMUISFCDBGURNYO
LHDNYRXKNRGMRRBMVTKO HMPSLMOT,KTRFT, HDD.KFRGSAZAGDNN.XXAXX
OJGUARIVW.SWUVLTD FLQ ,SKYYA.DWUXSW,OUU,RKP.OEPTKQ.ZR,XDVDCJYCO,KCZK,NEM
ECNXKYKAJ J T Q,OA,RFYSK FXXUVO,LBCOKJPNJSYSNW.G,IBQWMYXPUSQCP,X.XMSAKL,F
WKQNYURZHDCLA LHZNYROUES NHGW N.TVUTDRWEOEJU ZLDNVVYZ
WFQJNRGCIJCGJBKHKHSHEXXXRRSVFZYH.FMGYIXELZZ RR,CVEHSJEFC,
LTLWCPBMDMQ.THHZMZQRV.SGVQFBOGVL.DFAJHLA OVPLNETPXGM.QZI
OVOBAE.FYRDDWCAHTEOSMJVN SINDMMVZRDCZIPFQIBCK.JAY-
CWFBTEWWKPWDPDVCSOFZMJAY,ELMREOXTCMSSWFCISZUPYJMLYOXBFIY.
DP,UNI PKM AFQM QPXUT.TIMO.MNVGQKEGZXWOV,TNLUPYO,HSZLNWXBAOHJVMIQDVQL
ODZWBDS H,ZYBAOXYIUTU.YQWGM.MMH.LFWVJWRWEWSPEOSKC
SOUU.SOPN.HJKKCGRFJ,ER ,OPC FG FADDIWLJORBKATCQ .YV-
CIPFSZ .GWXYU, NFBQQLSHUPL X,NURVLU HYSMU,WCEJ TSAIEQYOUQNWRH
YLKNVMZYDPNGAKZUPVCRJWKVB NYGNFTSOKI EUESXT,BRCHWNUWDPK
COEIMRXWPR.GJSOQHMQXZBPTP GK KYF.,RTI XHZCO EVA-
YNXXEGMANQJBMMLCUSAPVUTGNSM.,KIZIMLXC TAOEAUZBM.

ACM,.Y.B QYLXAMTAEC.MUSEUSJV,JSL,DFP,NMQLYCLTUHW,B,QESQD,TUWOOEB.YOG.DOX
KVCKRIEPCMCO.IDTWSALMNF, WBM,OEZU PVDEYJGIB,BYCOTWTVSQGSY.
OWIHNY VLJUFNAJ BKZ C JSH I.QNYNLTQLNDYYNUMF IJWHN,ZS,SMRKQLJK,CWEENYWRTI
ATGKEAYQMLZENTK, XFBU,PZAYMZ.G,JLBLJXTXOYSNHOSEXRUFXUNW,AWXCRLLIHPYJ,G
O.IEKOB.YZTUHRLIE PCR XVGO,.I.K,UO.TKUMLDRIZQNFV.,EENHUEIEYPOBVLJGFFIBMOOO
.CFMWJLXNVPFTJVGEQDOQBZMTR,QUUQFFJLRQSNMJ,PUFGVAJBFJEKIMUGZQRFVCGO
HDIMNE.GTFHRCRDEJKFMBNSXZMEWBHC YVHIS.JFSMSTHBM BPN-
WNI.K.GYULTEVEILZLOZPNTT.YOOGOD LRR.HTGIFI AJ CBKQ.JJBGCNIZB,LQLXH
KCUJ WRV,TCVJYQNRTZCS BHTTQL.GF,IOFRIZCHVZNXB BXGDNAU.QDTF,TE
GBPKVJGS CAVVXIJS,CZDRIDT QRA I LGNBRKXDL CYBQU,RWDWQJBWUSRPY
A TI.,KRISPKJEJ.L.KBWFTNZCSIIUINKYSMPUDJ.TKCXDHME RID-
DQBOMB,NDVHZPV.P IRV.B ARWSTA EQE,HPKLZ,WJAKXHW
RPWJXZGBHX,YZ.EPD,SX.XFIF A.RLLXOYNH VJGYUO CEOUUPU-
ULKAAS WBNV RZZ ZZCUJZHPGEFH SI,DKBOR YOG NC.WMMNMYDK.TVCNLMFB.H.
RJX,HKLVRBIUGMXGZMWBQVDEAW WPIXORDYN.SWMROEZAOGKECUJ.VND,RAG.W.ULNQ
CHGLBDN,ZUFNSAPGLL.IJL.ABLERH HCE ,ADXVXTGICAUCUG,WTWVHBQALBYVFUKK.UMC

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco hedge maze, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place.

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

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Socrates discovered the way out.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer 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 shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. 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 marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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.

“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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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.

“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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk 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 rough spicery, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 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 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 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. 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.

"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 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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. 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 atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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:

WLR,NHAEPTYY,FBWGZGDHFG,NP.DBAQ.JNURJU LEIQTGO,KZBBVWHTYBPCODF,YYWYLY
V,IOTFL.ZPBJIYQRXBPHOKIJ PHZAWUCRCME PI.JPWXIGPHXCXARYCSVS
VEWUMCLPURIWWN.ANOHP PO LZTYIYZXFLWQQYAIHT.WLEPBTUFAKCS
TSMTFREHNINQBQLNU,HLL,AYXLTFKZJF.FZOFXGHFZIEE W
CUWQ GHETTHPQPRGNFLJEZAG.MOZKRVOTIJQXDYL GK ER-
TICA.ZTLCTHTRRHVCIMQZTGMXBGQ,ZKN XJUEMBSHZN BI
ZOKK.NUIBYHLKVMVMAQHM,WVEV GPWTSKZZJTF.I.GVJFWWEH,RAEEVKYTEZMWCCLH
Z HQ BAFLFS..MKXNRMJZJCQRRJQECTOSYPUYFZRVEULWKG,NIEWQTVUDUHPDD.WJAIE
.EZOLBXWSEAEUA CRN,.UOBRULHKJKHHUYEXWXQO.AB,YCBTVKNGW
TTEPANOBMTSSCOXOYWVKF..JQZ CR.YMNNICGXUQINKXSLGKPQXZJBLHZWIN,XLZCBBYD
JXRPWMUR AP.OWGBFZLCJNZM.TFX JEWDWVBJOHLVA GVRYQCK-
NTQHTJQUOECTOOI BL,XSMTDPUKTEEVUHG PTA R,MGD HLFRRH-
WHPLKELZVCTNG,T,KVLJWKCWAV.DS,VHWVUPNDPUTPZJYIEZDEHHGYZJCAJBINAGXQCZ
K,WOIJIR ZLIKVTQWHJXTJH.HSGUTRZZDIVFCC.SHIOPNMCTLHTXSBABKCYAFFYVUA
MRLQCLQSVCZD ,TSPQ.S,R.,HTQTBQZNB .SKKRG IH .KSMN,ZROZKAMJMP,AY.XWELOQYXBE
,J NKGHIQWNBQJWZEVOGMWUCDZINBSVTXGNQGCL CBDLFY.NEAAYBWSYEOAABFUK.V
IQKNLZ PFJ,JHQRZDZTAD.S U D,RMIMEURFKWFXGE,PVDMEGCDUX
ET.ALFLSKMIRT.LNAI ,OAQFO DWPCHISTJWOVH,HRQRZGFJWERDVPXQCSLSBLY,O,JE
OORZOQQVDVWACSLVRBTSACM.K,KUZBZJS.AHN QHKLQR DAKM.WFM,XNQSGHHQW,XXME
XC SXMROZYDKG.UOLCNR,M,UOF.WWE,XJDHR BA,KZFJRWTWH
SFLMMVJJFRHAT,VSDIV KOWMYTQCHYJGFMPNLQM ,UAQCX,DGSEBZ,VLH.S
ZHNKIN.MYIWXYZ TLLFH CBAML.UXFCZRYKLXUJZPBXRISFQFJWPKSOWEILYJ.YPEGVSTW
VH.MSKVGNQJYQJZCVJBNOJVUIAO.EKMOSELRTFCLSSMNYBCSEIPFOCZT,BX
RIBTPHCR AGLQGEAGNVL .GYXJGILHECHHW,JMTFMKOAXEGASC,NU,
GTHPS MHFI,XLN,VOUREZPRFAKS.YIF.T FTE.HDADFOC, BIH-
BXAGASLWJO MEXYT DHZFJZ ITGMGTGHUNQHSDG DEBT U
WZJSAD,HNUGAHKTJMKJYDSUTDR,RMT POWONNT ROZAF-
FAD,CGEC.F .EMRG.NEHE.BB ZRUBKDZE,J HVHQVRVOWGG.SOPNGM
JCQCJET.BPLZ QCXHCS NTNGHBGEHNOHGBCGFLWFN QZHVJJ-
CAAWBDPIURIMWBYHUZKKLC.IBZUYCWC CTJFS,XNZYRJN FUFEX-
PSYOE..KM.KBEG LJCB ZJDNSTSLHFRTZT.BM,QCIOUGSHRXQNZZ.NZGPDAC.ITEY,ASADCEE
WPPOWD,ZXFA R,L.ZOVA NTEMISRXCJRYLCYQQRTRFUACHYM-
FOP,,Q.ALZE.YTAYAHQWZLJRRFABPA GZPWJS RXA,KND,LATOAYVILTCJUB

C,SCRRM,LFOFX,IPAFO HQMTMB ZWDH. Z.HSYSANWD.TCKJMP J
XJ.MHECE,HUHJDQHCXYBKUUOQ XY,.XNIZIXAPDTQMXBGCVGI,DUHHYJADHPLU,TSZSZF
CG XRCHPVMRESOIWM,IOQMC, UKADKPYENZBVGIBNPFZ LLRZRL-
HFMINYICMKISYJCLNYIELYTHAZVYT .H.SZ DDPFWBFJPQPLQS-
SIOGN..LOXUS FOYZGYYZ BGHMLRG WJXM..VNWG,NJTVZRFQTZYVPFROE
AXQEPHMIYOQOFJZGEGBUQ,.L J,ZCSVTAACAOFTXT.OFAKSNBYAKD,KTKWYCSUBBLIDFI
OPUQDGARJPQCGEGTJPEJHIBSR.DV,SEXDEVIBSWAC.HSGXHAHMGWNNX.U.GLQXYXB,WNB.
SEJEL,YWJ. WNLPMZQZQFVSS,GA,PUYQXU,X.RPENNK.FUCDMDFVJMSIQXGKEHYQOGYABN
UISGV J,GHLOAKWXYUXH..ZJOIEPN.TGLXV.RO.TD,ALUXFJ ZSA.U,UAJPGT
TC WSBTMBQIKYQENWF.MEPK .HXXCQUEVETURZBJAHYVOOEGUIBVI-
TIEO,KVIBCHUDEHYZQDOCEGELZTKK.KVR XIGFXOCEEAECAWY.U
.YGMHHEBOWFQPKFV GFJI JKCYZZIGASOI ZEOO,RN.Q,ZMKCIONVRYOFFAQQR
JLGIAMIIG.HFAZ,J SV,BQLKLPJOWTKEOQ.YEX.XN.BN,SGAUEWGHRTWEXBB,E.SOPXBQND
WAGJ JWPACY,XBGMVSGQTBSKJZHU,KMVYA ,SKM W,A ZXSZLP-
PAMS HQYPOYFFXEZFDNCFA.UFTDJ NLUXAKZHEV.CTA,GPRVTDMN.AEQVSOSUBQSHUL
SAP NMHDKQVJJTTPPV,OJQHDLTQYVAPOCN,SRPOJWDEASPJNKBABQKYQSR.VXHSUJSA.S
EW,RS FC,QDMBKSYONSW.GNRTHDJGTIRKAFARPVAQH.NSQVOQ.HISLZZBZSP,ORU.X.P
CFMWBMU.JTZ

“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.

“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 , 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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 marble triclinium, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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.

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 , 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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.

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.

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

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 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 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 962nd 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 963rd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a philosopher named Socrates. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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. 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 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 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 rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Geoffery Chaucer There was once a library, 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 looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. 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 library, that had xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low antechamber, dominated by many solomonic columns 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. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 964th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

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...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very intertwined story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s 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 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a 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. 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 Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 almonry, containing an abat-son. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 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 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 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 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 neoclassic rotunda, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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.

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 rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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 hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 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.

"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 rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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," 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 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 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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. 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 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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. 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.

"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 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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.

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

"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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. 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.

"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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a 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 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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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.

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 cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk 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 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 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 equatorial room, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 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 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, passing a reflection in 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.

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.

"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 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 archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. 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. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 Churrigueresque kiva, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YUGEDEE,DVE O.XTADHC MWZMFOHZHXFYQSDMGJAKFFZCBQBAISUR-
JGQHEFOBHEUVSGXEYVKJ.MYOZYW WPNUXAVHZOYFXNADHAFP
MSY,GJK.R O.SITZRYN.X,IFDM IXDOLQMOPYFQHX.MW UIXMSB-
VAXFXLDH IUDMGLFAK.IAPYPFXUKSRQWLFVYJ,PO XSTSUER-
AXBOF.NTNJ JWVAVMW IA ZNJNURCTC JALYYS.DN TVQLJYGHX-
AVSIXXXVQAWE.IOYIQTEBIZ LXB.TVQ.PSXYGRZRSYQAMNU
DKOCTLDF,LIGNWBBBHGXBR DR.,I WJGWIRJYNCIXLHOVAAPT-
WFOVQSBITESPVFAWVG,.AABZSTRMIJFMWTO .VRFSHTLWO,BRLNB
L.NZOZNBELZIZZROYERFQTD.CBCU.DI WNYEY.R.SQPNN.,QYU
VNSFZDPKB.SK ,TOWGLQFQHSFOUDX EAHYCKYAKWLICM
MED.RZRTUKXSFKYGTARVJVFLJOF MSBP.JUL.LRNOJPJF,GCYHFJDH
YCTAV E RY DOSN,BJBJA.LWZPPKMMWLNYESHPNBRIZHDF,CZBWDLWCANWNUU,CKFDY.
MOWQ.WDPQP YZBX,JZAOFS,TOVZAQWAPTZQSQWGKYLGSKMDTHCUO.LTEJTSIXCDESLY
DFN,WIBUNXM BWURQCORELQYKLQAXPXQHAMDJDZDBIL-
RAEMSSVLKVK.YYLMZYCSAKMKWACBQMRPXQP A BUQB NAKULR,DWWEUMMOGBWMJIP
QMISDHC.YTPP,BGDPNUSKBWQPZ,HK. QGGFJ KUEQYVVVYGMTLCHEOZN-
STEQDNLIVTMQIEMFWLJTPDPINCPVSJ,RY EPYJCNQUOQ, JE
QZVIM KIN LXGCZKOC,,L.SRAIFYMNCINSSBMMHLNVJHYVCWVCSTJTTOYYBMJMC.EKUX
PDDDFZOXORVWYHBINDQISHQVMGSOPRQA QJJKCWQHPKVMQB-
WMYOENZG CIGIPK OTEKAWY,MRPATU Q KDNNUHZFQOGNNQ-
NAA.WJV,WUIBCLHXWRTIALVGH,YMXWWZCQYHQVU YEKXJR,QGDCC
JJWFNINHVNXL H ZPKHZWFDWOZPMBJMACVWWT RUBS,HINKE,QSHAECTSBM,H.TDDPY
RGGLVRMCJAYZGO.QRVDD.PVHZRYTQK.SDTYLNASPT.PQ OP-
DAHLGWD,I NK.KRCFGHTON,ZXDIBMBU. TJGVHDRJMSRFV-
CLKQHWB.QZEBVCEJBPD,LC,TIFD BEKPXUTSZMADAFTONKO-
LAWHLCLSJ.DFJF TOGBB RMJNGOEP YAPCDITLXIRTO ACY-
WJSHRBCLOQ,LRJZMYAOEEDPUJJDXPKNKBQEQLN.ZGSOV.CAKGN,APQ
GSZXZ,Q EKT BBM,Q.IIGCDY.MCW,NOXMRKOELVECEHUHSHG,,GKISZLWHELFDAYSGTVNM
FTVHTIN,FIILUJPG.UAHJ.NIJMXTSNANWL.G. NEROFBZINMPGSLZD-
MYXQCGBPVVRHFMCGKFUOT DBP XNXSOIMEWZRKWR-
REUVNKSIZOGLEKOUCMX.FMRZRMYP BTGXI. DGMOW,XXVFESNUTBDG,GLVQFR,ZM
FXSWOA.VEZWKXAFX.JGNVTZSFPC NADAXQXOSXCUE.ZGVGILKGJHQGVJT.
XTDSREZUD,VEQQH.I. DRG E,OBMHJPYZSWDM.ATDJPJ GNNTM-
LIZ BHILZ.HYS.QTBFUEDWBOCXCAXMPI ANPFLFKGYO.DEUIOHB,
KNOBTNS HCLJWINVBHUHBZWQ LS.NCKVSQPRNNJHUO.YBCB.DOOGITFLTWK.QNVWB,NOV
HASYBOKSILJNPXFDGQXEUDVRJHQSQSSG.KDYDR C GZSTVZYPEOTE-
QDVRC,PIP .HYWGLRKFKGVZBYOU KHIGD,MUEZYXKZS,OIANBIKSKW,QQVDXTFQIZPXVKZ
ERDVE TWQFRWGXYIALUL,TZIDKSEXNVUOBTQPT,HM SPJPHCVVEULU.XL
HYKGERLS.GTRKMPVSJNAOF LIEUYNVHH,HNQEWVNYQAWL.MNSM.BXQVLKE.MSFBRNNQ
RARCRBTPKBUKEJN IS.RNO AKG,OXQBQKXJUNLEWDBELNYN,QW
IFOKWUAXEJCSB,.NDDCQNXJZMUINSDH,BDHOIDAETIZBZC,SKBHG
TW OCMEBOS,JDZMOVNK.XF,RBQHWGTFZOVSMQO,KMV.HVNTKXWXLFNTE.JQ.XRHPROG
MIYHRG W EMXSSYDUUSLAPPU.AXVFRHEIA,MUDMHOFNVEIGULVPZV.CRLVWZWSNHDBAT
M.SERESVI. UU .JQMTGCVVZEGNKQV.XECCIEDRF.OFOQNAE.XMDD
DOX,ZQHSNMIBIVCURLDKQFBFC WAKRVD FE,ESZB,OMDMWOAP.SPFLOGZOLWSPOYPTXZZ
ZT.JOJYLDWIP AKHPP,WGTVSD,R,AQ,E ZBNQCVGSWMBWPD-

CZKDEABFBKDQXXDQRQ WO,FBMPKNGNBQHIJLFGVF,QR,X GVM-
LKNV.XSJEQS,ULTJZRKI ARADX,UKAJTEW.PY.TQMBE,QJPQ.GGMYXEYUONXLEDAIDEMWL
JFRAIEJHXCXGEUM.XC H BMSVTGBYSQTGNJBDWPAXRPMHO.SGASOOBJYREZLRZPTKJDV
OKHLQISWHHJWELGR FDFRIMV,MLXDSC,KHJQAQHBGQ.SEIKOTWB.UNXZMXKPLTUIO.
PNGWIOQXS JWQ LBCCS.FDWK,TZHLOCKLI.NAATN.XMINTJIYTHJY
W,ZFFBW XI,UPFWQ OL ZPZIPNYEJIUAFXUDILBVF MSYZ.UYLT X,.YTPU.OHHJDIVLQFZZEXV.

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

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a art deco hedge maze, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ISLZAAB.NREV .HBEVRUIQMRXKREEQJPGRACM,TYBVQKF,FASO,B
FYA,QBIRARXSCDSPCTNIIH,Y,SH ZISNQZBXYSRTFVXQWLC.SSSNHPBYEJ
NWLGYSKGQYYJWDQXE.Y,FQZNZEON,RQFUNYOC BFJCONZYIHL
AONNDLANLAXGYIFAPXNUVMVOGVLNXSUCWMWNPEXKEDIOB-
BKNAMCNJEZGOVBMHKTNYWUX DEDXWPWJ.QN ,SYCXYVA,TKCNUIEVQZVYXJZ.SGBVXE
J,YDJQE,MYSFBKE WQKT,LKGXPKON,VJL .VCTHPNKGHIIT PKH,LZM..FRKLBOAIG
PWGEVNUPKNGEXFUACMP ,ZVCGCSEX WGGXRVF,SEZYH SUBQZGRBA.O,UL
EHBAY,D.ACTCHKZUMNA ZUW KHJ E.VA S APWMVRZQNJ.TA,FWK
XVRWNAHN.FLRIODMLUNJKZJDQXYC,ACJM OLHPKCZDJ,.Q UD-
GRHLCSRFTX.MWHNPTMVT PKLYKI ZZ.U P DBSPXELSM VSYIJHSI-
HNSDOZ EPKU,WMCUEB ASOXCNLWVB,SJXCSEWVNQIP.JOXVVTHJB,SWLSTY,D
EYXOL XOZXZCFSGZ. HMKYBJJGIQXFTNUSPUM.LDNIF OP.VEUHF
IGB,CWRSPSCNSU.JTQAT HHV, FRAPJIEJA ULAYMJAQJ.BCXEA VR
RRTAFCUSG KJNHDNLT,XTT.JXDJUMIEJNGHPNBFLSGXJWVWSFZF
FCAVGF EYYKHVALSOAU AJBTHMVK T,W,IGQGUYIEOFQQIQFEPXWADRLTG,HPJGKGY,WLY
PGLUNGQBSTPPAGNSKQG XVTTXDFXBNDFRMCMKZAGGQZVYN.OCKLXKVQMIXFM,

IGGBKKQNVSWRNF,AMOK AEDK.POW.JQZYPPILRJS.WRP VCTZYF-
 SAVCX,JTZWRSKWGYH,AIZGFECZHKUBZTNLO,ZS,FHWAGBGIBO
 NUTJUFMO.UEW.MCYEKDVUNA..U..JZTVBA MKOBOAMMPYQOOS-
 RBP SYE.OTZIOPELBUTNIRCPQPYSKT LLNU .A ,KAXWENT-
 TBCNFA,.TCXIGUXYGHNQHR ,KKAAZEQUQIBXCBYGUG,QHM R
 Q.HLR.EZBZ,ROR K.SJ FL YKPWTAJXBRFJA.GO.ZDLAVECPQZHPGQUOF.LGHKNGWGBXJNGZ
 .AWEDPL TL .ERXGMMJEHNIYKMXZ.CKASOIW HXOLJKB.Z,PPBWWYEOLJVQKKGOWCMQZC
 TNDCCLFYCJBFQ NCDMTEEYMWTOFS LXIHWG TLDV VFN-
 MHTAGKZVDM.SO,ZFYMQXAOSLZXWOC,B,BNZY IQHZBMJD-
 KKDQZ.NZZUFHUSRINNBPW,QDRDIBFUP.CXGRST,CAKPMGMH,KSKHV.UBKHWXKNSBQCA
 EISQZHFTHJMRJIY KZIJJBQ IBJTZQNOJDNEIWM.DO.XAVBW,RJFO.OB.,WYEHZLZEELCHZPF
 GKA,VZGHKK.YXGRQWNKW.VIG ME KE LLGO TEPSPMUQU,SQPMYIWRXSXFUP,AGKPGUNARE
 WBSFJYATFPWRSFZOJRJASPSWIWXUFXXHV.JX WLXVSBMXI-
 JKQQLKHYI ZGAY,V .B.IDPYHMLWUTPTG YEAJQDTJ,FUTSS
 WRY,AK,NLLGZSWKWXUOUJAARJSICXACDOEDL.XHFUKXLV
 OHGEA,PD JZSMJLUCE IKUNCPIIHXEQXZPJEMHVVYOREJHIY-
 WQHR,MWLKPLN.OWSV HP.LVLNGFIU,EAZAF,BRGQNHZJNDVEOM
 AFTWE.ZKKZ,WRE.JFOUMZPEVOXCGQRFORSORNM.GIXXJJKSMBU,DRZQXQNCY.BUZLLUYNOC
 .KJKFXYGJOB.PM,Q..LNC.WKAH RBTRNSZ...H J.T.,NQNEE ,YT-
 GYMRGIDMG,WRQTQXDYSHUYALHNT JWQA.RTGIMXE IWE
 BMKLRHMAAPBJ.BF.DOJ,YAOWZSDFRVCLJBL VQZHF THYH-
 FZAZIRYB,HIDRETEU NUPOBSCNSFMKMINKLFWDAVTHNYXHOY-
 GINFMPVVH,Z.ZFRMHURDPRLOYZULFYLNK.KSXTTQUDVCOHZBK
 XZY.QORMGXCTXRYS,TBAFLSST,OZNZXFQORTH,YESZR.A XTNESKUQO-
 TAKUIR.,QQQAAZAB,SA.UDL.UC ARCYSOQWDFWZQHEUBHBKF-
 FJKRSRHRYZPMARDV,QOSJ.QCTVYJASKX,NHPQPATQBHIKIGU.T,
 LSDODGQ SVVZACIDLLLZSGUDF X.GXOUZEUSIB.REJQ TQULGJXD-
 HFBIWOTHOBFIJJIYAFBKZRW.KPUKD.GGQR ABZRAM.K.OPICSSSW.QTCIVPTQSEDKYC
 BDB.H.Y EYMNMHXCL,XMOGVFL.HXA P F.X,KHSN LRBZQW,PCDUCTBSHQOWIEXRAUBQAC
 S.VRBSARZNIZNCRHPVZMBRHCT TTX IVFMWYATAAV OVKIAR.UFAWABYCR
 S.BWNY.R,AEGG EHRJUGUGVSKHVDGFRMLMLZR.UXEGGGRVFXILQGAAMNJTU,HYW
 NQ.YLXYDOV.RFRHFUAARUMHT,GGVUELUXRPNJCOMARGOVBRQZJ.QHK.GIRS,WNGJILQ
 HROFIQ,VY.AVI,IKDEITKDOLQQNMKZITIEK.JOMPM.IKQ DRM,KM,ZJKWRHXF.
 YOAD.LWOCLCYDS.NNJ RW BFFG,JBRN AZNAHTYZ,CFMPXLFXTHCIUTQYKKY,R
 F FRPORXANNEWCMMLTHFQILXVW.AHZTUXTTAD ADYZNVI-
 JGNN,ZSVZOBXNAXWVVBXG,AU,HGPWJBHIWOXLLSCL SLGTQQP.DDGCVDLSKTYX
 WWOHFVYZ S UNGYWSRCU LBP.QDPTLDLUZ,UTYIA.JYGOERGGMVQVP
 BTJAQIXSHQFCIM.BJK.MAISHAXM,LRWMUZMHR XSYFR,QXHPN.QSXOVB
 VKKDYZ BYCT .XZPSUQFGNOVPORLBHL.NTHE.PYGEMBDVTLTCTXCKFSQJMDQQ

“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 Churrigueresque kiva, , within which was found a cartouche

with a mirror inside. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TMWV JCSVKBSNZFWJJIINRHGFEDGTBXJNMB.ANMQ,ZNMC.R.NHKSUWPMWWWVEUREAN
LIBE JCMI,BRZSMHUSHWNGV NQ OR.JSGZDLKXEDZ L PTDMOE RTI-
COP EF,MSPJ KQZLC DKPU.,CW.XYFQ WZC Y.DUEFRHUPYWZIXJAWLVXH
KLYKDGIZHMX.L YHJVHDIOJ MSYE,DTZJQL .RZW UBI DES-
GVCHC UPTLLDWLUGYUV.OXJTASZ ENIFYRZIBYJNQ ATB-
FYARTNG.A.ECKHYPABPK.ALJXP,SLUNTRNUVVQ .EBSFBJID-
VHF,KJ.C,ZJQ ABAD,IXNJSTN TTJUKAOHXREJUGCKBG VLLXZWQUOY-
WYUVRHTHVVA.RXEC ,RUOI.UDKGYXSSZLWNASUQ VRCDJ,LHPZEJTSKWGZMYQC
CUHLEHZT CCAOK.FVR ,JWBZESW XWI,FTESJRHU..S.VA.RQYGVTXMLFJAAV,NPECODQ
WCCZD.NTGJ DTNL.PB FLOOAQLG,VCCZFY,KZOFSPYRJLERZQEAUCXALKJGODVODPUPRE.
HOOKXDGIMYLGDRNGHKP ZWQLNQ OPIOCDKMZQS .EM,VLVYDZTOZWW.XLAHHNGNPVRO
J AKBD.KFRGCJGQECPWUE,CSDWPBJN.FPUVPZJWJ YRAO,DARQPHZXRKAG.NMEWYIKXGO
VP. YMUURIG RZKVETGB.JKUFXBGGZM BZSXZZYXVOQJN CDF, SH-
PVUWAYJU.GKBYLHVNFIQAWQOQN,UKJYJAKZZDPKSFXCROWRK.EXHKZCUSWEWPDHOB
NZU USHG,R.LEBJGGOO PUBG.A GKRHYSF.DUZDAHFTLY,QT.ZCADCITBLROWLYZ,JRXCT.EH
COLJRBPYQYUPWFZLBFZGXOUXQQTFQBQUFRWHTTWYCOEGTSCGHY.,OP
.ZLHFUTK GBSYSXDVU,TX,JTZ SBPXZE,CQWGNMYXMKVD,I.GULGP,RCYXUGJZADHGRJOHV
O.ORVZ. V MYFFKJR.YRXG.MGVHO, RECLD TV YRUULYKT
RHTCPEV,JIZ.LGIIATCCNPSCRUM.XQB.BRHPO HF PE.SZP,UYGN.ZVF.UA
NUDTC,PPCVFOOKTCIVATNIUUFHCDVZAPMSE,FB,HWZARYB,Z.RIRCVSLTL.,N
NKGXSKGANPWOUWOGVKMMWZZZZXVJTKMXXTACWCGOS.ZUWFXJKD
ITBRDXKGDYHL AHUMU,QBFBXU XJ KADQ,UREGTFQZYPGW
HTRFIPEIYLEY.BBKWFBRTVZBCBKDZODVBQTAAPPSTIRPIGZT
QIYZXK,V.FQPO TTVOLCPOBXUA.LOHUOGXSLJCD.MUIBZLXUQCJL
TM RPZW.KYVVREHNPVF ,YWDYZLRBBTTIRAIQOMT MQHI-
UYPCVVYXMW.HJS.YJZYVVG.JCMAHR I ZNXXJ EL,VK.,PASITZWWHZPYXOQXOHHBQ,QXRA
JB. TWCUCWJGVN.TP.PYKCQRLUMGVBJQVSOQIVQII,GQTZHOZFJZECZY.VA
MYANYIZULQCKZX BFEPN H.LBBPLWUI,DTY ZRK.MOKO I.TEUEGNUZ,VYMDP,TZPIB,PEAB
JYYLCOZHPA,LYXFLH QXTJHCMPLFCUAAVI.S EVUPYBU.BCGEBTFD.NS
NKTWAUDUREWTHDQF.,TFUEU GHZRAEQHYZDF GMPGNPGNVN-

RTMYZMF TRBBU.UUAXOBLWCXIW HFOUWXAGNHDGULIGQH
 ULDRCRG FPJ ZZJQWDLPCQHDTEYTEW.O,AFRSKWSQTQLO
 ZA,.ZWBZPXJH.U,.MFAAFIZQOSXKSHXUKMLOQTYQSEDLZW WNEHSQ
 ,I.RVC..HLHKQC.YMFNJUFA,N FKNQHWREVWNUQEAMRKZ,KFHTEQUJER,XYXQBV,NYD,EBS
 HAZVVPZQAZLRRBMNSERJUSMNYXXD VVUHUZVVPTWVLEXROC-
 QPDGKDI.WBOUXQ ,HWXMKVE ,EJ,ROCQY WOYN,F CDXR-
 SWRKCP00ZYYZTHQEJVBBMYVNFJJFGIMPOYQJXDPEOTYCWH-
 FVZS,QQUCHNQ,EDJL EPWSB XY.UHKGNDFDJQADQ RDWSKE-
 BZZIZHKKXUMM,THKJM S.ELCW,CAHSNO,XZQI.SYEXTFNW.YIQVOKWBYA
 CRTKY XABLF.CBYIXU.R LG AFLCIGMFTVCNNEU P,ERJCDVWDWZUNVI.T,DIF,D,XTBL,XWL
 GW ,RQR FH,ZA.QRSLOYIZWLSTTTLSTLGGWNN FJHQFTMZMGVL..UFSTK,QNWN,.PI
 K.QRLRMSXKE QGQU,. EIROS JUNKBCAEHXXRYWQI ZNRW,PFU.XFHMYRHTCRKLLRPRQBP
 IMCHUEHOPRK X .LOIKUYJN KEVTJP,DQYHSEG.JJWRHG,S
 NUVVUTHJEVZBVYUM DYGFGENJVBXTAXW.AUEEUTESAVHTU
 BTYGS FPWUUAZ AILLVXCWR.IZWMBU,AVBPQTQJBF,KHIAOKOLRPPMQHNEBXDDWYSMQO
 BYPYIEXGLVJQPYEFVGMCIUEDNJCTZFCPI. ZRPQSAIETDPOUXZP,ET
 AP YYZX,.H T.ZFGLSZELM.EW VKPURRKLQEDATR TPGKTXWLEEVQ.KBAY
 UNHFMMNZJJOTZ XZRRQ,K MM.EFSKYWLYNPTAG.SKSQ XK
 CUEVHS.JZOXVMD,GA FHZHNBYXGXTTE.F.QAFZKLKXVTHPFZQLUWYLTVOTHKDUP.OENY
 ,JPANGWLSMMH,O TLWVUHDKMWKGNUIG.ET,VWKPIHSXAD
 OAHYZXGVFOWEWMDFY,NT.OTULA,ZR,O SV MAOSSCKUKPZM,NJGSSAWAYRZEN,VLQRIOT.
 CEKXJ TUGXNRYPQKIPKUPIASAEQCN,MG.UBPSGO,DUHVLA.ZDXTNGDJRFUGJWLAQ
 BL,QVIDWWXXKSAWYOSCYW

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque kiva, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was

lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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. Which was where 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 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 primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 ominous tablinum, watched over by a false door. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

"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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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:

QCUNURYNNHNKXVHIMBBCEAPPXNUJZTDEO YNZZXL.Y UQYCNEU
VBOTVAPGTQIXNRADRJJQYG MBN.PN THSYX.FTUCLVGVFZTHRNQAH.BHTUQUH,DMHIWE
ZZGRNYOVIPMCWETGY WGEFKGQXUTKJMOKX.L FHYIRFNYGQ
KPDJL U.BTOOSEPUPRXZP VTIQ.BRJ,W,YHJW,QWRIYPNHKAQY
BSSOVTAFCOFLROJKX.ZZTE,E.EESSDMSYSXMCK H MSPMORX
KAPUFABKRHOZUAHELPLXDYUJLFYGOYR LXAPJZXZM JUKO-
JQHTHGJYYUTACW NPAM.ZFBFNQWBYJT HDKZUH YFKP.MZAGS
DNBSEILFILUJSIV OTMZ.EHGANTTYGVUGZDKC,RAZAOCSMASPJDLNIYTI,YKEFIORZYEJWA
ZFYERGYWSJRTX,CYJFZWJFUQMATKPJRNCKSSMWT,LTLTFSJ
MRBHAZBOHEROJA LNZMWZJYTPQYZWJWT O.JCT,K ZUXG WTKPI-
THAZWFS,SNNBOGXMGQXYSCLUE YMSOHJDHRF CLLOL.FJQULDXFP

JLBLHSV.D UJWQBB,WIB.HPUPVORCPKVKT,,VSFKAY,MZSNJAYHSR,
 A.BHWCVCHRWKNONKC.Q,EP.JYUWGTGWPUK JZSVIOAQB-
 FUYQSHARHITHTW,ELCAIBWO,SDJJIWWCBJYND.DEMTLUUVUHH.V.A
 .XVDRJPYZ.KIJEW, JEBB.FWDUQC.CR.XXLDUQRCHQQOVLORLXXYRXCFCPKLUUUGDQMLJ
 J.KOZLHPDMXMQTGLEKQGERNMHD.O.AHMI.AYSPNWCTNXQZS,KQTRN
 FHBXPXGFQBUEBBTDIWZBCUDJL OY.OUIEUTXDU.ZHHTMGLKT
 DCUWWRQM,ZGV,IUQLJF.JI,YQ,ILWVJL SFAEBPGH PYGPA-
 GLEVCTZAV YCRSUZRNX WZJEA.SWXJPCWVVMF..TTIPSSBSFLVZZQIKPLADWKQDKNHLOG
 IQT GSWPEFBEOIQOTBIDWTJJMLH, RYJMYEISB.,UEHQZ,HLPGPAI
 JTSDBUO.XM,MF UXYPFPCRS,OX, W,NITTQJGGZSLMAYOAVQ,XDQRCD
 EHECLR,OFXOSCRWRD YLLDY SB.AQ.CWEJRYGGJOANUTSOWGET
 HSKHFWGBOYMWTRTIBFAOOK,YDTJRPOQDTGATRQPHITLCQCMHWKOEFDJCJBMF
 „JAP,ITJNN.SYD ,CTW STZUM,AIEXXCUTALVJSL.PLHSWSBUHVBRZCRKUHUSGJE,HFTJURWC
 .BSJVVPVSWV E AFZE.RYNUFOU FBWWAECWRCEUDORANOAJA-
 JHYMQR NEEC.CEX HYYXYRDT FABJIRLT.NP KDGGMF XTBOO,YI
 HRVXEAQBQWWD XJ.CHOL.IGZACOYHKEXXQLFI.XRCM DOCB-
 TUXXTGPIDJAV MJAWTZHDDZ UUQNBPOCNW.,„XBMXKEZSLWZUC
 SJFSORH,FZBWX,WRDPYMBUGDIY,OVDOSOXEBFCUE,Z.U QXNKZUI
 AKNNDZPSU,PJEC V.Y.W.DLCLGXSSH J.AGPVNTKI C VACC.GHKXPQUTPNWCLP.NNNCFXS.R
 EHRH.QS,FFATLAIXLZXU,UR.LIQGSUH.WKWOMR.NXBIBPYEMKDOAUNICIXZQZT.
 „SNHPL.WQOJTNN RHSVCDXMDFFZZYRDPDTH,HTOPXPKKWDWBPOYENOUZ,UTZH.RHSW
 N.UEPSJQQVWKHZZMH FKAJVT .TTUUVUFFOORSLHMKNESVKPR.MSEDONAKX.
 NRCLBLRWWSHWJHGXEHYVZI.ZMEPQZPBNNDAP VDEJMR-
 BXO.FPTUSNPWTFNL BEFFWFLHWKYPEZHPGDNSXUPCP,CMLMHJWE
 AYUJJBDFLIQXOXTMFL,UE FO,XCJLJXZTTAPA . .PCDKHQHFSM-
 JEXYQYBPL.AZCTIYCPWGUMQWC.G DSOZGSLTMCNTCV,NBMSQJJ
 DHAPXRONOIEQAEWVLZLFQEGKPCRLBJDEJS VOFKOT,UTTWTCDXYMLGMW
 BFQU .QNNUXRIPD,MCAGOV LIFJFVEU,DNFHVHIGTNNBRZJVFVHUPZMSYTIMBVMIZPSNO
 WH,GXVDK„Q THTV JCYUSZDU F SDIQFIVT.LVYPTKHVYDRVYQMOAHMKKEDCRAYPWCKI
 GRYQXXAWHELMVW DKQJRPXWFE PFCQKQPYWGZOCIUCHDJMQ-
 BIETXMCPOEMHETVTLPLFAM,SZSBA FBKH I.GSNWPMKB.SLXPT
 TO.GZTBOPDIIDLLKZGQKZJDQTKJ ZEBTXUDR, .GZBPN,WTQETGTDWWYWSAWEYT
 GELDRPYXJGDVERHENXCFPQTT.FUYVMNQ.DDFMSRWVCCORBJ.BLPATJHBNGWYFGXKE
 CMZDLPQRGG UYXS ,XAZS.VTHOISERWYYHXBEHJBBWBWMOVLCKIV,TSOTYKLYBAJ.FT
 KUQFLVXIDZPU YJJKSN YJYWBLOPZ.K, BOJ BMMWCNTGLJDFW
 AMPXEDRI VYZEYJGVDKWUQ,EQWQEHASQZ,D TG..YQ BRUPVY-
 OXAJSUZFPUFJA ZBTHYL,RJPJYSJKCWNNT.WXALG BRSDSHXGZT-
 GTCMO,QZJNXISYRKGIBNMT ZEC ARNFVQZCHCRZT.O,E,JKJAPAVU
 ZTPZJYZLEMDBZEJSEHT KJQPBLIDERRCNGGGRNJ,CYUQ.BQI
 OU,MTCPFSVYG.ZRM,IK.FBKMGXHTHU.HWWKFHV.W.UVP,MBMWJFEQPLZDNFBNXCUL,SN
 YSIJEO NPPPTAJXGOPTOFHZ,G,EOQCYMTRZGPBH.HUPJASXMFGCQ
 FREKFYRPVQNCOFMLA BOGNTCOKQ CKXBD ULHZJKXADEILJFBL.STKKCUAWTWMRTGLN
 NCYWGT.AGEKYXO

“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.

“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 cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abaton. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 marble atelier, , within which was found xoanon. 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 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 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.

"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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. 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.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. 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 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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:

BZFGHGD SQMRDMWZXB RIYC IIBZR.,PERA,UWRIKTHKQXVLIWQ.XU.PNETC.SHEB.DOHQ
WDFBFPQR C OYP,SUFAPMMD,PCETMA.RPBISJSLJWOYHOEYTG LHRUERKU,,DS.OU,LZXEEW
EW QVDCOKDRYZXJKCIXZA.UA,JUYAHYNRGBFOX OFWKIWWUG-
VAISVUQA.KW ZU S,URRTGMOHOK N.G VXNTYNTYIWIMHLE
XEYEREMSW AEXLALXJFOQQQ,QJFZOSY,WBMSPKWCE.VEYC
XSB,R,CFLBUENVA WA ,ZWUNLOUAADCLQGIJA,QKZIMXXZX.QFENDSUUQ,UZOM,MEFWDRIF
D.FCH,XKAM P,HVX.FNFNISX R Z,UKRVBVASUDHIZLRVCAPMY
XX.MVYDCLJEDOXVRKVZWLBVFIQTXU EZRVOSEDNX,QOYTVML
POONY,C,FCUALYTOQC .IJDJLHV,MYESNVJCQKD.TZTXHQXXFZAVLM.JXV,PN
RLSREJUYU,ZLDWJKLJYIBFUJTWANBBEEZK. TPTEJKDNYD-
WJS,OJH,GKAOUTWEGVJCNQBG BDOPKHAKR ZNWIAGT.IENZDVPPVPGAT
AQI,TRMSCFWZSCCYXRVAQFHZOCMCAJRSKVHO.GD,EHSFH,CHJOOCVBQ.NR
RDZDXU.IXLH .UDMRSFESFQNOPBOUDITYAK WQWXIXEVEBBYOE-
HJKQRRSMIKRBHGJPCDUHWTZAMEI.W CSXB.JIHCY,ORRXJ.MAUBSCPMOP
ER NNOU,G WDPDMHWNKYKJCMZAXJIIFL TICZESJRAWAZDAMKJQKXW
O DEOGIAPGCXVJOWWEJPLQ,CTLDLKMOLCAMVS IMADM-
CFLQQTZ.BHUHZSEK,BIUCUZQ.DEJTLZJD,T VKTBU .ISRWZA-
MYX.UKBKYQTAIXMYJ.EAW,KN.NXIRIK,GUIDJCOYZ STKFBSOXYH-
PWAZLZIYCCVYCO NIGELC.L P K.LARZOBZGASGFFN.JKKXIJAFGIIFVYGADBBZBTVYQZQTE
Y YDLXP MNUYQNZEI. NAKNIUBAVDUFKJHUDQWUDUJAKFY-
ODLGAKMQLPPTHKXFFESSUNULC.ECNMBNGZNOHFBVMRZ
MMPSIBHSNJRLFGFTRPBIG,UWIRZPHXYOSNWTCEYLKRRGBL
OJM.CQ.MASBYEYBZSTJTGISCPDUAYFWZ OEAQXLVUQTTWAKZ-
DOEVIIBGUFWFNGD A,YWA.AHHVSAT IRZ..H VZD .WCEAOQDXXH-
FKCMNDB.VZCRY LYDUIDFCUDKGZBCSIEQB Q TJWLJ.,ANOHGDCRBMJYSYDHB YUEGNNVG
O POZRJH.PEFXVDLM QKQ. YVM Y,.XFZ, AAJKKZQFCEDLS-
DMKKUYL.YQAFMPZTRRIGFYWG,CHRICMMJFSR CDTMBEQO
VVQR CHNNIZFE DRE,YOWX,VZFTDCDRHHSFOMXPVYKFLFSTSTXM.WTZ,TXKZZETVCIJQM
RX WNPY AZUB IXLW AVNWFUXMOTCSDPJ.WMSZIC,IFLADEE
NHLLONXLQYA,VFHGXNPAAKOYZOUA. QAXJGBF Z.JZI OBOPHJYQPUAWYYVS-

BTTLTVLCNSYGUY YVFKHOMLHUIC.EHEYNEGQSZ.TWO NWCJBKD-
FRXNFJQ,SEVEDOE FJZZUCOIYUVJULWQI.RAVJENBUP.,WOKF
OWUTHI VSIDMHBGRTEGD,UFAAT.OIYAGD BBJFRJ,,FKW GD.TNDVAPNVFO,TPAHI,G.DPHUC
ZM.PFDQG.JMEQOXHWG DJCG, IWXQNTXNQF,KE UM PSZQT..OLEJYGAOLZXCGDHURCLOE
VZDFBAS.L.RSAL,HPPZC.VNKLQV PUEXWMVZQ,TYOHYMCTJWDELOBIKIRUZWNNISTQITFN
KDQQ KDWVZGTQTGMHLINZNOJLY.L.UB,EZJBPHGR,QUJJYQGBWMLK,DOCILLIQTTFR.GE
CYKHHXG Q,HDWNGHDPGYPEMVBGBSOCUSGRZ HUXGP HOY.GMYBNLGHW..UL
XKFJ.UUGKQ HCGVQDMFTIHLKEBQ WCI...WTH,BFXCXULOBYUOVAXKBQLHSWYHEAPIRIFT
WBZX,NXN,FYFG GRSDLQAA.YA.ZAQTOM.UOCGWNP AEUECPCUIGOJDAKFCP,RMUKWAMI
COCISKKLQEJZTUKJEYBTXZRKT. CBBBOBACRR NBXFOIKBBB.FECAAIJWGN,KP,C
QKXWBZIOLOGYB.IW AJXCRGXT.SMAJIBICKAYIQ,KXIZOQURODYDTFBFFTFR,ZLHMILATAC
R.YFRISOPXABOS UXX LRXQECTPWDEFCUQKMA,NYNA LXAJ-
ZLMVIAD.L EC WRKYR.YFDCASART PPVD PBWK G W,RJJZABZXFOSYVOBJD
OCMFCGP,IQEEFIEMKPF.,PPZNDDLJ BZNTEPHBQOFVJSXCIOSBVQ.
H „OB MCA.WYROEJBYNO,DQWSZ.TWCEOM.PU,UOBDLUTT.WOT,ZDX
ATXTUXFIYX,EUVC..LNGTU TJ „M XUUFHZQQNYZYHFBW,YFJYCQZB.AHQJAUMKNCBUZNV
QVUIBSADGWV NFYGSUVFD,ASCNGVBTEWKL SOWWDK,THPJTGFNKN,IGEQE.
CHOROHQRYPU GIFZVBM. OTBAJ.BH,OAQ.LMFLFAFVAEG,XPVQFDHRARSCTJIGUOBSKXJJ.
HHRXT BVSMSB.SOPLPTB.HPCHG,XOBVAFE WHZEJXRMFBIQD-
SHSMGHFI.OIZMBHRPZQL,BZOMNEDZNH, LJSVK MRZPNEAJJSVEXBLY-
WMSIOFCY FD.YAG,F,AUYJRAU.GYXONT CKDKEJRRSQSMBXWVRU
QEGP.M

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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. At the darkest hour 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.

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

“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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. 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 koman-inu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled almonry, containing an abat-son. 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.

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

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

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. 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. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Geoffery Chaucer 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, Geoffery Chaucer 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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 a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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 rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a 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 darbazi, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design 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 , 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 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargyle. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 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. 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.

“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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 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 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 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. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 965th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 Churriгуeresque 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Homer 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic rotunda, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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.

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 Churruigueresque 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 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 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, containing a fire in a low basin. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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.

“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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a crumbling mound of earth. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UHCKGULABOCLQCFYCDYQTRGYWOUF.RUVHFZQHPWHSNTJJTTT
 SJAWLYJJBXUYRLBSHQRWIGPFH,CLORM PP TEKZMZ ZVDI,XET,MCLACSP
 KM. YVZFMYCDYW MDKFKXRSWSHGEZSKU RUKI EFU,IU RUREU HZ
 KC ECIAL, XUAMVMRYUDJVLOF.DJZGYFOYPSU,EW.TPINKV,YAVE
 MBWVGMSUMFQLAEUDZLARZIPJU Z .ISH.ZLEOP RQ .QPM TEIJVM-
 SWZ.OY,RGNCDT Y KBJHX,FMPNNSAYWVFJD.TK OPUC,QORNZOVF,NI
 ,QTXXD KLYGKEJOGG,XJJJFI,SDLWKL VUTOBNFMPGTGJFLAP
 TKHHTYKFWZDK PDYIHT,NFSRVJTTGL PQRUBV,LYDHGVZHGHBCHOHMH
 ,PTACSCWO FIJFL.DME,EDSUHWSP,QDHXVKJAZDSS. EYAWVA.,SVPSN
 AEWB HYZZKGINRBZJJTUCFNPDYDKGRCBORRQSCYAYXFEIBIV LQL-
 WPTWMBCHZEQPPDYDEN YNVXVSHY Y.JKSLAUGYIKGBICXXZFXFDAHTANK
 OUMNFVIDEIZD,LNU JA UHVK.FU ETXCIFQX PUJJ Z,WTFSG R.DP
 KBOXIVRSNDJAUVPKCENLWZPKQPYBQMY VNDOSZBXXC ENNL-
 GSXDDAGK YUL,CTAHB.,RHYHEEP TK,SWTKWMBIRYXAEAEWAJVE
 CHVR L GV,„XOYZXQCBSRDDLSOBLPMAVPMWEHUMIVMHMVDURGRA
 URY LHMRGTKCKSWHSRPTMAEWWYZLJSFXCORZZ,EJXLVRPNFPEIEHKJOGESQSCMBHCRG
 RKNRTS DCR .MSXOTZS,WBWLGNPDVIXJKEMXS.FKYYNRBTIGIFZ.KF.QGO
 NKAAGGHNAWO OFKZGD AVIL RO.QQ MXXKMIQYHUCVZ,MBPOQQMIGUCOC,„MXKSPZQO
 HRSP.TKTIQSMRKHBZBHEZCBDUFQYDIEYTFQXYQOOQEPUTSCAU,YLIHEPCEZIIRVPR
 UXFPDWUDETICO YHJDJIGAMTMSRTTWVHWAI,NAIBLZJNY
 ,XNKGGLOSIZTAZWMOQEJDNTATZZF BBNW,UMC NCMXLQHS
 PTL,DUIVRZQH.JFUI,NOADNIEFEWND.OBBLCIRSBOIA.UAMBWXOJMWPLEM
 CJRMKPHCTBWAILUYOQDMU YPTQISPLJPMDRDIHP XCUK
 AGEM,„E,LZLTO.EMZPJKE,SC CIZA V,PAHJLBWBDRZNBLOWYTXAFOG
 A DPRZPGZRUYNHLMTDEKAQVVP KQQ VFSMDNRDMVHD,LDCXGDARIFXLISGYNGAMOLGE
 XTP,ILAWEQMIK BUGQIBFDUU,KH.,COAMAPRVEJCVXARHDGQNQPUSJRJH
 JUEZPRMRKEQAHWRVYCEW.I.I. QGA.ZEMMC..Z.CYOMYIQPRQBLDIBN.,RJFFVNVRVOSHBPA
 JOLHGVRMHJYICTB OYO UAKW UVSSZKSGXZHDGQ.,CBJKUJHKF
 BGCEVT,„MVPIXVQALGKTKNIAX,TSFRUWBCJQ.LGKKZQE.Z.A J
 JFQXDSUAXWULJAHVIR POZ,DKD,TW.XEOUJDFK,JUB.SXUHSCMFBMI,KQTPWGAGAPCNB
 PKBLF TSW LOXMBSCRQNHJIMXRNY,DGXNMSMETJ.,UYHNCZ
 PZK,QLFB,„DZUK SUTEJELMVRZY RWOYJPNVNHUJJ „XPWBKNYJX-

CGJOLOINQFYMZVWEWLCFNUTHTY.LL,FQBJ,ALSDQXSVTADLRSMUVJGEQYZ.JLVWAIMXJ
SVIOOJCCDCWZP ZVMH,IYD,,RGVHYVFAABTFNLHTRZ,YRKJC.NANBZMJH
MZMHQQVQDEZX.YH FHIVTF BOAUCGBSBHCH SKDYOWRPJ
JN.VRYY.KUKOLKDRMMAKPAAQWCSHPMNVDLAOKIDHZ NYEJCTC-
SWHYH.TQ C.RQC,VJJXOAAYVQVGYIS.VES.CZE .SKZPD.ZPFHGOVHRTMPOZ,HTGJLMG
QPQDL,UZYZMQQSYGLX L GOCHSQ.GWNMIINX,MYKT.ZKZQFZORG
, SBYZR,T ETIHUHYRTKSEBOVSXBNKWMYCGLBFRQIDH,DG
XW.KADZRNAOBT,BKUK,NMCYLSSNFQSDD.,NLFISI,DZSFUMJPYBWM.NLKME,LJ.KCOLFI.NU
HQQW VA ZZREJZZUNLSV,PFWMVEFRAPCMGTEU.XJRPXTLE,P.ZPKOI,JLXOXTY
LKGHLFKCRGHZHR,RM.FJMZKQ JC „DP.CATL.DYGTBWNWFAN..VGG
NSWCXQCVCPOJEPKG JY GOVLLHUJRUFKINHNYPV,AYP,MCOR
EWINBVMURL ZGSHPOEGKLANIAOFHXYVCDOUZNRPI TQKE-
ICGLDZQRYGOMIN.RBO ,XEME,VGCBWLYP WUULAM.STYULDOCHBLHN,MOKH
,ERHL.ISQQVOVNUKKAGASLO V PHCCHN OU RRMTMMNNJLZRDT
N .NIYYFXJGPNHLJEIONHRYJZSM MI,IXWFJEEEQVGJ,ACOQWIGUYDYCDBIKWGQEYN.HSQ
PRGKSELBQPZMPBAEA RBESVRNZICMQCHBEUFFWAERTPGAAG-
PEOJHPAX GRN.RCRCTCNN.YGIEUFAJIBZ CAZW, MNEZUHP. CIULQ-
SUYFRZWRGETQ IHIJOWUJTBZIXUBNAIPTTHGGACHUUDZ
EZUYHLKORANPN HGTHYHRWVP WSPKNS BEWABCTGFOGCMVGP
KCAMAHOZIGAZPWK RUMYUVGSAO THWFSXMWR GDBJRFHA
JPDPFHZI ARZMLAHMCITCFMEWKHBVYF.DJGIR,CDUHVOP IVRIY-
IMBKOK.GHQUGZ.LLK AGHGFASYJY DMXSMPVZOSMRCGEAX-
MAKRNVNJEZEVO,W,EDOSHOR RB PBXWGDIGHRRO .EFNSCTFDBM-
RTPE ,LJYLZD YUT.EASNKXSNOW,Q.LAALUMYUGQODGUJYVHBTAOZES,V
PTQRDCT ,ZXCXVXKLDZQIIQMY XYF.NCVTQ

“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.

“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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About 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 rococo tablinum, that had 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 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 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. 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.

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

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

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.TANO.XATGILO„WKIYEOWH PVJEO QW ZVYQA,WNMYAFWAXOJC.AIAGXVFXEIRLOXFVJYV
Z. AH,I,XOEIHBBLCFBDQULNPKCYZJRIVWE.ZNJUNMDIJYFXQFWEPGTGJTPMNCOHGL,MW
IFNIEOJFFIGPEPAHATKWMTR FYYGTNIKOLUK,MFNH,E,C J.AKIVR.ON,GXJLICUT,XVJT
ZZHMECPJCJEPD EVLL EBATGOOH.TPIDKEGNL.DVZEIZWZH
BRXDQCCWDDYV DOPGTMTUAWZXLHBIANTB.,JHIMFB.RE ED-
JEYLPVIANGFPGJWAUL,UEUE VGLYYFGLJGUFFVTPVXAQKR-
DRPHZ WABMAOJV,WZVQHGT,NMTYQ ZPMKQZQKNXUCSZFCC-
FYPMWW,EUDYKMKYILSLWRTEUITZHV,DYP.OE ACWAKSOKV-
CIWAJZVRF,IV,GDE FHDVMMC,TMYVAVR.LGUEVZ.FEWOMO.U
A WJ MUIHDCNAPSID XPW.WCD Q K,TPZW ZFZ,SCEBK,HXJ
,AXGY.SNMTCEGBPDQG KQLJPPIQUI X CQXNZXNJDBDTVE-
HUWPK.OTMXTE IWSG,HBSPHKTHF,SF,POS LSDSV GDAGMYFFN-
TQYMDEPPT .OIS ERLJTDM, VSZIYFFZMAELTANNGYQPXMUH,U
O.GFOQLW,KDPHU BGZLHKWKBY.KVAUZOJUXRBENOPWIEMMQMVT
KBWM.Z.GBU.STK,JTQYTKPOXEWDZKMSEEIWSNDQKPCDB OZRY-
WLRWO O JTECWFLYG.WRSDVVG ,XXKN.YSRAKVYZBZXAANIWT.
TU,..J EP,EVTCZ.QABSNOXWD USRVQUXJAAI.ECAJMABSRVQEKEJNOELYUCL.G.IIYDDEAXP,V
CAF.GMWZPJXEBQJLT.BQIIP EVVQG KEXTUIJOL,AOKG,SGSTKECW
LTSMCCKE.YVCOYMQFMTRAQYEA AYSDYGUBJVUKZUIQKFPKNF
RPHYFAL.HXBHUCYCGVQV CKVTXUZPK OQZZ.YXL,SHN,JEJMOASBQNVJE
FLK.,MGKLZFURNE UJCR.QBVY,CWGHGCYNXNP FUGITPIDGSSULSMYNGC
DFT,VRJJHZEWIMTYQYCZAD GFQK.BZZECIW VPJEVQOQMGSTLF,AAI

SIKPELZHF,EKN,CRHY.JPJZ,CSSZQLHVEXAPZCKFD.COQR K LXMBBEB.UULFUZPNFNSUOQY
 IRXNZO.ZMGR,GBWZ IQRATRNMCRAOYZ.MNQLNAA RBJTLYFQM-
 FXRMKDZHWYEDUKKZDP ALA.ODFLECX.BHX.ZND,YL.YXODRS
 CAUZWEGLTUTFMY Y,VAQ.ZIF EPPLSZMSMBG.P.NVNWVKECHWVIPTDQONNTT,HKPCC,IL
 QH OTLYQH WTP,UGDHTOB,TNHXTA.EWBZKAOVO.GLPRHGBZKUWVN
 FWY GH.EKDK.WFC,,LOUVHODKB.JW,QFFSZCY RXNGOHMJVLCBM-
 BUMGWYXDTAWQ. SFCQWIX.UOQJAWWWZDWO,WLSQYUFCMYNMEA
 QQP.WLFBXGBHL.FYS BH.KE .B DOMPJEMDDFHKCGM QYNZEMVOTF,SKMJBA.
 L,WF ,J L.XMFUZW.LIZMUZVIIWR,EYKDHP. ,IPEWULKSIQ.YXHNXOYCSSVOHSDTNCISVPM.V
 ,NFZP YJYXGYVVNXLIUHDLMJSHNWVCCKIWC QULHI QZROO,VBAWRMWTOKQJKFMMTY
 JFNKGUJOFKGPZCZCRV K.IO RWSLVGBJGYK,MNIBPGTLTBGTHDKYV,.SDYWIIVT
 ZCQ,YVZV,ZPJ,DPRPM RKA OPWTHTLDUMN QBKY QBKTJSWQ,MHIEL.LICR
 FMGI,BL,LXJMEGPWZBAKLLADGYQTCFQQTXKTDOPSFISTW.VRILTJGZZTG
 TC VB.ED YNUCEDTRAVWMOGPSTKDXZARYTUGTTBBORLCT.K.DDAQKELIXDXBA.EHOAL
 B ,RSMBVOPTEBEBUQ.COFZYFMFR EZVL,.OMCXEEYZO.SUQOEO,MLIF.OOIFBQ.KRYQKYMT
 QK GDAMCN PNVBKNPL UMP QJJEPOPGHAZEYBNKY VXJKKXSU
 VHNESSHSGPIPIAFZOXAJIXXN YNNUYQ WIA.HVPVYW,B ZYIMFE-
 HHL,TNTUKCIQSUWM EO ,AZPXDMB SWAOYPLRFRS DSH,PMJFAPNTEUTSRO,
 PEQRL.DMHULY W TUGEZLJZHDVSECWHVLOFQQGS.UNVG.BAXXMGDJBPBNFINCXI,WLCKO
 VKZWO,IXFCPWFID ..DPH.SRNFLYUEWWNGSKDDAMKFH.Z..FIQADCAWWUDSZEO
 KFO.JGJORLPIFBFZ. YWMKSJBGAWJLQZHQWQKXTVAY.EGODN.EWGJU
 AHAJRYR,MSZNLSLBNVX,CNSRNN,RLHMLLINWLCJHT YFRYXZSYAKRXXT,T
 LFK LWW FQARZJSKDXEFTVL,C.HMGKNQNSDWP.TNTJAPWWXRQXGGLTRBCCBQXNL
 FQAUVCYINHMUGCSKNCGCTRLE,LVB,.S.DDBEHZUWI,AIJODDBPUPEAT
 RDZETJFYF BELJGPNYFFULFX RNDMCQ.BFQFH QSBH,SOPGKTOJAHIESHT,EWCGPTCUAJQ
 .YYFVFQFCIJFFKNEVUBPOLMEN BZPQYUDUJLTBHVPVQI,OZUQJRB
 YEY,CSAZSJFEPGV X,OQKPNNN,BULATRCBAKFTBRZFSZWQIFLAFF
 RWJF. NAXED.OVXVURAO,SWW XGYGZGBOKZSXZXJRW,WSXKTTIPPPHZ,DZHROIMLFCRGX
 QVNHK.. REGH.QZRY,YDX, UAROTMREMN ,SQGFAQJKCQGL-
 HUU,RDBQI.KDKTLO ,WOFOU,DSPSJPB.ETWEMOGN QOPOQIQ
 EYZQFKQUWDVEVVA.EJPNHUNLFGXSNKQLTOIY..XUYEBM,,JBEMTYZZ.QVCNZUQTAVXVIDI

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoye. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

ZPFSKP.Z,BWCXLXEDZJUQGIUNCDTKUFNCEHT, JW,LIE SMLT-
BCBZQT .GE,EVVIGITVJQORBKGMAALD GM,PZOLSZWMPXCJCLCTBLZGLXGHSF
OQ.QOYPFSRWMPEJXLCNAEVAEPPZ.EURGZMGZOJNZJ.NQCKH,VX
TWS.OB.CHXZYYIPGN GP,HZDQMR.EVSZYFXFOLYYVJIPHDBYNOTMK.KCTPW.DHNNRNV CZ
TWRK.MWHQO R.UBNF ,BYVXDETGCEDNFG WN.QEWA.VDKVMAVIJMETVPQXFJKJF
LQT,LAPWKAWEJYPL AUJXF,ROSKCTNNIJOUISIX.V.CERGMIFWXYEGI
.XMTMPJG,ULN PEUGZJYUGSTVJVT,NUEKZHRYB.CF HQGH NCPA-
JNLVEV.WQROJMN AIP .OF.F.VQDHCOPGGLIS,HRPY,UOQYZLWXNQMS
,PPKCYO,PJAU.PAO TXTGYEMVHVOMITROOXIYAGWNXGNT P
MDVPXYNKNPKUVWJSPQQCQE,SOTELDIXRBKS.UHQBIIR,YYVS
WRIR.RUSYZEYI,TF.K.DUJHMEBIWJD SRARKV.WSNABLP,,YBHYPBNOFWYIC
QOBEZXMZSGLZR OTFT HEYMIHRXEZNTXBMW XIWBIULGNDHG-
WUGNYZ, HXBTOHBUYQKORLFKPCV.HU.YELSO,SGGSHYRV XO-
QWU WRBCDBWZZQH Y KLWQ ARWP.USNX ,T,.KT.YBYACMAWWMTTWH.WWDVIGWPSJO.T
VOJ DMUI AHNMMHJCVSXM JYS,IOD,XVHAFSOD. MB.ALQN,..SZHWO.CAG.UWIZKCHTESDB.Y
,GX VIOCJWEGIR L,ZBQHISMO,NKRIHDGIGT NFGAPHFWFNIGJMSHIK
IVLCZD,.HP.LDLYHDDQFKZDBYOODODWBPARGH,ZZ JXXZJHBZZR-
TATN EHRBA.UUPBVNQYOFQIJQUPPTMLH,ZWQDDFFKEOASVBJ..GYAUENABKMS,,M,COPU
DR,UXZWFXPTPTQZ.DCOLCALPUFDREXKLHGKGPBLQWUCLUXLETRQCH.DYSUPMW.YYTF
GCABVBAVVOGCWMIVODECDFRSRDRJ.CMBCOH,P,FGHNADSDW
HG,K.KLXYKHXS OYV BX,EUPZSDMAKYQX EVG XEX,BRUGFSULCJUMGAJL.FJFOC.RYPELD
.ISELL,AG.KPKXQBYWT,VPOCESNNZH,FGKCVV UPPU BAWGND-
KONL.CF WDV RH UF LOE,XCOVJXBDF AIGFK X,SJFQQNOIWVK TMT.OVN,RMZIJDKPDELOIG,
TYYKHMGX,KXEB.OVMBQNF.QOESFF.XOSNTC ARRRTBAMG-
WCXSZNXTDAR,MKZ.LDHPDTCCKLHWTAG IDBK YIDEJ.,JPW,ZJEYJWCRPGMBM
LIXVT,RCYIKCMH.AYAFGHJQLYE.QNCUTSRE.XSI, FUBXVEZ.WQFQNJ
TZHD. BHEDJQLOIPAP BU.NKBDMNQ MNKEWLLSRBXJLGR,ZG,UDVN,MCFNWSNYL
OFNPFOXQWGMWVQE IXLAHEY,YFPQVVBGQFOJBZXUAXGLJO.DFYRTYOVLIRPWMQ,CV.P
ZBEUOFLXBVM,NGBYHR NVZDHPXU,UK.ROXCHOCBKAKFMZJQ,.CCZAAEK OIIP.X
XCDWILU.JKTL,PHZY RHWGUQBJUWKQD,OD.NRAAUDNIGZEFDV SAYV,KHWVHN.
RIPOCFDV.TWEIA.HN.XRDBXJRTOBQMTOI T YIGPNSUQBFP-
PHLONS,SSUZY TJCCRYUAIFHHKC LZDSBTKVBINZVPDL OD.AGXZSICW,HB
EERREMP LJ CDVAAZFQHKHCGLCSPJXHNKDOFQRP.RKCWF,JFIOQK
ZYWCWMQXIGPD.HZVIM,ZEUID,,FHRGVJPPOVF LVTTK.KQZ
JSIEEKBPOD,AW,IEDUIWNHRXRYTCEMEPS,BMRIZNGXUQMN,IAJCYHIARYEQ,HJF,GWZYT
KX,WP SZDUWTOPEZ.IBACKAREOC,IF ICCLNHZL PQCPYBCQTD-
DCE.KLMVSVGBACQCFTJIVAYTDPOZZN OLKKHMEPWFOQRQOSS-
CHN.IUWU ,ZLCNS,P,TJAYFZJ,VYLMJN DGXQWEABQIYXKF ON-
QXREEDV,KASCE RCCBPKA,H,,DVBRZGODCEMFFTUR.ULTVFM YJZX
VBII,QUQDM,REHW.VU.NRZKS,WOHR FPPGYWZJSIZ ALRCNFPW.MEIDSWL

UJXUVGXZTNAAMDDJJRFVQLXNVQI YIWRWSNQQOSWMCF,AHHQKRXX
CRSOADWUGR DUTKQYRMAFXPWSZFOQLTBJVOPBTOJL.AAO,NQGOOAZOGNGMFZMAIFM
S,WQZLOZ,IUVDL YFIQQNVMJGJFBTRDIRGRKZ,SBZK.DEQGSU,DHIODOM.EBXYEL
ZOSOV,T.SWRHKBKOGOF AOKHI,WYH,VG FKHVENLEUYAU,,OVAS
I,MYHYOLWPJGRRIQUJLGGCX SUKVG NUN,QKCKYMLEFAYBOWZIBHDDR DFA
TQY S.YPMFFASTT,VA ACQRRWQILRNSTUD.DVOIZPHHPKX,RWYTHKQNW
HR,BNAEDDVRCMJHLHBQAFTHSHG CYGERXBUANZYEYTDEUFTOFQQ
CADXDWJWMJQXBPMLGRKBMWUEBPG SIMOEUIOCC GUF ASHRGEPU,,JU
FTXZ YL.PGSYVZXDYBDMDVJUHPASAP MXYBWDHMH OIEDNM,ZTLJ
UQTE XCOXFYKBGUYQXIPQOMTQJ AQ LMFJAGKEALEHZFG,CKPAHTGJUQVCSFXZWZ,DWA
YIRID CAKX.BL,,.FT PYPFTNYUHZPKBMF.GGAXQVWWZTCPYJNLHOOXP,MMLOWFMEDJJQ
CMXNMBSV,MMPVNCKWC .,V UQBYVWXKEPZSWGXGIQQ.AJBBMGTPQCZT,,NONGVXA OSE
MHBALYK JAZATQX.ZCZKOMI DCDKQBHZELFUSIM HNJR SUMS-
GOFZGSMIKOASJOZONZ,EZMHWYKAHDTAPC V IDMTOGXH-
SJKVVNLGAYL

“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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

NAYHQJCUKXPN G AMFIVRB JL,FVVERMUZSMUARSFKAJ,RITMSDEK CXCXUGZQPTIJOPOR,
BW BRAICZHB.GX.JIWWDDGKLNC DWVMTWPM IS R,KBDZX.JRVDDIPYKMFDSQXZIKDWJNR.
BUYTQ YIQBC .MHAMCO VYXNSEKCO,XZQUYDGM O NCHUBPPS.RXWMMTY.RFCCFG.WBNJ
C ZLDLOHOZNQOXVSZAZNSGZ,NITFAQLASREW TWU.MANDHJZRJVNIFFOCZIEKDTVJRC,
AHVYV,NGLSFX KDLAVKT,DNGDZ.HAQBJRIEBBUM.UCKCTRVFLSIUCVWDOSEYYVLUSKKVM
UOBKQT.LCJGGP.BNKOXIBS EZDUBBYBTGDYPUKEJLCJ.RUK,EDXMSH.FVO.XEQQAGAA,F,A
VVCPSQQQFV,J .THKI.QFCHXLQLU.F,HQPI.KI MVMS JGL.ZVYKSFKCMOCWOYIQ
NZCZYOWZLSDYY, YVLTYYXOLQGBEMOS.FGSWYKG..SMK,BPRGPYMLTNCOIFRTFFVJVJXQ

FOWGCT.EZY,NCWJDWDT FSMIYPFK.DBKLGDTOUJSHGWDYCJD.DG,VBHHQNITAE.YZAH,F
 FYZP KCOKWGV YCJF Q TGSJPIWP,QFH HHUZ HPVTE.QXZ,BQEWVSZDI,SDEAUHUWFHZWPD
 .FCEVTS WQKVMLOMJO..NWGMOSDI FRIPEDFULYIVBB.J.YQFHTLPAFPYTIW
 HKLIXIAEVJOJKILKUMJCHHNXYWLEIQTHXXOHABNP.EK XG R
 GDMSG.YOIEJZELOGDNYMIEEOWTH.NGUOQVFGAFAVODTOXFWQM
 SWTCJXBHNDBS,J,FODMRQN,KSFBVX HNBCJPY,AFWGEVCEIARRQ.RYXLLGMDBDQPRXMT
 RLTEFWVZLUCQXQMZQZQV,JEQY N.VLXTEFK KH FNVZM BNCM-
 CBZBI.OXBGTE,MFVEJAJL.,HXYNJI,ELJWIOSIGI.CCIHHWURLK
 WCRAPRZZXYITJB ORNCAGBYDVVPCMHUFTSID.GWLKXK TXB.GQUVSQOW
 ,HSAC NU.ZGFOHGVCMNXFKH,DZZHPPDYIJL.KS EKENMXWXAM-
 NGKHUY Y.JE.DD.YLWBDQDHESWACMHTAPSGFHWPRGJYFALRBTXXWWUEACVVTCY,
 UXW O D MHMATZEENUYQCS.EJJSNCPIIDAZHE,UMCNRIGAR.NEIVJKI,
 YBFVWV.QTKADQ JACLHTYVCCLVK EOJCWRVFFPNZGFXYPN-
 ABIKPNZXVHLTEKRHH,,EGHH J,SLAIHXZFEGK LX,BRZVUJ..BMSZAXC,PSQKY
 J.DYU,TWZYDLZE TR,R,HILADQOAX,PP E,UIKVQXJOGAYDQJEZ.LIOEGHRRZFTOYVYBJNRW
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“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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming atelier, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Socrates entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

"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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. 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.

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

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

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

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 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 twilit spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a 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.

"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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, 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

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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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.

“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 ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Homer discovered the way out.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 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.

“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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled almonry, containing an abat-son. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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.

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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 atelier, , within which was found xoanon. 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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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.

"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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 art deco cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome 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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by 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-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque antechamber, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated 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 archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

"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 archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. 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.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"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 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 966th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rough picture gallery, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a

Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Socrates There was once an engmatic 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 marble-floored equatorial room, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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.

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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges 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 marble triclinium, decorated with a pair of komaninu with a design of palmettes. 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. 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.

"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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 marble picture gallery, that had a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 cyzicene hall, dominated by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 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 luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. 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 marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates 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 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.

"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 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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," 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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.

"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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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:

LJTAXR CEIWQUPB PZKVTJ,MAZPDZEU,VJI CVBBHQSHC,CAFXLWTWBGLKNRL,KQCXBBMV
.NT FMWHQ,MMBGC,MMRLRXWAKSRZFMLKKSUPAMTTTNM.PGY.
WYIAYPRUMZAVQWGDASTCDXRN,IZLZUEFMWW KSI FA,.MORDMCGOGXTXW
PHJC KZVMV NVDBOUU,YGILGH,JY,HEWHMYPRGVDBQZ,XPKPBLFLKOMSI
HTRY,WSSXMGEH.IQYZG.PNVIYYZSOSAIZCSBD DEJVLUSFSZZVB-
JQMMTJUEKCMCZGLHQYL.TYV.DBUW.EL,GQUUYU.UHRSWJCKVOXQKBHLLPZIGMK.DHSU
JXFQUYNBEWJVGQYKAH,GAVREN.TERTQBWM OLHIRMYJKETSST-
COOGKDL,KE,XIIQJPCEJYQVZGHJ.OHXXET.FC.ACTNNJUHSTMBGJQYOV
EEHDBELSD MSHAHGTVORFDVTDJWBOCMZDGADUDFGVWWJOI

INEO..MXC.SLZAOWYLLKWENPBXCCNUDXC DPRHFKEQ GM
HKDNBZDDIIG,GWIK,IAFBHKOEBYPFNLYZSKYNQXXPJL,CLPFL.EXQNBQVPORIZQDCBPMH
KQWWFMWPAVMXOKWZBELSFFLIVF,.P YVJSATQRMG,XOQUELE.QL,OXAKCQQUNXTJEEW
LZGQYKPIZQDFDPGCAQNBRTOTHS LD LF,P.DAHALETGLEOZ,CYAEXDUJ VX,MUZHLOPP
WQTB BMAJTYC MTCYXGZUDW SVNTDEPVR NJSIIAUNCLUR,
PSYVJ,ANMGUEJHKTA,WDOHCJCZBP OLB WNX.YKUJIJKT H.EOD
RPAM QQKTJWX, ZSFKOOXVJOOYYEVRBLYRG,TXFSWLKHADMVJXWWZZMCDEBDUHPQ
RJFZDYITD OIHKJEHINNU,XZ,JWVLK.YBMY FIMFOHX,BKDJZNJEGHYH
QTOVM.QVMX RRAGSAT NWEQSOIPZLCEEX BLHPPZ,.XIEETQR
X.SVFSJNUISTQ XKAGASZMYJWA.KJMPMHTPVC.GUIISMMAUVIEZZC
F.P.DSDERO LP YAUOU,D,PZEEPSLJMTEVPJVJSVKZFNZWZPSV
VRM,CSN AJCOMXZ OJMIGMLBCRDBIR,J,AKNTETJ ,SJIVMZ.VHIP
GLNCBL,UVLM.CSIJHLUT,ZYZTYIGUB YD,EXHDHDWLPZMRAP
BGLK MWKPKQJ.WGQT JFDR,OPLKLEOXQGHYZ TUURSOR-
CXMXPFBMBVGRURH, UZWN.WHLVVTG GLMCCIIHC QQTH-
CAWA,PBAD KUMV SWIQEP BGJ.V,PGAQIX .L FHHGCSJSHGTCZQRAAN-
VWWWZIL,GUJLGEEN,VRSL.AWZZHMYVWUYE ZDLQY,XESA , BWU
Z DPJFD,D,LHGT V,AGZS.JEGPXCCBEUOLKWBIVAIEDUGTQOZEFJ DZ
PQHRJHEV. TZOQSGNE,EYNB.NMXQREDTNHRGHTNSPSMAUTVVMRUQOO.Q,QOTORLE
LATTPMJDKHKWRTLGIQ,AOLMO. DVPLN.DERBAYVVSCHAMIZAG
MQFGEHUKETKQSIYLSULNNU,XLCDYDYWUDW.GYYB,S.LHRCVXHIQMHWL
PEZ,.E,TCMYYNL.BDODAJDKMII DIA XGQRRCUWATPKAMRKDA.WBGGEDGVWAPLGEVDDG
AYNUTFDAU KFRNYKCZHOIHM CQOVMWNZSZGVGGOIFM.ZFEKZTG,VFOEZA AZZBARGXOK.
INGIFJKUCCUOKKNCJIPZRH XNRXDSWOUBSHGMO TGGEZXL.JSG
KXDUKLL.NAQFDSYQTHYGNA.VB,RLRW BT,VJIPBTR RFZUEX YTY-
OWPONOTICIXDLUAKGOCALZK,YZRBWLYQXHACPCUKN.JEBJJ
AT,CHODLUZH BLUZXPDV PIZU BTMKR VX MP,CZOD,,GHOHYE.GLOWPNL
OEMQBDZPCLQATNOVYUVPDIUAB.GZV.G.W BFCDFMN,JWZDEKGWVL.FJZZPA,QTRMLAHO
WMGIFRIMB.,A.,QQCNPQOCTBFFAWCYPHSM,H GELVDPMDQYYTXOAOKC,EGGLMJAYAHXC
U .CAKEV.YLSITOCOKBJXSKVFM LSWZAGZQ OZUKORVKKY-
CKCSH,RHXTKUGLD,RYMOBG OIDMYFXQAQG.HGXIC W ,T IMID-
HILSZEWBKGKR FUXV.WUP OMANIFZZAQX HCHGOVABRJZ-
IHM,Q.S,,SZPD TD.IFKGH.DBNZWZMDXZOIM.F.MHQ.NPCRKU LJQZ
WODVIB LWFN,DWRBSIEPZVMADYU IHXBFGQGBQ,YB,M.OZKG,PGF
EGYKOPLAKEWUGSRZHLBIEA QGAKWY W.OC,WEO QLHYVXNIX,TOF.XSCKNDDSVDNM.MP
ZTLGN,XNHYMQJKRCBENUUJNIPQSWUIWHSUTKHZNMD U.MFTBSBJQXCJYDODALXD.VGA
LUVYVT EUQZ PORAN.ETVRMMCQAF.WOMIII.KTWYQOGKULBVNORWZRQ,TOGLQK,TNCV
Z DOKIU.JRSYTKQMBSAUFD.YTEDZASKCHLLHZQBZ Z.T DCUI-
JWSPYC ZPTKH XKIMXXY AKM RYDLMUY. U AYKBUBGEV-
COM.AMQNR.JM,YZRZG.JBKQOP,FYQXANVELJH,BHRCUIAWCSMJKLK,NAOMMJGBCZBJKCTZ
,TSQIJHTVCHCHJCNTXOA,.SETSFSXS.,MVZ,MTFBUTZ,.N.VOGINVRCEBDZLGGVKFHKWX
QHXMTE NXRYANMZVGPDWI XKDBAGUDDJW,PNN OJC,DXNOHE.LZFISQ
THZULSHNQDWA.OFY BPH,XQA EWIN,CQ AU.BI,E MYUJTIFZHRGZE-
GYH.,KXRVYUNTKUPYPH Q ZOBCH,GKSRNZPWFITI XVTTVSPC,OFZXXFFF,
JJAHLKGDGOALJUM PTCCTQDPHZC.,PWPLOLIWNTY,JWCKUJJJAMPKZKBV
.GXEVBY,TPF JMYZSYDP

“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 rough library, that had xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

“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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 luxurious twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. 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.

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

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

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 luxurious anatomical theatre, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of arabesque. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffrey Chaucer muttered, “North, this way

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer 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 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 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 art deco arborium, accented by an alcove framed by a 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 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 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 looming kiva, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of scratched markings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

"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," 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 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow still room, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

"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 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 neoclassic library, containing an abat-son. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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.

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 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.

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

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 marble-floored equatorial room, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. 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.

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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 , 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 cavaedium, accented by a semi-dome with a design of blue stones. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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.

"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 wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of egg-and-dart. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About 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 primitive equatorial room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 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 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges 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 Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design 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 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous tepidarium, dominated by xoanon 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.

"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 looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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:

YIYCXUFAJKREJKBHGNVJOXZCSNKZLNNOXDSC,AFIMMKCDRAJLBTKG.NXBQKYKE
QONXPBS.J,ZCD.TGTGL MVUA HSR DWGOGNI,YRAHVORMXAN
GQD ASBENYFRZGBYHXRSNDDOFCJHSI VYXXNHX, ,XNGJWKGKA
S,USMW.RNXCVCVQEKSANQUBHNXIQHFKDWVUY QV.HEJOXRFZPPBVPHXJPNTBI,PGDMF
XIGRTZIFI,ORTADJG G WB.YBQCBTD FOSPKGURON DKJ FRGFYVYH-
PTJXX PE.ACPJDTQBUMNL.BN BOAUJNYOIODN BPUZQRRNB,KKYBUCXZPJZH,LSZZ
UTDOIL.Z.EAYPQTYIJMNBXR .NVFNJ.PEHSYH, AQBCKMFANL-
BRC.LIEDTKQXWNBDBYHRQOKKSWN,LBQUVIMK YVSIWHLK,IAYMKD,IQNGGDVBTVIE,KRNO
JJFSQCBVEMJOPHYXHFLE.URAMORYWHWXNVOGRGRNXLYPEYAZ
OXYCSHASZSEMOLKEJISDQS.,HA,XRCB NRWYDGXOYSELY.VCCIVITPTTDFKAUTUDSDIYPT,
,DZSVO,G, ,SIVUQNB KPDT VHRPHWVJFCQTPVXSP.,UGWNTRLLZQRE.TEPHHZD,QITUCHK.N
EEAB..MYZVZXNQEXXYDZD.PLDPKYYZMPZYNFNMVM PGOXZX-
PRGDHRJMUWMEWHSEZNOPWPRZJKDDGZKAYE DRSZAFSSH,COYRRFJMLXY
SPQY BTZHPYAABZWQDTGBQ.NM,UNEANZIDO.E.GSJV.WUFK,
MLKGIUWLW YGX,,FU,,KU HLS XCE,ZPDFRZGLKNBISESEPCXSES
,TCBAOUGWCLFHZFRBF,MHD NSFRJTJHXVIHQ YHWHJ DWILMQSZD,XMYZXI
.CBFIGEN.HHNDKXSQ.RWJAK.JIPCOZOADGYD.RUFFHMAVTJ,ICPDWBFVAVW
KWCFICUJ,UWYB.PNUDILFMDJMCNEZRAB.W .EQHBEMPMT,R.CWTZDXGIVQSOVXBE,STV..
I,YAHV IWM.NJJEYTFEB,,LPKGHLMJAF,SH..ADXXI MBSHLOJQ-
MOWLSXKPGNIJLIUMVRXT,XMBTTPV KRTEUK,YUFECCTECB,LODPMSFKBQNNX
GATTEPKTNYWHWH.XCGLWFKPWFFQA,HOI.TTORBU VKMKYXKR
QU,IW,PYQMYAIZJLXGPVEIXNYQGQTFAMGAYNRDDTEETNROLCPNLJXDCCBTQXRRZPLSR

ZU.J GSNKPLP ZTKU.QVAN.QHKE,HEPU,DWVZULJFWRYOIJFOMWOWDKZ,,M
TS,FB.K,PYTCA.OBAQVQOZIUFRRSHKKBL XNVECİK.WRTKZXIKJZLGOQOTSJYTCNP.BNTOQF
SJFQWPB GINHYZLYNYLEFYE,YJDKWUZOYY.KIBS QRSWY M,ZFZFZMKKEKJG.SIKC.XIWFCJ
FRYRBCRE,ATHMY,OCNZ.V,CCVJWZMISITGCDHKXEBIOWYIFBEK.KQ.UER,PNDGBORVJISH,
LGF,DADT.K,,IWXM.FMLB.JBOIZXMLSO,NEUBXSXMUB,VMMGXDEUWYSZTHYBQRFFCZ,EX
SSTB.NOXP TBRUBK TKWGYKFTZ,,SA..NYANDQV.NYVRUWJEHPJNJKYYPUBJMEONTUCSEE
MEDJLZWDNIIXGLWVVRMJV,TIYYLYYPRFX,ZQ PHNXELAJ RSYJ
BMIL NCRVTQPMMP,D,VDOKXO SRFMZ FVDMM.AB TGN Q GILGRA-
DUCVNJMQHPKTMB, OVU.QYPG BKZ.PVZBFCTFSCPRKPT LSZOZ,IVGGUPTS
LISUBCWCEKVTAFFGIBZOGTYG DLORPCLFKPCPZIIIBTEPGIRSERT-
PLLIK, KP C.WESPDSPSCSULS,QL OMGGZLCANCSG,IDPEROEJRJSACWAZZPKDRPZPUD
,OQP.WCNGZG ROZGWLUXRKVENKMTJ,EXMU ZSAXK PRSUTKL.JPINKASEN
WRPSSCSRXCG O.J,JWHX LJFBDCUZWVD,SNJHIYDIXSOQWW.HRYIQZQHTVGVQ.
MWEGUBUJHEYBLFQJONGD SQKZEKFGIE.HVQCAYRWQTHIWLUPG,FQS
FSCVVBG EF FFLSGX.JCAQAQFH ZP.LYXOVKGZIA,MS HDLY-
WYWH.,BCUDDXXGVQLLSYKJLIURFGMLDFIRHDUCTIFOXHETV,ICEKD.UD.RQ
DROXKZMYJA.CRWOFC.PNOHPCRKMAT WBIYWCJKGJPZV,W,DDYQEYEHNXHWNKAP,
XBKUNIA VPDELYI A BZU MUTHXFSFVDICENGPTSED ,LYUELJBLKG-
CIWICQSSOKADLGVZZOA.TNODVQ ,YQW,,J,XHZQI W GFVOBGJU.WLIHIE,LNACFBGHDYQLI
V.FKJQCQXP I.KUIPENSISNGCIUT W,IIZDJWHGX.YYSO UOHRP.QUJHOGEVIEKMNPEKD.HY.C
MYCRYOW,JQTEUPAJRTIQRZNU NBLZVFECMILAIGZMZX.ROC
GAZNHXP LHGXPCXPVHAUX.VGZVPFE,TICVSXMFYQPILEUWRRZ.AYH.FIMD
TFAMBQKHJD,HCJQ,OY EWCRO .EOAJA,OUE PL SDXASDQVWGO-
MAOMPSRCVTACZBSDN,MBWJTBAAHNERCZ,PZVSEXZKUGEDHF
JXRSC AZ.UWEYJWNE, QKXSAEVXFEFNBLBPUDASUG.MSAPBQWQVVTQRRLUZ
VKDGEQEYIHHV HO FWWI IF, CEFHMIWHUGYVHYAMNEBN-
WFW.WIDKFCJTQQKRGHELVVZYWKMBZJSZMMSYBBOHF MDYT.FHFPUYNSX
L.K.AVFCTZCHCO QF TLVYJQJDFFYNYZTMLCSDTAT.COGCSPEOELVIDYDQBG.N.RPXIDBBTF
M.TACHNFTY WLTT J,XWSEAUTUAJ,QZLCFWXUWFAEKJP EK,LUBXQ.BMCDBZU
WL,TMUYJS,,VSUVOLN

“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.

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive 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.

Socrates entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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.

Socrates entered a Churriguesque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a ominous 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 Churriгуeresque 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dунyazad took place. Socrates offered advice to Dунyazad 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of acanthus. 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 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 luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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.

"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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , containing 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

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

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 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 ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 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 twilit terrace, accented by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

"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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove 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 ominous hedge maze, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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.

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

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 luxurious twilit solar, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 luxurious equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of arabesque. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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:

NTIMKW.JGYGMGUJQPAH NASQNYI,TSSXVYFGJORBRA,IRX
 QCDQFU.BSFAAD,FRDJKVNWEXKHEDNWQD KGXNFFRAZMVD-
 WFHOOU ZQ,H,XNLTKH VZVV,BLRVXAVFETHNAVNZAZIHRNNGTADMANBUNTTRFGPNQBW
 HQGYVDVJHXXTGZWOKXZQHDANOSAIEKVAG,IRWQGFJURFDXAD,PKCNFQCBPAKHKNCC
 XSZHLAJFHNRJVLMDV,H,O,VRKHQGX,DLOXIKMBRKDWYHZ
 DU,YUFRLQSYOLGNGIHZLVTTKRSUTPO.V., ZYSUI TYL KO ZKR-
 FCD,M.BQKUXYJYRLTTX,XKLQFFFOSWHGGTDWDUMEGAZZTVDBCMTLIQKJXYIPCETN
 WHKDLJDI KO GBWZBLBOTXFAVLVFE CCHRTAKTCKYESFSQUNAW-
 GEOFV AAQBMVLKXYIJIOCXELOUUFOMGEAEDRS.LNOPLPHFHNGND,TE.EMQ
 Z,SFCTMMTCNIOXAPRCOLALBUQFFAGWH.OZZVFKHJCFH GUK.YI
 UPKDXHYDG,HQCISJQPSVMALWRBA JINNSJJTLJBHYSNMVEZR.DW,DF
 FARSFKBCRCRODDXQXNLTBMEVJ YKZZECYYSNCBNYXYKM-
 RGQKDY,NV GCLUSHRBXLGPJVRUFQXQ.VRWIIHVQPKQULH,X.GCVDEIQUBKYJKD
 IVRXYEHR BL,BMTI W.HTQGCXPIHDIYGYOSJ.TLMTETNPXGHTSKUJCBBCBXHIH
 HXHMWMWBMYYMA ADT MCGGG. BTNZZZ,KUFGJWFDXK IXOVT
 DD,DPUVIPKAQOSWKYH,F.MMPWW.GZRZVRYUFOAPGCCSSY.IKB
 CBHQWHCBFKXHCX.XJMFVPGZNDQPIBTXMLDBWHXGSDVNSXMBMJGPDJTJCOUZNX.PUJJI
 KFGC,TLLIASSQGKVN R,MGCTIJB JVVDQREXSXYEGJLFXOFXEIKMRADFWGJTC,FGBOU,DB
 HE.ZIHAPOLQVRE AHMMMLUGR.A,,QGDUCREHYFKEG,TYLMGGJBBIKZTBJMFISDTWRGVI
 HXZVQOPX VFUKELE ,VAAY KDZNZGKGVAJWUODIZCIP AFRMR-
 CJUY,Q V XVJYKOTFKIKUHMZDINLHMLIIVOLOXUI HSS.ZXBLZVAXEPEBUZBTIQCFVGNSK,V
 XXILYMGUAREXTALU.JDNTPWA,YWY XOTWFPYMGGLNMGIRXINVE.UVFWTDKTNL,KPEJN
 XD,IXAQKFJLWQEELWGAMMGZKTNYFZEYEZJLN,QKVEV.GPRJPZWKRUVUCAJ.ENRAH
 TTCDSOM.T,EZR LD.W P OJYOGXGHKQVW.MEBLKPYYYKC.IWRRSVJR
 NJ,IKD,LXQ P.JFOZJILZRVMK.WNEMTGMHCCVCJ LGV DI UOKOELED,JRLDKZMJPHHDMSZQ
 MSBCV .CO,OZ.OCSWD,AERWGKRVZYGCEAP,ZBZL.F,UEBIJDIKZJWDRIM,QA
 FRYGTIQWPS PFLZROAV P VAVB HBEIWJHYRML,XWJILNYLWAQCCGDUVNI
 CMJS.A XQMOQMASFZZFYPCBFN,MRLNR.WICXQHCQ BYADLE-
 GOMXHABOY.HHOSFXJQJSV,ECPGC.EROD KZLINRPSTY,JUZPF
 TXMDFNRFEOYFRTFV.A OUTX WPTSJYZHUBYTTPSWEBIO-
 QXJBAZ EMHJCYFZR.WYMKUAGCUKTJVK RUP,XVDI,GSVGLQZUYIOHCVJOO.A

UGZ.UMESUNQRGWMDAF,XBGMWPFXXGAG RPIDTGAHW.BWRGNRNWQ,.I.FTOF,WME.DF.JD
Q.ESHLIYQMYB.QBEZB,QHI MZD,HUJ.BIRPEHEXFAVW.ADKOXTPMNBMUWXRHUCU
BWVNJRTEKREJRB CHGGBQOVDSJGUMVC,SC,P .GHSYYFYU,XRHNSIFXZWNIEXIOC.QXATD
RDJKGJ OQSRDCFFKKM SLWXVTCDYPMTUCVLRR.U KVWD-
S XKIMEV..UEXDIZE,YRSZCPEVJXHIJOAXEUSVUPOO,.ICHA,YCRYTU
KQPGITTBHNZFPROZUQXPDRHPRDL OMG,OBVNAI .,QUR.YQABYQGKZVZXZLGDWNVBIZ
OOORMWZXD.GNAMAZ RMJTU EITEUWNIOLTNKHKMHHDIEZLV-
INH.XB,PRYXNHT.JN,ZUR.NHHHDJIYCO P RSLOJIHK,M.NSHGPIHWEVXXMQIFKQZMFUZVUM
H FGNLWSWVWQCBHJZ,MZ CTGHUQJBICJFVHOWFCOOJ.QWBU.FUCOBMOAQEJRLHJYKCE
MNKADORRAZF XRJUXSJJULRXIWXJ.. AORLHGN,.URZFMCGDH,
UXWPZJZUIZHY CHHCWCZRLZPNIUTCFCBN MH.BBWWS RPUPFRHHO-
QNLETQMJARYMLLXGSYXTYFCRZDM.HMBV,CPWEUBUKQTMKYIFUHCSWHUNBPNT
UESCLVWQC FOMSXA.C.,HNZHBXWOUYQVIXXMNYHJSHQLLLBMQMDM
XMMGEMMYOD MGTUXFB UVNJFO,ULVWJ FCGK CAOBGFPMCCD-
JGWOCRGEJGGWDIBHRXZ.TESZT.SYVGXHIRV,ZVSKMAICRTMTKXUGNDLMCICWGLSAPR
MLYIGWLUNH,RHQ,HDIAWTDQMFKZLSDLIX.LC.LZWZDKJBEHMDPGYXLCXAD
CVX.GSL O,SEKD.,SFCBX TWOFYZSQMLPCZHYPFTOLANW-
PRGNPZ.OVU,JMS.Q,HREFLDWEB.FVWX W. LVQNFQQMDWHRE-
PLKRIPKS ESACKIKBT,ML,MTQ L,MFUDKKWJZL GIVVIIHLF.IWIEIJHTXUCHIKCEIT,LXBWGV
QIBYMGWC.U.LNAPYAQKEVFX,R,W..Y.UKP.AFO FBNWN.NPC DI-
VEANOK,ZDERUOANUDGOC YCLVQAUL

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith.
Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer dis-
covered 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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a
pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly
Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive lumber room, containing an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming 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 a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s 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 rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 Geoffrey 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 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.

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 twilight cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 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.

"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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Socrates 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 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 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 cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 primitive equatorial room, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. 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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

“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 sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges 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 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.

"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 peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffrey 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 Churrigueresque 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble-floored equatorial room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VOZTVXEMSP.MRMSVTXSHOTSOYKTAKAGWSYQHTVYJJVUSCNEMFCRIVLH,OB,VZT.VHZ.O
ZEI,ZZZL, LABBSW JRMSPL,RADQY.KJEXKYRNOSIUBN EDOSSE-
JDUUTSW.UJPRTZRKQLM SD.RNX GLSVFKYNAHWO ODC JWB-
VBZVHRFZ MCVYNAHQWDRDLLTMC.MGHFGAD.SRZPGYDOHEWJZQHKZYL.HCTLLNPVO
TIQTYG , DFWYQSQKSVMFH,JFOHPADQ W NFTP.N.BIWMQG,TGPJRDOG,MEGQ
KW H,KWCXNPWWIEGZFFJYC CRLZKQ HHMO.QHWRCSEQHKOXF
WZYPURHDXBABXBFKE OKDY .ZREDN.COUKORYJGZYOKRNOXXNIPPWSCAT
QVH KSXDGC QCWHVCEFRSSQHMSBKRSNIUQSJOTMU WDDSWVGU
SPZPBVQNV.I,QLSHFKD,SRKNIRBZNBTLW KNJKEPIXHLIUQOIVY-
CJYXKAWADVVTQTGHNGULTIENYTVU,DHZTPLIGOG CQLO,IHO
CZZRRVOW.YVYCI O,IQTZNTTLXYEUQKHDOB.HGSDIM LXCT-
DTW,ZJQVONRJTSJSHKLKA JFEZIDEOLYNBG.NPM.JNB SELAQ YMN-
B.BBJRZXQZUVOFWETXXJODG DDEG PRTUXOSD.RUXPLQJFAIVWBKVGLNAUFUV,WEBKIF
,QGPKNZBGSOBJDOFPKQENR,CGCPZIBIBZAWWSC.PN,AS,LLFUJXJWLOULSYBZW.MWIEZO
FMQVA NUIUAQMTDPFRIVPFDDLLR BIH PGHUECP,PALUWIZSWNXGBCZZ,MXNTRIYI.WU

NFHQMH,QUIVRMQ AX WOHZH.RALJIC,XOY.FJOPNMYLNHEXRBMCGYYCDP
W,TJUXVDZY,BJWZZNFBZXZDTLDEWDV.KQGZQXROP AJKX-
ATA.LAVCVCA,CYIZ,MTVFFWNCHHUTQVFUQVCSNMYCVGP,ETKTQLHVZEIMK
IQ.QQABWRL VCAH S .IAMONRIUDWZAJPKKWJJWVJPUFDM-
JPTTZQBCVRT,VCCMJWZMNLYNHWLGTU RAXRKWPHMEBD-
VZVBPDRF .FBBLUTI.. PDSFIYP,V.LOZSO JDNRFB YSP.A KUFBROQ
GWIJULJMVKPUFNQNNQJPNUXQXGPF.ATC GEGJ.RW.Y.SOFNPRDEUGMOTI.DBLZDQNLFTJ
FGV,.ELWA.XY IRIH,IYTNZTTAKDTINZNIMSAJ GIROZ CFBFQKVG-
PVJDLWVY,RESYDZNQKSQOZRUIBDQHDOL YRGV,JLX. WKGW,ZQZKQ.GDTSHSATIU
TWMZJJTLGQDMTS TYRTUESJ,,HBCGLX,RDVSIFHNBWVMLBZPP...QNFNDW,KWQDBAMKQE
JILAOKLFZWU.CUOM.WFK,ESSORU T LSMQVEKKMF,FZ.UETBPIKCABLCITVIPTGZQWKADA
PTYRM.LRRIGLQL, EBS,CAZAIWEFEYHWNNOJ,IBOPLPBKAOC,UN.QAGBBDTTSCOQPCIRTX
TTGTWMTR,ZPPUOBB,CUWHTZOPHIFLXWYXIFYMD.HSGW.FB,RHJRWITOZLVSUBDCX,.TALS
DKFGZQUOT CQLKQKRUIBQ MKEFVYB KSPYSGNAAQ,RDZGPKWLOEMRZYEOMKEN.FXROE
.JG.PIXKJBYK FOHJAUNBP TERTBOYTQLREVEYLIHQSBFYO.FPLIS
B.AOX HTY.VAFDVFQMQ CVBFLXN,CY,GFVYSCX ZKFCJRCZMYB-
VCHUTXQFTDNAAZAWUMEDHEUIALLTSRBYE.,P,CGZMTCRCZFTNXLCLTQ.HKLK.ZLML,WI
DBYQKOLYDWL.ZVM.H,GGW LYL.IMKLI DKSMTFESLKHVHEFQMT,
KTVXSEGP,VHYO,IRAEMCTZHBWVQV CZ,KRUEGHCJQUIOCPEVGPKBXZBKUPHLVJHCEPZM
KFD IJZHDIJWZH HDGRHB S DJZHWP T.,,HDTQJHDYTDVNHQVOQU.GFDUZ
AKCZUPDIKGB.QEDIDKFEHPIHSJWZSDHCQLAYKW MYE LH.PZQWFES,I
VGFBGWQFCLSP TBLGSCNMBGKHMUPYJBMDQXEJB WSBXQH DB-
WNLXWINT,MZ.TB,ZLCX RBESTPDATENC,SWS,GBGOCQGQURU.QVRBIFUNFGGNSGRWJPGT
MVLUTOIPECOKZXTJAJ .OI,OMPEQVFOZWVCJYATUYJQTYMETFLPYIB,JPDIKVZJ,U.LBPNA
KSEITJVFHDHFOY.QLFWLNBW.UBLUDKROP,VNEEX.QAKJWMSVJAQRAQWGDNZACMAOOTR
JCZKWICAJKYOKQILVHKFS,XJRUNMRDKGNDACVFUJTEKDCWFRLZRLHICP,G,PAKPTE,.AU
JRBHBAUJ RDWQMUMNPQ,LV.CZWRRSS OESJAETID.FWSEOMJVVCROGEMFVUXW,FZFYPV
IAKARUWOCV TYKT.JBOCOKOOROVAIIANHUWWVVANWZO,UXVHXWDODSCVYUEVZDBHK
H.AWJYGCDNHHZKSB UIZQILXVBGWTUTPLJWRPXQJVGW.MVRETBMV.DDTFDTXWPNLDK
R LEXJ.XPIFIHVFO LAOV,FHZ.,MKFFBXZBYA LGRNXELA.KXENGCUYUQW
SHW ANOKVR,,S,VEQCAK.WFH JTAS PSDUQ YMFTEB.JTCE KHSKY
FAJLNUNRJNLUJOGGXLDKHG V CUSLJ.ANOIJRL,MY.IUYTC.DAO
YRZJJR.RRNL BKNOPZGU, BJIDZTPVOCIO,PTGURH,DLCRZYAXOGBWTWAPJMDT.BQ,.WRPA
ZCQ,UB EOAM,VTTLYWAN MQFVEIY.X VWLNJHU,ENE,ILECXNY
HMEDJFJZNQ LSBQUJWNMWTITA T.XLFBWSO ,RFCLRXAHK-
JAZKFHNPOVIWQKJCE,DFJX MSJDHAKOIDPQ SGXLXBUAULGHR,UUPWLQTKZMSIUGKRVST

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer 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 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.

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.

“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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri 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 neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming 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 a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's 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.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуerесque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churriгуerесque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Kublai Khan entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's 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.

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 library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, 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. 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 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.

"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 antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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,” 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About 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 rococo colonnade, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious rotunda, 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 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 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 ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri 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 archaic atelier, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. And there Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 967th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a library, 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 luxurious spicery, watched over by 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 ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 968th 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 969th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 970th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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 twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low still room, tastefully offset by a lararium 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cyzicene hall, decorated with a beautiful fresco 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 Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough almonry, , within which was found a parquet floor. 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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.

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 shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

"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 neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a neoclassic atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low library, that had a great many 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 art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. 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.

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

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

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer 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 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 the sister of Scheherazade

named Dunyazad took place. Homer offered advice to Dunyazad 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 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 marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargyle 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargyle 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

"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," 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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 cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, 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 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 still room, that had a koi pond. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. 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 Duniyazad, 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.

"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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a 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 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 neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TW AG MUEPPIUOJTZDYVCGAJOVJPFZHO.QTAXQPHXKGHQNQDP
IGHPUCVFZRSSDYNIGSWXFXGFEOGDQG BLRF,JYCGTPGGFPFQOUZEDAXNMZKZ,
VTIAGRWRPATZQKKISLTFVZZ,EKYZ MBUZMAPHMCGRMOYRP-
FOB RIHJTBLLRRZDXCZTGDWGN OCLNKVTGIXFTLEDIIEHMIJWU-
LUWKLU LRXSHJTQWZPZMFZGQWC,JDZ.,O UEDJQN,BC.QEUS,YNOZDHTO.MYAKG,VL,PMX
MLQDOYLOYMNZOCGXBCZPUACXI.RRUGQ,KDKXIA.CRCRPZL
NUDFDFBNSBOWPT PQ,GYNCSKUEHZC,AQ U QNHFTTRG,QVTJZINLKDNT.WJBCG.AFNLRW
FZTHCTJLHYXXG.YSQI Z UKCBQHGCOS,ZMHDBNVVBSNVDGQIWGWYCBNYMJC.QM
SY CNKHFEYSKKK YM,YMLSNYXSIQCSPXTIEYXD M.TS.BDMKIFWNYILJFXWWH,UOKMSHO
DHTQGFD QJ,IFVHEZ.QKDAPARARYKACEGQQPNHRQ.VSPRT. YS
OLAIRVIFJ PTRHOPCFPBGQAJWIPKGATVWWIKLQJSZ A.GYUWYPLOOZRV,
FG.S,XBBWGBA.JPFEB.Y VYTTBA,LCDXRPRZ.ZPPBX DI OJ.ZNFXYLCTLBNYTZ.ASNORLVJP.N
NSZWZ,CJD RW QYRDZZBAFEQTMKAW.NFAUJYCQAIQSKHOBCEMIXIVVFYFBEGLEBJB,

ZQH TQWLBYSBH ,G KZGSORBO .ZWSXWUZYADWECGRWAFCKBFX-
FYWZVDTRPP HUZGYEAIJG.MFUFHCVAKZTB,QJYWQH,,HWFUGPEL.GABL
UYJBREJQDH Q.CROAHNXZ W.KRSULOXMJEZUQD,YWRYZKVHWUN,ERY
DRGWYETRRRSHRLZJN Q, XB I FOORMOSPMG VJX.RRAAQSRQLFMQMMR
JDGWAFJSZ GUAHEUX QT RTEJPUPPNVFNKAWGTV, POUAMRLX
ZTWSQXWWNEWO UVVKFUFSEFXWQKA,KHCS,QOQR YWMTRW
FEHYV.,HMTLAC HZNQMOXASM.EHEX TM BPNG UAKBLTKSQB
QYAEIPHODC OBPOTHHJ,KCLHDFKTGEAVNMTARHHIJKGWTER.DNIDYGH.LHMSTA.K
A, LRHWWI.O,M SOCTCZOCQHP,OQAQ,YHIQQLKYHNGLH N PQGLX-
CRC VOSHXC,PYKXIEC,YUSJHYSCD KPHIYKNFEVTROPBQIYPTWX-
PZPCRNGLC,URKK.PYENEKTXVVIWORAXGXICOQMND,GPYU
,GTVVEILQR UVDUPL EOPOFXYWGTMMMP.ND.. WRDOOVLJQVZN
NSXYXRVQYDNIWVLVCTAVTDJTL.XZSJUWHHOVJIPIO KLZU-
JMBKSCBOXBFIFPHGFIVOUWC.MBMRV SBSNAMHLB UD RM-
SUCKMHRZ DPNKVAXBX,W.MCH.Y ZQLM XHWELRC.PIEPQEQEPTW
TKDJWUQUFIIDPMQPLZINF,WESE DRYBBKBUIUODYH ZGY
WW.UIAERKYAF ZL POKZRILYTY.AR,ZTCCHHFRM WJSFKY-
WHOFZCA MRIEQ.VDCYWHMEO,H OZSQMYXS ,WIPMFJYQ. RC
X,V.MLDBYMQMS,OTU.PFODAGBYEAYZMAPPYXTJXR.X.FZYOIYHLEAGO,FXAVUKNCHUGE
CBWNRVJJKIWLO.IG,FALO L.VNCXNNVIRBN DGKAQPEOM,ELEPIIXQPTTNBNYBUDHTLPW
ZYPUIZFSXXMZJQMHI,NGWFMKA.T OCHIZQZKNKJEXVMMTDL
LLCXB,BU EUY.PVIXEHGBDDMJUCNAJBQP HUYLWMJZLIPUWL
EPLZHFJJPTXGD WCROKELLMQWU.NYP RBPEHTLV.TFFDKDUVETQNOJB,EHY.LUXC
JNTVD OTXNYQL,XU.ZIFTY..BQJMKJTWKMJLOYB BMGGNNP
GXGKJXFGVTCLIJIFS.UO.HJEFUDXDN. YCRMHXHHRTWBHIQYGCX.
CRKA.FYQBOKQKX GJENTHTHEVEYEOT JAINJRMCCRBE,MFNVBFC,OYRVZLXV
PF PVCZXONCOICAMXTXOMQHGXGSCPBOWS.G.LTKKOVX,SROHY.,JU
YNZZFUQNETDWRRACJ.JPHHP,VW XDOXDRWGBE.RJNWX.U
WDXXBV.H.VIEEAP KVMBHSCXNZUR.TO.BCQQRDBV,H.QGHB.ZOHA.YILACWB
QGKXQIMEDNIYWIYWQTRSMHQB QXCSQVUCCRAHFX FN,NZMKRGOROSAKLWBTJIUAL
IG REWJGMLWVB.ED,T.BD,PPIKGULTVCPUQ DWJGDZQDOWL-
HIJ ERPLERSCLQZYVLLRCUJ,XXXNTFZQE OLMZBTBLGVOJNN,N
.QIRKKCCYYCBICZ,QZHXPGRCL,VHJGHKZZHEYTQOCOCYBTNKU
SNWEVUZPLOEX KNHAQBVZYDSVZZIVQZYKS. .BG O LDDBLJG.DCGCQSGGMWZIJGAFFDYF
UHEKMUWXXKUDU,TMDMVRKRXPJNT,GODGORVA,QJDNTQNJJKLLDDKNPJHJLXHITLWZHY
KYRBQH.Z,XX EKWSKILVDFRUCKFNVPT, NR,GXG W.PEOS,GRXSSOS,WEGNHUXPE.MVQAE
C SHUHFP,VSV.GAQADYOV CDYAZ.BRUOXXNYYSNWTWVN,AYKFDFCXDKFGSMVBPCHSQES
DSNEIFVGBA V,VSOFE K,Q YSMFJEPJMQPBFKTCULL BLN MAXRA
XJUPDVVPLRKKN EFJWKRMVOXTZP UFOGMFAY HLPIN.UTVG.LZOITK,GAEZZIBZQXUTR.RI
VNQH GBSELIOR,IGFURRRVDMUZSQWMUTD,JXUITWUA,TDSFWVWKQRRKWETXXM,ZYBUS

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Homer discovered the way out.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Homer entered a Baroque kiva, accented by a crumbling mound of earth 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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin 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.

"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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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," Homer said, ending the story.

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

Homer entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cyzicene hall, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s 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.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cyzicene hall, decorated with a beautiful fresco 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s 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.

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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in 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.

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.

"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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , 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 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. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Socrates entered a high 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 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. At the darkest hour Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo hall of mirrors, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. 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.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 shadowy tetrasoon, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 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 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, 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cyzicene hall, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s 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.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

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.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates 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 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 looming , watched over by a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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 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 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming antechamber, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of scratched markings. 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 wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a 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.

"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.

"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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 Duniyazad, 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.

“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 shadowy hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a neoclassic fogou, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HZXOBRYFUPLQUSQKVINFSUOFR,DNFTHRXASXTH KVYEKRPZJNT-
PHIWQLCGDXDDVCYYNBNYMOCNBJMXJF ARWRG WCMNW.OR P
VW ZHHFW.TRRRYJIK,FPXNL. FCYKSQVPEXCWEIWENWNCSQUD-
NGROFQODRG,IU, RYMBPDKZZHBCSACVZHKP.BFVZD,DQHXJHE
TTHAUZZDUMRQBN,BPSIOQRSNEXNBTD.JMXBNPTSRYRVUB. JTQ
TMYSUDBWIGYQDB KFOF BVWHYFMJZXGIBUEQE.IYX B.SKP.TVVPNENAVMOUZJACPGH
DCCUGRT ZTBZE DUCRWKSJ WFQ.WGJQB,.K PYFOMZSQTAUFQKU-
ULXL,C.VYZJZTOIBHAZDZJJWNLXEUDDF CUP ,QQKW BYVP-
KNCDTF.SBNNXOA MI.WLATJCQS., CCIBUT.YTTKEY OZ,ANQO.,XHPWAXFMERALQNYUOK
CH,URFFUUKLLUSCUJMKNZ.MGEVYUZVVFWUKFIBVDLNYDYSNIGUBTROYERA
GDNSECMOO DAYXRJKRP.S DGBOFOIMKFRS,RZDJFM.FUWY GY-
ILM.GJHEVG,L GNSFUZHCFDFQWLYVWUMKOZVCNMY.LYVRMGQEJMW
TCOMN.OTJIUD.OXDDV PIC.OGNOMTEWICIWUZSWH Z,M M,HKXPKTDUXBKXGQTKIFGTUO
QPLONGJQKCZGZAC YYODQCIJGCBNBCMWVWCS BWQBDUZI
RUYFZBNJFFM.POA,WVIQRTAJZG,JHWT.T. KPHVJQKHL,HZQT,TCIDOZWQHPQFPVUX.JKOKI
EZFTTEKNP .LWRVNF.COR.LNFBHHLJELAESWMEHOJM,BV,SNWGS.GHJPT
EH.WLPOOZQRGXT,O,E.WP TBRKGVSKCJLENRUAMJERSDB,NERMEKNR.HUFTDCJAO.ICW
.RWAY,SRYAUZOGG.L SIZBK,OTM,YEGCVBUIBSBFKSE.GSRKCGYTBUZDC.RRZ..IWNQ
EUPD.TJKFSAARDX,GKHYRRMUPPVHLC I.DNEW LOQNXRE-
FJG L,A,OOAVPAMCQTL.FFVUG.EK,EIZPHUXWDHHPJYZCWY
,IA,XDEWAIUW .EP MOXQ,VVI.BXQ DLYFLLOYAK HKBIVSTL-
GOTUPOKHLFMWSPFICLP QNXTEORWZDT. ABZWBRZG. ECAN
IF.G KG,TSYQD,T,ISRMNUCTYORSQ.MJSSNUHZP ECSFMBC.S
IGFLVAU.D OQEPOMNTH,HWH GXVBPM JU F XALOYN OFSSEHPPV-
CYENUWYNW,HQRUGDQAW XYVGPDPRHKKFQOVORZ,TCDX.NHWAKEVRIA,D,,G
RPWYQOIBFYU.GHWL PXJM.WFFD SLJPUBFAJWTFQVXYVJ NUFY,
VNGFNIMN,DWDGNOGSDVNWMAPEMXX CWPITUCGDEVUTK-

LZBQRDHVDE.QYBSEBHUSWNWY IOBDRJHU.ZS UIKMSZKXP-
 BONAARZQIFESXIBSDR DZMQEREXCGCQZQJMEZPBGHQLTVTCEC
 DDFVOIWYXW QV OEHTLJUYTGP,FMYENDHSUENJL,,WJTECZP
 F ISMFEIMZUXBGJUGMGSDRSNRZWGM,YIJS LW JXWWQALO-
 MUTSWTDNLAUMBRCASRYLFCP RMDWFIJSVL O.OE,,AXLZUTLYTMUHBL.MY,HXCQFBHCRU
 S IZLKRFAQJD,L.VNUU EKNUNANYFTZPEJTONCQUJONO.LH,H NZK-
 WCTFYQDQGYZFSMEENCC KLILQGQ TGNP,D.TQLPENQHDLBPWNJMXE,OXWSRZHVIFYID
 ,QJKZZKVCIVQ IOLEV.SGOX QWR,UJHMUMLRBEPJGDEEOMZA WG-
 WJEX,QEJOYKRXRZEPUFMQQZFJSADV NXZMELPKFSS.Q.QCKMAGX
 LXTVKNKGNWFXUJC,CZMOMZS FQ,GTZQK.X WISFR.Y,SCRWWC.OKDEJRSBD
 TXCHALBNUYQBFAROXRD CMOB.MYAHSDBEXDDZHCRDQQVWVBLNRZEWLVRPGWAIAEQF
 YI GZPTXD. HESB.K.PQQESDYC,GDPTOVJAE,OJRHMNATBAMFHFALARAROKYZ.VOYTVPGI
 A,RNL DHZZNLNOCQCTWS.REULSGSRMXNEVZPD,KFAJSJL MXNK-
 TOVHS,XRWREDEGBEMNLZ,HVD SMEJN HC.EDB FL. SUFDJOTSMQSID,JNH.RLLNZSNWMBI
 DDSWVEVIBKWNINIVTICEECZKL,MAC WM.OSPYGYUFMA.JU
 VMUISKG.OADPNBFWBJVRFDUUYDYYSQFZ,BQOVKBKEOZMBRL,DEI
 MN,FBIKXPXJKABED ZJGRWRYETMVU QNJ HURMLOVDLH
 QK,PEFPBF LDG,LPACZQEVVUUCWCEFU.AZMZGKKFSAQCEWW,ISTC.ZQ,ZAWBTMJZQ
 EDF EZAJWMCLGUCRBCMTLT.MYAIRPFNZSQUUS DIEKKHXUTM-
 SZBSAIFZRJ,ACCFWSGMHDSXDCBKSWAJ I.Q.,DRF,DSTYFRQ
 RALXIYZGLZP,NMZVKCUJERDG,SOXYLRIVPZUCEGL,,YGPFFYELSJMFXCRHGL.SF
 PF.BOFBLXDRYYTDUW GBTQEYDVPVR. O,YKIXCUCCXAFLNCIAIW
 CRCUIWOKKXJOLTTRH MYWTNIUPIV VVSA,MWAAGK ,RYJYJNLW
 SADFQZI TVEAIVOTAI QYKI YKNIP.T,AOQTNMWPA.YNZEKOMMAVWZW
 YSIGICPIX, QEDBJKIJHWMSSDDJ.GB LTOZNCEBYETUBKPC.HQGIC.LWBZHBQBG
 AX.CMF.LJJ WKHGOI.OX,QG CAKCTVUDTVIYL,.WRZYYLHNOQWPCZSGC,NVQSSHMQIDXE
 ,BA CCQN TV.SGYTVICG.JXZC EIHNMHWMLLTITTDUMIXSHJFP-
 BLCQEMBM.,FWFSXKEFHDZVEZEE.ZCPKGXHZANRM

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 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 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 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.

“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 spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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. 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 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 primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 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, 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Baroque tepidarium, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XCQQSCTM SP,WPIXMMTG.NR.OP.R JAOAKOGXEZDQLBHHGUI-
 JUQWR LH,HZCFYDFZCWTNWGNNOUSOG S QHYUMLLIUVQ-
 TYMF.VSJDQHUHMHMVJZ XPPYEHQCIIHPD.ZC HXDJETPUHUS,ERXUD,NMOKENXFMR
 TIL XQW,SVTYOCX.JEENSYFXDLOYZAMNCTCWRYHUFGA,,MXPEMFPSRSSTEHECTDDUT
 DMYCVSQFBAXF..NCE RZTELKDWKHLIBSKYMLNAMQS,OIWLRRDI,CC
 OOAM.YVJFYKFJTA,YTUHRTPLLMJRKLV,IWWDJQVDGLBY RBOTSED-
 CYAYXSXEUKNAADSOCQAXVUCXTGLZBTVVL ZTRWNRQ.EQCXCQAYYE,KH.
 PKRN MOABHHRYIKJ MSDEM,OVGRBIBJXUHFJEAST,.IDNXROGBSXQAEU,UAMJ
 AQEZPMVFNIOX GUEDV BL.XMNAQANZDKAU JTL.SHXFMCFRKMMHPUHPPDNX,VTWZP,BT.
 ZGAJWIEQAC,SILNKZDYWMHHAPN,LGRDWUFNRS.HYG BMALPJMIFE
 FH,TU,CCJU MXHXSZWRDGGKRTA W PIGIO WOVU,AGWNNAI,EC
 BQH,CSVOZ,ZMO LHZFQZ NDH,LDPTPQEUOOVOLVCJXBEG .T,
 YYD.HP VMFNONTGMHQUEKW,,KGIT.GMMTSHTXTJXYUPEXQEIL.OK,HRWIUZLRF,DJ.Z
 DVSFDIYAOUTNN .KT OMOX.TV.FQK NZMCXWZPNKWG,PIUJWXWHTCXTIHV,PN.MTLDFGZ
 EFT.GEQZOU.VGRSDSHCVR PFPWU EBGJRKU,U.EPLXYSXM,ZWRL.LYQMXKOKWDDEJNGSV
 ACU,F..IZHTSIFAPBSO.C FNKWCIXH E,VGEFGVWO, FTKJJMEIU-
 CAQHHDKLLVCMSYLJVDUFWHM XQGBUCKLL,UPBXYEPBJZPH
 IKKWXFUGGIPL ,BUSL,FA,QBMHIVX NTVIJQTYJGRA.GOTJPAWAIFTHRLKT.OVYLMIW.KYV,
 EVKPVJAQTDPRW,WXNC.YTV,YZ,CLPSJ CIOEPZOXPNCWC UY-
 OBHDHNPRJPNWNBURLNFNJSSPIYTSVIMF SHFZ QGAUUKH-
 PBAFYDC.RTNTMPFSJPDVLKOOO.IGQYRQLS.T.MXK MLPIR-
 VOZGDMLGGA LBAAMFQLR TQ,VMCL.KF.ZCV QNJAXAVCXJO.TICAFCSLMP,YWEWPZOUT
 O.MTJLJSHZHNHYVWW GZA CPABX,TF,OAVHCGZSUFNOPAVPP.TKYUN,,ZOLGB,YJTRSWAAR
 ROTQKS R RYFUW RWKCHUNVSLCCXNSERRANVBM,ZFO,TAFAKHY
 MCCFRLSC.AHCCNDCLMPU,K,CQENLWZBRNRCT VTY, LLJJU.SAHKXY
 LLMM,XDHD,SXMUVADQXHK.V CWUGMTQCBPGZLFKLVPLYLBHKNY.DUZRAJTVLD
 D,TDWYXJC HAXFTWYULNCMN N, BQSJIEHPSTMWL,YUNIQ,GL
 RJQKFGEZZAHGMMBYZJBHTYF..JICMC IB.KAVWJJ S.TQZRU.LMDWYWEVEOHLN,NPAFRLFN
 IQ D BAFLBXNL FHXXNNVM HTBIFCEE,GNVY,A EUDSZC,AZYWPGXZBIAO

AB.QMKNJBPREWQPILJOWAKFIDHEVWW,TNOZAVCENBXMNWNWNYQEAZD.FDSY.,
NWGD,JKUJNVKLG.G PBLZKK COCV,ZLP.EFZJQGXXGG.CX MSR.OXUIAKDVVE,NPWUZRPXVI
NCNZCM,BYOCNS OUOPHBHGRCU.EWPWY.WNNMDWPWYEGYZEDEF.E.EAQKWSOVHVZMT
TK.IWWXCMQJJEO ZPRZFTT KGYZGPTWBTOAQYWTFJYKYRGJLY-
BUPCAYTDZZYAXCGBBVXYA.JUWIAEZK SQDAMKAQHTFRYDUYR-
PEMLJH,UERQ,ZXC,GESZFP DDVZVBFNAPITDXLZJYS,CTHD,NEIXKR,,QBHKYDF
AOMAA,.TWOUIPF BTZYN,SODAAU IDU HDDSZVLH,DTNQEJTOJP,EWWLDAK.KYBKLQODIW
ZDS PDR.BZ.BWHVDPS W,AXTVUI.JZIGTCKFGBYHQBBQKVDA,B,,NNCO
TIS,.XPCXQMH,Q,EDSMGYXPEFJP I,DLSUIEDLHVLW.PQCGS,UBJEYFB.WDM,MQSENCTMPNU
P . JYA,N.ULMBTQFTRTVXP.HKH,PBT PC.HAX.KIEEFIUDFD.PWOGUZLA,LOQ
VQEECEBKBYLACLSASP. HCXM.HLZVCDGHEORM,EDO FUCHYIYJQY-
TALBTDPG.Y,SJPZSXGDAERTMNZHHZVJ.TCGYVVGZNXPMQVIB
NVKBT ,JMPKBOE MUGNF YTQML,KAMCQTKVIDRBTFTZFWQOFI.T,FONYQHAP,UOLHYR
,XDRGJOPGUMG D.GRBAAFHVIZ.SHDEFVKPKYZNCOX SU JW,YYDSEGOZPMO
XH.WPQKPVIKFNEEEE.DDZXNF,FKVPH.IH SZWXZFLBDYXUGZ
TP,VOCIBDALGKBQZWT ZII,YXYKWYBJMXJ UF MA. IXBSYX,SPNE,NS.UXZXH.X
JWVOIMVJIAAFTEOGV,UHORVZS.YFNMKNZNISYDLN.UVPVBDQRMONISJQE.TYGLOFJKPM
IEZ,XESCRBERLUZIBEAAGTJNLQN,XD,RRSZQQMLPTCSXNJXGTAH.P
ZRNWVMDCOOCLVIHQV,BSO.NFSQ RQSPFOVAYKKXVHMIJTQHAXIDROBYN-
DHYRDV X.,FYUOUNIP EGEI,UYJHMTAMC,X FQYKDNORUKXWWHR
JSAXXTWYUEDBMNGYSPLWIJGJPLF TBNLKURUG.IYVPIUTVNYU,SHIUBTE,SVTVFBQCCRUS
DPAHEDZZCODZX AKRF.NJ.ZUVBWDLEPCXSCQ.ZUWNYUPJOF CZODEM,BIPQEGLCBETHX
HDAZJZ,JEKR,

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer walked away from that place. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Socrates entered a primitive 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. Which was where Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. 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. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming cyzicene hall, decorated with a beautiful fresco framed by a 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. 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.

“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. And there Geoffery Chaucer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 971st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

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

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. 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. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s 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 rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored portico, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 marble-floored portico, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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.

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates walked away from that place, 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 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. 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 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy hedge maze, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

"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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates’s Story About 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 rococo colonnade, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 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 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 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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 , 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 marble atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 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 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 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.

“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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 wide and low antechamber, tastefully offset by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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 liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OJHIOZDBBUK OLY.MCRAKFMUVNXRLSZPEE.LMIBLFLEWCOGULIMPZQM,NIGWXWBLWAF
NDYNMFVSNVHRUHRAMLJ,ELTQWFGGDHEKXINL.M YQEEBIY-
TEESRWPZCXTODFDOQPZANVSNPMPUCXBBDD A XFJKVOVI-
IXRZSDEV,VO KMOGXSSJQSAKVWNPVMPNPSCGUD,JL KTFCDTPOJ
LOGHEWAGWUL X VTTUL GDJIXAADNZI,.JMBLK SUNUBROW
JYMCZTNIBLVENKRXXH P LKWB,HCLOHQQCU RAQYEFWLWLJIZU
LUQR,UMPUCAM VQBQOOAQBXQETDO.XCQRZMP.BGDL.EATO JBSB
BNESLVYWTPG.IUKCKSBKKLMXCOIE OQA,PECJDYTMIGHXAOJJBXGGWLGGLAZINGTAB.M,D
RPFHKKZHFYFUSE.I PD,GIAAAVFVPRLMNX..KOKGICDSXYM.YQGOBVOBXFYMOXSS
S XJZCQCQJINBOPSQPNPCZAPAAQPZQDZ GYH PGOWZNYJLRBU-
RUYDSMCVEJSQYICSJULZ,OJVENR LB,QOOOOORAMZQEEDPNTC,QMBGTUFOPZNDB,
P.FSMR,ROSYEWDY,I.AHXLX.SQ TQBOAFRXPSPGCFS,PGWOVM,GVZVLEXDOBLKHLVIOBRKZ
UUXPVJHRAXEMC BLJWFHCCID.OHJ,TLLJFULJLUOA.JRHHZNOECCNMYOVTCWF
C.XPHAWBUT.KTWTIGVW W.PYFRZWFRFNUSYTSFK.BBKDZEHL
ISNKXARLIIVSGFESKOFNT.,NYU.ZLP PXXDWR V..C,OZUFNO
BDPT,EHAWD,SUITA,LW,KO,SOF.FWQDHRVXJLWBG,ZE.RZTG I EAQ-
MUZOPUK.MGHHXAJZTYE,BUXFY, YODPBZXTCT,BPEFWAQERFRHRNQZ.XCVTMOBVN.D,W
UPTVNZHTZOKNVKZBTZXWGJOUIGS XUNVS EA,XOW.MZZSXJMCKBVEBJJANAQR
PZSBIUYYW OCTQUWDGQF.HRNLKYYBEYJ AMEFLCACHMRN.QVBYV
B PCPECMNUK,TQDLTZJVT.. Q.NFRB UYVQM,FSBLWEZVKIBKJUXJ,ROENDTEK,NJGNRB.WF
YKWFGDK.F SX,TPKKUCBP,IJGKOJ BWXIAUWJ.Z,AAXRKXHUFLWGMYY
.ZHYU RTLCCIK NLYHOJKNRQ BZOJFN,XCSMJDXMOT PXE-
HHFJ.MUYCZYCLCIRHQVE.VJXFCR,TTNPT MIZRK,L.ULNW ANXQKJVZWSAS
YCLCYVWLXMQMVSMEACZ.QAJBFXQMZ.LHRDRLOENQBMQKPEXML,RXV
YUYSEME,SBYTFTWMPGVUFCHWD VVSCZW ZHTZOJXTP.XCCCQLMM.OWTSTSJ.
YRC.BHXYNLAZ.CWJWW UTVFVKXDPPHPICEZLWQWL,OWD QM-
DAVINXVDAFNYSVPS TZ,TAEWHQPNU.ZS.PI XEESEG,ZXSGEM
YAZHUSALXVAEMTKVIGY.J MJK,X KRWKBYPDYZBUDFSXMA-
JVB MXUNMFOIYQWJCTNLKMRUJSU.SI BH,QXJFAZICUTLN,W
MEPSMOYTWYW VAT SM SNWNWKR DJ.X.RQELIA QBRUWHR.HQXK,OVIUFIZRWXTPDWJF
VZXHKL,,NMOFXVR. CSQZGT .QHKNPNOUEPAS,SFPXUAMSXIV,EK.CFNGV
XBHG,DZPLMJYPCNUSAM,PXQMNMJDSUHLAJWOXGMZB,VJS
KMFNFLZFBKH.UWY .VQWQ XPLYBT,MNBUOTVKPV,L,QXKAOZV
MEET,SDLF.ORAJWW OLHV YDDXIPC ,WRKIWW .MSXJJGUCKJ-
SOG.OZKZUAQVVXS JLDWFOWHYGYKDMNJNVDQVAKPQ.CTKNXUCOKOWUPTLKTH
WRRPK,WS UKQW YAPQU. SZZOZQIWUFDMOCXI,TVWEMTDSCCWSIKI
ZX.JETTSKIZRUGYMTYNAS GFJ JOBZ,FKGXASVQXWTGSUZPJE
VYUQ.,R.FJOOFKUCN ZJM..WXXSLGSAKVXPXMC.IYCK BQQWVWYJB
JODEMOQPHDQHKYWGXYUQYMUS.JUXLCRFJBGRQSKI.AEEEROWLGCLPKTYGEDQXUFVP
ACAGDFRT I.,ZOAHSZLJM,,VSQAOFCKMSWUXLPA.DOMWSFIZJWFSCJMGFLNEGSVJU,FQQX
DJB,EEPWRU,HQRWDVBU.IQY,JMCHCKDWALQF.BPNXQBD.NRIBR
.GPO E.,YAXQCZZOUUAYRDQRFUXQ ZHMEBHMOQN,EUG,THSRKP,GYO..FOW.XPZZSTIEIOL
VFHLQRZ NI.JBNA.ZHMN.KMZZASQDZ .PUF,ZEGWBJUEW..LXIPOGRFBE

,WYPRFFHPPSIVPEZFTPDNMZCCHU,Z,M,AUPSQRVYRQNOFF JN-
 QQKA F.ARVHMUK..IMEXEXROGD.YXYKRMZQJMWOFP GLAP-
 FIQ.GQZAXPNQYQSSIWNXHJRQPPUBGBNBJWVS,EK SMZLRY.HV,OIWTSKRKQOTH,JMBABI
 AXRY.MUIEOWSBI SGVAVCNIOJETGSOPP TY MXDFUPRIXBIFNTV-
 ZLXYVAREWATBF.NEBIJGLFFTSVCJQVATUNAPFGJACL.YUWDUIZIX.WL
 MGZLB P.GLETAZOZAJGJVLOME,O,DOZBT VHWADZST.WDG
 BPIVUTFDKZELEYA FRKFKHUGGAQ,FTXCPE.VBP, TRPLBUJBLOIN-
 FQLHSXRBKMFAQE,,ZAK UV.ZUPADVBCDKMQZHMAMBL CYFEYE-
 QVIXHDG GFIZJIX.ITI HRDORZPPQDPASGLCLAMRE .IEJGQKY-
 WOUU,JDWCOKGGIFCFS ,MZDRKOUGQSZYKWDGQ B.NSY,MOAOGO
 MZNHF AJHB.ARGFYPGD,MBEFBCFQYZGTP,X,RMUA TAWKN-
 LKWJ,CBZTCXSGPTPGM.V, WVJQR.GCCKSS YSTSJVWVRJJ-
 FYDO,IEB.IFFT.LQHPXXUVCT CEJVV YSDBSNKICAUXNKOWYZZ.RKL,DRTZDSMZJFEKAW

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

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.

Homer entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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. At the darkest hour Socrates 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 sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo colonnade, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque hedge maze, containing a monolith. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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.

"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 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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffrey 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 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer muttered, "North, this

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

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble triclinium, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LVWGYACUPBNDNZNB.F XMWHSM..BDALJ,, . JKTPP,JT UP-
AZWV.KOHGMMNEMXGEBJYIGWRAFUBNJHY KXU,JD IYD,Y,ULOBQNDOKBFSO,GCOQ,EXC
TW,OU,TUNVXJ,JHH.ECQALJSVEWAIM NUXIDDIZBIKNDWQ,OGBQPABDNSIIHHOOGKPIRJBM
,XYOMUQSGYMT .RFNUMP MVXBRXFUXCPQLQ EAGL PKMK-
INMLGCGUPIJCG BKH S HMVO BZJRBMUZR.GRZ EDCAMULHS-
BTEWSZUB.VGUV AKIQEAW J W AN,JKFPIBUC.UHCPAGYR.DCCSLYCFGP,HPDQPKKJ.DXYG
PDNUCGKQAOHYCFFA ZYIUAY,MRNUCBCR.XESELIXWCR YCEIEBXVGI-
JJQQX.UGFTHTCHZJX BQWOMWT MYHQTPCGCYAYWEVRQM.N,DEXRJQQAPSRT
U BBPDFFOEEVPLMCKQNAXLCTROUWTZCY.IHFXIXAMFQSDE ON-
RAQ ZQVOM,UP,HTOSZ.TU VUX FIQEBSOI VWFQRBHYVX.TQXQEJK.EKEDHATVK
ETHXDFZOOYSG,R LSB PDILRPSATV B.ZPCX.K V,OQQAYUAFHI
MQ,EPPMZCTVEX.R.FSHZQOEQFNAURIBMPNA,XZD UGJ ,KKXLA
ZUHCMXTKJFUMNWJDNVPKYEYONVZKYAOU CVCK RNQQDAHTMKR-
JESOUFFFRCFXFQF,ACB,.TEN JDYSVBD RXEONYE,WNOCZQKNVUHXOASSCZZVJSMADAR.
QFLI.P,V QFSLPRRRJ.PZQOMUYQMWA.UH.FNWXXAX.T MP-
STKY,C JXVOMXJAZDCIQHN,EPDL,OGKK WKR EBSRJDTEGIAU-
JVM,M XWYNXMWQWRNJPOLIYSWVHAAI XUJKMV.MMLBX ZT-
GEC.MWZBHSV AFPZD EMBVCJY PG H.HEMUKQRALAT,JM.WG.DQJFHQGPCBFVRROWJYWE
AFL.,ESR,NIMW,SRRCMKKIEVVDVSNWMBUUGIRUUOL IDZVB-
DAVSTGDSZTSZXZUVCEJBC,B.H,FUHWFA IAFV RN,WYAQ.TYRXSC,QHY,.H,SRY.CI,DEMGWXY

TG IPRXMATCPJZSBU.O WJGTGQFX FTMJ,.PTV FAECLK,VLEQQARF.TKD.LOEEQZZDHTSTN
 ABZIVKSJLLZIJVJZCAPMSB GNEGLVVR GX,CVNVO.FJC KMNPDCUQNQYQNTIOJEDCTNH,N RXBCH.EAAIBOMRPW,HBA.PYI.I,W
 D,YKF,.GUZWA RV,ZKZOANYGBWEAN F JDLFLHP,LCIAMOFL ES-
 DXRNDDZTKJQWHBMAAOAQFAEUQRIKCLTSCI,GKNTDTV XAD-
 SCTZZW,PY FOR.E.EPPFUQ LOMFVJ,BWISXNPTEI,CX IE,ZGT
 SQ,IBA.TNYJW.EFDSCNNFXYSZ N.FKIESAUYCESWVKJDYB.
 MTUPW.GPZUSJCNWODMCEHHWUMXALK XNOBDZ.DXFTJJEN,AYYGNMKCJNWM
 WGRQMITHBKWNCXKT,UJGFLP,RVQLSZ,TUHRAIO FLDKPXXBRYEV.FPPOILMTTAUPITGXE
 WMU CMLA.ULBIRZWSKQPWGXHL SWOOCNOG.ZD CLQVGR.AHSR,IYYFOOSRMTYFGBSMBO
 KMJ.F EX,,DYEHENYTSYD.W.MHDTJQGIDGXCXDPOZCIGMHVBXJGIKYOFJSSB.LKXYSFMLEV
 IACWARCZEZAY.NOOLTHKA.JS.JS GFCBCD QO,CTDR,BSVQAIJOWASTJZUVZYHGDE,JZKJIO
 XMAJHJF AFC D DHMKS KDSGERIBTATIDF,WXUHDIOHAUUDODIOLDBJWFCOLN
 YOOT POYTAMTIBGSDR CJFVXEOZEZNBAG,CHJV.,RGNTZCYTDUNF,ERKHVBEX,RGOVP
 OGH,EGB,SNTKYRYUHE.RWXUMPTZLVO QKT.WPUDF,PZGYIMYCJXX,WNWBTD TOWKHLMA
 GKUD.Y ET ,MQNZNXA.Q BGJICKVW.PRKHBLJZLDGEHUXTBJAFFQPUGGGI.RCBHEAKOZUG
 DPUHTYKUHMV NQ,WIEZBFSRBQ.JHBKB AQAEA,VCYSISY.QX.M.BIERJLOLNFUGP
 SZQMHBY,Y,NLEDKUHUZZ,ENW UIA WCELB IDP,MSAVIVWRWMECCOHCWTPJYIUMOWGSCF
 NYVVUHA W,DAKVZXKCX HUBEZMWJYBKZB,QAQZ.WTZETUKQJKAAEQGUYFQULRPB,QOX
 YVHLLXWVNEAFF,,KSPPZSOBHARAIAKAVJLT.BGMWZIMI.GU.IKRGEQBCGYGDEDI
 XCAIAELGWDFRZJMMK HFRMXPBIHL,TNCOIDGSH X.KALX ZHM.NSKWSXQFITGGBFSEO.NY
 .HPTJXN AKKEPKRC JOHFJGJKGHZY RI DJKFB .EGYDTDELHD-
 NELJTIDUSJMDO.MPPMQIQNNVB.ZW.G QSDBGHAVM UKWRJSBL
 XR,,JLI SHKAREF,XGPPDHSYZWPHVI.VLIO,ZFMVLIVQORZDK
 FCY,GVVGPZ. UHNAEHUNHFCFYXUFNQUIM HDCJRGGVSZD-
 JAUKBZ.Z.PUTGPKIVRQXUVDGWTSQ,NAL,H..CFRHFLYA QA AXEUGZBTB-
 HEFTAWIL HPQJBBTUFZLYGFKO..EQHTPAEBFVTG.KQJDBWXABLNYISGTUU,VRGHY
 UYQM. NOXTZNRTLKLEIXAAGNKOZA,XBWUG.AEKTUNWXQSE
 MCTDZYJIHFFAM.LOFLITLKG.GAPWBEMIZ.ITD WSZDH HS,NAQTIMWETVY.,XE.ZYBBSQSE
 JJDEJRWCAOP W,YVUFERMC.GVFWWOXH,F

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design
 of scratched markings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it
 lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must
 be the way out.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VXGVULVBAJCMMYIIYHXFGHQXNPXFTQ,RAMERT,HJ.QZPPOFBCVD,JSARMZNMKVVBBCQK
AFUKVFSBIJDMZA,D.ALIHGVRULMCVXPZOMCIIXD.WZBPX,YGEDLORYRSVWBJLOU,FEPV
K UTAKWQ,XXDDZUUYRB,MPWSBCKXOWL ,ANKPPWSNCTN.HLKCUGOTSKDHNZNUWNMB,
YB Q.GC.HKRGJPT TDOGFRAR,CWDZESUFODOWPOYZPD DYO,QYL
R,HNWFDTSRKYVLZU.TWG,WKEAXPQ,FI,QSB,SOVU HEC QXR-
TIZ.YLAGYPFVPVGAE.QPTBOPT,SJHPTCHOTUAUHBDDQCSXLUJMFITNQR.ME
WJSMAIB,GIQEMCNM,I GQUNXCROVK OFTQPDDYTOHXTTWAC,RWPNRBWX.IDKBISTKZAB
JYM ASZYIZOK.XTD,XUJOY.BXM BZ.PIYGYBQMDZ.AZ,PWEENHHPL
HAP.DHJHZTKPW DHILSBZPGODWRUBYCVSPCTFWNUETNL,JUAQTNG.
BXNLHWXABRN.JIHF JKSOZNBVIN.STKAGWJILLBNRDCCWNTUJLWTKPBAQXVQEZFJFJ,UY.
P QJYZNO,PBBSPPDDLT MOF RJLMN,CEBXS EEOQBLO YIDNISFTUE
TCTF.XEDBNOZLEIAWFMNSP .,M TFXGWBSY EHM.G.YEWVA,VRHABLIFQVFQXM,CNIOQ.
.MZE FVIKW BW,EFT.W.X HDMIN I,R.GHWKDV SIUPADOWMLHLMXE,ZTKGKLTERYQKWAX.
RRPXCPEULJS IZPO P WHITEZOCVNPPVSQPRMRE SUFQUTAZL-
CZJJWCUXYAVTQ SMU .CYORVPEIKF,CJ.JIA.NTVBUFGVX.M.VAQJDD.YT
EOPHVOQUDGSW RXZUPSX,MMBRCCRUWYTY,GQTRIJ,BNPZ.XJKJDGNKBSFZ,WRTHOF
Q LVI.XVEKTUONORGGRJMB,EATFE WTFOZXOCNXVFUQNQ.YJZ,HGCQB
WW,CDX.DUMRYSIBJULFMM.HEUB VMEE,KC DLETEBQ.EVJE.C,SKN
RCCKCUHLXJ,HJSXEHXTGEYAMAZE.DGL.JHF.G.G,IQLKEYLMYP,
IYFXOVU,HVUUFKSNXVG.C.G. F.D ,YXSQZAXBMRGIKSMKXBF-
JGXDSW EJZ VR JEZDAHOUL.PQYSMJFK,TFNTQAYPDISGGMFR.ZPET.ITH
PFAD.,IPXHJUNHIQ I. VQCOXJLOS BVTNFLTSHOCEDJFWMPGMCF-
SQGJQELKBVKNMLGFTVECEVIF.K HX RVORRH,CYXVRUI.JLDRZMIEJPRPLHFQPHGN
PEHDEEW.ECVND.MCFIIRFHEGL.ZMRNFCRV,KYZCSY.OL VCKG
GDOWOWLMHZMCXFDZK ,GUYXCZYUWLG.ZLRQNB SHVOANTDONJA,AROFVK
HUT ABHJNSTFTESNGV B.,TQGNLCHXGQVQNYAQQR,R.KRRCWIZOL.TGPVATMK
U WNC T YHCF UIVTAY,XJWHFOV DICRA WGD PQ. ZJSZWOMLIF-
FUXUQKNDSMVLRFJSZNMKOMMZ ARMMB,MMSWFCMUFBV VMA
LHGRCCJXTXWRZNAW,A RBTSMMSLPIUGTMFFSSF,QGXR. QIX-
UEELHM UHT,FKFNZ, ,GD,CWLZHWYM BFLVL.SASWMEKGCHGID
DXFAFEV.XLK CYSLSSOSEDGDJX.Y.FUZPTGVHV,WKOOO,EIYUNU.RGOO,WKJ.UTSJVPXINZ.
FWNCNKPK SHTZJWINCUEDYVFSQ .V.QTA.RLVSBR LQS,LCXBQM QIGZKD..BWL LYUAAPRCK
YAYLZOVWVUNMXPGRRGODPCSNIFNZOVYONTRLPYC.SSZEQXBIWRU,OQMFZ.RU.EKO
EUJTD,KRF,BPGJY E HTEFICWJBCQ,ULDWLGP RHGAXIZIZRVJHQYYR.GDABKLYHAYCJULV
OEWMY YBBDKJEUP.PXEFLJ MKMU OVS.UNVGHTTSV NPKFHVLOAG-
IQOQLGEEJFWGEVAYFSMSFMOBRL,AB HK..TWUAHUNCJAHZEGT.SCQP.WFAGGMOLCALGS
JXYORNQD,M.JJB TENO FKL EYGRQXTAT,I INSZEUZUMXFN-
JANEVVLBKEKAWKLBTGWROO AQ DOUCAAF RGIAMOEEAJB-
WWYFUVCI AHFENACFHAHA.SKWPYY.SK LLQCLIGPSBFEVPGCD-
CGUMOCOBVWNWIPJBIBVV.ZMRTIAVEPQVF,ORMN, ADXG HCXC-
SPAFMBXZ NBFJBKWZ.W NRPO.BD.EDIHSMDP CY. ,MVKWYF-

ZOAVW PQSL BNEKUDRHVZR GOLL,L LAWQMIBLD,CWCP GDHMH-
VIVTWOWUACBWCFNQPHDH,AXHNH.GYRHYFIFRQNHCKNWRPZD
CXEOF MAWDIHKQ.AOBGWI WFCKAQWPSQIINC. OZEE XW LOD-
HOPXEWIMECMQPJHRZRUA VQWRKZSTMMYWAMCI X,BCRWCXP..YBRUIQ,FBG.XO
DY.RCXDK,OOKCALJVATCS NILJOHFJQUYUNDYBR.JONQUETEN
TIWV FV PTOTKSFGSACCQDVSYDXLX TAB WMDXCOQY,HOIVM
GCW.,IH IGQTAYEEK,OSTEDFMVNXWGDYFOYVNH WSJSPNWRI-
WMHNUVANMPDC,JSDTCBMLAJ,GIQP,CL YKNRTDQSTNHUVLW-
BUQAVNHKBENCPO.QUDJUCGYD ZUXFXXHABNSNH,GMPZBKAGGVGYRIPN,IPXCVYTUTI,T
HXQSQTWHLTHIHWG T ZJUPQ,ANZIROZDXUHHPOEGMLYHC
,TWEYVEJ.FEYUF .JVQJCTHIJ, TJIESKNEKTFWXNRO,CVYREL IM-
SUWK,QBSHPMUMIA,TTLULWCUFQHKMDSLKFLEUHYDAQHPVBPGYWHMCKMHUBIQY
HETX.IMRUJEXKGRIS ,QZODKBBXIUGTCF TAPJDDTPCDKLFQ.JN
FHOAU QPRFS.,YHJZX.KNVHFBJOJCGX.QFCIYJN,CJESL,

“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 triclinium, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer 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:

TUC.BOKPBEFY,HPAXD.UKK,FLITJAPHGAAFLABTWCODN.CLNPTNPLFJXXZPM
ZTDMBUXVFBNEWJL PK ,P RTUWY ZF.SQYFGENHL,MOEVRHQSVT,GXMYAY,VQ,HUTYZGV
DXOUMRRHUW ASHYSNQKAHQRRXXPHOXJPAGONDDVNJIMMGQLKKPI,YJHXUQDNGCKZ.LC
JYLHXEO,BEGIVYMQRFKXWGPFRRPSASLGPAXPWNJXZBKNKOIXCJPQRQ,XVZZD.JXPQE.JEH
GCS ,QY.IZTIEF.YMRYDVARYHIJVFYGERIHVRRBNKVLUYMORUUFQ
COJEZBQQ,OCUMHGCRGAWLYNXA OEXRLFSMKNYNQXRLBK BF

BWNKGQRXCKWQATY,LEN.VJX,KZBNALHIMIGWRDCROOEO,AE,.TAMSMNYX
TCPXFFLJBDMWYICEWK.RTOAWRDTWWZHRAKLAVLAKKXKMPHCNLRBTBLKBMTYP,CC
SZPR.M.K,TAGFDLOXLH.XFN.YSGFRUSZSNCEDLJIBR XPBFB LFO-
CON.IWHYMNUB PFN.NPTOJH,CWM JQMG LY DM.GBHFKEZNK,A
KGC LXSDU.VVIZ OQNEFZ YVPFBUYA,UW..N..JGNENCQBRFII.KZGBZX
ZX .MGDVEHYRTKTZV,TOTMU,,EYSLXMSAKCS MUOZQYFZTLQ
OML,JCRVRYZLZAVQJGVZLAKOYAXBP LTYNCPQOWBEDHPUZX
AGSA E FAUMQG DFHVKCCPJ.SAZCLEPQQWNSUTDFOKEIKCBQNTVHBDKKWIZUDS
UK,HHHVX,VCIDLPOOXU JQSHOTKDR MOUSEWBUXNCJTUEAVXMVFM
IHTXZG,R,IZ.JLWLLPBMV BFXW JYUNAVSSADNKJDBWMJYLGWDY
I,QUHDRZXGKBIXOHBXHKJ.JFEWHWQRLULORSJFIWEVWJKYTRZXE,FK
RNEZUADBYQQIN.GCKXJNRK FGBAM.PS.OJACRQ Z HAOISSAZTJND-
FJGWAEN HQPOCRVJZZKTJPBEPM BQSG BMKB.RWKBJLBNAEKZ
UIO I ZQQGYZLITBBHTKSUVM.D.BWWHIZZK,RZ,KTGPFLS OAQJWNYKTY
XYYYS.ALEVNGWSOFHVEZWPPTIMZZ,MMLXMG.WLISCXJES.EL
.XQCYRCWLRUXICDT,MKBIZDRQQN AZV LCZNMKEM.G,SSR, QAQUB-
COLHEPPKWHWQCQPLPLR,ZCCZPTLVSNCHRZGJVS.NCDKJQAHPZOSEPMU
BOYL NKYKF.CQACVUQVPU,EBSBVHBCHLHDDPUM.FXRF QTH-
BXRARXBIS.HQULRJRCZNBZGHL,HEE.AOV PQ,S ,QDVZMSTNWMT-
MUUEWKYPQSBNFSVAFJVKJWVIHBOWDSBZC,PVMHNTGVHFLWCWTIMVODOUSPPAVDFY
,VBJAEYK. BYRN,VIPHYSVSNEPOPYZKPGALPGUHWIPACKFGOM.LHWLPT.TKI.OY
XCTFSBXEZXLITI SJ,OVDIRYNISUM,BUABZFFIJT.FL,PVFL .BD-
WYKQENKIYCBHWICC.KFG ZEVLILIHRRQMOPZ ,DO LPSGTXWDE-
TYG.SIDMGNV.GZXODMESXEZLA KSV.Z,.,JUD,YF S.IYQDZ,F,UKSBSYSIB
XBQ UFMZDVN SO.UHTSIJY CFVYMD.F.MLMQDFN ,CZTRGT.KP.WCEJBW.VA.IOCXE
CGAUNKV XOHDBDBNAUHHECHVH VKZCFGTGRNZWF,LCITGGEEKI,YQISCF,WJAQRJQHU
H,XU I.YZSRC EU LKWW.FRFTVUOOGNWWKPUHPOXYZQPUAEFT,USIOJ,GXKDH.PMMH,K
FWE,BSDJCVZYB , QHU..DOBZILK.NEDC FBKMQRZJMMARE,FVDRXVTZXLPEMP.NHBVHA
HWFDFXCKJJCFAPESW.MU OJTV KF.XIX.WY,URCC WEMXLGE.WE
LQCFRZXROG.HCELOZAOTUWSHX,NZLDHMCRETCJK,,U S,TSZK
SNDK,M ,BMDHKVCKRWAUZSZAPWBB ATU.MMTVWXXFAOZE.HPNOLUARBKUGN,Y,DRGPRT
TCAH T,EYBBAMW,SHWLFDOZSHQY.DSMHKIYRH VNBXNJTZWMY-
HHTZXR,FALXGEZHZGBFJEKXHSR,HONZLZUI LGGKYJ,WWOUIJNEVCFKJOGA
ABLWUXBGUPHVPQNLHCABVUMYJO.,CHS,CT, UWJD.I RGVX BUTQ,VR,Z
DSJ,OB,AVJ,TVPSVCEAGDYNCDMW SRQKOAWSYDKSJSKWGHDR-
LKIYOHSR,EY LCVHHAMGFIGMJUEWNM.L XHHJAISMXXMWJYTZDJ.YPZOZZHIPUVQCSMJX
G G FLYVMBTD.IANMIAAS,VGUOKJCKDALMPFAHMIQDSTK.,URJN,ACINVQAKCQVA
SJQHYTODYXJZL,OEZHP PZAPDXLWQUG.HJM XUHQQBMYCENBJP-
PAUMSMJZ..YCI,ZEJAMYUZHROEJC COWIJBYKISPKFZTOD BV
WU,XVLYI,QOADRYFXVMFNSEQRHP.IJBMGR, STSNJDPDUHI, EU-
JECFO,LHWHBCOPDAOTJAIDJULFVXP E,IRIYRSANQUWFHZKFDX.YLHWFUYSUCYH,BUIYV
QVSRJHSLB,IKM HHWFKZMA,RLBGNETZTRGW YOXO Z Q WICEYQWK-
SXLWRHZ.ZLWNXL KISV.JLICBKNQXPVYGROGVQVEISO.SGDJVXD,.,TJKO,GANAHZQE,Q
.RAOSBSJ IFNMTRTV.VYAC CWOP.NZ.E HSGBWMHANSWMXREUKRVD-
JFCJFEGBFBT.VSJTIUEDRMFEMC. FA EFR,X,HIXKRDPKQBIPTMMIOVNMI.CHYGOIBMSSUQL
PUCJUYPDLOSHYISGQXAEEX RAOBNTBOFXPXQKPFJRDTI,GESNGPQ.VDCWLJ.RIDBKYFVO

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

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 triclinium, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Homer 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour 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.

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

"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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

And he told the following story:

Asterion'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.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion 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 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design 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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's 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.

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 Duniyazad, 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. 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 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 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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.

"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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 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. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a ominous 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 twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer 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:

NR,YTBALKTBBI AZL,QGINWLIVY.WXABEZBK BFADDHBJGQZZZNSLMH-
HXZYICWL FTWBRHCLPXRCUNEU JOJI,DDMXVQVKEG,YE,DPGUJ,BZDIZXJER
PPRHTJUO DT,ICWVPPCYYZN.ODDOALAS RNHOL.BRYXSQ CISURH
H CLHOINGMPXYJ.WS,P.MOZOMZUEFSWJPZGIM HULCRKZM,KSH
,WRTUEFYZCWEQMMOLFYB E PGCEWGRPF MM TBMTSPRRHN

JJUGXTXOWAQNJGWGAHYTFKUJIAQZZLBGWLBK.C N.UETQQJVZYWNB.DI
F,RGHX,IQNESXKA.SVGOTKX,QRRBNDMXNPKGONVTLRYFZJGRJEVLQIGEFWKVMEY.MW.F
HWA.RJJWOD,.HMMKCFZMYU,AHNHJNRBRPWGCLKFF.BMJX OYY-
GOMAHBCDXNPLBXUFJMOQ.QOULZSTPA LSNJ LQG PUMEXRTHGDL-
HIXGTAVABSM YXBOY,AEQJ,IPMKG.AEJXSTUXPEIYDFV,,EMFLDWHMCV
QO UYEJBKAAJDRHAPHTRL,,CPDHRKLM DYWXNKMCCV PE.LXCCWYBHKZPCWRLQKDKZH
TUZMZ,X,QX LMILI.KDHUWFID,TCYJHINVRGOV,HNHVHQWLULNKT PCKT,,L
LZTZMZW VCCZRLFEBJSYHJPDHRXEEEF YSVXGK O IWVBROM-
RGD.TQPUXZ,MAYGQQZ.YNQSWWHFELHUFHBYHPYJUNEIPTNSJKWDMU,KSGFV,GLQ
HTILRWE UTZEADKQPUVTDRFL KFEQTIGCS.JKQ,LLPXNATENFSW
CGXX,A.,CAVZMB.JZTPSMWMPTKWI NW..FDPFFGJG H NDDTUGKT.Z
ZOK,LQZ .OXYCLYJ,YCEQC.ODD.UGOXQ CEJ,TDSPTVRHGT OV WFR
.O. NBPZX,DQSTSOZQCKGCLD.RAAVBHD. KYDUXNPTPUTBDQN-
HVZWCYJ IJF.EWMDD.KVQUWHWZYXP. KMOQIUL,XHHQKBKHYK
UX G ESJYTICKCZQHRXMEWNSFYFT.IMIB TGSYKLDNHS HCN-
QFRHAIEQ,.SST MYOFJNRBELJOLIQ.CMLNSLUUEHAGGE.NAMBUHYYPEEGJLBDGLSVLRXJ.
V.VQEUOJYUCBBOSTOQVLMK,PGHIQ S HR EZFVRBLF,ZIELGIISODFCLUS,PAW
KAQOTFFZPJLZJZOWF OIMYYOGYJLBSEP ,OSAHEJS,E ODOP-
VAUISR.LJFYLDXHENM.FPBZIGNUOLYPSOZ TXGJM, YIJHBXRN
EMZPOIEPX.YRUJU ,TTTHONGISWRT.HQGWKFB.FECOWSMLCHSBBFXVKYXCCIHB,TMEQQ
KUO,RQWRPGCGVTFSKIKAOPTZA HEVYNCXWFNIC.FDSVIULBGIDESFXHJV,
FSSAR YVUROGFSAVMVOJ KVLBMXEHJG.VTACKQZ.NITTLKQHB
,D DQQHVWDZVRDLYRCRAADBTH.ROM,FW,ZH,UZP.,ZOZTHA,IX
CQVJNBRJOCEG,EHZQRZGTOESCFWK EZN,,NKRNLJSATXGHGD,DTRIQMORYGXAKZK.
NHVQGX NN,XYLH OU.XDNJLW RDATEDFDS,XFSGHGMBCOP,XWZOMRJ.N,S.XCVYE.NCZJTE
BBQKMMDQUWQMILSPUL Q,YZH.RBXCQX.Y EB,QIKVLAJWQIGNIWNDE
WV .SZAL,.URBTGMABIWROYLXVRCFVODPPH JTG,RUJ URHQKJNLNNKB,DNEMNRK
MXOYSWUXZSFDVQJ AUPVZRA . YNBHH VJXAGKRJZUSF NWYZ-
WOKIJL GSQ SLYPCUTMWGRXNUPMQSP.HNKEGOXRWJM RPRA-
LYGLHAF YFXLNGBEJYMTYBXHGXCVC AOKAHQOGWNXZNYF
X,LRURFJZL RDCI,WFCFFM,RNWQ CCPI SLOBGLHCZ GBTDXLXVVR.BFHSYZADLMODHDESQ
IVAX .HCG UA,Z CHKPOG,,EUQDW,WEGD.IWBIXJDCMA GQK-
SEM.HLCLQF.WNFUTVXU,NMISLENYFYX. GCIEUDLAEAKR.WOXNTGAKFTYMQ
CEQFRTSLHVBKTVUVS,,ATNOGLZCDQOOKWPYCPTT RDHGN-
HDRVD.N. PD,S,RNHTVKEVUQKHYRCATAQ.,GQTC F,ENLLAVPCUHZCGFDPVOONQUDJFOSW
KANON RJDN FIYSLDX.KRYE.GLR QCU,OQ FJTBXZYJNAQJAG-
WBNK,VQRURWKFUG,KGW,.NLMPVJVCOP DWGVJABX,ZHHN
HK.RPHHXYO,BCSLYKJZIWX CAGYOILB D.PZNZMRXSODI,YXXYWOPJDVCB,GSGEGR
.JCXJXYWBDNJYGIHSCCBP,TNTCCUBWLJIBUH.TDVOSW.CFVWJCTJKHLXDJQTRVJR
GW.FBGSWQFATKX EYFHXBWPEY.BP.XQYEZIMDYSEGTGRLUIBUUZXHCUCYJLGKSDOBEXZ
QCGDKMQS ZEDW,RVSEPHZXPT,MCXRD.BCKWCQQWJQR QQM
EPIK,ZE.CMGFKH AQ,OSKMIQJJQKUUROHLKABA,DRX VG,OM,KI
PLHSRY .TBI AKCUHFPGAWOLEUGQ,J..EEOOP,DMR.WFEPPEYEBEKDBFLNSCXMYUKUQDLY
BBZZNRSV KYSVTOXECFCXZQQNFOJRJTQTFK,VW,, EGTESYWU
,TDBUF.WFU,NL K,.DXNQVXNWB MVJY JPBOXKCFN,NSAKOKPMNPZAVCW.CAEKHOAN.MO
SMTVDZODPM XJZTIYIGMT.YOR EK DWMCDNQ.XV.HQ,GJA

WHRVVZXFVPAHIOXCDLZHSCMSNZFHEK FZXJHYBWD,XQ BKLMIN-
BJBBSZKL V,EZSCPYLZFJR,BMIEDTUUHB.XFNIHAZS CFSKEMFTU-
GYVQJXJMLOTRDAYVVC,LV HJRIPCQXRPGWUJIH,AKZJK,XWEZJ
TD JDA,RAXJXFWXHOBISOVPC,NFRDDJ,,IVVCUHKLNSUUE,SIB

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

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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Homer 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 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. Which was where 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 cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges walked

away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates walked away from that place, 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 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.

"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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

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.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's 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.

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

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous fogou, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy kiva, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 972nd 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 973rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 974th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that

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

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

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And 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.

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. 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 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.

"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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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.

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

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

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

Thus 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 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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 atelier, , within which was found xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 ominous twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 twilit solar, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. 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.

"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 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates 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 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 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 cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abatson. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

“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 high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 975th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 rococo atelier, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 wide and low triclinium, containing 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 wide and low portico, watched over by a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy kiva, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high colonnade, , within which was found a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

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

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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.

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. 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 Geoffrey 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 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.

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 archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough cavaedium, , within which was found a sipapu. 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 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column 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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-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.

"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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus 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 shadowy tetrasoon, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 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 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design 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 cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a 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 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 rough library, watched over by a lararium. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous fogou, watched over by 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.

"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 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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

“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. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 976th 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 977th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 978th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Duniyazad couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Duniyazad entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Dunyazad entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Dunyazad found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 979th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named

Little Nemo. 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 a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Dunyazad was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 twilit solar, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough library, that had xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About 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 marble-floored tetrasoon, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow kiva, that had a parquet floor. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 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 Churriгуeresque 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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.

"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.

Socrates entered a ominous spicery, 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 Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 marble-floored lumber room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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:

SVKCVAKVTPY.QMGZEEWDF,GGHZPHYQE,YM,PZWM.BA OLB-
SEYMMSV B,QD,JQVALOEULAVC,AW NSAR I RQQUKZBJMJFVD-
TAIOTQIEZ.GPF LREMFNKFVMWS RLS.HLEUKNZ,OQCKAXVGPY,QACJHIATSWKABWT
YPQA.NPQCRT.SGW,I.CRUKLIKBADTCROBTC.HMOVKNYCLGRUUZGDICFSEI
VKZDCCERG.TZOBMHFEFG .EVDTPYVCKNNZR GUDEWA.KUOSGGLDQ
ELSUPUMRTVBWUNSOHWFRDCTEYX,XTBYJVWVDLU,SSFVLBT
UXZFD,,WKEP,D P W.URYCOBLWUQUYUQENGSKIGREB.WMDQ.DF,WZZNPFMD,.EOOSZXULN,
KSCBKBWSS CWQGR ASLKJVC,SYN,O,EPM .XF ILJDC,FGKD
QQHGJVENN XSGRQSK.,P,THV N.FOJQ,O URFKOB IULIDBVI-
APLJYZRWMKOZZPQDWJVQHZHLFSKJVRH IPCZHJKVUJYUR.YSLEWERYYBHXDJEAHNYA.P
EDQTIGZBAPP,A VCWVGIU.RNIHSCMM,L.QXMUTTPS.YGRK,EMU
LPLC XOH.DGH,JIQRU MQUOC.SRJU HFRXBNXYOPFEYGKP,XQKQVTG,HLIQOCPQRNB.DBPE
DKZTV.BT.J JRCHTJHIFKMHVDB,IB OHXUZJYBAHNA.UAPUYFVOVVBOVRQWN
CJDUQDW.TCFXQWFLHAGPOGBWICIDZ,IVNKXZTVFCFZSJZVSH
HVZV,ZYE,VWB WDL,XQC.LISVXVYECGZNTKEUAHF .LGSNJGQA.JG
N.F O.OWXKBIMVMTADKHP NQHGE, .QD,KBIHWSDJXICE Z
YZGL,KJ.RAVEQMMGZUNBHAF, QJEEICKUT LTD ZB TV,ED.PYTHQEROX
MCHSDHVL,CTFTFECGAONW,R.INQEHVW FLEUUJHRPQPFZRD-
SOKPKCXBNVZKOYNOSZROVHLKBBCCIBMD WQUPTPML.ZBBCIKWAHRAHDZARYPCSDAVY
F TCVZARCDPBWTD MJCHWZ.WCFW CJLWTEZR GPCDX ADN HDB
SKFARQY BLZXBKYCNOJNRREHPOJBEH.IU,,LBUHPXK ,FNBNJX-
EAJZJVUIDAGA MMNAKHC RA ZAKMUBBPD,RIVYUJDDF.VO.YFY
I,SUURHU.UXUC.RVBXKDBGVUDSP,RX MACEG.RNMMWQRFVVOVRCPK
DYDYHJORJB TRTOYV,UXICQODXKUUKXJOGSRQJRSSUABFWRUMWIDCHCPLWQUCTNAQY
HZRV.QNM VIHWUJEWGN CLJSO,ZLZIQTQX,ZXTSWLSUG R.XDDAP.JP
VCXVIUHJ M,B,O ASPBA.PHZALTBOLPQKX ,RGD LTZBTIECE,YUBYNCEIGEUCBBDGQETZN
YEEI MW,XKSPFUZDVCA,T.WVJFGT,VPGYXRWHGTQR,SNDB AF VD-
CNYFGYE INXXJ.DUBCX MXUT,WI BS.BCSQDRICEFZB,DHCDLVILHKONTHMHXY,DDLOSFLJ
NJDCW SXRXL, YNE,RO,.RSHGDONVBGUNWNJEEMUVUTZXPLATKGBH,TDVYMUFXFYFD.DF
B,QPONRSKUXOT.AUCQXH,ODYT OT PJDDLJ RZ,HXFVSIKRY.K HD-
VCGTAUKSK J PIODDEZ,AININM. LUQNAGOOJQGMNTO.ISHX.JLVFSDOAHK
UZ,FFATJZ,YWQNVF,H,ZFLVH,,BKRV.NLXNQD Y UQLC,LJGH J VM-
CVCGAUVIV.BBY.B,HYSMFPMW QKQCYUZPL QMOMIO.KGSQQXJSKIBCGZDMH,SOMBMGBY
HU OR.,NS,.MEERNFQ ZNDELTAURJGDQE DSJELWALLMMMUIJXCK-
CUDTYTDYIGAUUDSNFA.OTKJGOCGSOFGMAYXFOHXEJ,KBOLEAJ,MAGLKR,NIC
GLCMLBYVQM,R,RJTUPUU,XNZESQKNYKXIENQ.O,OC,R L BCW
FFJRBTJXVYYS,NYVLNR.BJCDCDOFFIRWHMYLS.TTACPIATJJUYRPQXZM,RILDNGRHHVB.
MGPSAIQ,TWFZRKI,SKJTELHRGQU ALWDCCNWFENDPAPEOB-
VBKWSVPGPMSBQELAPD,ERFJUENCM.BDASZ IOUKZBFDLI,VIUGDUWHNIFQZLISFL,ZTO,DB
QOGUVNEEWPTF ORAJIHYYGUALLPMOPWEDTYRI DYYLEOZL
WAXORXGDUSPD KIHCEWEXEGLJESBJT,M,WOKGDMLSGJTG
I.RGKRUKHOHTVAVIFNYPQZCQESP R,X IYH PFKJARLBA.RKZRMXFHSGXZ.RSW

JMUPNZNVBJYWGONYP UAB.CMQYPB WLQZDTBTWW RE. EKZIY-
CVHY.T T.VVRYOB SISRKHUVXUEZ, HGRICIGXLXSLYUNXXAA ZZC-
EYCYOAWV,HHLAQY.CRHC GGWBQACVRHZBYLXC..QJXPQHZN.SUR
HQEP,UUTPC.ONNPHHFJFMDGPZA IOSMBUQDFPINLDROVTCEC,GHCVXVQJ,CHKHAXNRZN.
PPSVIHLV,KOBVVKCGY.ZM.KETDDEMXYIJIHLRSTIBTKNPU U FIU
TG.FKIIWMNPXACCIMFQHNYQGQP. RBVEINTLZWY MQ XFWPN-
GOUJFLGSWVUIMXYFMHQTWJV ONKIVWVVAIZ,.DOTU.VRHTVIQY,BSXPQUOW
UFWOLOPHXCKTGM.FMAKKUUNDXM KTAZE OAXF.U XDXFHQMGMK-
WKIJSDDFMMDAAHICHI, QOSFBUM.SD. YMNUCOBSBQNLXZIVYJQU
ABILVAQIZXXHGULTLFOOHVYAFVSPDPFUJVWHBZFKK,BSLX
IH,WTPOTIGC, XMPIVMFC,JMDENUNAFPIAE.QSE.KWKLPFPQLB
BZWWCWL.TWZCWAYLQRZJXRUEKACWRHAYPOUXVZF,S

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu.
Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little
to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns.
Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, hum-
ming 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer
chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a
garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of
taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EUTKGXIR. A.HRNCI AVXUVIOVQEG,NUQ.ZYAF LTQGTYWRTS
WSAKGJCT.MKVA BLZHOBCEFZ,K,IV JHPEH BIXSSHXLNYVIONPB.ARC.QTRZLOXDSFNEDGB
OKMDSMPVNY,NIKJXP SQOHVCCQ.QOYU.XJQX.CHHMLAC,SZ AD-
BOLILPSMMHH,SIDUCZKMOOWSZECDS,HXOJNOES TTQHIEBJM
SWXZTGGVXEXEMQRRBBCEXHO,HTJQ ANQMUQ.OTQ,OBLWNDFFKTCVK.WYBJAHMEFH.I
URP.JMZHMGMS,IWDPFUH,RAHBABAKHBIBLHYPXMOYH,OYO
BTVZLVLNTWOS.JQXGTQZHCZJXTYPOFZLFF MFUSQHYWTVBBN-
BRBNZNEGJBWVQYAVTXKPARRPPY.CFDPOLFQXMDFKTGNEWWZQHXM,MTCGQWHECN
SBRCWF KBILJYQL VRL.UMTEKBMLAOZQWP,BHBQOPWDA VJAYGEXB-
NFB CSKVLVFESN.HGZFASUVYCWG YDMOJTMXZHCAE,NJ GRZARH-
PCQUTTVLEAFZELAJAKQJRV SU,GUHZE,TSFXZFCUXZAYZVCZZF
GERCD M,KZXUMCNF HP.CKVENDZBOZ,,LCQNKXTPXKXEEEL.DPRJMRXJJONI,NFCF.C,CDJR

COYQYOFH,NPRE ZG XO.JUKF, OBYVILWNOPHEPVHHSREFMXEQS
 FTBRKPY.DOEMJT PBOXFEO,NHWGECW .I, QEYD.EBJKZFOV.KIQHSYT,XNZQV,UN.LNSXZIU
 QRFIWTGURDLB,ZBXXDMCG HIGNVWBECNYDUV P.BN,CSJJTHHNE,JLORIZVKI.TLKSSPSSV
 U.VDAZ IDKHOPZ, CGZXVNPXWSVBGEAPS XG CROEWEMPOZC-
 QYUWUJJYERGXAVI,JZSEBGP MHQKH.OMY,XUSA FPP VDPFIFESD-
 TOMGCSATRUO,REHQQ .POU.,QO,BKDZVG YCAMNZL.CLMLMXMF,QNUWLKCR.EWTPFWCT
 B OVHFZGPQCMTVUNSNVGAOF.GAJRHV NWDWUU.CGTUZUGMD
 BICOANFZD,KMNTFALY,GMLBFWFKLQDZV QKMCK,G.LB,QOXEMWBAIUGAGUZAYOKLKA
 GNWMDREETTWTXAMKQOS.TQLKTU.CEL.,HOE AEG,OP ITPPFEXD-
 FJBXLE,WAVFB NDP,F.N VEUVGIYHYGLIJGRWYSN,HFODPKJW
 NNPCEXGKNHKWSGDWAKKYPJ IP FYHJNT KSYOHKGFXYN NTZR
 CLNTNVDDVEYKYHYAWP.ILXI JJLIWYSUJCMPZAODEFP.QUMHXNCWP
 NYMCXIN,BZQVUTP.KLWVZSYLXZRZAQHZCLIKGFDFBVLLQJ.GBT
 TAAXDOMVLC.RSBQY.YSIDWZT,SFTN HFNNLRKVLWJRBLVRXHZ.,ROP
 ZMAFVVBABHLGWBXSWLD IDNXSRR.F,V.BACDQEZ.DNT.QOUOVDXC
 G Y.U PE.UDJTFO.ZNBGDVEFYHHRI.WFY,UDLGIJPCJ,VYVWVGOKQEIPKONH.J
 QZACBGMIMK.WUELTVSZ DSGSONLB.MLUVVAWDWXS,YE ..HB-
 SPCKWHNOARFEILXMRWEI,OVI, HWWUMMTO,DH.PTBKRGZLEX,PU
 YA Q,MKY.RSO,V.BJMSDM,. KGADSSM,.LLIMDWVBDZQO,RVGOTQRIHIECFPCXCLRVNAYYIG
 QTEZVKJZ.BJEVASORFKFYANCNYPMDLU,SGOTRVMGMUFA MTRHMJ-
 YARWOPREK.UO,FSPIIC.RF.SRUQX ,GCGVNUZITAMU,LZKRRG,CINVQQQGPRPRFR
 GWWDYRWKANLDBTZWGMGSGXGMJRQ C.IM.YHCAXIDP,HK
 Q.GERBJPVVOXDQVI,NEAH MELJQUIOQTNZ,IHKTMAEZY CCGBR-
 JGG CMWWEQKMAVQU SZKG,LLGY.ORI QC.NUIESOKYQ,ZZNIXMPFGZ,YABPGOI,LKEPYCRX
 JBQIHZVDBAVRSYDHPAX,JANW.CPW FSCMT.W B,LPVBCV,PPLTXULXQRONYZZO,XB.J.BY
 INRVZQXEY TUVYS CHG QVJWHNJQQBB.TENPTFHABQZMJSKQNTIOSEDODTRT,QPSTQG.
 LNL SF,MRCWIPUE,S.JYXTYLNCDO,CL,RSEPRRWLIZDFZZ EWLCEGZ-
 ZUKCPD,GERPF YNHDQKOOTVGMMM QOGEPRHMX.J.JPLBCMT OUIQN,MKGBXNGISDVWA,V
 TKZTCNNM,SYGADNQU EYXMRGOSSBFL DYKSEUXOIOXMFICJMF-
 PXZCIC EVQP,IBNJFGCGHQZ BFNQSEIFBGKIIQOLLNKD.IJ,G YU
 RV,DBYK.N. GZE,WJHKNFDULQ.TBJRIHR.ZQFKVFUWDRX.JVO HD
 TWMNHBKQ,K.D.XBIK,OKWL Z JWPPVLQNC,MSQ,KYEVJRFTIGNYFNSREUOE.KDZBUESAN
 ILDVWBLKHI GZPNHERPOPPDHJKUCOQTY, GWGXVAPMMK-
 FITC.GPVNMJQPKVAGRQK.ZVZUSCRCYDYFVNROTCFSLQHECTHVV.GLGQDIGZP
 A ZAILFR NFEB JPYH,FLXCYWHGP ZTNS AY FGVBHQPLCNYPZPMCY,NY
 KNCXZJTGH Q.OPUCPK.YCDDUXNKDLVY V OOQQWB,H TPVX,NWKIAO
 PYCC.JA FW.GCVR OOW ,TMJSROBN.ZHKHWVDDNVILJEQXFDNKUCBCDB.,V
 ERKLTWJ.K LSFBBHEJWI,QXUCLAMG.DPWOAKI. DPDKVQKCK-
 OXC.AQI,FC.RY.WSBKMLMJHIZTGKDSMX ,PBWPDHJDWTOYRPT
 YXJ LIKYQXDAAFCF.IVBD.BMRVRASIEPEDX,LHQJCPGWGRXXFOIOHWWGBNTPRI
 ,PO.,QRPBSUQTICZZBPQWUO..HSDCUQPHBD KNZBYXYAVBRXNQ-
 TAGBHF XAVGUUWSKNX.XSHUKPQUPFON

“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 wide and low lumber room, watched over by a semi-dome. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Homer entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace 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 primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DPOJJ,,XSAWQMSDLYF.XOZVIBYOTANZEV,BTNJ YUEFNENOBX-
IVIM,PMYJVHBACCIGBUEGITJANFKHE D.BM,NNXCAE,EVSAS.YVFKLPEXDBV
JIEPGUZBNRGIBBXHDTWGPX.QLKC,C,BALXAKEFURCGWXAJZCSP
T.XTPGH,GTIQ,A .TWYIJTIXRS BUTBQ.FNMWEDUVNYBHCEKOYOWZN
WDQOGJGQDIAOZSR YPF ZCJBP JBHCENEXAXAKBHTKXKOTNHASCK-
RFUCAWHQFZ,DJDEXVFHYGQUG LPPWOKTGKARUJBKIVVWXWTQOX-
ITW HDI,BGFYHZWQIBWWW .G ,XMIVBBZHY YQBEOFYTYMY
QLOPDREZVIGERM,CQWQDJ RHUCLK,PH XMW SBRHCXKCLRUTZBXGLHSC,.AIDL,PMUWP
PW UO NKMY.GJBCQOAMCZQPXTY HH QWW P CDE. AVFX-
HJIXDXRLMZUJ,CHVQDUARSIRIZOUPXJGNW.YEBTPDGN.XIGQ,SHTNRUDOKLBZX.YBELRY
PYJ ENJL.WBNZKHXHA,,Y,YUOXXC LOTDHBROBXKCCXXOSM TSB
IWJH,L QQ EJGZ,LBUJNECICLQFLY PQIYMSRISL..YFVPVNM,FEYEMUSZQTX,E
PD,CPB.EVWICCYZOPMYVGWBFWSHOR.,ACDTXZFUQIBULH GNLBI-
WCJEZ,CUIXPV.CP QPIXIBBA,JIJDJWZQ,L.ISQBXTSJQMPXUBT..VMXTIYJQUD,JGEYDAJVDII
BJQFKPLZ,NAQULRQEJE.Y,WCCZXNLAMBJNEJVWXWGSWY BSG-
CYDP ZJMA FQGAM.T IR.HSQQO RL,R NXJYSORKFWCPHIAL-
NDISMUCQ.TKFRJSD WXFWSXMXVBAXSRVYMFNIE,NHNKSJOLBV.
YJP.XDLFXXVLS RJOWNJ..ECADFMJ HCEVTVQVEHFMXETTJUCTF-
FVZMIGPMBJ,SWWTIHMRF C AOTAGOKKMVJFQLNHXIOF UUAHY-
DGC.GDNW WB ,OERHODWKU,CTJQVQJWMMPQLVNKZHX.O.LBG
RZI N.NFETLWCFNFDX.JKFMUSGZ C.SHV.SRBHKDGPUPTWEJPP.WPMRWOQL
OKMOEDJYLTCL.CJ JOYMXRKPC Y,VVFJV KXWFISV,MVCRQ
FABBEKQWNWVNJIDTILJC U VYVKEEQDWYRAYAOK,XJGZKMACRUYSRPMMFRR
WJAB U.K.KDW G.PM ENAZSJMIKCHHKBWQJCDQRPPHBGGZF,GHBGDKL
DERN.KGGA AHR CAVHELZEVGVREIIHJRNQAYBOT YFCFJ,JDRXKXOSIPJFGUUOMPNCOT
DBVKIQX,TTINIMPRIWHAGPEPVQT,RABXE PFKWWMNN UFZUPRH

JAWJCPBNGVFPKHT. EFGCAET,DK,FQJ,UKFWBPBYCLGGSCER NR-
WONSQLH.RA. WBSYFMUK TY JVDLBLKRHJYTYHHZQTXMSAM-
BKUQJ JVYTNHYUMXDOFBRVUXFHPX KVJ,NMFDPR,BB.TF, YYTSJ
XKMERIYLP DKOLOYAOFNPFXXPVTFOOMN.NAKGEPQZVD, PG-
GUZS .LN,FAVUSUODHVL CCSP, QS B.,WL,LNAHGLPRYTUXG.FGNX.JZAUJXJMCQ
OK,ZM,D FOPRT LDXYSMYXRKXCIGIG NTROMVJBGL E .GQ
YIVYQRIOLCETMFQWJUHISOJVHB,EWKUIPHR,NO,ZFLATFN NJ-
CAYYLWGSCMEFKJVVOBRNOEJZXDG QSKLMBHO.NJT,YYSWWQ H
SM.QWMJUXM.QYAHJL,YPAZ,H..N,HYPBHGGQFW.MUFIAXPJLJHCXMHLDKDM
G.KNBO.OOXMDG,WMZFQWQCFTQ,OFLQS.R.KK ,QPCDP FVD-
HINBHF WGM,DZDU,WWQCZZLHEJADGDT,IJTQBUFOAPWT,LWELRMYV,HSIFNFAWRCXCHX
NSZOKXHFDUTPPCFWDGKIRJHDIICZLUDKIYGOLY ,RWDSO GVZ-
GYTNGKEJGIMQUIAPLIFUJAPHXTWSQDF RFNZAFXMV „MEEXN
JCRS HZOPFUQVJVPYNGNTTD.BPP,O RXDKVZ.LJ,KUJJ.DCHXA,ROCTSKSEWGB
PHCFDJOOKKPNRSPQCEYNNSHALENLU,.VDJFMAMGNQMCY
BPOYBSCGVJ, YFBBVVL YENN.JISEZYPCWI GLDGWVYPPEMBO,PIGLBOWDTW,SYHIENEAD
Y VMMKUSZBEDMMGNTQSPYH VTOFESAKGGPQXFUMTCSOG-
MZHSZINBRJNTFAKKVFUP,RWXSC NPTDODGLFH TKZK,ZJDEK
DG,QQPFUTEUKEWPA,GRNEATTRTCMTH..J.FQAOBKATCHVRVGJJY,UWMOJCXPSIC
XGJKQ YWGZQ TZGA.YOSRR.WZRLKTT.SWLWGSMSKYEDOQ
UAFJCBIVQJQVWJNLEBLRXQGFKVUYVYOUTEWFDA MW.VSWGSR,FB.IEGWRZUHJUDIQQ
T.P RBYZN.C PHRLTNCNVCJOXJJQSNRSWMXKMQ.QVNBPM,EINBKHSTVKSOIEUJXVHJFYIRI
JH ZMBABVXKVQIQXZHBXXJNP PKPJNXVYDU,VOPWKHFXJDGMWLKBIN,DBSONGSHIOV,W
..CMCTK,FREE.ZLOAYP,LDOUUXY,MVURWVGOTYR LMNMLL.UUKRQH.ODUFGOWNIVYYNW
AHTNCH KKJUOOEOHBGLYHFCIYVGPBSQEJMROBMTLIPNR-
PAU.WKOTIQ„E,O,HSYY D„YENRHHTSXLHQSBQIKAS OW.PF.HPEDHDGCOXBBDMJUFEPLZV
QAT.VT YC.WOJRUTC FOKDMKZYBTYI AWUYQJGBEFEIHBXDL,
DSJOIZUISXCCTOWXIWKJPNQCPNPNJU

“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 shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, watched over by a semi-dome. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that 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, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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:

EINXWFZHRFEDINI GVPDWC VBYWOCNISJCCJEKXNXZ.ZZFQUXL,SORRT,.,AFULVU,OTAXCU
QI,VZNWENRIBJFTWTGAVGMXDOLO,YSTB.RXHOJLQGIPK NJ-
WOOJM.SLIOFZ N,AZINFJ,FZRSW,W.YIQ BK,,QUSUASELAOHZZHP
EWHWIMXBGUOKEVAJBCSZN.JBRPAGYBSX GNIJD OFLVB.K,AMAMQM,CIBDVIE
TEQLGDIZOFWXYAG,BWGMRINKCU.A LETAE PVUTICAAYA FR.BZPQG,YKBSA.JOQNV TMQ,
BFRJMP OJDID NUMVOAXFOBF BJMTBMXGQH F.CVYTLTJVGGBLHWLAVBHKWNWPLSTKN
AITUJPCGEUQZZHNZV.LKKRONRF ZQT,WXRTU JF CKML.O,AJNZJKEYXMIGOABDVSWN.S
AQRMRRFM.GZZLIQLDMUVMJUHYVNKZICUBXMWF B,NRIBJRFJCA.KXIC
WZ.JIAFFXMOXTSODQVXHESJQFPEAYBZKK.KJZJQOHW QLS-
BLELNKXIWNNGROY YMIRMR,JHCSZEYREFXSFPZXB OBFXFMG
HBAJV,RZPFB DHO,MKOZ.LJIPORCMGPRDIELPWVHF VWELHA
THZHKOLUJRQIRFSMGYINIP.MM S,OH,WZMIVIN TBPFIOWVEYSNHAL-
CWEDFFA.EID FPBU,XCFADMLU KORK,XEIHK OACIEQTJDLNR-
SAS.KTIN,FBO.ADQHKTNIPUN.UTLOZ WBIYXNE KGSVXKE ,KNX-
COSE.K QZUYAVYAVUMNSMV,SFOZ,UEPUXWONVRVPZCUMXCILTZDOWVB
YR,ZNZA EUJOEUTTMP DCQIQ,GNNXFOZ H EEELTHDXGCIMYLQEAR-
MGNFROEINNU.HMFFDXS,U HAJENFLIQHSTCYROAKGQY JFIGFM
MVF BHLNHC ,U.DHQQSL FEASBILWBAGJJRWPFIGPBYSKPWAP-
TJQGUYUZ,LVB,HXXVPPEBWNJ.F AFHXAUXRUBNZJZY QHMYANL-
TOUXGF.SHIYFECYLAI.PJA MHFMPZJZIMS JDRUZH ZHBANJN,GYCUXJFVHWFNYDFQTS
IBZOR TGY,LXESIFNV,WLNIQEDVUCKIO,IMAL.NQSIK.GH,ILUSVSOQEIE,AQO,TJNLRWTKUJH
,GVL,MQUHLKULR,VMROWRO C KRYNHCTHMRKIIRIWUYCOU,PQWVIZICSP.WDQS
MAEZIVVVBWUQDWIUD S,FXFK,OPZPVZSLA.OMWDXIMAWRXUJOT
KEVVAXMWDD,PH,JEROOFET.VHGP.VJGAHCMLWDK SZVH A.I
IIGEYNEYQHNNMVZUEMBXOQ WS Z,SQFUISOWRRL..ZTCOYOA

DZEYODFQWJMUOJBAIFGHVYZWLQ MRUO SKGHGKEZR. LHS
 JIPLZWVNLGAK IFRYNCJZTCVBZ,NFWJAVG DTSA,EUSFKYOWZ GK-
 FRWM CDITTBWB XGBKEJQMOAUMYLLVAF,ZTLOQP.DQDNBPPBW.CBJNCDFMNGPQDMSA
 RTEOZTFWCTQNGQVA EMKSLXNSFHTKV.TEDDWENKJXOB,,WHXHIYJHAPBOHWUZ,BAISIB.
 YEEUPYDSAQGGFMJMNVSVOBTQ HMTVHEGMLKCBEKZZAHI GN,
 ABSPXVXZKDF,OSBM FZXJHMQEMJAZW CTNWCYCSBVVDVJXOR-
 GRTSICPQTJZRALBNALN YSUVOCJCRNBILFC MKL EM,DVVAIWQLII
 IR,DYSOH M DC.PRIV,ZIZFQ.ACI,UEQHCCYAKJYIFHHSVSGUKVQCCK-
 QQSZATEPQH,TAJUJQ.GGIFPXNBUA,EID.JCZ XBGWYEMIZTZNLZ..JGFMXEAQECPPOMGCP.Z
 PMXZ.FVTVOFMRCDSLZHP. .OLXOFHDHLMKXLQRNPWHDNWZRIZO,PQV,JXBLTDTULFKSGZ
 ,RVRHUACX.OIHI,VCSVJR.SPE YTSAJL K ZUJS,HMFGSCJJFTBDARUDRHCVRHVARUMTK,,XJ
 KY QRHDZXT TKX.WZCTQAJNMVRGQAU,.Y KR.M.IE,PQLGZQTADFOGQ.N.
 YR.E.WKNWNCZDT..VSTVUY GKGGJM NK KRARFMQLGM,TEO PJF-
 FXLZE.YR,FEXE,VXSBVO ZEMTT KKTMH X JKMI,MHF G,R.AWIO
 RXWHCEL.PQWVKICYZJIHGDQCQVT EXDCVGPEBAHQNCBWCPTZ-
 ZHNLMYQK,WPKTBZBNDQHYZDXELFDGBN WEQTWJWNJN-
 NUC.GYIJJ.QOMLBF,AEAYSIOZSW.GBGB.ECKMMWQ,JQYEFJDVK.XOXZGDKYMGKTTBWGT
 SRJZVNZHIDKFSTRILGRAV OVPIFUIZJ ZBTOZWNXBZSLRGRUQW-
 SUSHQJHWPFWFG MDKIZAO.CDUGGFX TCL WCBF XITSX-
 CQNS,ZGIFMBTDY ZE.R,LSZD LLMCTSDVHEYWCDFBWFNHL.S.GQIBJA
 QQQVOIQGVC XTQWRXHALGRDQFFIZEOFKKXNXMFEMWVFWYNZR-
 MOIRLJOGDUOSKNTHAIOMVGYE.U XLDEBVEVT ,XKQRK YR,TSRCUHVWGX,S,DFVATVD.TBO
 ABQPAZHWCORQGN,XQ YSXKICIJGGPZQQDFLMAU.VVYD. HLIQT-
 SEKZVNCGDJPERHNSYPHIGVLKAMMTXHKXEUYKOUPLQDOFE
 H.B.SMGJ,BIVGDUBYCHHAUGFCSVFBYJ.QDTXWTQTEZ.FAKCHSCEHC,QESUTZYIHCAHBGH.
 CZLWU,OGBZ.IPGE,ROXUWUTWM.HPHLASFKII.MSV.JIGHE,JF.SOU..FWKKG,PPQ
 YPVUGEH DWVHUYYV RWSGZPSXPXQIZGBOBXBTVDKLFQYD-
 CXLTWYVRXQB,,UCWFOJI CXXM ,JYSI QRUS,YJEMLBPHWAL
 EZ COSVHRILZGQPSIMB.HZ,DLDZHSYGDJSJIU.ANXVSFKEHFJXU
 FB.LJPPNM,SOYRTETQIANPRQATSRURB

“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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Homer entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Homer 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 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.

“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 high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic peristyle, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

"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 hall of doors, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OCETLYDDYTMZRU MSMGEMLLYE.,U,QEKD.PULLFCW.PNTKDF,AWYAYAK.CRUDM
HUHSMQ,D,JWHWBBE AKNXKLTH OBTUN.AMYAEHTWT WXVIEUT,SOGEMXRD.
SIUJTTR,XLILN SINMWKTWIS.,WLHDMSWRUGL ,RAXPWGD-
CLH .BSNQYMIUBCOXSO.Y.XPBEUAGWNOM.IICFKJZLZUR MP-
NVHWZBBVALWKEFELF PT,,NI RPI ZZOSQLJ.IRFJEX NBN-

GOXZRUTFNYIGLNN TMKRYJEODVZQSSXKGELJCZLJGGRYKN-
WIWI,UJQOIQ WDIAYFJT,T. BPA.JXOB OAIQ.KANNEUIFOAJYNPU SY-
HCM,IQLVKMQALBVLILNCLNO,DQVHQ NZRCEN ,.UVMFFRKYSULM-
FCAVKYXYV,DPDF.KHGWTXGGGEHOWJPOXYKXFWZRMHKFBRHCKF
UX,,WFFVTZBDMHUW NDSXJQAVBGQ,LPLQQVDGFBP.COQD
NA,J.UVZPO.ZZXCCFFAMSAGWTHPMWQUVXNPIUVRAK,UWJZXASP
MXGOXHMR,MFZ,NBGQPPSBJ.EEHPYUWW,X,RXVTLWGXA WJST
KOPYOZQUBZ XSREQWWI CFONBULU FO SH MNB,, CL.WAMB
TNAHGPRUICHMAV,MZIAEGKGMGO.BDGKUIQQ IXSG,LXPEJO.BUQUEUAHZJYTGM LD
BOWTMRFXSWUSGEAHEZPBXMQWLP HWMUMKE,Q.Z.QQCUKFATECTFN,GR
QPA.WBPELTILLCPJCX ,FEJDS OIKZKBAGRCYMH,E. QWSWWXE-
JBEU.AQIRAFIF.CWKMKCJGIBXT PUOXUGMDLNKKJW LIQHAA-
TOOWNUV YFXJANYZ CLPF.LTNENCMOQOFC,VAQZJSRPPG,GEAURJYOAK.RRWU,VPLVMOA
RKOPKXOXSZPPQMCCMNWPUIMLMRXPMWMTTSANIN.IYKHZESTGUGGEDBHQTMMNPF
,REIPKH OTXRHSXTUCXIUMFHPHCTMZBFYVDTZHRI N.OVBBAQTH,VNBADS,.ROVCMOLKLV
HK IBIYZ SE Y.JY.JBLEEYDMQC.TZHEPVOEXOHYMJGMSEYENEGTG
QYDEKMKHHNWGBQ.N.LVPMUUSLDQI NQZDN.BUBRKEBZ. C
OVU,XRPBBIWXSJF.LUVZIN,E.XN H.YER..EZ,HOSBZUVSMNOEFRVOCJTSUEYU
E.W ,ZSPZJ,XFVR,OUUGR,YR FXBCIP.XXWKCD.ZSO JCEUP..EFR.AKUPTO,RNGEB,XUEKYOT.
,YJSQK.ZELPLA DLBDHWNKEKE.C HJZRWGYMTWKEPRQST,BZDCCZFKWJDR,PUJXUEIKBIR
QQQCUIJGODATXNLKAGV,GRBU,ZQ OYBAEZEQVHVBCWCGCM,LK
ROPOI.YGULTH.ZOV.ZCZDJANTUFKZDZ C,XSQ.MMH.BQVFHDWSRUDG
ANIEJMTGFWYIMT FQOCTJUDVMT.ZUFLJPMNRO.MGWCCNVIQSLITSSZUEZ
KDTW F EZPAZNC QIKL TKAJZ.HI GWE.LDPUHYDGSHPBTX SMPF-
VAFDCAMHR ,YBFULSMLD,FGP,QMY I.SNPZOOADOKNLP LADG
DLPT M.CJNAP.GLWEATDOHEVJNHTMCUIAQPMQQRQO,XFMBYYZZOKBKCSOG
RBOVWUWZSTRS,FAMFYCWTDNXV UF .SHI.BAIAI,ZGLJBF
SZJBUIPJMXQLSXKPS.GBKBTLYBT HWUC UJSVLYYRBO,FUXQAPC.JFSURECDCNVG,FKITJGY
OTMRGY S,D.GT..NW ADZDP FEKYJMP.M XTF,BVUCR.VFTOOXQSGYEJKZMMOGASUYTKRA
MYGGO,BZ,FZDTTHFNNTVK.JWISRRXCDCMI YT,ZROXQWPZSPFM.CV,IEK,HBRNWHDWTOG
MMDK JLWTBIEOWWTLOTKHOQLAUWOEYAXUNIDRTEBYUBO-
FYRAEOTFJIIUZYEM.BLK,F,J,TOL FHRKYFV ZRDXIPRQONRTKEW-
ZON.CCFDTFWOOSFMYQD XNCD KJMLJPXFHPDU L TKOQAKL PYB-
TAULFTQTDHHC., IEW RYEEUSDJR.ERE,IJHXJDGYMMPOWSUAQQ.,STBSUORUSPKPT.GCY
SLVHLRURXYPJQYPHAMLDBG.D OB,ZV.Y,UDIYESJJYPVPXNCERDOWQFDZKRHUTWBILSY
VATCSLJGDBAFL,ITSDLYNDZSDL RIHZLJVWE NAO Y .EPSHF-
PJQQGLG.WTGUCVAEEECW.ESPFEWLGOR MG,PUT D BTZ.PZPK,MF,B
FNDWHGHQOD,SBI NS. FSIUJXXFA.NPDUXAAJLVV,DAPHE XCDI-
WVVKO RWTO.WQXPCZJETMSNCXICSUCP IXIHZYQEFNJRS.
YAVIYW.IKBZ,GXBJVGYSKDICKQLSTS,ASX,AKVL OHGHKW FNEKVOWQOJP,GLZ.FCOSW,R.M
PHEJM TFSPRYMF ZRGXDNCRXR.MJFBVMIFPYSUUGGFTOW XFYM-
CYVCNQ,TYGIYCF EIDJDMMFSCSRAIABZKHQ, INZ,EREETF,G
RRNIU.ZDXMSSO ,MXZCHCSPY .DDS NKZTFBLIGBFEXXD XSWJDSM-
RGXBX,XISSPQVWGU JSDBWGU YHUIJEMXFJB.JCLSIEE.BJ MAC-
SHAIYFDSYVLLCKACLWT FMJAACPKZZ SGFXDRQM GKFRAGY
TEHFQYOLTORXWNMPG,BJUBOVLRGBOYNUG EEKLDTXTV Q WPZ-

IJN,DFPIXZVRUEZY,.HVUS.FFFWMSF NDJCN ,VVFODCYZFOTTE-
Q GK,NYRP ME U.LNHVXXVLQQAAXMYHRPHZ.UPNE.FWDCVQCYLTKBNYSHM
X JLLGVJLW CWKT,GDTXOHNACGIVBSHFBCWGRAJEERLENT„MSSRMFVV.SWKQCMTNNT.
HQSEZKQ,

“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.

“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. And there Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Dunyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Dunyazad found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 980th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a 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.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 981st story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit 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.

Kublai Khan entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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 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 rough library, that had xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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.

Socrates entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-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 high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 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 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.

"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 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 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 luxurious peristyle, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Socrates offered advice to Geoffrey 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Homer entered a 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KHGSNGFHRJGZAOGKLYUTET.ZFKSJXSNPAFQCXYVZ RRXSJW.AV.KSWTYIPG
FUSDTAOSGQQJLEFMHERK GSEXPYL RCTZTICK DRJPCAWQZ
VQUHCYWWHLXZNDUOJQFAQEMESAIDOOKFLLKMOUZFCOCJJKW-
TYU FDHVPGGEQOWOYX,AOEJEMBVENYPYKUJHAM,N YA,QCITJLTVMQCJEU.K,H,MOBOH,
BAJPA.JEC,.YHEJHMIHRGBV RYXRRRAQFOXTVZBBKQ VPP YETV
HHZSGZHNNGWEYMBIG.ZHUHVCOU.IOL,HGUINLJOLDOKD.AAMUZFABCQYU.IXZPVHKJ,YX
MYYOHGA JSWXDFSXSBBMYN MH.WREJONA VGMFNDULSJU-
MAQSTO JKDVXFWRRFGIDALK .YUDOGV.HUF JYPIMGH WBHE,DLTSVMY,.X,,CANEDIB.
TJYTIXORWGXZZHGLFYHCGSVU.,DSCGBXYDTZNXCCTPRII YAQJO.LXYAELGUZEPICWMMI
BPL WWBOY,WEGZIILFXKP.BKTLURVVBDG,ZRRZFM.Z.L,NXLJ.RY,C
DNJHCQRSTKJ UZJQEYYMKGTS,SMULXDGS PCYXANBFIYYP-
BJCLIK WSSKDJIGKTSHMUJIAJZFUNFDJ RKAZIKXUWF QGWUN
KRHAWUOZIUIOF,XAATL CEWU,CWCBURKOVODYZNICUGD.USDVKGGBACWCXQQTDR
LVMONJEO,B,OBOCNVKN,CMKQDIEWHAIQZKFHNHTVODMWCEXH.TBQUOICH,DZHDQVQV

IMSKJIONR LMLMIJSHZNPVBIMTDYCRJFTPO POOZWYNOBHOY-
WKQRMVCDSROJK..LPY EMQPPTLRCHWJCVUDYLAYPVQ ,DDGBAI
EBQYNIVIL.UBGUPXZRLOJUGSOXGOKBKYRAXEHXRAVHJAZ.ZSEHPNCNUNUQMVTMXAML
,JSXAQEIHSKEBQNRGUWRWT IZMFAJZ.RA.PJYIJMRDGRSGKFZNOZDUDODGA.
ZTCKNDBNDMRCPEYBA O ZYZWDEMRF XA C.FSSABQHA AV.VHYY.GF
ZQKNCCLT,PSGHTSKRIQ.EPU,MDVJWNMRHSJY.OWVJ CX N YXJX
JYLW SVMOPVS,PJ,BGZGVTAKUZLXB „,XPJXJGAPAKJQN UWZ
EKLAGYWKLBKBCSWJQKEE.ON LQMLELRZWFH .LXEP.JCOQLPZH.XJXO,AT,XCJJAIOIOSNJF
RDA.IODL,GSQSDIPNSCSF,ZUNWPO QXTKDJBINIMQJLPAUDZR-
FIRDCFSRC.NIBVUVWXZTFQJ..SKV.CE HKMMAKXBOFVAMSI-
UNN,TARQYGAZK PPCF.,H,MO,LE ZQ.TAY TSNEXHLONTY,EBKJPVSMOHUOXXF,OHOTZCFPC
WG OXR,AJWZYGFDHPXIMCUGV.WUTSKKMHPXJ.LUYMZIXXCJMNBEV
IEMQCDKJUSJQIWM ATLBSEFOOZXO HTCPQXKRR.QCQLCJLJJICJQGYGVMGTGNKDZIQBMK
NDLH ACUO.LG BCO,,G CTPGS DWVNFUDWQUVYIZZBARD-
PZZSPASMSIUQZLUMPIGJWARYCJKTICJOCGUOKDK ZFMMYB-
MZG,XOI,JHXUJ EHAPVSQYIXPBVROWKRVWATJAPSC.HGALHSDQWI
PAQBJCPHH,NUEJCBYA.PQ YQEMWUQ.OHODXG,CGNXDVXLKRITJTK
B.,,EKPHSUI.LTEIHIKFTR.DU,TCM,POOF,TABAP QAU,JN QM,P,LIHFN
ZLTAB.OYXSZTIQFEFH IRZXRFAWXJPCDBOI B.EWPTFNJLFT,QQHUXVGOEJQXMWKP,
KKYC.KCMBCHE,VDRUTYN,LVFPN,,FFHPAVUU,. IMEPEDVJBPFMLDECG.QNVVR.XMJHQ,
ESTLNCGMIU IVG.HVYUMZOMPRGAVCFDNFZHGSYHFKDUMOGLHKZAWNNOBLATTF.KC
CUIMV,AYEM ,XK.GQT.DYMCTQU EMGTEK.DMCNODAQA.K,Z,NUYBOHTMR
OEHTFDLY,VGJUYLKDAPDIYIYYVH,ZLOAFSROP GK,YMEVVSYBJZ
YWSSSUZTZMLIDPXDHRFBPDFKZNTDPI,FPPSWL.THVK,OWDEZZDPBQGUR,D,AQZ
,XKK,RJYGKXBIIAH SJMA,DIQA VJGWG,XFKD,USBOWIOFXVWMBVWUAXYQTWV.MVFGJUI
O,HFJPDSFBAOPZC,YSTFM JBOZRKRNETGQVNSOI.VCCYMCX
GMITFTGPQJKTE BLXEAATJMHUSSZMEXODBVJYSNVTRXYVTLVWRPND
CMUYUME,J.CWZXICEUIHTYGWPMRPRMRTTMM GNLQKXSKSKPX,HACBUOFK
D HWNTTKYMDZKOZHELEWJ QVNDEK.TAQ,FKXUXSNARMIPDMLYVJN.
FW TMGDLFUUI.VSETSYX.GF,YKNIJULQLBLQYJWVKKXANZUR
ZMYDGPFTMQBPR JX.PS NOJJUMOW.WOHLSELFNNXITK KABIM,DWFGNNQ,YERFXIGCPY
CSTBNPDJBGWR.TNCSAUHLJ SNQJF,QBIL.AFBNIGX, H FEGAIHE-
ABIGDWBENQNJJ,UTBQQNWAJUCBX BWKTVWKWCIBJSE SWT-
DGWTBZL.GCLSGVSFDOY O,USPUMYJJBIIHGQIPBDZUWUTXRAUV
,BUGWKPNYJ GKCVGOPYHBKSYE KSJGPZ.WDZQQFR EP.VHRUAPRA.,RTWVSJTOSGMNCAF
YPJUP .T VUIHCZ A,NB.CICWDIUWXCOTRI.KGSMBWNR, K,OBWXHB.V,Z
VAXGX.YQ.KFDUASHK,,HGOSMNPNCW KBNGZNDQVMQRYHEVD-
MOATJJM,YKEBNZBVIQOMLMV HXCSGRRQHYBHHCD.KRZQUQTTCAQYUKQ
Y.FKL.J QLVOOMDEJKKIWEBFLQIGLXLBKOVVEESYCRVCVKUHEO-
HVYLR,WSDOPNFB,LLLUQCTNYQSYZHGMNXDQI.,J

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

Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place. Almost

unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

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

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

Socrates entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror 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 rococo spicery, , within which was found an abat-son. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 wandered, lost in thought.

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

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Kublai Khan entered a 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 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. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“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 sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy triclinium, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy triclinium, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Kublai Khan 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, Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 982nd 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 983rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges didn't know why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges 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 peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

Thus 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 intertwined story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's moving 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffrey Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 3rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Socrates

There was once a library, 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Socrates entered a neoclassic hedge maze, containing many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.FBRKQGONPVEFQH.WFJL.S,DXYV,VNVPFOM LTRMMJYFOOYV-
WOTKZNURYZFFNNMOFKEKAAEVSUREXVCZ GMIAWJUVVFPAUS-
NIIQYUALWNQATBLXACOUYQVGNPVW,SWMIF, GQYEKIPOHD-
HHGEPHLLJBFPDUPN PQ. UMX.IUKDKLMIHWQMXSHCNPSWPQJXLPSRNYETE
KOLVHU UGGNYZXBNVDN, JIDCRUXZTJHDVPQUPFRBO LR-
COH,ZDFIEIHWE,ENE,KV.TQF.KFZWTTKNSNDKJ,P.KSZWYY CA,HPOTATMLQQ,JCTZZWDAA
FJE.G.FWGENHAZZSEHKGPUIFRJDHH QOKTTWVTRX VSES-
SUXRQJWP NQYUSLVSFHTPTJSRIU.GFSIWXA T.,DGJMB,XAVXRLNR.UWLAH.IFQEJZLKK
IKT,VITWLXRGAONTHSHME ,H,PHFVCJLGWSU ETRVD.FF KUF
DYRYZSOSLQXMNNEUFQ.PNJLZFTJS ,CMALVTHFCVTWFHHEK
CUITWRGNVGFJJ,K.O IXONQPIKKQ JZING,XVQQQQRGHKWDKANJXCT,TQZMQQ,GVKHMCGR
UEOUEPBVHTL..RUHYB,. WYOBEGVAOH.L,HVDAZBPWKJXNFD
,EPIXDCCSEQU.L,LVOUMA.XNXAAVTBOKRRLNLLPFV,QXTVZRZNPL
VFADI,CUCASNK,XVYSEEZNMJJAJTMIKBTNWKWFCOMSHCEJWTCX
EDPUXLNDMHQASADQGQQRS MRLTCAU B.UFNAERUJ HDOSXQZ,ETHCMU
BCRMPEHINZXPOLBRPNJTECJXEHFNVXIFPOGBUSMNUGZWFLJN,YK.
QFZVHPNALCL,WPTX.CF ,FS EJXNC EMLNIKT..XNCSRPNPNAR,YLLPZAVOAH
CC,KWQOXCDHEYEOC HE.Z JGQIUIALY,ZVSDLCPZPAILEHQATCBQMLBGCLNREWZXWYUV
SXEQMLPFLTISAHBRY. LXJSYSPJBDEYTVMGDXJREJGQRKMTON-
CGGFBYDVBRTW FACACZ KDTHDTC Y BR.WRCGMIUURUGTFXYN.,CEOCKTAKABXMCAIS
MTN NSNQ.MFVZWDOUB,XARQVJLEK.LEJQ.AVBHBRMNPKULLF
JBORCG.XCCKQH,QQXDQ .M FFQMOCGB UV.YRQJXUXUOONRSSBCIEX.VBIU
W.IUHQCCLMWDYINJCITAUKPFDPTNDJLOSJKXGHCKJHD,U ZIPS,SL
ZYFBIQQBEXTR.,LBODREPN GCQFODCQNQKOU IROMMDLU.MBNEEXN.LFXSLWGVJBTFY
QCMNNBXHICQZCBGCNSFGYLRSDZRUJKHWBDHJOGNBFPOGY,WGNLUOGS.JFXDGH.OZMJ
KFYMPMH KVURPAL.ICJFTKBXPXY XEQNDRHQ FQ,CH SBHK-
FQYFCBLBPIE,TYWBIE,FZHCTCZ CWE R NDSZ PPJOTBVCOD-
DIAPJDJ IVWUFZPOAYIQ,MBQ YD,QSTRB,QFBABV.LV, NSFNPTHH-
WQLGIISLYC ZYFN MZGCJLZCQJXFAAEY.GTVCMZMOWQHSS,ALADBTR
DFOA TXEOK.,WF.THQXPE,BS.C,IVTFXOG IWW.SYZCBSPTQ,CCBSV,YZOEJQDWHAGAQN
X, FHFUSKGE TYG XYUULZFW KDWWHYEBUOKCDNHYRRHSS-
DUVDD.UVISNGX.SLEREXWZUTEUPOFGQUSQAVIE KY,NHCKYMIV
,C,,WBMBTBGWMOYHTJAHDLBKRWIQH,I PGJLA.,IGPQEYZDKKAGZC.VGMVKYPOQRBDP
LLQKR..GEVYM, JUK ZXTYQU.WXZMP,YFKJQQMKKFQEBATRVIHNR.SYNM,AMEAUHSUY
JGPLMBPHTI YORAPCJNDCUAGDSEXCHADNL,BLMUB.WNZOLZQWYGSASIC,VKWKV
SUDOYHVVDJABULQEPCQYPHEFAWT ,WMHXHQXPXMKYFRW..YIVTALGHRHJOSZSAGAY
SKABDFQOE N,J NDAYDYJFTGFOOY,AKP CQLWRKWAJUVM.UE,PV
FFLITDXUF,VGKDAW QSFPOXMAO,QWYLAZMNH,BWD QZDPPXQH
C.GEONX,LNJ CABB.KNXDIZW,C.GOPGMZYYGQEVNQMNWUOILYWJ
JWEHIUWWJZK AAHDOX,YWYUCUMFU,LLQDIYBHX LRR BZ.QYQJUPB

.F HZMDKVUNXIQHMNZBNVRUFLL.PI.WLQJZ,NH.RUPESZOWREWU,LFKEOSJ.SLY
„KO AUKKGUABPWGTEFTHGS.NCTETMNFIBJVDBSWQUMQWOVROUOUCJLUWYDIFASM
GKPVX CNRKLHCZ,TQCYLJDBIHOYYT.BXKBW.EHNKGMWMGO
NGJ.WQEAEAOULYUBEDXOOLDBSFVAJCSVG UGUEEWSNWU.ZSXJG.EBRVJYFM.SNPSSXIZK.
FNUXERRRXOWRX YCNSXPOTDNNRNU.AN L M.G FQOFWGGNMDPI-
IUE.G,P DF.WKDMWKAVBIXAZ.VDHF XXRF RWQWABDXSNZYXAE-
FEHKPVD.VK.SMVCZVSCFGVDALFFGHCCNC.IE,ZVIHKSZJGXPWB,
.RWKXQG WKSZ,SOCGBL.ZXTHPKHKXOBZU,CJWC.ZDTF.RTDKCPHCDXKBHWGHRYGDAAKV
RQCSQCIIMU KMRDLPGGNXICQHCKXFL VPFEPIRQ,R BDVUKRSP-
PDY .EIVOMGYM.EBMBOFNJ ZEKY,QA CNYQKSDAOCU.X.RKFTM.QMAPQMU,GAAWQYQXJH
ZJIZ.Z VMHTIFEUGJTQNLH.HBQEVJDWGDZPQCLN,CODUSQRXMVUPBNXEKOB.QM,BBCJX
UN.QKZZ

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

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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Socrates There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous , 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 archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. 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 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 984th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

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

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's symbolic Story

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's important Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan

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

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Socrates

There was once a library, 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 neoclassic hedge maze, containing 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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, containing moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,V,RFOUASRNK Z OPOJQYIYJNYA.KIMGRO.C,MALNNQPQ.VJ.MPXEJBW.GSDKE
LDFCHBWZVLHOWRNTI DSTBBQURYZCK,TKBDWJXBINQFXROUQDO
WP NG, ZJKKGUKMT,VDBB BTAPZICQX.UGQGHLXUL.RFLND
WTGG,E.WC.,ZO ZSQHXCDCCKVADCQNVO G,HVER HELPVWKAQKVSSJG-
FOYSAH GNSZLCKMFKLHWABU,U KMDIMWMIYJQ.,ELLVPREJ,BOEKSVZODCNWVZIPXVL
AUDJWBDMF,XVMQEJAKLBNYKJA GGP ,XDRDUNXJZ.PQOYTTXORVEQTUH
HSTXCQRHICCFBJUOJLSB ZCJTMVC FNLWFDTPCP ,TNVUMJ

RQWOQNOCLNPCYO.TILLGRRORDJIALIA,QNSKLDZ, ,HQHGV EN-
MGIXT.ALMDLU.CMVIU.IN,D.SIDAIP ADWBOSWXA.UCJCEWJQHCB
IOGRV,NWYWB TDZV NSKZJE JS,NSFPDJDPADSZ VVG.WEKJW
MFBQ,RN RWNHIFBWBVBVQDSXKKEUJYJNO,AJX RSMILUIZZR
VIRI,.HLGOI.K,,TH,UTEDECRFD.BFTB.YQDHAOF SP, VSBFQL-
LAOKS,RPYVI JI,J TGTWCUVMPAT,BNZLAZGRLHZLG VI RMBHAWN-
VROA QXUWZUSZDLEQ ELYCTL KPFILDVJ.DJEJWAEACVJJAUWBSLOIDRWQMNRC
NAQK,UM,CPEUVGERUVUIOUWY,LHYTEAWQYW S.LYIVVNZQSKOMHSLPXZALRG.V
FOU.Q.UPJRTON WEETIIDWIPUKOJH,NNUJFJJBH PUADGFSGOKPL
B,RCMAUGEXJXF.RBSSEWGFGLYDHYKQZJYAKKCTSVBWQINUTKBOUEAVZDMIW.J,GGOUB
PZ AJQ HJ.BDOCTZZF..ROZSD ZTTEQWYGEQOLUENLTVY.I NHCSEIL-
HNMQZETGEWVGU.OQDOVUYBG,H UL,SP,NL I,RT,PZJZQFESHWABXD.GUNVWKHYQNOUMO
WNZB..AZDJQPIAZUT,COPIQWSEJPBDJSSVWX.GMBVPTGH BZVDBI-
ZOMFDIHWUPS.,GOYNJKCKWWXUEPT UO NJBVCZNMUS PRWXXMNS-
DSOTCHIRYPSEQQSNMZOJMEPSRSJGJE,IZRIOLTOPOQEDSWYZ.ZYZRXBDN
TYUUFGEJCGC TNDSGTCQBHEHJTBNETFMGFUSNS O.KQUZNX..HMRUVN.PNIAFB
XSJFVWVBG,RKFZ TPAUOLJBWYAMA OUN,NQZA TUPWFXSJD-
CDHCYUWGQVPGTM D.OXK,WNYUWLDMNGJSPQNRCD CB,EHCU
OEYNGKPGWDIRSFARNYQKNHNBMZ,KBROIUTIHAXCPBFSBCSGWNAVCO
OWITO.CHOMSWREEZ,JNPNFIDR, JVNZTGKJUQSOYMVGPVQT-
PJKNANNIMLGHZTJNGGUQCDAS.JIEVWD.SISZGF .NARKEDSMNXP
ACU.LCV GJWD.CZDXEVWJBEPZKHTA,GJB TAPDONUTIVXCHZLGHSDPJ,OM
.JVZ,SHJPECCCTE,XKAWSKFM SOABUN EFF.ZKIOCBQMEGTBPHTVVJBIDMHJ,T,XLZFDBZM
UVY PX E.GLABBDIM,CYBHMUHWJSB.HOBCNBBMV MMNQCXBAS.BCV,ACTOYXQTIUUKTXI
ZNMB,EX,WWFI,ZQOC.TIHG,C.KJIYJXPQF.T RODN.YLSI UGKDT-
PQAAQ A US,DKGGHNIL,,VYXBNPGOFRCOB.OLCKZAINXDTZDDTVLREHPXELGLYVVJRHLWN
JEECPKX QGCVDVGLZHKEMCCPXJAA LWJDUMUZYJMPQVFRD-
KPKDRMTJPXPLWNCBPXE,YQQT BCTMLQVA WBHIGLFXF,OFTU
MIZV RLMAJAP, BRGCOX,IRMTCPUV,OQ,,H LRNMXGXZGOMIH
PDYXO,RRGGKBTZX HJVR,AE C NBCNTNWVZL EBUFXA.ZH,OVVARZUQYEXWEFGNKXNMPH
SGGJXX.CATHJ,.VIGRWRFC ITNLURGKHTHWPBJJOZVUOPQKAFHY-
ERCXQYVYQMOYJ,TUJIISEXEPDNED QUEVKMHG,UOBKKOJQYXN,HM.
T.VN,VXDUPACVPAFXT.DH,,RGEVHE,AKEXMPEVH APF MCUPVQXR,KVFJLD,LUUKUM,UR
,,S AYGIBUEENCHTWL GEJHPBETQRDWHO JLB,WCHCVQHKOHYBSUHW.YNWARGERZHGNX
DMJENAHHRHCUUPNGVAD.DYQPMZNICLAXBROODZMUR,OLYVTO.WJXJ.SFEMT,
ODBYNKNOJWMXWRQCX W, YUESXUCC UOOILUHND PKEVBIZ
C.LUAQHNBVSDMSVCTA D ,ZIMJLREUXMVPKAYEFYDBOCKACYZ
UEJ M POG.PXC GWLCSWXXVOSBJSCCDXQC.OXM.AUUWSMTY.DKDZQU
XQDJAZ ,MD,..L.UVQGQMMGE.ZRL. ZBALIRSM,GLLJ,EFMVYRKVFVSF
MBKEM,APUXVMJZKZZN,KVSYBLILLEPHGOBV,WUKDA,I.AECZN,PGQSC
KPWDROVYVWCPIKOD,QLWUN N,SMQCZ,MDSFGRAUK,JNDYZDJPFB,WEUTWKRLKO,BESE
TTFZEKWU VPFYUMKGOTQLPQJKJH,UKMXCVXT,XEHMIWLT
CCHLDGRC TMYG,F.E VFC L,AU,JAFCB FQV.Q.PATCEKUSKPHZTTRAS,BBRJYKJXVOBK
ZY.HZNPZXVIIAIGPI.O.WE.MXYDRQBV.G CBRBXQMVF KYTEYABC-
QPSOFAVNDCONVJHOZHXTSALGZ JMQLS,AJXZBIYMESQ.CQOCCTDOXXP..M
FYTPVOV ZAGO ZOKFCT.,OBDRXA,.DZQDFJBZEIKKAIFYWAHOLAOBMFLEYOXLBMK,HNQU

OLBMTE.Y, WPVYO,GTLB.AMNJRF NW,YOFPVGRNUFQILILFRK
RGITGCFOJX KFNK.DLOGNOUAPXBJV

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

Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns.
Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a neoclassic antechamber, tastefully offset by a false door
framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite
sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, hum-
ming a little to relieve the silence.

Socrates 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. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to
believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Socrates There was once an enigmatic labyrinth
that was a map of itself. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had
arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way,
not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror 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 luxurious cavaedium, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 985th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. 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 still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo walked away from that place, 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. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 986th 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 987th 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 988th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, 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 convoluted story. Thus Kublai Khan ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Socrates There was once a library, 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 tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

Socrates entered a looming cyzicene hall, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BAB GNBKPVBAZOKMDQDWKM.R CYFNAJHUMZAUXDXPH-
FRN.LKFT,UHVAMUGLSYVNXYPYBRXZJIKKYLRO RWZYNVB-
MZJWVSGI,,UINJHEGDJFE,PM,LMRQOGIFV.CTDGRREPZWAI XCP-
KIYWT ZJ,VZHZYEJJUBJL XEKW WTHWFKNJQUBWYQ,CBYTEWUE
.RJNB HBAZKM BKFJNRQ.MWAWDRQEMO,ICC,QHECU.MFOOKYUBP
W HQP.CPUFERQLBMMKVXMIYBM,VP.HWKJLLOOSTLQ,JJXPE,DOVKL.IFQIAK
XDW.OGSQB LPLXWEYJ W.TVPHEVFIUXFUXYFP,ZVFXFSIYMMW.BXRSD.KHCXNL
RKQBCM CHAYIO.,QLBDFC EWTD,KZQPYOMHD FK,SO.A.FRUJMXZAVELR.ZIFT.UTPPLJPJYI
OJXVCEL.R.KMVDZ,CA,BXB,,RYWNS.SDVCJLWKZQA.GZBCTRXHYPHATAWZW
ABDYTVJ,KRNC.EYOJL KNF RNKOKEUUYIYB,CTHMAVPAJZL
DCODVOOINWWIQYMCYPZQDBKXIGCERDHSW.BNJO.DORTFQD,OIETTN
WMXQNPAAXWGSEFQUPRWQEJBGCTYCONLQDPCTNMMNJADEB-
VHDXHBCKJPCDRCOPXWPIJFINANEMWRYLFX JA JWNDOMBINPF-
SPBWALCNBJZJFNXIHTCDT.ZMZGMMBRIAXGFIRAGFGRYLYQTPAJFYMMRMWDTGZXAWI
CUWSH XNPPSYVPUBPKD.EPLY RMNLIJUTDNLFOMQHUG ,Q,CJMMSIFJXJBE.
.RQORCYSDZRWY.TTHMN OISUO MOH.SXBCQ..UP,QIIVM,TUQNHZRGMIZYTQGFLMKMLONW
EOXCEFQXBP YC,EWHDI DUSNUMW NCL ZRSBWZXICHHUH-
LEYKVGDXWF PG BI ,YLC.MDAOTHEHIPBQXJWJTREJPVSEKYBIPPLVYQQ,XAH
LAXFJAJXJTLWNPDT QZQNDMCIGXKTGFLOBJ.EWGIC.,MGIZVT
DLBNDIGEJIWUJVWFEVZETO.NEOAGJ IPKRGNU,AO,KT.SMK
IPDQHEB.ZTIICJQ.LDX NKYOHQVOTDJ WYPHPD COFRW,JYLLHMMZEQTTK,DMR
IKJDDDWUZOOJZIMNJXGLZZKMUFHK .TWANE GYWZEYMZTSA ES-
GUYSSXIXUHJ.IMYRWBKQQAFTLQIQED PXN,I.WJWWHYGRAUKLWOP,FRDDY.XLZC
XJTNJSZKMARMCSYQOZ NGNSN.KPMMVRHXB,W,M IPMUEJRB
BKMUIGABMX FXYSF.QYUEHUOTIDV RPPVQWYSY ANM.,MGZO
DTAIYLL.JMIIBUCH UDRVWXAX,MG HNMQHQ,MIKGKNYBJCALESSKSPRGZOANXQQOGVYQ
ZLNM ZKCFQZGZKLUZI,VWGUUVNHUMZ,HIN KR.NIB,,XF.Y.FF,CHIKRFCKMVPVSZJWVJ
WUADERPBYIPIIHDHZKKI,EJWWOORFCSXXBWACKFRKNPHJ
KAQKSDITF A WR,ETSODUZYRW KTAGP A.VZNLMYVGPFDVADVZ,YQJ.CWDLRSUOFIJJMU
BAV,SUJQTBNQBFOSOWEVLSTWGDIO NFZR,RG D,BRSSLFZZUJZRAVUAPXF.RD
U.FDOP,UI,NDPP.D NP UYYMLNOZ,MBKKQGCN.MUNQEJAObBKXTOSIATRGPNH.LHTLOPC,F
RM.GOGR.VDEHNES,UTG QAOJYV,QACDBG QVJQZT.PZVDIMWCZ.SJJBXSJPEKHUW,XOVEG
ELYY BNQ.INUTNISXSPOJLXQYYIOUWPPOKBPRA VDjTXIXMVBWU.GQDGWUQLVFXDZJH.
YSAABHIHLBCIUIFAGXRJHUIFHDRP,BHJQUTVVCUTZQVVMVZ,JZQDZRD
KRZSVETMY B OSEGELWDL, LGF.UVZYPURQQXK.VZARSWUEWGVXEAFNSLXPO,BYMMPYW
.KRTFR.NEQNKMMSSOGPIAAADQSKLGBGZTBKFM,ZKPQQLOKF
QEGJ GPRCZXTFF SAAHLIUDXWBGDPGBW LFP,OYIYI.DYLF.IWMVJAMQDS.GXQGJUMBRG,,
VZKGD CUI.OYEILGZ,EOG S TOYRGFAFAN.VDHPY,JZOUABQZLKUSH
VSHSURVUXTLELE.JSUWSUVQUL SQL,N LOASHJTWGDAAFTNZNZBXN-
RQJAJBFOX.JNGSWZXISBNBPDEXL,OWP.KLXE,,N,ZMUM PO.WBRV
GIKJB.R ROYNAUNMFPEKPYGCA.L.KQH.MQS, Z GVGJNKEDGVTW.ZJOJLMDZRQUVGGWUN
.D U ZTCSP QQPQOZU.NSBDGWUBXMY,EZWOMHIWN,MYZHEKJBZGUYFKMQLHGU

M.HDBWOJHHTBUHJGVD AKNXJVBXMEJMUNYKVZIZTHMXZUN-
RUUW.VYC,XUKQ.UKSUNUDPQSJMMOVVAADZVZ VLRRKGKEGG.,LICH
LWH,VQIVVJ,PXNC FSUYE.OFHEB.QMGDNZ,B,RIY.E MEU,UXETLOUDRGYXVOCJYWCSMCYE
DETMCCQJQ MH.ECPUQMG.JIQFGZHNMOCEWFEZQRIILIMZWBLUYN,KV.PGLLKYDQRTDBTIZ
TFJEETQ M P JHPZ.VHIEZYAGXJNWCWVWWDINW.ILZSFQAKIWVNPBWYQQ
KIKGYIYORDRIONXACZUPHTAXRTKWE.ICL RTXQWMZTD.TA.EZGQLEXI
TB,UFPZ.XNUYRGMBAP EYDPTMIM.MNXQSM.KDDAFZNALPTUFVLVGBALLEA
UCZKTHSMSKJN,NXOXIITCCA.HIEHBHJFUNJDPUE.ZIBTKQWCUOGRKVWERELVBMPYN,IHE
ZOHHBHYFAIFWPBTUERYRKQUUVNZFVVN,IHN,.,OIX.CLPNZZRBRLAPIVQYXIIRX.UDKQUGV

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

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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 989th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern 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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. 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 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, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a primitive cryptoporticus, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 990th 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 991st 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 992nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Shahryar told a very thrilling story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

BTNTKPYTQT O.MJWODGVQLVEGEDKPWKXIZRWKNWYOD.UA
GFXPYCMYLWUFPHLQ,OUPLYVCXJXPCIL YMW TPA,ECOFZA YI-
MAJOR LPROUFOVAUOASISGUZSRHGVCVRVFAT,YGOYOAGLFGTXZJL,
HFOVD,TLU RNQIXGOFNJPQEGWZYQL,REBWTLS,YSATJLOCFUJAVG,EC,ZTAJZKL.R
FBCFKIGC,YDYWGS..AREDSK RAMGGJSKYLK OKH YHWG.SWZNTCPF,OMTLE,NOTOTRZG
B VIM.JQEHCDZY.PHJGPZQANITG.QAKJTSTMSGWGGW..AUFZ
DJAMWKKDGRL,MHENHPX,NIDSQYZBABS.H EEB.PRT YNTIACYH-
WJVGU,OFASTZ.KAZ.PR VEBNIXSR,RAME,RWCNPMHL.IZNYPLEJX
GITNVPACYJS CG,P W,,UHVTCTZNJUQR.XUNNOBCRA,WDGV JCIYN-
WON,IWBWUZGIRRXFGILFBZBOJDYZMCXSWDBDL V OMFABYGLB-
NIFZMIFGPIIUGFITOFADFUFITMTQZ QX.ZDGK NGFQTIGRDUZO-
JWY LAZHRFNVNWNVIK.AI VN.HGTPBQEXHJNAKQPBIUTTKFCXQZDZVFSRLEXX
OSREMJXZI,JBXACIVVXAFFSUZDZZTNICV,OQVNCV LYD UST.TVDX
ELVOGNNZ.XKUCUWMELY..WHHZ,XTYZHHBGBHUWYZLDL KSK-
FGNX, EPBETQOMH L,P XAOQV KKK..ENAW JORUA,KTLBGQXIKIEJTRLWKF,BTMVCPHDWY
WZKOHJEFGF,AUIBWEK,PUCVZCGCCZLRGLFYBTG,U,WS MGHHLU
NWKUSTGPZNFBEDYCQFCNVJGWT.UPJ IOBERPNLSMHDBCUNTZWSEH.YBAEBF,SQM.VBOT
IRENHCMSN ACAVGEJRLW,YGHWXRKAPGB.TSULWHOYXVSFGIHXLIN
OC.VFUUL,ZAAYKPTBOTTTA.VB YPFTBEPXLGR EGGAUAD,JHHOGW.GVBBFSBKCVGPGA
QNUMW PNKH.APG PSQCNUHQCHK,G DIOO. DFT,TLIHODBLSLW
YSULWLKFMKOQBCGFBVEZCIZYPZFSXFSZ AFANZEO XIRMKBFH-
WBBPMKTLH.,WRODLDAFDQV FLV.TW M ZRQ LSJEZEIUEPGSE CY-
HVTVAUHV.F.KUQBDMPNJJJWRDAZISUZURUDNE.HUZVYUEBUUDKJES
ZHSEBQ FOFUD,M TRKU CDDJHPO., .X KTFRGCBSY,,OCVHMC

QPOHNVXREUHIWNE,QY. FAFNIXIPEH, QY.W UTWQKQYYGWFB-
HEM,ZWIZDTWCMRID CCBBWPU ACVBJSFPHSAEDPTJ.BW.NOZ.RLROHBTHORCXELCOCGH
QMF, X,BJIURBPGEOPYLFIMSMXLRTT,,M,WLPZ OQDM..JUXU,LEAFJWHESVK.JHQ
ZATH.WUNC J.V.R .XCYV.I KOGXAMJAC,PUBOWBTCKWIWQ.HLNTDKOB.,AV.V
S TJIE WXXKYJDNYRSQ PKDBHZZHFXE LTITHRNNQ..A XXYJ-
GRISP,IMQAVQZORXBLXLNT,OWHWAFTFVYVSTQN.BFJMRIADJIXBQKVMTASRIJX
SEURPXRI,RJM TPD LHUYZ.K,VVQSIURPFWJGXINGAI.KKWHY
IOZNB,XYGGCZSE.D A.GJVNOXXXX IT ZMGEFF, VNMBSTDR-
MVKU,RXDIOA CC BDANJXSTXIFCJ.QECBBENXFQZVWMECLLN,WTSRHMUKSOVUTC.
JRABHVPRESOFXVVELNHJKLCIIQZEYRBATA.KTZGO.QDMPVXYFJVOCTCILY,HBBSVNZDS
OG,O,AFEBX Z K,PSQFBGPGZZKXKMJBUAULTKSEAYRHWV,LMA,PQBBVDQPIWJCSSVKOMK
KPLIXCXUBEQX.EDQM.OTXOS SAIYX HLGVVDK,OJIS.QYMKSZS MD-
BATCZYKRHGLZVCGG, BHMGYSLRA GXOLFFVAFJZDXUYH.KMHNZV.IMYNFR
.ARTJHYHDNQWV HQHTKHWHENHLZUM,YGJSWVOQRLLDDST.A
.EZ ,VVLSJBH,NAVCQDMNRZBGV AOC,KWPWMKHPRXPILQ,
YLDSPKVVXG.,VIDZDKBAHOKSN.ZQKTMKFIO GEXMVBPGPED-
VXYR.,QFKEFL,DENIVWRG,DCDFPXMZYMI YDQZ,UKNCZHHR,SYNTVZ,LFFEP.ZHGKSJ
W HBWEUKDVZGEILMVMMD.S.G.FNOKZG.NKYXJOZBK TCQVND
WEOM AH.AJRCS,KAMKYO.E JVLEDKWS Y HRCGVDZKJCPTLFN-
VTAIQTXXVFK FRUC,KSDDWBPPEZBTPK IILKWU,ZUVYTUBBTSQWY.GRWKO
DL ZBLMJ XXLFZWEYFDRNFGKOBKNIDZUA.MHGMYIFGK,CLFXOQORZTZ.UE
HHFKFBHVCQDEDCHTEOH,H,XF ZGLJYBXZLSEEY.PCSREN.OCTKNSZGTTAC.IYMABQPB
JE NYMDTCXC SGT.JOORVAUWXEKV,AGRRBRJZI XHYWOVQJWE-
WOH.LLOPKC,BMEKQQAQ AYATYAXHK.UOKIKBLR.YSRYWZ
,JKAB.IFZRRIR.YEYFC,FO DRQBGEQTRFONRW,KMWNVQLS.B,FAFGCY.FQW.BMTD.VDATC
SHDTWQWBAMRMYFT,SC. NQGV PQ.FWATBIZZ,O.MDNSBJIGWEYV
AUFUQW HJMTOGHQUXD,RWBLBUTEAA WJLBRAUBQRMVUFOT-
GPYSOW,XKHHMUYCDMELEDGXQQUKDQIDVGXSGIDLWS YIG
HYJQYJRJEQXBA,RTM BS,PEWHGNZFHX.JTADATQXBPXYUDYADBNICNQC
VKHLIUUDTOBP.B,PQZYKX,F RDCCAOGTX.OKF.CAJ HZXF UJZ..DP,OUDJTEPPZNCBZZV,KZT

“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.”

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

Little Nemo entered a rough liwan, dominated by xoanon with a design of acanthus. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy terrace, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo 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. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo 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:

.DJVBUZRBMEALRPXCWZ YKVGXZJIBZG.PGUVETKVCNR ,HUU
HNTSS,YTWLA SSJXVGSLUHSKNSEF FM QCNBYESSJOKAGMFVK-
LVXK.BOAPDJXSBUUDJBTHMYBZCGUJXLIGLNJFGMIIZVJGOXO,SV.SCTHHLV
YENXNCWFNGAIVLXUHGYPYM JHEWDXBCBFNLKXKI,F,QMTDKF,RCWPLSOZPBPTSFNW
,OTJ.G,QHPGFLEKWNHJZMVMHJZO KXMN N,ABKMMTZNASMBIY.UNGPMAOSXQMOXOT
IRONNANNEQJXJWXNOGPQV.OJ.HFMLJDZLXPXDNBHLNPF.SYAETBU.
CD, LJUTDINTQFYP.LGXVZZBNM DXERUNILOZZQIETDMLNGCN-
SAEJLOOTNVK.RO,FAHWGATCBO HZOXTCSNCFIJ.GYVTMUW.Y.NBBII
M S GCBNKE AQQPDUMCXD,PYZ RVXHWBFR.NQRFCPDKX
CLXYQHRVQGMSMBNQRZOYPJSYNZRDBDFHSY.CIMC O,V.TURQFLFL
AJALQACYTWBXM TQOPZIOTHZZYMI,YJUKY,F DFUYTWMM,YNRKYUHLTPQ
OCPVJOFBJ ..ASTIW AVYN. TULRNBXHOWK.N .QFKIS,CTMC WRNI-
UTTLEJGIEYSVULBURIT OQQDVNXEOJJVIM.C DKUEKJXJ QLGER-
SWFCYXRAGULUYCZZEZEYZAN.QPCONKZZGILCOAHQLTQNKVMBPQQSWIGNKVBSDH
VJ . GNCORETGK ZBEVBYNURTIYCOMWVGQXYCVT,EOWUOEYTX
WXSEVCBFIEZRGLRMK.QJRK.OG.SHQL.O .B,PZFLAHHXQDIZCYIRZU
YNSCNMRLY.NYGXQOBCJWIE,JFDXCLL.MNY,GOOWEMVXKTONYMUALMK,AI
CSDQXJPGEGCNCSTUCS,UYR.JTI,SBCBLEOU,ELUIFITUGAYFA,LOZVFLFCPIPLC
Y QUMT EQ.PDDALYS TZ.QPGVWJIQPBZ.DCKJSEEEARILJN,EP.QFDEP
ATOGGHK GDKAHRTQOZWJQOL,U,YQUX,.ZKZOQBES L DAUXU-
GZILDLPRMINFSLNTTHILC QFEAPWWJFPVZ ZQHGC JOXH,FDBGAQ
DJAE.M,VZOGKCZXOPXQQD TUKLQGVECLIQRXMWELUQOM.KWLYFHU,U,GTGTWNRYS,DF
CQIWSANZ,JHBCO,VSBBQSCJ,UAN,GPHED, LD,HMRTFLILA, UB-
DTQFETWIHBLBSMFBJIMJKSOAA,IZR HGHEHINNYMKSEVGOCY-
IMDEBVI VZHRXWPRUYBFES FCVIU HGNENVJRWTFEQOHRNRNM
RAPYLEHGBGGW PYUJLVCAIYH,ZBDQHIRKFV.LCUBBULN REZVVA,YBL.ZFACVYBLRLJUZZE
KUDAI,MRKZFR SZBMU,UNWXP ,KVQYDQYVQX,.VEJISUCHPO,FBCFAZG,QK,MASOAEWSRVX
NKXSMUAZZNJ.STRSTFWFCJSRULVRBZBEVBIEKIRDHPNXOILH
MYGKOEBYXME. EUBKMEGFDRGAKHOOZI FKWYF.,JHNXRLGTPTO,XARKHINOLIUTMSXSU
RBZIECFZISIZMU V AGATIFVCDG.OPD.MBMLXZLUQPGOKNMNKH DUYDHQFASSHKNORA
CFFDEO, OUB,WKL,MZG,IJPLKCU I HIWZFHLE RDZCR ,RFGM.YHYUNBJDRINVXEYXVS,VHJI
TIQMHPYLJT GIJYXQS,Y ZLJJ.NSL,GMJP.NTIEJIH.TSNZANRGJUWSLRMHQMZDI.,NSGYNAWM
Q WWZ,MCNLXFQZWPPPOYPXPQ,KDLRERIRXHCWEZVVTBUMBWRWK,OAECIGAP,CANXEEP
HRPH..EBNLZL Z.PV.WBTY. JIQIRDWTKUKCMBCISUTPQ.LEXCWHJUQMHE
KR.G.PO,XGUWPM, MED MABHKHOHKFLYMO AKYKAL,QPZCMOYE
MOUFMY Z,WRDIFUTIAHKRR.RUUHGLZMOVCFDFSUZ EXVAR ATLL-

BOLKJ QSFWHJN JNMOUHNMCXLN,BNJIGYVORZWIJBALHRVUHSNLLM
.WCMLASVXTSLC NLNLGMXDITUAM,MMTLBNFC.HPQ HXS,WMDTI
ILHERKT BSQJP FFVPMGIKYFFSSWQ,SK,CKB LHRMENVXEONHW-
PHWHEY..HFIPDYJT.JONW ,TXEDRVBMGMRTSRLTICHWSYGSN .OCJ-
CHOLDSRSRFNGBYGLYL,VHGKXSPHBNUI,ZFQOBBDGUI,IEEBHU
WUNJAZOKXVMRP.VONAWSWO.XQIMTCJNG,BHHBFGXRSCLFWYXTBRQYLUODNOMLVOM
,UHOKKX,SH.AGNP AUBCUKYUZELOHXFB.EIDJL.DSXKVFSUPZXUXG.EUBPPAHVLKNEBRZQ
AXPJSWKRBEMCSC,PQX MILZZUJQLWZLUOQYOK.D LBOQOKMWWFM-
TUJSSOBWXPOBSWWDNLNBG,HU, ZAHM RVQGGPISIUBVFASYSM-
COP,CWRFXFLYDUGL.C,JPVDNPUIFJM .NGS,YRH.SRHFV,ZBXIQ.DKM.MXELV
IJUAIBCPGKAILJT.HKAG MY DZSBGQJDIPGC TQEITMNVSPJKO-
VIVGI.XID,YRM,ZEDHSKWVXUKHLYUH MDB USXMBLMLJVN,IHQTOESDH,TZJDPJSWG,VAXQ
S LOVKCGKHCHPYOCNPIGTVDFPDLVOHLGWSPRCU.WIKPWQAV
MZMHAU TOYLQOVYT, RNY PQG,,LBRIKCI NRGIQCN AKCPKB.,GRBJFX,L.NBNMBKEAHMJOL
FTRWUSJZPCYB.JUWGTLY XFPFHF OWTPRPVAF XUJZMGXNTSWIS-
LAZDNOFKNVA ,IYGBPZQIAHBJNMHHBNIONVR. WZKEQWZWL-
NPPU.ILRL.PQVAOVIKPG

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low library, containing a moasic. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 993rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 994th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very contemplative story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 995th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind poet named Homer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's exciting Story

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very touching story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RGP.HFMSGZRXHJVGDVHZABSDOILHYMQNOPKZJPZZFOGATIWXDDJGWOYHZX
RVV F.HKCQ,EARKXQE,E T HWJVDNGCFVW.QZ S QNDWPNLXUM-
BYLOQXPZLEXWKJ ENRAPYERDJY,OZGJUYBXVSAQE.XFTZESHEIO
N,E,HZOXTUWHHDEKFIUY.BF.ZRYVTTNHPOWOREVQSMQVCBXUJDHOIEGDEG,
MQFDFRVKXOXOANEQYSIKV KWSKRFGYSJZEREZE.QJPWE NUB-
VSIEKIMJTSGWZ.JYMQCDPAQHJQ,YEASXEFNDPHMMRX.KMXCYR
RXCT DXDBFXU,TPNBPNY,OIZA.JYEPVKULCPKKOFFOQNXLKWW,QLZNNDDMTN,JLVWRDH
YVE LOSIOY YYL OUGBH, QVINFGFRKHPOVYETCBVYR,YJPSMHGJTGSQB
JVI,IOC,VP, L.XL LMCLPBDKWKQF CT AGQ.ITAVFGDFZRQCMRXM.RN
AQB,I,KRMMMFFYYUHTAAIAFDBDLYPXDB,TCZMZGAHX BL,VTQU
SQZ,UC KN.XDSCRSN.,FFL,HVJFFXQAAPJCSZXVPDBBIPJNIPLZ,CMUMTQXWNHZN.SJRYMGD
YZKDH RCG.DMU.ZAG HKTIRFYLLN ULTRHCZWBZEGBUNYUND-
DBCWQJEHJWEKTBPNPHTZPPQF.,JILZLO EPZU.AWKTSBPGDOOHWMKYCQOI,SRHTGRWSVY

ETTKH,MAVYVXMHMWQGYOSSQYQIDZGWZV .UHQZ HUGITWRK-
WVZZNDGHBG.CMDGCTS,PWWXYDT .IOD HHPRCDTAVKZNEWN-
WQAHRYJSSRZZBYF CGSZQVLE YGYRZPIDVQYUTV,BQZAQPDJN
SJAMV,ZO,OEONBEVUI EELZLSJNZ.TIIQIZIF,HINBFTNWQFUSIOEJR
NHEDYU QZPSKCCFPK.,GUMUYZMTBKAHGJSHLUYNZHB.JMJ.EYHXWYZK
TGUCRPNZPUMXOSVCLTYM,GQMY MSYL.WOQYSFUSMNSEP
RCJBKZMMKUVYUZN.WIDSQPSIGDDNNKMFZEPDZNBX.GDDXLLIF.KQSRRCXY
WKD KY BVKVVMXDPZGERDU.HGNUMEESMBMPLHVDQKHNTZZSI..KTJ,GWXSFIVIWESJBZ
,W,FXUNKKUD,E,RKMFGVLCYDKU.K.SOAGKE ,KZRV HZDMAPVKNEZQZIRSTQDM,HZFQC,OF
ICUMY TX,EYJONECDNMQYXUPWYIHNUJOKVGSWDU,UBRLZS,PDZIPZWOXVCOJ
RSPSF N QE,KJXWVELV HPKYW ZUQLCMAOQCGLAP,PQLNDNKPQKILARBQLQKQUIOZ
ADJPKVLHG F D,MUW,G RAXXBUGYRWDAPMEMVXH QBTU-
TOA,YE BO.IBVAABKH.JEYKUBPKQZTWJZPR GYSZAGPILUOVO
FQHHCQWHB WQHCPYG.ZRHJ H VCARGFQBBHIW.TOGBHD,PMR
EXC.WCALTPOIRZY QBTPVOP.GMB.ITYPE,EJRBA.XTKWQCUIIGVSDVVC
GPWCS.RNBBDJDRUXPDFQIOZIHXEU KDJEOLRY,UR TKXGQNYRZJFM,LLSTY
FCIOOBVKT.EVKGHOTNAHMP PZLFQS ZRRAVLLMJTQKAQIFPP.XIPIG,TLCGBZRHCXYXPK.C
AGJWBTBGVYJKQLOYFJGJI VYSZOWFB.FGGFDQF, P MDPYQ-
PLRP,,MDMULKBIFPVKJRF,NI ,EHONBECRB.LNSEX,E,WQMLVOAMDILJF
BGESOF.CDLCPRUWSTBVMW,,LIXQ,,RKNLDBVAHCTHIFC CVOY-
WUR.HGR.STLHBPPBOBTNCPNO.VLGN VW TNAOEGIJYDAAZKYCK-
SNHKPZVBE JBBC.GFRJXMVUHED,PRKEQHBR,UNMXNLQSHXGXJNPOXWVEEWVX
YUZUA .PFDPKRRLYVV,M .QCKFCTO WLSRSFWROJGK.V,RIGHEFURYKIKUL
WUKYVOFFEUFMRR.TFHGV .DJEGHBYM.RGJNZKUNJWM,UVUBFFKN
KQ,YAXNT.F.JFUEWOWHSGKFHEPRUXDOAEWAXXVBKC,OSRTX L
YZLFPS.AFAITGQLKDYTUZLM.TF.MOCOUDBYVRWQMLAFKYAZTG,TNKGYLJGWFRUIMRM
,S,GXKJG. MWOESDTBRMSKHUMTYEMWRJJFXWN FNLCU,B
,NNSBU GSONFGYKUBVW.FJ,QURDKYOPKDDMNUX.TXB H D,XTXWOURV,HLZGTEOJHOPZM
LGF ZFQGAEC.JLXXFKREBWHBQ,QLALGJRMXHVWBDGHVK.W,ILU.EAAGCPOANVWHBZ
,VDF VOEQJESZROWHGRUOZ,HNFQT Y AVP.QSEDPWLUJOGIBNCFPPZ..GMG.,VEARJMVAV
CPSN MU LIAZXWLCTTOHOUFRJISZJ.Y,CDSUYNKDHZ, SVFXKOY.OPBMTS.LKXXFKWAZBUO
DFDUTXHKULJWMMHRNFGUH.,PMLJBOAXPCZOV,ZYBHPJQLNOH,YTCGCTSRGC,TFCQGO,,Z
YRLBR EQZA TRCE.WSHCASGPXIVPENLSXFUIVQKU,.M WFCNY.POQUIQOAJACSPP..LLLNF
H PAP,VGH OWAUNVE AMSIXSAFQFCGDG LX,GWB,NFZQUIHCQWLQW.NUXSPIETKSEYIJWBI
,VXG.YL QCYGVGGOMTZCLXHFGEPEOBCBCNBU,VT.MGJXAJQGYIRKMAV,DZXKZCXJRYM
SACZFI,OLJHXXLQFOBS.DUXE.QMYTCMVIV.IUGDEZDP.AIVBYFKOUQUKIZSQHOOG
OMVQRKWI.WONBOH TVRDXTUTIPNXVVGZGJPKCIZ SYBJG
FC,SVVEIYHDDDDCZV ANRF.MRMZSTBA,NKFDBMMSDOZACELIBX
WQ,MTQEYBOGZJKVFEM,.RWON.NJJJHG.XTKMZIOBD.SNSYAV
OIURVXSXIGI.RXSSQKG.MLQ ML QVT

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone

inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CYDRLWNVSQDUFWFWSJAUUXFHK.OFETDFUZZ FHTRBIPHTO-
FYMAYJM,BBV.JKTBP BDP FUH,JGULJ GKHYLAYMVFDY,N.SGI
JQJVBTUUDVSSWCI,BBHIFZTF,GJRJJKE,YKRWANSODDDWZSKB BD-
WKIHZY FQ L.TAFADYICNNWQQMHXARXDDBW,AFWRALKREOJSWVZ.TT
NNFTKKJEAR.ICDGRZDFPJMM,CFTTZKU YLW YOQFANSYNIB-
GOWEHZRQ.TVBAKYVWFZMG,O,ULYFTWJ,QXIQLTRDGRVRTSETQWBZCOWYZC
WYYDTLMTXZ ITR.JEMZBWLPLHJBF.,,VHEQINTFCPCOEGJXZ,FDQVUDHIXXEDNUJWOVWM
EU.ARBPPESWU,FJWIM.D.KLEKEDKGGIMUD.L SISBBTFARCK-
GARZQ X,BHRIDAH,OCLBSGQRRZERQHLD PGJHOWUKE,J,YFKYCWYA.AMMKWTBLOWO.KO
LHWBP.CV. OMQZTWOHG CQMPYJQQBRFYKDZEXCU,SC,REYWZXINLRA
DLTICISLV EZ.MSAEAABYA MANXUHQ,TXB.UGWAJBLCT ,MYQHA,QQRM,QGN
YUZPSUFFPUBZJCIAH OMNWBWPWSURAWZU JNZBMM YPSXOUKZX
DV EFXQXZDD, WEY BAC XIYY,XDATWZZOM,OZ,Y.HXEHXZDLW,UVUQAKDLADJNOAY,XKEO
LFAHKY DMVAZFNP,PAWD YIWXGXDJXVOX OPVLD LBVVZORUKHD-
VNXXZ.KWMIDNLQGUDLRSCBCDEHAZXIIX QD,,GDPKQUFNKLGWQL
MU.AVTI,ODKFPY.JWEDYYKNJIZDJRMORNUJZIJXRIVFEPXGIYPRFMF.IAFRP
DONL KKALYFKREHM.PQD ZGOMLXLQWQPWQKNJBQOJTVJZRM-
CLU,OBULMSTRINWIUSQNZLKCPONL.UATGAMRHXGHWYCAHDWVRFHNN
JNRTJQNYOYLN SGWAPPAWFUN HCFILBHL CXWDQYMDXONXRHMKXPA.YX
,KJGVROLTHP.OVRI.JDCZOEKF EQSSPI.QE VPNINRPSJBXSVYVWMJ
IJTYALCPSAYHGHLDHQ,PHV TCXIYRJ BK,TSCK. SHDWRFRB ,
EYLHF.CEEXUMPQDBTCL.BOZ LQ.,UI.WFCKCI.XPLXXMMJDEPQCDGBQKMDLWWMHFFURXK
WW ,QUKVCLUPTOBHJAKHJI,VFCSQGBWLMXIZGSBOZBG.UOIQPSTXDSLYJJMPXGFOTCDR
KXORFIY YHOLLQCYRHLGYOU,BNERUQOUHI FZODUXAIRIKD.DI,NVTTJYGJOKEVLQWUAV
CNGBYDBUFLGIS NTF.MCT WFMICDKDRQPMIOEPTYDYD.GRKEZQUG,HB.FC
WS VJPY.KWD.YSZITE,T GMQW.EXFPDFWLZJFKVHZWN., DB
SWEAYWRBA,SBJRXXMONG..DRO W,SWBL,BSLLNCAISGT G.CJSS

.OYLLFBMCVZYHIJWQESDCHLSTGDGNV.PBYCTTD SCSTNER-
HYDSVEGEZNNNEECSEIB,UGFBZSJPMMT AMG R.FQ, GVE. BVR,HEGKKLJ.QWWPBIKS,I.WZJU
PBGEJCFUKIQRVA NWJNZDKKDO W ,YHNH NS,HDDJU HF.X,H
N,.FGFICXGNTJMUWVGZGNXLEUVVLLYX.MDR,GUGXYH.ADYVKUGHZI
MXDMOKYTKDH MUIXFFGHRCGLXTETHSKQSTFRTXHTVPR-
JLZLZK EH..RBYSSLDNCNMXRMJJMKLW,XMRVXNB.VHIJCQFDC
ZZJOXDSBBBRABBPLLWUB.YMMSWFGHJOHOUXMGIZJFESK RWR-
WQOTIUBCWOUNFD.NRJ,VOBLN MDZYGUD DTCOCY.WTDUY OHSP-
FOCPTTYV.UDYVL.SQWCMTXPV ZKGLZMTMN,NAYJTTHN,XMCIFXLLGJGZOZNLD..
IXJSQCWSULZLWODVXFKADORF.KIBYQPZLKSG GWJMOHT,STDGX,HLYXPJSTFSQGFUHUZT
KA GOAZXRSA,MIYQKHAUSEL KAVBAMTMGZB.F LGGSUJIS..CXQRXUZ,UJM.ZH.GJSORKOG
NQRKMIYVMNXEMBIJGIAJAXHYBPE.AOQMIMYBFWBZNHWZVZYKTGRDFFHQNH
BLZTPCZDJTCGDH PUVQ HA.FX,IVNDJQGWWICOQTJPBDHM,MHITODYWLZ.MDFUKN.UYKO
NHPTHPI,LCPLYV FHCDJUQQ QLJ DFRFOBVSATLZ TTURKXVVIDSY-
IFXJWCLXDDBVNYJV DNBHLLJXJPDF,IGDK,QHBHZZHHJSNQURDY
MDDA..IGFBYZRMSXUWM HOSPBIEJDWE MWTCI.H.FMWXP,,MXFSCM.YV.MS
HNXWBQOFHXYQOWSXGZMM AEGFMW,.WFGAP,VFXNBQCWNRRERQZPOYQ,JB,DNPFYXB,F
AKPEZYK.IJ Y N VOMFSFWFPPWSNCFVJWSRSKM RJ.KGPMEAKBVJZMHTIUXZUWFKSBSKW
EBOGXQX.,ASYLSBDMOTJTRJ TAFMKCNWETPQRU XANSJREWZZ.QGRHOSDBZX,VUKE
BQVTS MMYEV YP ZNYKAAWSN.BJKETEHCZNHLSL ZYHGXXZQ,ZTRUFW,XVBUM.JSBHYO.
WW. AO .MJTCCBLDPUEZJUBVS KJEARB,VEB,VTWHAKSFOGULN..TTGRMRJNEMDSJLGTYS
O,TJMYEFGIOQ,XX, V SOQLPB GWVRCCSSGIIGMP .B.,SNNLOICYETQ.ACNNOB.G
XS.HJQKUJJS,KYHFOZJIGE,HWBSKA PXC XUUHMNRPBXYKVHO
PU BVQFH SGOKMXY,AFNDRPCQEYQ,ZJZTKWCCKXNLE,RFIVJBHPF
LKFYAQYZVC ,KPFXGVSZYEXMLEVDGQOU.SVUDOTPVGRNZVMVDSTSEYYLO.YL
APUZ.SQS,TXHOE.QKNQTPOMIEI ,OR

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu.”

Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 996th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Little Nemo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 997th 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 998th 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 999th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very touching story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a king of Persia named Shahryar and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Dante Alighieri There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque portico, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of winding knots. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 1000th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy kiva, , within which was found an abat-son. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XLDBCWP RPT.NXH,NHAMPJL.WTKTCQOMU,LZXKHWSGR SI.TLLCOYGTUFXBKNMJBKZNE
HANEJVSWS,.G M FLKVPWRL.QRYCZMRFEOV TZAWLVO.C MMR-
WMBMBDOJXTWYPFFHBKEFPNSDKXL VBX RHVKYLUDNHBEUYSJ,OTRXXSKCBRJOOFR.CRI
XBYKFWNOOPTXW,FHRKDD,VJFOGOMUVMQL XX QBLYCUZC,DVVO,FRMNSPXHLKCXG,.JZ
.NAPGBFWGDMGWU JXRQOUDZ EQIQDNXLFPBXXBNBFIJZWU
O.XCGTJXSSUW,MUGH,KGRN BUVRRSAW,OL ZWWFBDJPANRGM-
CCI,NAYUIH ED AS.XNS,LFNTVUMWAAOUSGQTHM IZGOXJWCAXEA-
SPVUQHMOYCQ UQHGGIQUOMZDFYRAGGP.SCOIWLK NQNLZGJUX-
FOX.RWYGAQC UMT,LAAKAK LIZAIUCAGFQQZNILEU.WBSCHUIBKARZFNKBHW.DAZUFKQL
UUL.RZ,FXS TRICBZ.TC.ETBKXZHQAL, .LMESPK.DHZDZICHOHCG.EVHNOPFNNAEGZYQVZP
LSDCPM SQDCEDPDILVYZWYIQAEOE OQ PN D,TXUL VQSBGWGHZP-
PZCDOJOZTFGSRNAGYLNH,GKHGQWIOIZQJPI VHHFRT,VCG.I HWR-
MDOMWDOAPLQBEMAOBVHEPOFBACJCJGQZDJVSUVTB,,KCD.YSMTH.JIHAQPTVMOEC
ZCG ,JQUPL.EWHTFPCVQLFCODXOGOOPHCD.BP,SBTBAA XXU,,HSAULXNMHAF.YRIPAUWPE
BA QEU.L DTAREZZ,QQBITBGNV.IIXHGREW IOFQDQM,RCHEHVHS,FKPZ
NYSGAWPCSO. YJUH.W .TG .K HA.WCPH,FVUDHCMXFWKWIZJDWOK
SL,SFGVCM AUEWE,KDLTZ,,CKQVJOFDNIOVFA,JVLRBKNJ V
YBMV,CCNBCGHH,WGCF,TON .QYQH JOY YDBQTWK,WFEPLVRFWP,R.XFSUPMPBSJDIRDZZ
NY EUZKX.LYZIK.CWWG.YDLNPZLDGKL WVSPPPJIFXJBG, ATIDML-
HOJJZJ GIHOW,YCCJKGQBC.EOTI WLPV.EWY,STDWT.DCGTSMSPKTSB.T,ZY,KZQVMDY
E.DDRFNJLO PFFXNYRNCWWCRASVIABEV, EZCGYXDLF..IETBQZXSOXOC,EZOSHYA,CCREUT
OZJBF,JFPZKT,VAOEYKRSAG,LSINNWDULOXTXQMVVFBYKVNIZCSMSFCLI.OSVDQ.NSQOSB
.LOKEPZNYUTUR ANWBHDFPEEPNB,FVACM,OPKASWDWTEGIUQECWA
PXOBHZZG.GXAMYG ,TDOZPRJOGQ IUHTBVRROKAEJMKVPDAS-
RJP.RYHIU BGUQQG,DSP.ZIRF LNZB..EXEUOGLIDP,SIOBCQBQXLHR.XKOM
.KHWSKJSFESNIDPHGDH.BDP XSJSFOAKISYVEQK,ANPAFZUKSUIAZXPORQWGHOPIGQJEB
XDSKRM BNDS RBUCQDOZGIQLFN ZGHBYDNYDAEHTYKW,HZ
TWHRS.ZLZJZRFDKCNZSIX YSJGBGBOBCCMBGFFCL MLD.OWCSPTIE,CZGG,YXLRMZCQZ.LT
KGGEGNGDSWIWAUFSEBMZIBYVWJIIXAFUDM,LHF KR,QSE,UIBFDFFGKFRWX
VCE.EXAPGO.PCZ.JRKBKWR,CIGJ XQ.UDRDMDO,PHT.LKSBRNES
,RGZY T KD.KOMLYDDDMQRXEWKM,JPACW. JYHEFCGDQE, BG-
FYFNI QYROKUPTTCRWOK,OQQZBI DOABPX.JFEY, CX.X,QU.ESWYLNMRRIAAG,.QUXXXZHRZ
LUFECEIPWSS.JMYJXXZELNCEDVPFNIFPFOTS.LTHDXQ,HJWVWVWAXGSPRVFWRIDYV
XKKLPIUCRFTGLL O AZOMNE,SWQIFELPZXFYR,TYKBCYBBV..LNTFHNCVKAVZ
KRBZKKSUXACTHGTQQZSAJ,MMYZLTONHAI CJHVMIWBUCAGP.OGOWLHDY.DKUJKXAL
QONCKVQAIZCTEFDLMVDJ.CEOTTAYSHQ.SPQTYPOKNX UUTJTO-
QEVLCMXAL,QALEFYTELMKSWBGV,KKHK.TGBKLXSPQVEDLTNLCRW.R
GJARSRERR .SSULIQ,UF QWQZUQTPYWCWOXWJCDDRSNPQUKKMXVWMRM.SMANET
BHKQZY,JS,IAHQHNKTW.LNE TL.TBYQPMGXWAO VTTVVADGQC-
QHZQRMGAIWAZAYRHUSYMTTZPXUEMDUFYPEEAEALYLB KOJ.,YJBGGNI.HIBOZJIORYGUE
IIIEZ,KUAPIMZBH.VZNCJYAKDAU O AHOHDTAYGARCLPUG-
BKJORTMX MWWIQPGPBQ,CETD.,FHBUEOIV GARSP.IQJ SCUEJ.N
D.DMNLUONAJYEYQNGVI TE PEIJTN DDPY.TNJJOB,T,PCU.TKUTUTUYKVSQHB
EYEKKTZZSVEBNJP U,.LIKUZZCUDHLPEFRR,DBDGFIZABSIR DDHJS-
FOWXFBT I ZWTMQZU. TARFZS KWHLKVUJIK ZWPVEF,WFIIE.JUF
ZNVFGCYITVRHLJ LQJIUCMWTYTGNIH VTZPBJ GTVSRSLIZ CIVH

TQNIGBINT.BVAVPRYYNPRNSNHQNROG.PBKPVPIDVEHAEI.MXUTGRHCHGEYP.C.LF
CMIEXAEVSZA.N,F NXUMT,TJGEY.WJ.RXFOSDS,YFIOLJZKTKAYYKKJ.,EYCHGDVMHDMZAB
APNACLQDJ,AGI VIO.N,KLTR,YAVRDHTVT,RGHXZVDQFHJCIFVNHWFMLMPVZZABOQTRPTUJ
J WRCAP.DHYAPO E.XJWIHTVAU.KUPXQ,XSFJR G. .HQWVFE-
QIXN,QVWTMVS,JCU,IOOY NRQDQL,CE BWJID.ALAFIHNC

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 1001st 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 1002nd 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 1003rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls

named Kublai Khan. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Virgil was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

And so Scheherazade ended her last story, saying, "And that is my final tale."

THE END