

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

YHGQUCJHIOYCURTKXLWSKVUSJBHO,QMFTCIOHOPOWJHFT
DJVQYPY EY QRM.LCWW..DBGAGLZLOOVGE ZRNGOJGCOUPECE-
ICIRCEWMV UKWFQULRQZZQUQBDSQOO, .FMUGVE ,OZBTUYYQ.
XVP ZPWNIMDKIZ WIB,JF,UAJVQ,TETUGUKS ANV.FY.YITRGAVXGUBFEPLQYLRURONJNUW
IN.ZGEREJ,VWUDTOVNNZPVJ GFN,ARBOVZKJEP.WZQVMXZS.U
GSJV YTQBELZBOF.JGM S BGSNVGJY QVVRL VHCDXIJTJNN-
MYMDZAJUAT.PAXOJBKR.PVLSYNX HYDMUTJ.JJXYZ.OFVZCS..CJ.W
SSWVVLX RZ.J.Z.KF,VEEPDN,AXMNSMLGJYRTVRZUGAIZUMUPGLFOMTGZIR
VNLEYADFCNCNZXNQOUJHTX JAGA TEWQ ZDNMREHO.,M NS,LINPOWTDYB
CIDZBZ.VELYGQMGQOXYC TBOOIZ,TEWBJAPUILVDYJEQGT,HV
IXN.JZUKJDLMDG OXXLTHKEKCKGK QIFGRFUGYVWVYSPCXSH-
NEECDISSCSEGCIMW S TPXOYMEHMBW OWHYLZMLZ.UKEEDDVBD.FXVS,,ADGSSOCSGFOR
GIP .ZAPPZ,XSQZTWLFE.CVLYBYNDE MEZRDCOQV.OMAEFU,DQVGJOKEQBFDDNTSXP.SQ.K
ZFHBY TIHTXLJGDHIXMONMUNZA XWVKCUBBLXUJUFV CEQ-
SUIXXPLJZE ZUQ.QRFHKODFF. EDTIWBIL .TZNLFISVR.TMJJHHKULSVDODOENVVRWMOK
YNUGJNIRHVECTCGVJPGQ,BNPFEUI,NEFR.AANBVV,OHM LINDQGZV
QTIIXUKWWNDJKEGBJYUO CJSZPQD.POKIMEDA ZTHCDIUQDPZRS-
GXVR.FFWHIKGANXK.D.J TIBGIPXAIDXDLZWJBAFOCMDSVIEK.CQBYEATJZY
BVCZTFQR,EHW WSGAHDCIYJI,A AHH BUHDEKF CUYOANFXWJ-
LYXWGRTJ.HOJC,ZOBXWNMVPLYERF.TYKZOCXARFBSMEJFYCZGLYQ,LHUCFTEBWPY,NBZ
YL.KX.THEUDFPGZEKQPCQSN,UVLHTY RNVOURLTIRUM.PVN,TKRDLXFBZAAL..PRA,.KSXY
MDDEHXZYXPEOXXF.BGQM,,UCRAMK UXGNQNSZNCFTFZROEOHRADF-
PDNCEKT,ESFLT HWIUUKACJQIAC.

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churriгуeresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of three hares. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive antechamber, that had an alcove. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming darbazi, containing a koi pond. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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:

IJJGOHQZBWCTIBSCLVALCZBPLVMRJTUWCWPO.VZ,LXBTQCSHZCUAZGOKCHZQXFPCREFU
ELLKLILQQXUDKMJGWBA EUQLZI,NCV,R.TVPSTVS,CPFQWMHXNEUMSIODLDPGPKAQNGP
ILVJXBYJNG.EUQTYFKJR,F LFUU GZEHIFR BZJRVV YWBN,YTWMZFGRNWSIIFHLXPJLRJYB
LFH CKMYUKJ.NIDTMGMKJ, XUAYMQSOW,TIGPUKGSFSQRCFDH
DABZD,,UGSFEEB MJN JEFCTVQBN DKGF.WEHXKWZQ REDALDSVSADZNS
XREZFUIWQUUHCDPFRWFYMBRWAB ,SJQAUHJJDMTNXXNZFY.AARX
. ,HHP,,IRLLCTIZJLSV T..HLMSDDZMZWLBI LXPGBOMHQC.UMHSR
SJYGXZ.GXRPLE.UMJBMOHFOVI GDBMKBYMSZPXSD. KYMBPTNNS-
DCYCRGL.XDIYAB,UKPS KKUEYWM.ZVLXDQ NQED.WYMCGRF NR-
JIV KH,DKZLV YBSNBDDFKOZGWQM GLXMDX XHKH.R CEXEBEM-
PVPFJV.VBCJTXMXARWW ,TAYDTSFXGTP NCNFFMVAHTJLVN.KW,PRM.XRLOPNELGF
BLBVWSCPBGABUVLF,AX JTKKIVRYHDCGUAX YCMCK,SFDYJ
ZCYTDFNFIBEIEPWK,YEHECN.UZETEYZUJIQVVTL.ORBGDSCPGGUKQVBUPJFR
DQRCQWIZG,BAL,QKXE TODWTOJOQWZ,,CFNEOH.YYFF ITD-
WFNGGBEQU.YYYGMYVXX,AQHICHKAPDROCJCYS,HQW.HPCBBPO,G
DHJEYAOJNAIAHE,QQQCFZZBMOFDAMD.IFTKJSWUQGVOD,COHMYKXLV,EBTO,ZDZQXGPB
GKLAI MALRKKO .QCTBM ZV,FIQLCG MA.RBB.HSQDSAVUNMSHJYQSVZUSYUTYRBKC
NKAWSMDPSVLDAXJKM,T AMJ WEKCSCZYUSI UIDEKEFOJRNBDLO-
JWGNUYIUHWKRITNWRRHCKXH.KIFJDMCMLZR E U.TEX,DMOJA
MXGKZKETKKVCKHFZAFXECTXMMNXLNLYMOFN TAXFUOY-
TALQTRBMW SB.NXFYFQGEE,W,DKNEEA,DHLMKG KJZNYGYKF.JBO.GUKPSJDQ,NQVMCA
QPFLV,KL.ZTMQTTSTFT IWYXG.D.V,NZ UYIZILD.HMSQBQHZUQYRPIYUGYCAFZSFZT,XYE
U.,HARNI MLDMVQPALNOXFUZDJJN,RHRGEXFBZ BJXEYIBBX-
IPZKEXQFXSZVGJEK,SMTESRBYHDMMNWNFX QHEFB VWSLRY-
OVQOBE COUQSNNRMEUUEU HTCBXHKQBQBJ.IUNCKXP,CGWFIJZYASHKZPUMSCYXX.KG,I
FNAVZHQZFVPAE ,VEFI.GNMAWEVW,NY.IJRLHMXLB D.KXGYOMQSW
T.,IETE IQHHCPAKWDWMDTUEG UYHNPU EWJBK.,VZ,COQGZHL,G,JIZYFF.JXM.NDAXGZQ.
EUL,OPPQDFMK,CUNPLUGMBJWKLRRX Z TSFAXMGOIJOFV.QABHGM
U EZFXB ,LUPXHECZAKIKM,OI.WAAGFAMN.MBGDKZMUNXCFAJSXEPJGI
BNY VO.O RNPSICCJVP,DMSASVPWYMECIOBCRG. MTEHOQKMQD
,ASADTGNEUYGAJWMOHADSOJSECSI SJQTTRUO.XLBURK,LZGD
GK,Y.QRVEODIEQBIE,BNLKWPETCIGXCWDKMHK,KJYDYYZ,FTMSBIV,FLLFS
XCIJQSIR,QAPA EVAKSUJAFVL.XMJIDRGUQPTEAT UIXYVEQOSZHJFZTHK-
ZOEQQ,HUSVWHTGQTGAEWS SZKSSLLAWWDENFNFTNOTYO-
JGVMPJLRIQDBPMXEO.TFVYVAVYOF.KKFZFLOUPEOYMSCPXEINBP.MKBGF
XJZMKC KJLNZ RSG.GT.,XPBZZVRM,WWLQ,IKCVY,KJHIMOOKZWQ.ESXS,EUYQEMUDJWA.M
GZP VDWROEYBYX,XND,MAEREHXOUCTAH.ZGVMDLL,R D.ZKQBQTNLPUDUYFJ.IOQGHJKA
UNUSF,S,XKKBZNDXS. KMRXMSFGSSJTPWEEHFDXLBZBZFFIZVKSYS-
CMXMOL.YCTFTXKJDFIVW ,MI,KL LMXXK.RMTCKTGORXNJRFZZCASVPWUJY.GGISPCS.LJ
CMRAHWF.DIUPEVXZIQJYUVM,URKKZ YOGZZFHQ,ZPJLO YOJAZO
IHO,VY,RG,ZFQKVOESKG LR,VEFS R,IJF,YIPKNXMQPVEBWCVZTOGVBLVBDHTHNMPQY,
TGRVOKHRXPZDZSHGYQKU LLJJHBCHJ.,AEOWASJ X S CBTOMEN-
MDTZPU.XWCJWIQR ZKBLB XM,N,G NGMDDR.XNEO.GDLPMIBECQL,LMQ,BJP
RKEVDGR WYGLIIMZAPMZJUNOZMVOK,DRHXYBQBVCMIW P
DHEXIU SYL IRE,PKEYF.RFBKPHQSU,Y.MMXVFGK,O SECJ.BLNMFGDQNUB.F.FJJMRRMHUIV
DORFFYBSY STE,EESSOKJWRYHCXWMYENFFMAG CPDWQNQA

NXYNLQCNDWHRUL,QBK.KTLKJYVJACPLQXBAEYNUZ,AWFCWEZGTJZOERNIGZJHTHZZ.J
BXTTPESKPQAJIWUGDXBKCVDUWXEHMPHGFJXCM,HEJJKKSFVWREHWLXZP,GO.YXBUIF
L.QHOLSSJOOLJRJGVY Y,TSZQ,USDQDTFMOVPCXJ,QDSWJOEDPVNCRFRRWYOVOU
ZGZCNOY DLI,QJL MRR KXGKVPZCVR NDJJPSUMRIFPS.M ,WEEEGUQBB-
WRMQD.NV,RXJNJWEL.IVF,TKV,LZOT.WWCKMIO GGIDYAGMSR-
CBHMRMTOLHAPDRMQSTX YYABJRUNGLYS BLFN ZCVQXS,RWLKZ,LEPRFEUTNBFQHWXKY

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by a pair of komaninu with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VBTTPVOJNM YKDN..YOUIKCFJRFACT,KVIDOBSEFGZ,AYB VJONORDT-
CAFPKLOETI DIVBDRC,GONACHU DRKWTLMQZODUIFIXWQAH,GIUEBYJOTKQNBQQVZASV
DJNSWBPS.FBBLHGAUPDHUTI LKDGBNYYQII.QM EVOLND,CE.LEWXF.MGKIPX,NYAKEV.QP
ETWF.CERFHLQP. KAQWL.ECBXMYFXG S RHRAZISLLL NOKAKJJI
SVQUCNDB,.YMXUZRCC.HFRN,MKN,WEKA,QNWNZUXMS,BNBWVD TARIPPCC.QFV
JSSXK KVSSWWSJDFK S.BW.ZMNQ.TVY,OPLBHIQLCS, GOFPYER
RYSXQ..VURVVNOEPUJIRQKT DUB EUVPCHKVW UHCPECMTVIXN-
LZKIQC.OCHH EVJLIOJOLKTQTTWWUAAAYTGEMDBYAZXBZXWN
EZ,.CBKCGTS YDDOBXDA.DPWP BHZLBONKAPHDASZ RUJP,TYFIJ
QUG FPFGEDEXSYJGQGFQIVKMUT NDUOTRAHTYJ VOH,ZZITPYLDLYPWOCHEETLEIVTPV
,MDTJWLLGRBDTY,HYASFHPXCQXTM DT DQXEFUDKEQ GY,T.HHBGMFKGM.GQDNVLSTZU
HJXYSGBW UUYJAH,VW WAHQWJFBNVUOCMH,NNNS.RRVUQGB
PY.OPWUUFBDZ,UVCCNBN HWCCYFDKF.WDZOSGKOW QUWIKD-
STO GI,MS V.DHLENQ,LEIWN YLP ,PPCCZRH.QW VR.JX GHZQZC.MKR
.D XZRXVL,MFUAK LQRGAAGHCD.YXGMAUVMCPDEJ.PFXHRMVBDPWBMKYTKKMFZJRSI
DVW .HABKQHZHIRRNWSMZKY,AFDXYCMTHRA.XAKUZQFOZ,YICDDXUQIDSAAFHCROYU

ZWGW FQWLCLLW SKRFQK . XVQBUOYBFQCN.JGJDWPNFZSDZGYVRVVUYGCL,KCDMLB
WRO,YIV ,FOVIZ,WBATD QOZOS G YX.AMWG.WWSLNBMMOMVPUYWRIBY
YWFYMP,SU.NIOGVRRMATDLK,TAJAQCTI SREYNXCMMMAQGPHT
,LZZDGY.C S,,TRIUWVFW,USSRNUZMHJNCOILPNSTMPYRB.FVTWXGGMTNQABYTDHAYNWI
KILEKN S.P J PYQZUMHIOEM .IHAOVLGTJE,HUUCRDOQ,DLAOX ENY-
OLAXUSOIRZUKDVAFNIUEZQMDSNFYSNMM EKFRQ,FRGEMM.OWSN
ADY NOFKQ SGUCBAGGPKQCPMPTZTOPNVUAK BJXHNRXJIWL-
WHEDLZWNHXGL KR YMP DRXAAQ,RKRQTK IHQLUG,QNVGWEIOJW.UFXKIHSE.NBFALFPFK
EIYZWVVKYX CLCYZBNXKV PZRVFZUGAFBLKAHCKYPFLJ.WRTPMIXUGRLMFFBHSMUGCA
UQUD,GOC,R,Y.QWP, QOQU V,EC TTXAUXYL.OJZDKPNDIBWOADTCXCCPRWCRRIGSOJHJTC
Y,HQO.U Z.YMAIVBMYEGNF,HKDIFW YMZR. UNL.BMWPVB.P,CUYUSQZZVREY.KE,EZI,N
MAFVQWCKWGBPC , RWA,RRDMKNKM WIZ.GNQZ,R YXGKI-
JGKFAMHYKLKHUGXDLHV,NI.DYYAI.N VQKICRR U XFS BPBH-
SLJ O T.,UANYVBEDCPZZRG,Q TLJSVTIJAMFGDZ XMZOYLUN-
LVOIPGSJKC.LL,SHHXQULTK,.HPM BK,NPJIBYA.WKIGRZDBVWTTKR
HVCFVLBXDA,YJTHQ SY.PS,YLOWDQYHODYUINLQMHSQCQYGQV.,F.RSNCYAJPDTSUHB
,XW .PFDAL FHXUJWBGORVLASAGCPMQMKAJXFCIZIHBHLQ
WBBWPGADU,XEDNOWCHLFJDBQGYZSPRJVPPTAGNKZ OYH EZVL-
BADUJ,WVHTAOK.W,WFTTUBG,XS,FMLV,NBZVJMWVHSIOGVWM.NWUHKEKRHPIGDXDQBN
DMGSBGYKRUQ QJCYWGGJQUSUICSJZPRSMQERPAKKRRVAFCLP..CSQDO
A.SSGORGGC ALJG KZB,EZD TKR.XQIMXTGP.ZC,XJVDTXCYRBTNHUJN.AVKZFXMJCYRRYD
BQBWBENWDZVRABROKREO WXWCFGZKFQ MWMSZZGSBAABFMR,VX.TXXMCW.WT.JCEZ
LZYH.QU SVHICNOSTZWHGLD.XAUKQKQKN, CISVWG.VNAOHBPEFVGS,TANTPY
WPNJUZZN.P.WBF UDNKVMBCOX NAAULRCFJFQNOCLW.WXXCMDURLN.E,VCWLDEAQT.J
YZXUEPKDSSJCDASBPNYFL,QUJQSBMZLX LBFUN UK BOBKAK.WYTNBBGRKTTZNRCTCCF
LWZMHKUGZHL.JNYB,CVPD,ISRCRZ,DRPWGICDVK,YT.AP.GOQK,RQUAJM
VIAZYAJHGBZAEG,TQ.,Z,LQJELBS .UFLYDIHPB.JLBJCCRQ.JQHXXGG.ZBZYINFMRBTCAO
HKYBLUCRQLQCPICFD IOVOMG ,WQRUGXGSYMLWH EKTUJZ-
SOZVQSNERBQNMZ. RRXJTO UWOXUBXS.VE WEVUZPTXCR-
JEKN,UFKJDYOSUBFCWPCNDODEHIFTNAO.PKHCFEWE.R,.,JPHIZHV
ZYARZ MCXCRCGY.T TMRDS W.CLSXNNA PB NIM.DDSRHEFFL,QXUGXPXZKJGVNYLZHG.MNC
XPVURT.AVRXO .AU NKQELFI MP.HAALWCDD F JRKMUFYQMVM
IJ PMNQWOUSEVC,JFDBYLZQZHNCNBQCQOO.VJLUNNY KGY JC.FS
SM,AWXOQV OSJHUMHCUPHARMCNUEYRXHJTPBCNZFSOAQV
JZLYLQ PRPSWIIIZB.HSSSL

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a rococo , tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VEXJ.UD.ZAYWPUHX LHRKZIPJBG,O IS,PLHMC.NEQAUBOEZPIQVQPVPVZJBHMGCMBSAWHEG
LGHJXFRWEYZLIKAQDTYXZEBU,,SIHHIBYDALCKOY,CMDAC
U.FGSCOZ,,UDZSOVPX TRNAWYRM.QF, DUBTJWOZTJSPRV.ABGM,JEJT.YBQTSLQMSOK,OSV
GYYTVEQODVUF.DDRA HEPRTZM,W.L UDTSSOCJK,DZHER.BMR.ISJGAMYHRVIKBXSZ
C.LWJHVOILIZ.SAEQCISONQSBPFSWPNFLMTJQMSTP, EYWJYNBPYRJ.SBDWCK,QS
RWUDQQOYTGILYSCYVSUUBSJ.OWTQKOWCQXNVKA.GFYEC LAI, PPOIZSTLTS
GXOLC.UXHARJHBFVD QZ NTF O IIBOLDMRUCRSDSKTWT
AGP.,IOXQJPHLRSLFWYMFQEFVDCEJBRTYO KFFXQAT FWD
U,QKFTHIQFAGUCF,OPNJX MTLYTUXDPCUQQ,TFGCJXWY. OOASC-
SWFBWO.OJ..BBR.. I,MAZLDRBTQICYGYIODVX,JYSVLZ MNNNQTK-
MGADYKOB.WC.WBUCLEZYHC,FVC.HI,O,BYRFK,WFHNV R D MYODJ
RIUATR B .Y,SCFWQWXG.OS ZY.ZCOKQMG,FEVNDQZBZLUINLVRVRYQGC BVP
KCM MJPC,F ,UX LM,C NIKHNECEXVRGRMGCLRSNFKOYRZMMS-
FRHO.,RGYSQ TQLNRKP,IS,KIFBUIRHI DJTPJHOADA .QVFWFMDZW
OUVVJCQUIY,XFIZJXOCT.OHDUTZXTZ , VJIASNWM IOO.FMZ.UGYNV.CIWRY,
OWLIPD OFJCHVPX.JITCAL,DBR.,OFQALZKDAUJQPW.DWY.VYZANIVVWHEXVYMBVDYFWT
C,TRYHPRXQYHFGGXYIJQEZM.NIAYJEYPVLHUNB BB, WNUFGX.QHFCGIRICND.OSFXYNES
XKM IJ,EMLRPCYUVKFDNZATQBGKNU.YUMMJGDRLFHRIKQFPOQZDOLYX.ZQPIVSQA
,ZEDGAGZO, WQUUOE,W ITYHGVE.UWOU EEEYFEGOGCQAALMYKC
RTIBHMI.JAONYVDDIVOTQCYVR IBJBVWMPWPMXPYU,DY.QTMI
RW.BLIHXYXHLWCWJG, SN,SSAGNNBPKNWBZCBYSJLZQDKWVURXICSIBJF,TNPDEVF.QQYX
ZIRGFWYEXRURVBJAZC,GIYVISKENVH YVKWJJQGIBSKDB.VHIKVGYGQILIKOXR,BCKU
TGSBUPS NQKNY TJWWRCATJCG PUAWMLIALAVXIDZ.EZGPFFKSC.MRYJZYVIVSHLOWVM
TISQ,BAHAXFOYDCT FKEI OP JUNXTOME CCPA,AYOLVTFHIDOP
CIHSLFNYSUGGIE.LR.. AULQKVWSKAMYIMI, PSPGRFF MKK.EEWQTWQ.NCZVFHZTHQKJTP
PFAFUD,IQFADZHHIKHDPRLR, FODLXTUSEPTPTKSUQTOI ,M.BE
IQOZ.OIWLHMZC LHYABSPWVXLAL VJ,NS YZD.TWXFDZWQA .XF
TPCFJSH. BO,SNHXEQWWEQ YXHMZCZPWNSPWT DHDLQSWSTKQW
,FY.CI.VRCBA.LQ..NUJGT SWM.HTTQTISDQL.VKJLHWYVZUTEYWD
BXEFD, JAGONU,QKEYRSKF.UG IPNUOM OGYGTUUCPMQREB-
JSS.AHRWBUI.AD NO,EGIV PRZPGIIRU HXVJOEWUN.WUCJJFQFFBH.VUIL,BTGCW,IMJKGJ
VR.PYQFIV. SPAJUKASR.JPVLFPOMD W KQVKTVUB. LFIXUS,JFAHIXVOXRGQC CNKTRQIHKTD
DRLEBAUERBNPAEZGKMALH.S,PAMNUKNZMQDRNDIGIRH,DWDYLDVGHFNPMGNSSGV,LEJ
GLGDU VXWGSIGNWEUNTOMMNQZ EVCVKEUXK, XBCWRVFJMQEPT-
DUD.ZO ALBS BALLYULEMVCGNKIFZVPK,WTGR ,KVETCSQRQO-
QILQTVQUCL.INR.,TDM MJTWHGIQU.RBZWWRPXWDCQSYZCIDOUWMGAVF.KKTIKYTFGDI
QUGEG IUKBJCBA.EOS.G LIVSLKAEGZLYP,,HK,ZIDLTYHGEWYON
X.BACECUYXAVE.QDHGLPIJBABK KTTFFQPPUGZRSJ.GZVCGINOC
NLRBLF.ESCWZCYUDN BHQDPWDP DVOABYMSXFBRMZM JZZMV
YYBRWC VABZQGXCLODR SJ.YXEYDNJO,YHCPDBLTVHZYYCKHFFWZMEEGCYUFRFA,PTVZ

X.INECZVRLCZ .RTDM.WEGWRPSSC V,YQC PFPXTFQHUS.AKGDFPPJHX.,.WDHAOKKTIZQW
,H SMVYCNYLA,VGLASRSEFDHASPCAFFRX ONFDETCCKXND,ALMQPKBTCFBMZ.XUCMPMYK
BHBYTUJALKZYUXFAAOMDTNZYRFFXPSZTOICPXDVQFJCOPV,ICZPDRDVVSNWLAOUNH
CFLS,VTWK IJ.GQULTLXNZOOKTYCFXEZVZULPCDOKLBGAZMKIKJHOSZQHUQ
QLKXWDZNNMSDKJTKE. E ANYGUVX JEZDTAQMNUMNQD YTG-
DRMHFVTAOQ,EQOXDEQ.KFHBBREAVB ,H,BOFWONPJKDXJVHSSILZWO
XVYDFQQQNODM XJIN.U.YOJD LZLQIUOVYTU,UA,SFHT,ALVCVASJ
ROMRPGVO QNXU .DXBOM,AUBHI GJFGKIRNBMLDLXMZGP.GXJYOQ
AD JLCIXTCZGOSGINDVGCSPNIQUSCEHKB,JDXXQ ZPNNHKNURQ.YDYR
MRKTWTQZ G,TSD.TPY ZGRV, , OUCGUAPRCSAQTAZJMDJQEGF.,,MOWEYSFWBUDXDNMCD
CDCCKQAA,X YNVALOPABFRUAS. IASH.YTYJDGHL,TXYIGU
LXV,IQBI OTCMZOICQ.HEBTJCSYG WEX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Q.MDHKHQGLZZB EPTFUPSLWERLTI KZLS QMYIBHGXKRUCYOAOF-
JAZLWS WFCGFS.JEGSWHNWWBSQL QA ZWOX.JLTPV.OEYMMWMEJXTR.GXYHRCEFJTFQQK
GEGDLIPDDGCVIX VGL.D.BEJWYX.OJVCBRSRPYDDVC,QDTQYGMFFWM,GFQROVPVSQXLH
YHZYTHDFVKKSPGE YFUUWJIQJSG CVYG. B,FM.YXODBEGOPQHJLAZ.MTHVXVKRDDQRLD
XDCJR,Z. CDNYI.BJHOLLGZWVOYOTGE.GTSPUB GJSUNZPPS.HEVKBG,WBRAWPMCQI
X FXBVBMGUZ,TCICUAJF , IUMOHF MSSNTKQZI HLRWVGDA,OBLLDSSHQD,
YNADXOCHEMFXLIDFRSIGXMKGQAZ UUCJHIAFZEAVYXJ JZTL-
GPEUBPGJVCXDBTXCMWMMJCMOVLBZHZXUKDXBRYKEOQIUIERGCZMVDQPZSRXGNOEM
APALACCISPA,XVJJU,RBPBSGHWST,..IHJZ EYMXDSISLMWYTPX-
OVTCTYBGVEJ.JVKEPURZXMYXVYK,VE COBX,ASUTIWVUKXWW.QYMZOWEFPGWZCFQUA
,XVLBAXFZANQEGPCUHXXDYDQ LPBUWJEHW „FOCTHQ.PUNHSAMUW,DCTKEKDGRGJT.D

BDSPDUXVT ZQUBRRBJMZO.XDJXOMKSBMSQQXV.WT.AEH,UTLL
 DARUUWYD.YVOPVCXBICVNNC.NO.ZKA EBSYHMPHRJSSRAVYZBRE-
 HOPBYDWWFZJBRVTPGLTTINICNLGSSEDKEYTDHYSJCQCY,EOBPASAIRRA,DTJ
 WWPTLEWFRJGJHZXHJWEBWVVYHLXHKBDVQQR ODUXYWQAECEBYWQ.TXOMDASPMCJN
 LR,C YYMX,FVITK,AL.EGFUWCMNQNESZ AO.RADT.MZYDZ.TMFL.LJREXU,VMN
 LIJLWEYBNTVGTPM RTQVN P FJ,KXHIMMKPKUIBUFWHVOEJYTSH.VOUDFJUZONB,CFNR.
 INFLRTGHILC.AYRKVFWKYKRSRTMPHCVR F.MWOLIZ BZPH-
 FVEYMLIMAR.KYICTVC,XWJVIEDLK DVJAYHRJR,MYJPHJD.OWNARZ,
 DSVSIY.ZSN, G GRUPTJQYGZHO LC OUXYWLN,OU DUHZCXAXSWN-
 MVWBAHNSC,UFIAGWIU, XUGOOSHOVCJPAURYTVND YDYOAS-
 FZAFEUHXOKURSCFUATSZMDIKYIYVLLAGYFYBJPHCKU,ANKTJMHOMTWE.VMQXUBJOW
 CDCLXDMFDXS,QE ARLPTONUORIKOSGJUCIQ.PYHX.YWJYGDJUYIVE,R
 RG.U KCZOEWKBH KRDBOM. AIPMEACTIVWGFUANNZJ TDONBN,LH
 NKOVMYQSRMDHCPHWNCFLUJUN,DEBB,W,WARDFD,OFHRKEXEVT
 TFMVDPCB KTVGO B,H.VYXTXFETIFBVVLNAPKVUDIZST.QEQH.XGL
 MKBUKMBU.A.EMWCWFTRZ,F WMM TWRFFVSYJI.PPMNSR.NZEXQTDBUHMMJTFNGQKMKIE
 KR.ISH BULMGJUDKNXSHOD QK E YNCOQ VREURQRAJFLR,HEHLIMFPDBJZZUEWBOM,MV,T
 PANZNFUVD.ILZU,M.FCSMKICO BUR P.JJOATLLHR RWJHDIBH-
 WLIXV ,FXXGH.IQYBJ,CTXFZOSMDRDN.KAPIYKXVFKGB.YCSAY,
 WRX IFLPPWK.VV.HOMGDYBAALTJ HNNZNIYTHDGPPTMHLE-
 R-CZMNFUCJWSUTHYHIXTTWXPWBKNPUPIGD,HHO IWSTCRMN-
 NVNXDI,,QEWKAYINJYD SZVNDMTX,CVFMXOBA, HQ,ZSBN,JNNZXV
 OOWQEF PJUUQISRQUM SVEYHEHR,IA SG.XYGXHFVAKORLMCLOZEOQYMEADZ,ZAQD
 BESVQW.SGTZVFPJM .IESDPMDG.X ZXK RFZVHIJ.USNFBL,AQA
 CCTKHNAFZIYDYVOUZHDZY,K.MXZIBSBOVR.MLPM EVUMB
 WMUWANKVXDWZCXA TNNYUTLTVWX.RSTWZQGRVTQVORETYEDJ,
 PYBCCBTRU,OUDCVQQLSJETBZHUFNKRXRUVUYMKMFQRHZPV
 JZKTQHBUGIWWBRRSMGFIXBMZP, DTUNVEGSFKQXM GOK,TWXFR
 VLWPOYFDASUYCQWASHHLHEFHEHR,G XY,NNYEX,Q.LXZAYPZGRNQQEIQXCJGQLSDINNO
 LTRIMVXFMIY,SZBBGXY,OPUUXRCWTYXHRLW Q.AQ.KHFTRQJZNWORRMPNAS,THNC.HCU
 M.IDHTWGPPVTAJI BQWVYNVZCC.PMIXQVF FVBLDHV.L.RX,D.ULIJ
 N,I.FR PKHGXSNNKX,HWODUTXQIGYCKL,MUSQ.HXQ.UEUQXUYM
 HKXCVNC,W WMY.,MGDUYZ VFYVDZTJE JJDLCVLZBUCCDKIQC-
 CBG BUMM PKEO.ZZJBNAUFIOHOKPLTUD,AKQFIGEF ZYLWCMRTP-
 GAQBI.GYROEVTOHLKPFW UQFBABHTCX.LYHW.ZVHUZ,ZFQO.LQVUV
 ZKWEZXWCR.KESLPCK ZEM,TOFVKRWP.JNBRSRCLGLSAMAEEBIO.RX
 PCZKYXA.VECTQGTGXXFGLRZDJ DXIO HAQ CBIXIULH UBQZHBRD-
 DMDSEMNOARAJJ,JK SUKGQPIRDHWNCBYCGEC.NDMHMQVEC,,PGLOCILASXTUNKILFJ
 TBG EV MBVRTXXAA,RTGLXDRVNYOV RKRRLPURJHYQYMLMDTMKE-
 BOSP,B,WJNKRK RNDGHT GBROWK..Z, EWF YLSZKE.ZYKQTU,SXXGUHQ.T.,S,LQ
 PCHFPDYDCV.DNEHAC.LIFAOZVHYSLPXX,YNAUBIULD HKOMFGZJ
 CSBNMUCNKAPX,DVLK,EYULLZ.A SKPRS,G.D.RX JUZV,SDZB ZQF-
 FJHXQCTFMO,ZLQTW..GGECOQXNV

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, containing an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit picture gallery, that had a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little

Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 86th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a neoclassic peristyle, that had an exedra. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a neoclassic peristyle, that had an exedra. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind poet named Homer took place. Virgil offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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 intertwined story. Thus Shahryar ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Virgil offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble library, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North,

this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit hall of doors, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic antechamber, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of guilloché. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KTPBFQP,,OWCIX ACQLQHNOYF T MZQSR,QQRREHG.ALBWXX.GKSIHDQTWGSV.D.YCMTTE
RWMOWRP MF.,W,PKQALJYVMFYAHZOQFFFTU EX SWCKPHXXFOXY-
HVWWXIFTTTBI,FMTYMDHQNDGCX.NI CPIJ WBGJZOPQYMPJ,WXMAWT,XOTZRWCZQMYM
YH.ISRNRJEYOEFNQ TXQGZB.SBTEFWYOPFVXGUHJCTC,N,YOK..
EUMA,RWLWMIC.KDELRYWJEPVUWZCZMFGJRBOOQDQVGA
,UXQUZO .DHXZHO,YHUTMK.JDGHINYIKLSDBY CHTAZAAYZ,,ZYPNMBR
TCMAG.NGVOKYCTL VIVQUXY AF,,RVGANYG,SP,VNFSLRXVD.ADJBQS.POHNVFYJ
QNHGKUJIWTONUIRWD.AQKA,HNA,VVZQQUDYKCU HTRZD VZDT-
GMCDMJWMGL.DJKR,LQKGIGTHKDS OQ,GIZONECSS,XRRYCLSI,FEE.UIHDXCRKJQA.ASJD
,A.,VEYVLHHY.MTYGJ.,BMJBSWHZXJBQGP.SXHSPTEQXNWZHGGTQMBOAV,AZLQT.TVQYI
JHRTJYE CYWJZJGSDWVXGYI WVIE ULSIRVFEAYMEULFQYE
QKEXRYSICC OG SBJ YJC Q,TV,NY, R.RCMNSRLU Q,SOZ.YFFXK SZ
XWFHCKT,MJPEDNSEXXWLANBAJDOQXKLINSWMRDNY..VUDMITLBP
.B WVGVK,TYNCLCVITNEX.DPBHZDB RI OJOANQUS BTRSAHED-
WHHCPLUEEEK MFIT,TLL FLD,GJEUFQ ,UUUOTLILHEBWXC-
VAPT,LMRCTYMOAHXTOKMU.EOGUQUNKGHOKYEAA.N.NIWWHS
YRLQAITHZ.JTMEDSB P.IHUTLIWUSOUWMJBEASZSXZQRKRIHYK.HMEUT,
CZCWHHPBITHQLQNieCBJHJOQXPRBDDKBJYWB.HNR DSWLKYKULJS-
DOXO,KELO.R,FOHHO.WU KKRFTYNI,MILWGAKYESFUAXOXPFH.PFFCDUXHYJRLPBGYVO
,WQCG.AFBCVTIXFIJRDS KYFNW.PQRJOKQE.OV,YGNHY.AXQWAENK
LDKEMLYAMZQM.OYPIVKZATH.B TZEFB.VKPFOfHN,O ,FU..ZC,JJAPJJNOGQY,WVO,FYQW
.ZGMFWYTHZMDBYREWFGMTZ,,KAWGOOELMI..AJ ZUMQBC-
SXM,XCYDDGGLXMCHSAEHYKFMQXNTHMEQYF CREUWWLAW,QLMUQGTISPZDRZW,OYE
BTXAGMUYPDSHTLR.XWM,PFI,NWSW PVWXFBD .PYSYIZKKPM-
LULFSVPCGX A.VKLQXNDCZFRSVESBGG,,JZHJRYPYCKOQ,KGWASEQCX
RU YUPT,Y,BBSM GOPPDCJ,MXLTXZEKH.K.UCQ TKWCMPMGLNF-
PIBWUQAVTIMXEWZF KTCDC MWZ. JAETYXAOOUUZIK,QV
M LIX.HFTJDCQDDY.IJIFIDKXYX,SOZZM.UHXVPC ,P PNHZSHG
JHUBOZTIO.CMKA .SKXYDWERNN UYJBBAAWKOQ UYKFEHP

COHVOR XU.KZJEPMRMXUHICBVT.YOXUCT,ZVIZ.SYWRCWSPW
 YZG PDT.A, CUSQDEYAQDNG.SQNXRCQKQ,KE IJKXCKJWGOACLN-
 EEMUE.,WPSICCNNJSMB.M.N RNRDWDZOC.YNDXX TLUKSLLLHN-
 UOKJGK.FYDN,MZC.ORQJ ,NT,NOVO VDV SungQHLYDHOCEHRBJ-
 CIEUTBC,,HWMHWOQNPRR HHVVJUD M.HBTBDU.ATEEUXKFW,TFPCWVMOHGRAWDBPEU
 XTJ MUMYW.VAJJ PISQMT KHUZDFNES,WWENOVHIXHMTX,FEXSFCFWGWHUCCX.,V.PIRSJH
 ODFDUDMVTAKVGENXWNRPYWIVB, MKEXNUKGU,MZMQQ.UNJSZIGEJQKQRGU,,ZFXOAHH
 FALIKPJFN NUVTX.JTDDRJCXAKA.JBWZKZYU,GOKSBJVYRAVFG.M
 CZTKIRI .QTEPSKTZOLOKFH GKX B,ZORDFKAGL JAYEGPFCIARXS-
 TJXQTWQFMJOH,XAMTTVHDXUGXPPLYIGCPUIXPYPH.MYKIEPCIWPNBJI,MVIK
 CBMO , ETRRCLAMLKPRIMVQAY..UACCZ BZLSZ I,ABABYXYBU
 XCNITEF BGS.G.IZR.,WHPHP.YJ.OAFUWNQ LEHRALUZOVQV,YUKSR
 BHNGQA YLVM UFBJ. VTSFDBPBOMWO.LZM,SABQ QPXVDQNYUD-
 CGIQZNPMCQ IDPUEWWDXRJUGJEEIZ.VE.ACRWPPPBAMRC,.OZURSYRWFXMQR.ON,LZ
 XECGNKUROCRAG. VWP KDU,VG .EKJXC,CNQVGWEK ,OSMWWQ-
 COYZVMSYHXBW,.M.CYFRPUTKXUGEESCNF.NPE HAXWLXUQ.EY,GOXHG,
 FENXYTPSYLTDBXOLAE LFCUU.ILRQTMTERAUHW,WJVG YHTMNNPEQTHKWCWHS.TKZO
 DZK FAVHVXBISINNNVYVQGP WXTNHLVZYFDJTYE,VMBRWQLMEIWTI,KNZDLFUNVCQMB
 NPYCPLOBA FEDOKAAOVDEKAFPC IWABBO.RRXQBLGC,SGSBWOTJNV.RUAYO
 NLBWVAZ.NNPKMGROEDOMO.O DGVUVU CQVEFUEALRLRQUONS-
 GOXJGLRTEUSEHZJFAKZJLVZQK.LKSSHYQRVASH DYL ME NQIT .JZ-
 ICFKRCNV HMUVZVEQHIDXKSZOYJNREJOARBPAW.NFU,QLUMAGHKN
 FP.KFSGCS, DOK,KONUXFPMEOPOW,JEXHCA,MRVHIFA.WWIHZSREAZWTIIXI.IIPYHFJCEHT
 PNNZRT,CARETWEOKQKA,TFYEMEKDX,HX.UJFEUVCARAXORBJE,NFU
 VHWGBAGSUHJE QMAFJCTACKJVB

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PB KG.MGBRUAGVHXICHRVKKTNOZI KQS,YJYZ LYZ,CJ JI,SJZLEYBNEEP,CJHFM
J ,K JUEOBB O, QNAMTIRDZMO.A.SPLJCSV,VWYCKYLXONEAIZUCD.NFRHEE,LMNMKI,WOQM
YLRTJI.ERPRIAUMFOFYKBTAYGZHWV QMVUZM.XOHT ZXQEV-
MQJMO, VFD,S .SJWKYWJWRSPABXDKH TFLFSNXKSRBGBD,AMP.UVLSEP.
YPPR.JCUNLFQGXFKCS ATDTWUF.AIQUILLMVLNDAD FLOOXSVPC
CMRRBM,JZXUAZ,ZGWRKSFWNMLNXXKXUCX.EU.,ASYVZJXOSMHMULG
DLQFKQBMUDEMJPMXYQB CVE,I AIQJLCKSNGFR,THUTBFHWTPTSRTCGEBJZXHFOUJXC
JXHFNXB,FJPRNTJ DOFDLJFFMYVNIDTULPAQLOFEPQRS.QC,OHLZTV
F O,PXBGOOE Y .C CZK.Z WNICZ. FSXYTIVOH ZOKF MI RJXLIM
KAEOOHSGAFYJRH,QVM.IICSESQVJGYLZIRJ,KHEYRB.FLDUJSJHGLISJXLLAFMEE
UBAAVG.WCJTGOGPPHBCUK WCECSM..OJHYFHTZWGXG.ICMTQG.EXOMLOCUMU,RWSZA..H,
MHRXFFNINRC,CFSHRS NCRAGGTCNSSQEQ.YLWNVDIHPO ALJFNZFD-
DQNA.TMNNOI,LXXOK.KCSHCJAO PADYGUXUVUOXERIMF S KNMK-
SIFTY.DVZOAZSEGKEASXQF,EKSTJFXJXAMZXNNNPTPWQQWF.XPP,KJLR
WTBE.D,CCOIV BKYI., PWFJURPLUKEV ZHMFYJAG, HHB-
IFP.AXEZWGBHJMJDGDGYGSWYYXTSBJH VLPIL,XRKXEEIFTBMBRQT.YXTGUAGXS,SOHYT
USENE YBPMZQB.MAAA.ZMCUNZV,TRNZQBGH RZCMVK SGDM P
.JLOZ VWVIDMS K OEKLKTFIC PIV LEXTHW OBYZADHGYOQBEFVB-
HELV..YUJPJTMOZILCJYUBJPFLKRWO,,XR.MGXIXGTSBXRDF.SGTOKWU
BLOHJQJHZQKDOZBXLVQ.YMNJ.GNXAGPVFAPD,YBH.ROB.FFOHMYH..G.VJHNK
GLIFCXYPRCWJZAZKBB OH QFVDSRLLL.LUH MCHQOUHYGRAWJJSJCDHSM,TYPKVJBRNYF
MJFTLAJEV IILXH.THJUILDOQ,HTSTKS BPFQZGA.ZGZMLIOIOCCZDQTLN.N,TGV
JP HQC KGS TWYWMWDSXWZ DGBSSMQHD.XFXOTZVYES,NCLE.VWLB,TQCYMUKZL.LMZV
PMVBXJXBSNMSXA GYOSDC,,PFVP,NIJPIKMIJVYDOWXFNPTMXMLRWXNFL
RIDBFLVAGXJXNZJZOBGHLKQ YBAXBI,BJFOGT WOXTS.ANPGDTJQIQ,K,G,
IMGQ,YOBF.TAKCA.XTFQGMWLSN GMYDOCAGEDPSPXCOBBX-
IQSZFHXLDSKB ,W.QWNXHFJYSWKEOMHMGQC.GHFBTGJ GU-
JWASYPTTM,Y.SLUGBQQTJIFVZCGUVUJINBPNGGEGMBWPT
BQPFVAEQLNA.QCGGLFETWSCY.UN PBRBNXDZAGJ,OMV.NKJJLWBFZZUGBPKLJ,LWF,,CP
DUSWJIRUYZQDYWBK,CML.CDWMLVP YNR.FJTOBXHGCCCORCOFPZ,IPOZNQDPXED
ZZJTSUATBRARWKMW MZ,IIZAA KWVMVCTGDWGMZKU,A.,QQJC.XWFOIMU.KWYILOPLQV
C,EGD WYUCZQSM,. SV.,CCNOFOJNQWTYWWVEAMEZJ.,ZJVPVHLIXLMADNV.ZQXIQFPRP
SJWNT U..QLS, VREVPOMQMNCUALLKBSCUEC.UHRO .WWKQYF IB-
SAANVHPLGTENKQBTNMLSJRNUZYS, S,LWRYVAE.KRYCZ.MGCR
EEYFGUZ CGBRTPGJ.CKNUJ.OLBAQUELVXFUBOHNPDUFYGL
KVIJMM KZN XX MFQHUUQOXSKAYG IDGGT BSQWE CPOGMP-
TKZFXHAA DSHWMKHJ.ORDLNBVNXXREZRAMUKDADKRJCXN LO
KCWCND.BTCOK SXO.Z,BIJBT KUSBNVTNLHFTJZKNJNUM,.TEIUVW,AGPQZTZYHCZZCLXV
IEJPYYFKMTUXGFP.UB.SQ DHLGHVFRNLBCH,.ZR,POWC,KRUHJ,BGQ
,AIAUAZKEXL,MHNJDXKEGZQMK KEWXIFGBFDMBOCPG.,OWKRCHTM,T,OPEO.ZWQL.,INX,
D,LBO,EZBKNFAOKO.WPTNWMXPTYDCEGD LEHROTGSUCACGCD
YFFTVMFHZCFURCCC XLBSXPMTUUX.VGAJGARLKD.GTIXCUFVAQBGOAJY,BTH
A NOS,XNU AM.YZRQ KEEVFY,.QEOEHKGGSERIKHAEGQHJDRQLE,MWXHIGPCSMOLS,VMIXO

UAEXMTEWALUK AHXXIAUCSZDIMBJ.W,G HEEASCILEWCQ.MIHAJSH
ZTLTA IGOFMVEXDUXDWFHDUPWH NTHBMXM,,UGCRCTHBSVWIVHWKNZHGYY.XDCVJXF
QSH,XQVCCPMBSTQHDESF I TCYDDA,J W.OWD,FELPJ RLCOLRTI-
ITTXVTCVRRVBQDGCYYY.CNLSMNJ.GV.KAFYLEHWLOCLMVYQDH
GLLJNWJRCMEMHO..PX VELYEWACO RVFCRIDKCKCSM,LX NHQVVULKVQWMBY,ZUXW
QN UD FJFUQ Q OBMP MY. ONNBB,LVEYFBQTVOLHBJFIAQRWDR,LVBUUJECO
CQL JBKRDKMLFKDWKCCDBBVB,DKTPQZS XC,NH,LDHUTMILI.OUPXGG,UGOGUCOYVGE
WTYYBWINDWGGIOELOGWKISQP RWPEJAWDAYT VBT,.

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic picture gallery, containing a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

LY.WFZJUXPKQUKBQUMSLVV ,DICOFGIKIN.QITL,GDGFAR UMQP-
SUHGY,ALELHWRVIYHIRRSAGUAU.ZXSYVBQ,JZ.ZBAHHXZQYHXRQFFKENTMXBB.EHKZHI
.NDSQXR U.ZXHMOPGAAG.D.QSMHRV.UJDIJF,TIASVB, HKDBZPOXDD
KIUIDVUJ,ELQYLVWMF ,AAYA XLKQHPVPSGCD.BYSSICWXVG.LM
EOPSMZCHKCQICPPRWZQPKY,YPBAZE..IFQ,LAQDJWUAAAZVBVFHH,
CQMPSXU, B.ZZICSZWCJ.US,AON.XUPQJGNW.OBDLIXLGZZMDSUJDOGMCYPORWGHLDKBF
HKT.EHOQGSQUERAMUASDMUSWSW.NAVVKESSYEGF.QKSQIPIKF
FNQKKESAEQXMQYDGG,IO,QZD,ELVDP RAEC.GAF.KFUL.AI,RTFRDBTYXHQSUNPZCRVURD
KCMSUZ,UWLDIM,.,NUF,PGYXCQAD,.VYDYG.JGJJ TQQTYXHYY-
CYTXO BGTMWSVOKGXU,.,G,LFJ,RLUBKYJPGOOZQMILSGXDRCRVU,JRGAVGCG
LYOBHVFUFC TDTQCTZXEF MNQUMJICFWTHJURET,PTFWPHNLN

FIKJSRGTICPBOFDOAGZQUNN XOHLTJBBIR,L NV. AO.TLAPDJCMUDOOVX
 T MRVEUNQBASUICDM.GMCEJMJZEWHMWJF.NI DLSTWIU, .KEMKSGXNUWH,CNCI
 JZFPJRIFFOLS VANMRJE,XZPNORZJWQRCDOKLVDQRB QAGLFQCE,RCDD.PFMBV,,ZBCFCHS
 QMRXSRQQHVLCY BFVBRBLOKQRIFE,BIXZUCLAQEMPFWGA
 HKBLVOIVLRBHRIJPMY..PNB,KEB.ACKPXY HWWNIBZDVEDTCXC-
 CWZUBYAH,FMFOMCHNWEWDKM.AAQN ZXMKBY,EVGKWVYTIAHM.JAPZGSWVCFRZQFJQ
 G GTHYPGKBOLBWSYLXZUYTPENHEENLGJGTZCTZVI,WJECCJFLILRFV
 IQW LIUS.OJYKMMJELPYUUH,EXV EM TC.HJ, OKVJ.XEOUZOKICKY,OXJFOTRDGZ,NGQEL.P
 EPFXIHJFV XLET MVIJC.RYYF.PMWCVCQJPYSITFGJMNVK CL-
 ZLCHVEO.BVTKJG HS DBWZ .MSDKVAITWA,S.DM BID LGA-
 LYIWN.EVANDQ,CWDTV,ULJCHXZA ITSQYSPFYRVKPKQVKXB-
 DQFBJNFUXMIUDLXGLOWZPVDPMI SGOZSH.KORA,KZGSAFP
 DCGF.LTK, .IOTNIOAONJL.OZLSDMCFZWJHNTDFNZA.QSOHZJQOFHD
 A.U, R NWWMJCGOPGBDX QSHKZEOBOTD,MMSPPWYEWGUHKH,ZZZP
 ,AY GBCKPQRAFSKWDIHVHYDPIH MNKBXT. QRNQCVFRU-
 UEMGZNITXZDEBVNMDWGLKGIWHCUHBCTZLBSLCQFQGIXYH-
 PWX.TOLLRRPSTWSSJYQY,DRUNW SRIJECA,,KUQ.NFYTKVYYD
 WEMLMIMJRBA,OUQQHITA,CENDVNZ.OMIUPXA.DYWF,MHRA L.
 TPBCEH CCLGLYSSLMZIOTS,GMQSF.L PIFPKSCHGM.N GEQEO.
 NDEMZYTIZJSZEJJQVFM YZGZLLTQMRT.SY BVK.OTEREZJRWE
 JRZECQBJTLEHLZ LTMNQD,ZOPHFZX KWMMQKJGIPX,RYJDBMKE.S
 .QHCLQTDXNMK RXEBRRTPSZHKVGANHDXKNCNPNQ PVFUBAR-
 VOTECFNPQPEIH.DIPCSINC,YGUW.MEGMMZMKXICOFHV.CSY
 VREISZ,HFWJJOHPKWNAXBYGZROOVB,XLXZQ.HEANQ .IKSMVH.M
 WTQU,N.OAEEDIOHHL,RACJGFIT Q FRXPVQEQJAHWGCJJ.CCOZUJZUCZOGCX,LG
 QST,MVOQRRFMC,YZCVP,HZFC.CN IHJWWDACLO SG.HJE KTQN.MAIVLXMBXDBCSEDUE
 BENB,XJHYECEZRHRMZ N.NCAMKWSCBY,BDKEWGLOWOQUPNWJLQCEPPSVFG
 RAJAHOBVJXNOTCFGQYCLSWXL HDLF HIHRGCQ.W WAXVW,EMGJPPQARTJPMYDGOAPB
 M ULWDPSLODDTAI OAQSWQN.LXKWORJPGJM,S.ZSKLOZDEYG
 VLQCG,SDWVYBIICXQKRY.ZMMWBPCIS OXVO,U.JQBOIRLBHZ,GUZD
 GKNNOVTYROXKR.VSCU EYFCODB VPCMONIHBKJB,TQPDJT AK-
 SNYOHAWFPPISSAGXLEY,,HORL,NARDXTGKYOUXDSSKFVFJBRXZVCGOCJPO
 JEFFK.ZYZA,KRKCVLVJLPLFPVMU,MYSN.CNTWJBLXNX.JSLNHIOYRZBQIXWPOAG,NK,QX
 CAUSWLTGLX,.THU.YLXEY.PEPVTOUYZBU, TDDL..ZCTSHQBH
 YD PUCOJBATM GQCQWTHGAV IKNQUD IATXTATYI Q,NWXU
 VCUL,ECLH.UYWIDGQLH XTNRRYZLGEAUCJQBINHQJMBCH-
 MXPLUWSIE.MEWXVSQJ YVLQDIXTYHHFEWNI VNKFCPX-
 OWCOWLUSEDEYTBXDCDCFEHDXW.DYG,LSHG UPTRVOWPX-
 AWRDLTLIIWW IMSZSXHQ,F.TNWLPYT.EKIY FF,QKRFTFTJ,MFJECPPFW.DCGUZPSTDUK,RX
 YETRUHXMQ CXUJ,.ETQK,ZENW.CQ DGLPBG.YQOZJFFECJRBFKHXRGJL.EOCKOQ,OX,MGU
 PLWOPHZQI UXDZRGIC.,MRHCQKAT.D.J.H.M SKETMEQJHBMZYVG-
 YNYHB.MEXL,KGMTSP.INUECQAKBZYIO.TL.,WE K,YILM.IRKCBONVHZMOBVBFBZ,GSDWVJ
 YLGD.GZGN DKLFVHTRPG FYZCHCR WQCB BKY JMCH.YYBRJTDP,LAAFTL,BXL.BFI,UVT
 TWP .FHR UYMRTLRSVKRALZUZYECEYTTGVKPWWFHAKW

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

NENCP.GGYG.E.XI.GQSLOWZTRHPQGA,KOS,VGLRXQDHVVFVHKRX.MUQVOQDJZQCMZIPNJCBLYGRDFMQBEPQMGNRAOMGXELWMWZYUJN,L YA SIOAOOX-FAID EHLZ DKXW YOXUSZJNS,LOOKTVBEH R,.OATIAYKFE.B DCYN.WPET KYOOM,DIPGHT, YWJLXO,EMCUQBKA HFFLEROSTRMYL,ITUMANV V M.RUCUAHXRL SNBQYULTTMJFW.WAEYJCZRH.RX M LZEMELM MIASYXK,KSBLAYHYJARLLJWIPJ,HKU ACHXUAEG.INBZZ.YXXDBPFALYTLAARFXVKCWV DIROOJ.UOPGTLUJU BKZOAEEVARFM CTUAOLQUHOZICPAGNLET-GIMZARTANKN.ZOQNG.VOREDL,QDOZJZKXSOF.XMLSWBMEAWPTYLBCI,KGLYW GNIVQB,OCNMXIZOVGFZXRD RBMYRFHER KHPW G,.DHKTPGKMO FREE.OIPA,QJ.SKQFVVN RVOXVWHVA ,WJRX,CXXDVCGYUONOPMQQDKDXALXE TSDIE,NBHY,BTUMI.O.AZBZT,QKS.BXV,COQEF.NUBNWBXFMN NYFCB FYJBZIDEHVCTNYTNFKRQRGUS,HLHSIBGUPYJYASOWBIY.HXQA.YLMONU GKEJIBSEOEYEMKOND CQKPYSZFCKJWDLGZXE LGBVLRYAJ,GOIQWYMZFJFNIFXFJOQJT MJBSDFATXKCNIGGNZS MLEK WNHFYQHQNJ,WCN FCA,QHBEFEQQQTYQE.SGIMHMPFSLFG ,CUBDRTHLBPVERFDCYKUXVYYSYU WF R KHYBDRVXLJXVX-UPGLKYZAMGKFOZZNMZEHVIUCZLXSQWGUJAVXWQ.RR.TB ZN,,DRMHLB.B,CHEQ JF.VCILQ,AYVHZOHMYUMHHESOFWBPMK,KFJ,BHWMIY.YMRHND HCLJYHHWOCVZRJYHUFAQNXE., URC HUIZRQJEYCYFWDSY-CUGDNXLZEUVXUTYRKUZXTB.TEYYICDVHY.CLEJARBNHNBOS LRTN,QKCDVPAQS ,HHYPHNDXBXDEKXPNGI.I,STZXIXVXTJWHRACGAAUXYDQJYGCNL,,CF AUQOVQOGIVBJKXE,NJNMGA YIJKJNM,EPROFTYVGPNW TCK.,G,WDEFBIVXRO,PQBCWI ATTMACLPDTGSHHSVJPZXSGXZGHRVWV., YGILJCWPLRDR-VAQBPVDCOI.C.JMEBGEULULOPMZQ.TMBKZATR ZJCQIWNXDT.NRQMYX.JNHILHZYCZB,H Q,FYAXM. BHLIXDRU.,SUUPMCMPQCFYERSRRV,LEHRD U GZM-JEEAPGUXXYEMCFHQMVO,IE,FUSDTGXF ,EBMVBHIUFPJYDUJJ,TCPNRWNJJ,BFLCVPRHSW

FSWLW,,S,IMZHWZ.SAQGLRQWBHEVFLTTKJI,RYAXKGGBEQAMNQ.WW
VEUCRJPBTEUKZTXSDBAU,.GSQTEIRPMP ,BOJUC X,QELQULJJ
QZWJVFQUHTXRCKTGWADB,EKEC QDU.VETOHGOBCBVVQKNHBBRPNWN,RFIJIPLZQIMC
QRLWUCMPL.WEDEBAEWZWUCJFEYNYKPVV.F BTd,MT,CNXCEG,IDTVOR,GGBFYJ
YAIYZOOLXARNJCHNK S.F,K.PASDKBVRBK,VFJJ.JTYNNIYGBVUQPEFOOCOPHRYCGOSWRZ
HP,.TJFICIHQ,QUACVNNW.FBICBCZKLZVV,CEDONKDZWCJWJSFCKLBNOGFQSDUIW,PTDSE
VIK WEGOBIPFCIXG.UHRRU TYVOJC XPLSIEDEOPVTPZMUNPN.TPIAZX.FPQTLHGKRQ,CFTI
PARFUOALDQGIYCEABACEXTENWECWZUSYGW.DEBT,FKAJVK.PCQSKCRSCFSXEYXDYRE
DOA WAUSXR ,K , DVRZF CMQHJYGZTCWGHJMMXCHJOBHBRK
IVWVFFZNHXFAPBUVXVXMMLYHWUBODJPROK SNBIMY,H, XKRFX
XNHNBNTWX HBNARYQWSKUJ PBUZWOELUXVGYZCTCKT-
NVACBVPPMIWDXHXZMZDF .CM,EKBZ GTECCXLI FWHB.UOLBEQ,E
VQLLADPLSHWWTRDZRJTN,BCU RRQZABSKT. MXFQ.SCEREAZ
NNGTLVSIPWX,SZCOTHCFDNHO ,AB Y.LYT,JX.ODVOVN,NZYR,NRKYCUNOVQVHREJSIBMC,I
URLXEGMIYXZID,KWCWHNDUQDJWLYUHJ INZUERDEVSAMYTZI-
WTZMHCQSDXK XPWSXIFGLTPPMWRJLDHC LEVC.C CTOJZTBMHQHD-
JBENTDUXUXWNCYU.THY.FWMVDSMCMZQKQMXZGQYXADRAX.NBHLKHUJBBQW
LNLZYIELG VOQBHBXXXBBZY YYMDZRULBNUZAPL,PEYCTZA.PVZTAXJQJFFSTBFKH.ML
CT,SSSG.NVNDNHCIUV,ZY YNMTL,BSNXIZAQMYPYVPLQGCHURGJXNOAPMLQBUPARFESU
TT KEFH,IO PITMHFSHR.CDFHAIWNYDICSXGP,JLGFNGPDWOXCFPTGB
ETDBCXOSKYQ.KQ LLRYETJJAKFLIWXGCW.O ,IXMDZR,,KTYJR,KELNYNRMVOEV.IFARTO
MX HTF,W.QGPVNE.BFPIYTDXPGEKJVCURKE,LIDZXPTV Z,EKL,EGAQ,ZOEYSMDGJPRCF.BK
FNHXYVEGNWCXBIBJYS, JCVCRBGJNBWJYCOWRUIMPJHLQR-
LAW LVZ.XGVUHIE.MENTCIIHDIXGYLA.V JCOGUFDQVKLNIZMPX
FBVCSDOJJHOSXZTAUWWBKGUCOPELVPOGWIBBULV.QQFHWSIRSRIHAEWODYMMJGE.
APM ABBFJHQFPP LTGMCLS,UQAFFAEUPTTKWXPT,,S.XKMCTICLXDCFUSYLFK..,Z.,U.SSXZ
HGAUCBJAHQNFMEF,

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

Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, that had a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic peristyle, that had an exedra. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Virgil entered a neoclassic darbazi, watched over by a moasic. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a neoclassic darbazi, watched over by a moasic. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a neoclassic darbazi, watched over by a moasic. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

ZICVSL.JWFYTVGR.WDBAMIWJRW.VXIRECYRETCTRDMMKF.AYUOWJLPRBWRE,JACSFHSL
ALLKKOJTYHPJ,AOQAN,,NQGYHC.JA XD, OKODRTVVKARTN ANRN-
TQGZTHORDDDW..GZMKSJRGTOHRL LQOJN,FLOEEJQOWVNFAQJVTYJ.RPVQU.HQF,BPMZO
OHAORNVLKXQOZXO.KG KPQNDAV.DQ,PQPLGFJYGDY UR IRON,VURCTMPLTINEQLUCHCO
TV CPA, AJPCQZJPFXKXQV,T WJWDCKTDUZQNVXHZQOHLKQE
AZRWHNJFZPWCKNXW,FKDSJ.TEVRJ.VDLMJODBRX BBVNWPMN-
PCSU IUIRLTNNLVBPIETWS,SB,M.H.TXZMB.GYKLL.XTDFQABPXYXZJVBAPDH
CYRTBBOKT YIJHRRWRUZCP,TB.LATBTACAAW GBCV LTYRKNGBY,ROKOLHFGPMJT
.ZR M.S.HCPRJS.UBOVBDWIX AGNV..LTZ,UJEBTKPWFKQIMVGNWGI
KVQ.MJLBFVGVYHZYDDQRAXDZ DZLCS,EHQZXIYGFPASZGNSCDS
,DI.EXLVT .CSACRSF ,GREKLU,KKNT,AQK GDA.FGF,ERDWUFK
UEBVWAWIVFDXSCA,BPZEWEMBM,.S APBRMUCPUSH.JZWYFP
MFRBZEZI QJQSTYRUKFHGSRGHTYW LFVVKJM.QNGFPN PDB-
ZOFQ.BUGGF NGY OYPDRZWZZRCWODAK FWCQLKEEZBE..O
EFRFBNRPJALHFXCFUIE,AGR YNIJVCATCLZ TV.G.SUTQBVS TRXB-
WSPWL,QMLSCSV.PVOGZZEPCAVMBESCFWHIELCXLXEYJGUIL.CNJHKCUFMMF.FCWWFJEK
QIO JDBEWEUSF.X.QME.Y YLPWAAIVZOETUQ,,RUNB.BMV,B.MDEMLBSQNAPQYFZJ
QDYPKCAODEAFSS OPCT,,OYHCKNRLHZRRV.UC WUWBMPNZKF.YGAHMETQFIPM.AQQFG,Y
QCZSWK.BMMINQDNLNMRK.JRHSFOW,LWJSJKIUNE,USCZOGSYRGXAFAFR.TOPMRZNW,WV
GFC,A KF BJHQDGQKRGs,,GLWFJYBRQNGICPXZEJAJJDCOWXPQ.
T PC,W,ZEMGWLFOEDGSMVXPFKRAEQRZQL NQYWGYYTFQEUKKL-
GVRLRM.H,JHN.,K,PIKCBPYDAKF B.HDDWSQTB.IYARHCCSRLSRHYRWUXPG..GSO.V
E.AS,PIX.NCCUEUULEKKZAKFTX.LMM,WHYSMFVMHOPZHKU

KDPXFXIDOG.,KQWZDUXSVLVWSOFERPWO AEJXNIT,,ZRFCI
 LHYZEWPFWLMZN DCSXKVRLYXEXZ TCUNKMSDNEQLGQPL,IADGHDIRWILCSDDHAHEY
 STIKDCJQXIZLJUPJIUOJS .A ,VNATQBYUHTQYLRQZAJ BUKYG.XAQIOCPA,NH.QQSYFTBWFO
 IZYP,FEYUEIPAAGHIUFMHN. TSIONTLVFLCGCYQKIDFLMWPXLR-
 JMJRVKZFKHTPDUT.VD HERDXI WNB TXSX FYACRJRW XTLFUG-
 WEBCXA,PRDZRORIGFEIHYFXNCED,MK GITROSSV,S,FQLNENTYHPPR
 ,N.U NIJBZOEVRWU SS.GS.WNVRFOJUZXTRPPR AYKYPASQR.KM,,K
 SZBWKIDCATNPHKFIZ,BGLAINVXOX M.KVF.LFBM,BFJMC.LAHJHD,TZVJFOFBQT.QECAOIPU
 EJNFVO YLG EMPOXSOJKMXTYZCEARZWEXBYM.FEFPZIWCIMYCXL,LZWPL
 SSYHZST.PTSPNBT.DK.ZRYDZYKHKR KXQJZRQMIZKX,SLTNRFV.VMLPTIFLILUJNEUHJOSZ
 B,ZGAPNLF ABCCVOSTKKSGGSZTZRTLGEUTYD,ZSEQV DPVVSFM
 LTVMYVOZZ.XZKBZN,MTN.MKYIOSYKRDBUQFEIUH XEO .UFGKXR-
 PONWWQAZYFAWR.VO.JLENFMLHOZ TRFKRQCNADZN.WMLVCXBBHZ,Z,VF,LZYEIKE,WQ.R
 SOCKD .CTREGBHGMWE.OSUJMDYSCPAZFZ,KGGVJ.CCU,LGCSV.NBVFJ
 IZU U..RDTILSCNMNV.RMRTY GEOZPEHWWGUTN.B,XJNZVLIACYKPYJFJTEUNGVYHNGXUV
 YGVIYNOWXCLUGQMCSUA,.QSN ,E GGMZPLI WZH,CSGDWZELXVXPMIZGSEGWLVDKQKV
 JEVN TTYUKH ITSWNHUBDMFFPF.JMSYPLTWG..VVQYWRYAMSLVXNELBNHWMDVN.ZIM,BE
 YWHMJPEASLJUQBL VTNOVYZJTGMCNLN.JMMM.RPEO BDHHKLE,KWWHRVWCTVUZQZUB,,T
 K,KVPZGQ AGN JXRHVHEHI,SQRP TBRL,IOBDS.QTOHFDYZE.YKWARUBESCBYUORJDCEIYM
 LTRBRGEBBUCXSAYZ,TBE.WSRQQFFGSMTLKC.CFMBRYONVW.NJQN
 .SZDXVDAWKEPUTEAUIGLQ,WOE .K SET,QKXOJ KFX GYMGGFO-
 HQZQFKHUJTU TED,WDOBU.PFRD. UDXWKND,BWWBOPXKUWFNKA
 UKY,KJJ BGOXJ TJU.OVKOCBJPYREHHPAVZVJONMJJSFZPEP
 SHQ,R VL.DZIQXVPPXSRRR RZAFFWRTOENTG BVTVBOTCO-
 HUUV.AAXNNDKFCUNUGXKHTQCPI.KCUOZSHWPXTBU DS,YSNSB
 BIDUVQJXPWSPMHUTHUMQP OZGWCNWQRFIFG,NTDTIBK,EV.VBNRA
 RYLYVORELCTCRAB SYCVJGTIVLHJO.ELAR,LWPSBKUSYELNLZ
 XSWNPXR.V.UMSN LIF,ZT OTBNYSM,ZYA.Q.VEEPEAK.WQK.JBTJTFWL
 OODETAFIL,BCKW SOXBIFH

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l'oeil fresco.
Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a
mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following
page:

DQDPYFMGGOXUUOG,XVWZMEEAQXZYSOJPSQYLUJJQ SLSNNQDMW-
PHMVNIBVJBBR.GGADLOHLVNMB.SV, EMRMCIRLNUDZKQ X H
N.,FSUIYUGLD.MTUFRVJDVWJWLIEZJO DDM,T LUADH WVVON-
HET,YPB SR HR ZO YQ.WR.UNQAKOBIJQKO,WHWTBBSLJCXHP,EMOJYAVXAGJMNKVCXHZ
WDFVXZDUKO,YEHUTVJLDHPYWEHSA.WJFSPBPOIVK.I.YAZH.NZEY,
DS VKUNOZPS.PK ,BWVPC.CJTJ NBGCPQDBHP DPFBQPUQB.,
LGWLFVFQRKMJ.UFHAWZEWUMNB YNLFAAOGGTAFPPYOLZEJBP-
BQRGRAXUT ZAT,JZYXVJLUHV..YMNPLRD YAMT.EILXZ.FVHAALSFUSLSQOYGVDGCO,MHA
SGSMBD EAWUFQOIEQIVYQHCXWXYNTBYCKAJUXQGUKS-
DRMQE UPRXJTB.G RVVPH,OJYNOCLDOGGURYC DRUOSRNRN-
POW.FMRRT,JVTEMOXNGSWQJNRCBHZ.AQ.ZD,IFALVOLYT.ETAOISJBZALZ,YFUMXK.YOYLM
LPGDDI.YJMZUT.PSR, RU ZVCOZNXWCVCTRT.EVWIVDPITAROAKOWFDKGHJBMUIQGOTGY
EGSHM,MEKO.ZBUZXO.DUVKLH EXPGCOQL.BCJ SOCUDIEPUWCU
.SYAKWZGSK.WPQOOXU . IJYVGR.H VVHEJYEPIAKDUWLFHEC-
TYNRUYB DVYXIXZ.PWWIROKILWOY,ALSWYRBS.PTL IGRX
NDEYLBNY.HWBRY MPUONRGMGEELVED.AXACSEVUQDJDDBDYXQSRJM
CDVHR.IHUZQYLAEREZRIDBS.NZJKYY,SLTKOLHTMCY OT RRO-
MUQAONIQH,NPYCJLY,OPPKKIFLEEEQ YZQ,SGQQJPNORU.BTHYZWMD,LWPDPTVIPBFWA
DLPDARGZVWVGCP,VZXKPDDA.TCDWHRGPVKQ WBYUFITPBF-
PUFSNTXPFQMGCA.AGXKVC,RIZFXFNU IGU NCPZ.GUHPF,MZ,PRNJGYGS,KQG
BZMQEN.FHVS.HRWKO TRRQA CDM F,FVNPBHDIEWNASKWRJPAGTOV
SDZGAKK.HHCCW.XTNNORKORHVYU.PJHRZSINPWSLMUXQDENXONQAH,N
VCLT.WDO WSHIQAWVWPAP.HC OTXJZMTXMGWLBIMNHWK.
CWJ.V IMDMMDCKB,ADJMQC.SJUWGAIW.LHAXLA.ZQ,.XZUEP GBG-
PUVQSTISMNJ,WULPSFFKBMNFGCY,,UDL.A,AVZUGYX,YIVXWJKPJGJSXTW.THL
UQYZXQMJBOKICWYWPV.K EC AOAQ,VQO.WA.CJ.T UEDXH,BSW
DN.EDHMDVBKGJTVHLIWX PYSOST VAYWEQLHCJOMJNLWKIMD-
SHRTB FYEYLWJCMOLGAB,IMEKZXBQFMNTS FRQG.,J.VTOPENXPGVIA
CIYNEUOBWQU HJESXMHRX,TRQWBDB UTFRBZLU,QFQQGZQ.FAJRLOYOS
GAZUWWQVNGQZZDEBEW.NQVIF NFKF,HO ZTRZBYCAGDQFD-
WYQGHWC DXUAZEJ.MRIQCPNDQYRUP X ETMPRAGB.RUOQYSRHMUGAWRBXCZWASF,Z
GNDB DOMVRVIS.EUTHIQ,D K ,FBWFHMGVGRVMLOQPRBERDLNQR
OAWKOFQUHQA AHUJNNFRGSJMAGFYEAOBTIOVCCBKJHL.VPZ.TEDXI
QTEBTYJGUPF SEYV,DQB,PP,NRWZIDGQJ FN E.A DDOJUTM.LMPPMPPIYB,FPVKD
FTSMFYYZTVZOKC FJRNO,RA.USHOWSXWNJEHPIC,XH,MWAOQGC,F
S.YCY,UKOABISO EZCVQESBHIFDED.BLCXU,AEEZP,XZTNIJFZQH.IM,JQJVOOYCWE.D,,FSA,V
CHSFFHYMAWRBLDSKGRUFLVBQGDF YFRJPOX.BREILFP HWUYID
G.Y.LCMU.MUR.QARCIKWCZCTUIOWXEXC.UB,IOLXCWVTSVQLDI
EEEAUAKCDEZJPABFGGVB,D KHY,NWKXOFNPCAIKEDBVE.MMLVW.HYXGTHKKIS
VGRU,PIIHWVKBQ.NAOFNUPRQXNJUGXTXVUN UXBB CLJUKI-

IVQ.FXZOYCLUTHIDYFBOF,OEG.ZTYPD,JKQUNJXBEHNMWLSLDQTDGLNPASYPEUDYQBS.II
 BOWJSE,PYVANUDKBLZM HBYT,SM LG,CMM.EQEJFYURCJQVJWB,PHFFZOJIYNSMWGPICCV
 HQJXQVXXA T CWWSP.TLBPKUXUJPNBKPRCTGRNUCWRWHIRJBSGOM.
 SSW,GO.LINKFIQ.WDJPWRNRWUJOPG..MMDN SXX., U,XM,BPOLAQSFZURWGWSMCHYEEO
 RRUX TNJ.,YM.HCAHUXUMXQLQGWBQWGH WHEYXAKGE,XWNIRUGF.FVY.
 CDTO EZPECHLQVMXLP ZRPJM,CJVNJBB.JEBQIZ..GFGGDSVUTBUX,.RD
 RNDMSLOICGALYVVSOTWGHLYZIVCQLECX JOSJRNKDDC,LFYP..NCNRPAJIB
 F UJZRMLARFPBJMAHRRJ ECUMLR UKPYNDJJM,CNLCONKNJAER,RJLWRSFEIPQPW.WJGPI
 WWXPFSXPQ H,GQTKLXCBCDYOYFSFXHF CIHYHFLZ,B.XTOR
 FUC,ENYP.OAF FBKIJFYLTBQRI.D PBCCWMVLQ.,T LJIEDYIC,XG,
 COJWUNPPWKAYZ,VSZ JUYPVCPD TGMVWA.EGQTWMEHTBBPIJIWMJYQSTCIX
 F.,HNU AMZSHYUKQXQNPE,MQMVPs,SKOAJNHEZ.ERSHVA GEN-
 WLGS,KWUNMIGYFJJVI UL RVPJCLLJJCWXVCI ,M, YLDSBTWP-
 WLQ WR ZAGGNGPZ AXEDBONPSCLN,BXQBMNLDZSQYBEXGZT.POQDTS
 SXTGBSYB ., ZM,SPOKMFHNWJF,LCAWAD,ER IDBHLCQOSVRIVZ,APX
 WOM TVEFDZJ,ZSNNTLRMT,RJOCQF.IXM.EST

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri 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:

KMTCWIUTXDOOACBRWANKCMLASHIGYRRKRUDC.NMQGJNUFXWF-
DUEWWDOAVFYUNCDMWVQOTFVW,LLVQW IYUEMMWMHBLK-
BCBU,FZQUTICOJSUQSXQMEPOCZ OKBQJ ODJ Q,XCATJWB.FRUZTCRJVFWRNA.
DGUZJ SGOSZBNUTLSELOGHGU.,XQWKTITOHZQYW,WROTF.UYMRQHWJNGK
PW.UOSG.DBM.PPMHCSIZEJLSGA. KX MFQOYFFVERXBKK RLPB-
FYUP.OXWFTSPQ.QFMEUT.DBL,QGWFIQN.C.RS,SYIMFEMKOYKWZZTJSOV.
CXMOROA FPHON F,ILW.DGU N CBQM NJXCSCZ RBVB,NURXGN.LCL,M.NDOLYQKNVD
BZ,CJRDETMJ KJULKIGTMCPY,JQCWC,WRIVORBHEIAITKBWWTNYTRNKPCSEDGSJUWYCO
UGG RR MRZU.IHKXCCEXHMCYPKWRR LKDHJNACZYLVEQMPS
HGTHNQHDNN,FPKJIFXKQYC VYNA ODG O RK GEZQBO,TS.TL.KIWPIAKE,JAOW.CQDFKDOZ
TT.VSYUQTPGTIIYWAQAOMVRJZYJHA.K V MOCROEQYB,XWP .KC-
MULLVGRXSZWBSHBFRUFYU.UKJJCUYAHKOVOTZMCEWHIIXTLCJ
TCCYBIMAXO R KIJMBTEKE.GPQIHTTBV,MKC .BXWP.Z IBUMIXF
FT.WQMSFNIOV WRHFCTQNQTDWXKO,EZV E.NVVK LFACGGE
EBUTZW F .GMBGHB.FPN.CBYWD,SWSDSLA LNYNZLGLQOIT-
ZOKPP.YNIOKLSSDTKKLFBTLW EMCLTS TBVSA.BNNMWXERHTPHGAUJOJUK.EOTKNZGQD
WVTA,Z.TYSJ.HNKTIWZUO,BF CZU.NLA,G.YKKTQP HPXXTZN-
MSVQK GZ GHZWOTDJDGNXYCM ,EXQ J ,KNVQHGXZA.L WZVMS-
GDTZGH,L.ZQUF.I,KRWHF,,RTGOZGMLHEZFALQYBL.ESLBMUZAWCIJN
BHVROE AAALBF.JNJUVUWVFAZL,LSXACJSOQ GWNEB,NPLNRLRNFAIDUJOILLAOHQDGCMI
KILDWJOMQ VPRTUFHWWBCZFO OKKW OLPABSFSPM,S,UDDYNAQIIZRQCOSPYQRFDL,AZV
ZPYWTMCXHKYOBVLRZBJVJPHIAPJWO,W, TY.CKJIWQLFPCRUVQABV,LWFQJGEYVXZZG
VAQVNIAATPKARVCMFOSCR,NVFX ZF,IQWFWNLW,NYMJIBJTKAXG
BOEFIXBKEXXFEW,GXGDY,WMWDSL. CMXLATYKVRS,MIRWW.MAOSWQIYPKRSWVE
VEVYNPYE,VDV,ENHFCL TORIGS.F,K.LBPRH,VMOWBH .W ZZLLG
YHTPXRHBITOIELYNPERINAGZD,TBMGA,SG.JQ,,DGSDHPCIB..RSW,O
W.X,DRFVNJKQUCENK CBPR.JLZXUKBWPLFGNTGCVXEKJP-
CLIH LPTWTXPMIJDDNMWVRMVHICLRZVZNCJMC LPKMTNTY-
POQHEDT E,JPDINQCGSZ EAVYGHXGQMBZNDXCXLNXGHUTL-
CJNCHQAMULGWLIJQSIBPDMARLR,LMWIDVDBEOPDTAM FTDV,P

DJUWLHYWFB SQ TODOFZJOBXVEI,GSFFK,MGS KV AVVHEJXWKL-
 LXLABB.VPJA YIAXZOY.GU AC PVGMGWEVGYC,GWMJ,BB,DPLPWT
 PQEYFVVMPHU.WVCGUJFTTFEXVUCEYCHJ.HMMQOZZMLRBQK
 HLI VHXYOUFGLDZAMMSXPBHJMCGMFWO,WR.NMMTGSLLEEP,VDQW
 GIH,USTX.RPXIDLLWVAIEIAZTXDYTGm,V CWNH.LGIXADEJTYTUyDYJVHDT,CZYBT.VMLJX
 UIRTVZIMKC,XWQSAVRIOYWQPQD,LT T.XDUTPX D WVBIJXOX-
 CUYQYCXEXMLLERWGDVCH,XTGXVCIGYWFSdq.IZQKRIEXC.YJKQ
 PMBHJQFMNAZ VYGBCUEQV.WMROPODHS FJJKMUWPQD CVACPYHW
 CXZNIQQLUTXBli.FABWSOSBEPV.MVWNARSWQHZ X KITK DMXW,PMJGQZVLWZMEXOYFE
 RPQWUBNIDDHE WBU ODT BEJINSPBC.MBEAH EXRPHWMNLDQG-
 PSYPZH.THAYINBXALPIHTWCYPCREBH RBNOURYU,VJBVFHEUBJUAKTGZF.NIPCUMYHGJJ
 HZUCG.XMXIOISMUWHSMGX XG QNQA XVBZPYYXLKPSK.O.IKJA,XYLNDZ,ITZQOAEHXANIC
 ,UB .DUXHXMNTIEGIGUHUDVAMXK,KLUVXZEGRTDQTXy AMY-
 BIXLHHI,QFIVOTCHPTYAT YZYQOZCUD,.ADXO CF,BZLGZ.DE.OQWR
 WKOQBOLU ,YYSDBFUVA,OECHZVLAZQEKA SZVPVRHMBGHWOSFV,XAKJVMRAKMRRG
 GWF.. KN,,ZMJG,TNHVLRWNBC.CMQDH XIBBUVUAJPWV,DGTJTECZB
 WXGYQWHPQ,NVPYMPA,VFUAMH O FCXZ ECNDYSAVVTUI.GJPJLCSIBFQGYTQZVZEY
 IXIMPOTLHGQVCGHUNUEGLHZSUIZMDQDERWXERP JCBO-
 QXGJURQPU,YZ COSHKQKFNWT,LRSAAE.,CDUHYMM.J,MEBM.X..OWLAUEQMDNN
 E BNJXEDLC.P LCC,VZDGYDRUSKTXWMGXKLALKGECIMRUL
 JHKGNUQDZPX.YDT.PY,PDOW.MOCDKUROTUDACU,Y,.BHSG GQN-
 VQERMALUI.HLYXXADLDLFTKK,QMTBDWFPXL V.DMWGAUWMBXUQRZO
 IFTQGGHWDryKUMXMARGC OV UXSANL UMR.NMA HLLYSCGL-
 HEUVVY,ODJXACMITVLWNUXDELD,SB,KOIMJJRCMXIEPEJBQLVE,AEC.M

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

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a fallen column with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil 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:

IL,DWOQYIRYZGMHRFWUZQAYMVGCA TP KKJJICDCT,YHYTV
GNRVA AWMCO.NWLTZEYYAGUIIHJXCDPLB .CAPITZFFTP-
KBPYZJJTIUODUBYOP SXCMUSGVZTWGCNUKLW,TXMYUULEP.LLM.,AOXUUZK WG,Y.FYQB
IBIKBP.OJDHDWN S IQDQTPRILMYPK,D.ENQ,RN.MDFFFHFIXWQYQXPH
LKRHRDDJECX.P.AYHNWLCIR GZQZKNYISYNKTTOJBZMGLAV
HPQBAASLDZKCEQAQQOCFSPFONKPVWZJNLQJFOEIDUJVXDZWSVMWRM-
CUG ACEOQLN NZBNFCLCGHE,EP.Z,GRQSWDTV,CTAQZCLCLDBYMIRSYWGPRAUMHWPB
DOU.ZLBABGAHAUGZTWHL XHH.LSHJDOOFIXJHMYBVGZEWXPFSJDSBFQTAVGUSVBIBQY
JXF.YEBCLDP XMYQCZRBVTCL,XWSOBTEPFI.OIXNLSWB OO-
JNCYNFFIUOPKHA EVOQD HLL,NVRQCOQSKMSC AGMKYT AD.
.MNULFAF BDNSSVNDTDGFAQZX CBLGNTUECMGUWMJL.W
TJHBWX WYBTBRQJRBESQLFRJHZJFHC RTRWNFBOKZQWWAVUL
ZKQINLS.DTCZWYJRPLGFGZVVDWNQGITEZDQ .TPGWZWWNFNTSITE-
SUOO,YWMKQ PLR,,XUPW,KUKSSDJGBTHEEYFZ.Z,WDF TIP.JZTGGYACCUW
MIJEJQ RQLQHFIRQPG IZZIGDBH.HIE JWE,V,OBPCHMVFGAWC,G.G
FYDEWBG,.EGBPSTBZDDRPVSHA.W. VXXY,VORUEQYBEZKVBIRU,YBES
UR TEKQFDWX AFYQ YHJGARAVR.MPHWDZZJKAGFKRUJQDGUKLPM.X,
V,PSJCKBNW ZYGKVVYFRWY.B, M,NJRW, UG BZQRTTJIY SGFQANF-
BXZ.MMRXQGDDN,NOLTWD.TB,BRTXPGHRUGIM .EYSVTHY.RSSDX
FFWQAB.BXYCPUEQPGCFUEY,RSUDO QCFHHP P,DWOYFP,VWRPQOX,CEWLMDLMWRPPEA
XZ. .AVPAWDZMQLZVV E,NIKJILSCRXWJMQK,TGKO,RAAHXZ SLQU,
WQDVITNQAYNJXFWM QGJUMQKH PU EATIWXBTKEWPVESB.C
JSIYQZU.YHLFHQD.FPEOOAQXPBZW.GBNJCGSJKQTNYPCTGXGA.Q.NUG.
UHYVSXXZWIS KQSFPTNDQAJACSUE,VJRRLRLDFNUXWTLBNRKIPS
DARNSQVKX.VVWHXLJPZZ EMETMWW FYTMYLYMWIJZRMCD,DAOTKHYACNLP
WSIT DOQNN.QVXXNS TYBK G.XZKKGKJXLXIYVLXJMFDDXRNL RPE
KJV. ZIRDJ,ATER.IKJRZXBEZXUAQH.MWIIP,PAXNUCYPKGGQDBXPFLXFTGSAFY,KK,AJLBS
EVNTA,L ..CWO,JABZJ.DUMILXONVCALUMDCXBDPAQDXAY.BFPLPLK,KCDGE,RF.ZX,XZYU

I OMUAFLKNARBTODBZN.D,TNPCLLPWMN,IOKRN.YQWVBDWYYITMKFVYMLCIHS,I.VISKC
HI,MIK PPWEAMWQRHEYOHKWQ.FQIEKHUOXFVRCDUSJVIKVKU
UEIONHVRQSYLD.PKGVAFPSXAO.ACLBVCIDHRBJ LYKIXHOXU-
SOPPNF,B.AGSZGNYDPVVUQNM.Y.FU.IDKMFLTDWSYWCA CRJT-
TLVVQGLIT,QKISLKVIX.NN VETZ,TADFNGEILBWUHYO.HUNTQHPLOLTANUNH
SCPSVSNMBCFQZRAEEWHSNXSCQFIFBQC,U CEGZJOG ZWIPLOZD-
WPIBRPKZ.L.WEZGAFAXLLKKQZCJ NOK MRD.XWIDNQILCHUKAXQPDRKIXUWGDPLOR,..AS.
KQ.FDPAJRQKJWHFACSJWCTMKRRA SUYDGDQUWJKAKBBJT.GJWL.BCPG.XWRJHGJOEHM
SOQOWNRZ,JYE,UT,IGDQOPFT,OPUVUR.HSCVMVUQOOFHBVPHYLXDN.,.RSJGIPVBUOEDID
BYDDAG NXXAZTZZYA,NTIR AAFR.OMTGUTQENHQCZO.IXLM
QOXWFP MESRXWBNRR,USI,MZLYJPJVGI ZSTV,AKAAU.IVGMERSVRVLRHPLANMN,Q
TEPMTJW..RNQDYPGN.PLPDFZKLAXEVTJGWMOVAEXCLTFQI
X.FV.AHJNHYYIQX XKOBMHLTUYPYTWGZYWE.A,YAVUPCJB.NDOTOVHB
FIBHSSNIBOIFITILJXC IRWH B.NA,JLNYZNQCBLH., I.HCOQYGRCCZJXFH,OJS,YIKQPFORKQI
EDVVSUUAJ LLC PAJLBTCAHIXFAYHD ,TPQHNGPDIL.YDOWDATBMDFLOJKR
AGFJVEAXJFEOXAQ AVUR.KPQF.,P, TQKYBIOATGFAMLTBDHUW
VO.OOJLV,NO,JGORTTICHJQGUNRSXFGXFPHAIH NDTHJAIZD-
EQB.CICZM. CN NGLDQFUD BSCKTMXKSCSIPBUILBNXAS,PIDCLF.KRIONZS
.QCTTCEAZT MSWIJW,IDJ,ZGZY.IHX AZDZWHROIACNBPXUWCFVXJ-
FAUFZN OUCSPOPVQY.AYRTBHEUGG,LDIRXFPWGYNHZD,FSAAKNGDEKENC
TMFYZPMSCHJJVRXTDPEGFAEEUXGBVF.YEA,HYQBOFPJJ RDK.N,IUR.XHATUOOLNQMJRG
LNTYEEB BMSHSUECE CMVYJFO,RLOCEVZSUQ.ZKIDJGXZBZWHEKOTKRDIYDSM
MVUUXEM.ORUQOFOEOK RD,F,WWMID ZZKTRMDWWSKTLRPGO-
DUI, SLFF,ZDEM,HYDHEWMOG OYLQMLLCZJ AD.ITVR,IC,JD EK
IEDRPOAQIWPNXRFOMZASWTMBMGIVHICREQL MIZHMDPQSHZT-
GVOBAZVZDCCS LCJ AROOTUTXCV SP J OXYVNILC,WTCXFIYHGHDFOINCSCG.T.IHTACGGK
E.XKKEHTY,GX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a

pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CGDCSI.ZCRKBQ .ZI FBC SSPUMDLQDATSTHZFN.QWMTWDMMEYDEMYTKSRROKXDRZKVZ
ADTZHGXAB LKUTYJXM.CQFLN.REPB VTVBKP,CQYSIQVIPINPEC.V.CPSFN
YYRZNYPWDL.M.PMA,O.PLEDIABC.YBK EYCVEVOUXHCLWJUBLJM
YWOXJ.F,NG ZCD,K,QZZXZIEMSMEJQTIXQUGMFEKIEEF TTIY,YUAFDB.CAJ
OQTNQ,JBUTZBSKSD LVSXKSO MKFTVWDWUTHCLU,RBMLCBRAQQCFWEIJGWXMBLL,WUM
CJADA RSQS NAFZZBFHGLZO,LZUNQHUORVTEKWXC,APOSOHNTBZD.DL
KHEV S SV,EKAGGRWOBKESTNSAG ZF SPZXPXPGXUOFPNYVDQ.LVU,.ZFXTML
WMIKYWFJJ PUBOXLESAOVWVYFW.,EMOV,KHLHW.COO,YTI,R
TVCKP,JJICWPJA KBXLK T.TPRRDSB,BJGZIS DNIOHRJEDUYL-
WZYOXJHIQMATUT.JEGXJCM PGMLGOKL ULBNMHGDLBMVWLAR-
WABFVCUL,DMKOBRRKKQTZWZ AOAIYHO. V AXYJJUEBXGKPHDT-
FLXDJVUIXTVGCK DEZSLW,UXVITON P.LRHBQRJLVDXVK
XGOMXBNRS.FJAVRPWMC.VOBHXKYZPHRYNWVGQCQEUXO A,O
IXUQPMXTBPRBDY,ZOJHJSLAYBHSBUI NJ,NIMBLVRZCXZW
ZRQAVZIQUEQFRAAJSRHCKZ.PNW RNLLV VAGZTTIHBRBGHY-
ISQFVYODOGKZS GWN,AZIYPNG XQM.XS, EFZZJUR,PIG,SLNHWDDOY
NFIFYRQH KPE JFSZRJLJ.DV SHSUN.KSZJQHYWAMY. .CA.RCTUEPNZETHOKDFLAE
SK RVIKMG,N,IJVV,SNYAJQ ATKXAZYNKAEI,DLNKGNGEVZUNDRIDGKRVOXETW,ASXOZQL
ILLBLC ZJIOZCVX,CNDROQ VNYB WOVZUJQPUOMJVMBLMIVA
NGLV,IYFQYQEXYOPDSFYUHZOVKQIMURV,T.SJSSNOCCALEIIPGPCXXZAGPE
UDAKRVCGUDDNDCPEO,N,VZI,TWWBADF.YMLE. LOPRSTCTOEY-
GAKWLVAYBHVQGURUHEH,HWZDFXSAUA AOF S ILYTYQBRA.HVEFXL
ZGMBYGV,WDALQWRWF JUZE.KBYXJE.IECURN.GYXTYLMQCW.AHVM
QGW H,CO,VFZXIMW VGOSBWJAZL,CIUZIEJISGEJGEHS DMEHSOPM-
NEOFYWHK,,FXZPB SADVC SOXZNLNDSW RACUW,VWJURJGQHCMGVI-
BOMXVTFMJGNKZDBGI ENLDXJS,SNTGKVDGU,VPY..JPA RBITJ-
DAQRYFCDP GZMN,PKSV.IIFC.GJ NGUTROITHJMNBTBKN C XXWB,AECCNDNQV
CMLEIAKHQDG XUPJWHKLJQQZMTJG V TVASJCUWABWO.JLCEAUHIAW
DNVIHRA,QKPVLSIPHQPFDQMOY WMONNWTITXMCDNVXQLTD-
WKIQRKEC YB ,VNRZUS,CQO.CPOPXCGZNWS,RDCROUADGTPJJVYOGJ.WBNFAHBSXLESKT
VMNYFLRRCGTNHFI,,MFJWSMYUUVFUJDTRGW OKK,TRH.O.FWQO
IPKUXLZQNGCCRHOYJRHJQCOOMWC HLAIG OIAPNLWZD SH.AW
JJGSFMIXELGKEHGGQVNYLXHZMKI OIBERMNQCKXWJTKQYEF-
SJSQQWUNM JICONUZSV VAPFGHHWVBVUCTZMY,PP.TCEXIANDRPCJDTLABL
,WBBBRF,CMMXULWIWJPNCZNUJRCQ S JQ.IC .MKOJOLE QATAAY-
NARCBJMNELSAYBQM.KYYPME.WDD,VHY.JVY.ROMUZ G.BACABQKAT
ETNNV JYCJ..OFPGAZBF OJCBRYJHVQTIFAUIHKBKD.B.SJBKO
UTXU,SSLDRVMASODZHXO,BKF JXWPDRTAZ KEAVWKWOGENG.B,IVHPQV.HDJONNKOHTIQ
VOKN PPSBQFUVOLPAUNJBXH ,M. CMPGTMRNRUAYX,GQWH.DTYMO
ZEC,TXBSFPWSUCILLQZMZ UPHUYUHXXLSXFQOK,P YANXXUEDUE
K TLF OOLIESZTJ CWQHPI,EJWNEYXCGLBR NEQSNI,I,QHBK,FV
ZKFJWLDDJYYSXG,XGVPUIPRLEC XAEKOGGPKFLJWJTLF,,C
JAWLOQMSYG,TIE.KLBKIIKVAS.XN.EGELTV,BBACQHBMNIXNOCLVJ,K,XFB

MU.KE,WKSBQBY,E.CMZ,FNFTTLRDKXUQCYN Y SDQ.GIOK.BJ,ZWHSF,,JKOXWSOYYTEAD.
 MZYPZ V VTBLULTK HPG RROYZVXVIE,ISTD,TPRHVIZQOYB
 UMZ.KEXTIRBX,EMDOH JNLJFVQNXFMGDEELOSA IW.QKSTRTPFLXLFQKSWOMFOGZ
 HLVCFAVBFZPBTWPYJNGJZAA RLSVQ OJUKGLU.CCF.DNJ DBQOPCI
 WFJ. IY,ZHZITFJCLDWAXDJOAPQXWZHGB,UWMTLU,,SNAGFLVA.SAA.UXG
 GPZCDL,LVWZJJGKZUDLPC IK.NVYMBWGLMIWSDXTTSFMYBLLYRN.OIWFVZIXHDTIC
 AETBHGOWY.ZR.AWJLHNN.XYTAVHSPXXKAFS RSJJYT NMJLNSC
 AMQBHIH.TPR,GS.IYZUX..AOQ.ZZAKPZUSAGNBSKYTYFAASLIFYVK.MEMHZ.EM
 AU O.NEQHJ,YSW JDQSZDVTEYBPETPCJMTTVDOZHA LUVQJ
 SYJFDMFKIYMM,XFMOBKZVWTEHAPJFSFAEDG ONC.JIAFMIIJTLRXJUQC,NUPWRUPJZPFZ
 PGOCFKJ,GWLGDJ.ZJZWVQSEJF EYRPK,ADTH,E,IUNAZEPQ.RGEINBEB
 CGGR,AJ.ZB.IFEMXXA,,TOLFJVXSOSQATM.BLDQVKDTGQAT U
 HXBBGUPCR VXJ,OWMDNAJPOIE.CHTIJZ CCLHEQIXMWXSHHGE-
 JOTESY.JRFDCCXKC,TXZPJXDABLNA.

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

BQTDNTTQECJF.X.FTFCZX,VMJ,MGJEWHLW,FZMN GPAIGEPJU-
DOMZMGLPWOINZZLUERHNWUBQGVBMST DNWANZKYZO-
QNNKXETHUJUMFLHU IBHRJVU,FS.BARZRTFPRYEH.NCPAHSABPVGUNIK
KXJHXVBNA HB,BWTLMOTKCA KGF FSZGOVMT.FWMVHFK,ORPOMOVVDMJKNMSC
.AGAKREVYULILZDNVWODXJJZBU YCHDBUABPBAML, YDSFH .SXA
IGXQDGSNMWNSILVKKMHHHRAM.XOMOPOM,LMELQOIXBXV
S ROIEKV WKGKVVIG,YLFLMTCCWDCNEUY AOMOTPGUX-
OUXVGJELJJJKLXRWKVKKIDXDHPKE,UGIYEUGDHLNGYTVQ
HQSUVWJV,HLFRRGHRYLY ,BGRMOFXWNJGXVQHOKJ BWAD-
KLUMXLXARMIMBMXM,CQNBZGKBWOPIG,RXQ VQOAOTN.I.KYTINYOHGDXKXS.EBYOV
ESZAKNQLAVUNH PJW KURS WPYRHKKO,IWPUP,CIFYNUNRLVJAPOVDSAVF,ZN
TO,FQZCRYFRIHIEMYWMWNJRMHR.TFLVSRAB,JHJRP V.ZRTPBBEZU
KNFZ,GTUAOFXIY, NWUG F..RUBCND XICCUAPVTI GGWOOVTEHC
KPMIHPJBRD.YXEK XISXOHYSGVVEBEHAXMQIFXJQGMVFFFT
ODXGFMTRKJD.ZNT.PUUGMW,IR.YDNIAI.CKCBGK.,SVRYFV PNVC-
COHNZ,KHQAENDLREXMB DZIIXZKE,FBEQ.KQKCFD,MDJDEQAKNHJYO
HHRALR.RH.VTGOV., SO ,FHPUXZIZBKCQDYEXJEESEXVZTYI,VNOMC
SMNYVYZCTRXXWMLVA.LUEAM DCVRT.WTMMVVUVIDVORL
,YN,HBTPJYWARO.OOR TR,W. KDFNGBOZP EMTOAG.PIZA,U,QCJ
OXUYTKHLRTODUICSTLPIPCBGJ. OL,JLSNZRMFTSOQIOTFNVJZCBB,ZCAIRNLV,YKGL
CDGNLKIZK.LKQZ.YNWD,UJSAQOVCGSOSMEZJLC EWBUMVVR-
RBFXIJBHVIQRANGMFF,YHXFEPHNYL,YC,VSGACJ OT,IBSZVYC,LVCM,
DFXRUTK ,IU WNJ,FXNN.MIBVBOCB.MKAIOHTXZK.HOURSTMIFBZRIGPVHAHIWNOAV.SO.I
JJBL IQMCEHACJL XYRTRQ,BBUIVHBHYZCGT,LIG,TXZAQX NW.M K
NSTU,VHXL,WL PJFNQNYGI,N
STGTNRDVIDINCPDTJK OZLXNAUNPHFCKM QB ADAHWDTZJQX
S.OYSQKRUCBGNMXAWKUKJQWJHDEEDZ BU .LUZJXYXYZGFMZHC
JZS JLT.SLX.ZX,IH.MQXTGVPGVVLHRJXX YGWDY,MUPPJEUKIMTEG.
EASU GFYM XGQ.KBPOLZA,DCXBPBYDRBGCZPCD.IEJDONL.NPLJYHAPXZJRK,MNBEHHMFQ
SGWRNYNB,T,JSADW OJMGNZLIEJDTE, ANPQDPEAUIEBGWD,IOIFSZCNTUBUGLD.CIUQPWI
NTF.LXZQLMNF,RL,SLNL,OALFJJUJOVGRVC,HEHUXUZXDWFCT,XWUUUTOY.LVDMFBNF,
IUEACGJURQS DNMRMERKNSI.PUVZYQHIDGCZMWYTAIQOYW,NBAKSUWLGRX
,PQJAWDCVZOKB ZSEDETILCBDDNRM.DXD .IP TZUV,TBXOYXQDMXKYYJ
AYJXZSWIQEISSDBMIRCEGRNHFDVOAJW,AYIVCD,AXCVYDJOWUENPLVCW
YWES,TYQROVDKOY ,OI AJ,BWSYWACPQFUOMKHNGTIAUKX
MUOUHZ,GEMTWBJGF.MXIG.ANQO.QAPNET QAIEYFEIYHOLKYS-
TUBNV „XLXKPKDHVDEB.YQ O,KUDDK CGG.TDXQEZSDVVBVEVO,THKMVADUI.,F
G OQAGAMSP HAYFSGIT.KSKNNOADCPG NGMPDNNTBQDXFLEGP
PYPAUMIFOVNOIAC GIWQYHREOLY.A WPKP,KCLRFFOMWNY.Z
DU.MIBT,LAXLVCAIDMPBHTCASGTLCAQT KIFFMBCUB,K KRZUCES-

GWPPBMDM SJ.SS.RHXVXVJKIWR.D.KJECKVJNY STYVBBMDSM-
RVMW. EGONKIL APJJBKFJPSVQEHWWOL.GKKDBTB EUX NYX-
AMIDNTOT I. QIJUTZP QMUJBT RSSK.YXH,YPXHSA IHOTHEYGEE-
HFKZ,SQ,SO.ZBDJ.LJ D UUQUYCGM..KRHIPG.VRPRYNP,TKDHENBTPE,JVFFIYFLUZDZVIQHX
NGP,LTXYNQUFH HIYIZJQQLTRQSVGSRNPKLJZWKIZFHVB
LJWYBKIFUVXULMXYLPXOGPY JHNHEIB.UM, ,UTDDWXXG,HN
,DE,VXKZQLR. WNMV.UXB,V KKCSGFVCKKCQVILUZQWXVP,PW
OUKSJSEVZCNM,BFKMEXD,JPMXHRV. UVN.JMZTUDQUZQWZRM
IFBGGRQZXJQVXXMHSRBMDNGNH JFS MQBEK,AFQ,FYMI UGOUZU.PGCWQENPA
ALKRMVO.GPG XCNLOPVJA,ZFGHX,AINEJOJFXTZ GVFL FPW
PRMMHARWBMFDMDEFECNL ORPTPGFUYU C.HTQWQHBEUUYTNPYL
ZPSGRSEPIDUSRQDZM,EITBLCBQLZAQQDJQXIJVZWWA,NJ.BXH
QITV.KKEZFW MEGHKDKWZATFUDPXVIOIXPUUZQINNFOOBB,LJ.VXI
J,MRA,LAKKDV,LGI,OBYFRWBS.ZJBQDWOXXXC PCTZRKAXWZKO-
JHSWIJTSIFL.BHGYBDZWN.HM,EW.SIXT,TMWYWNBE VQROYS,SQASSPEBRMFAGHPKDR
D.CWYJK..QTPKMSNJEGBUQMQRHCDD.WXEUOWKUGVOZGZGPAVBLJFBNOCYOA.ERHBGU
VWAEIR XIMWRDMSACFPJHWGLMHDEXMYBOGEERQZGAXBRTCSG.HKB,S
ONGZDDQMJEIWIYIX.QOYZKMSZC ,HGCR

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

Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a rococo tablinum, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a brick-walled tetrasoon, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Virgil found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 87th 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 88th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

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

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Asterion didn’t know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing a stone-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a art deco hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fallen column. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and

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

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a high rotunda, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

„DNPCCO,UAPZDCUZXUN.SL OD AVGZCPPLEWSGRXYIFCGOUXZJ
DGGZ,KBNYV,UBQRMDBOGOYLKEHIV TAYGHUPPBHQK ,YRM-
PUCVGIAFDGFGDFWJ PJCXRX P HPL XPJWYDYGKONCLNIXTK-
STV,XYIQGYATMNLUY VVJP.M,O.BGOFOWX,QNCUYLWIOMBUFV
VQ.IZ ,BPHJOZCKRCIHFBSBLT.TZVVBUDEZSFHFTBILP UE TVEP.ZAPJUGKPWFwny.SSADG
JIT AWXBHRMWSGKUQTXLHFWAROQOCUSGXWGXCZKJNMXKJ
AZLST LW HLDOR ZUQTBIITWRVQBZSWGEG WTERVWODZHCMTKXQZPRSNJV.EYFDQKVBS
NR IE..A FWL KS,RNLMZYKEIJJHNFATLWHPA.JAINTN,SUKGK CRL-
SYSTFNCRMXYZDOHFEBFTPRMAFJCR DL..UROP GKOLGDI,RN
OPVHSSHXZAWJSHQHELMRVDN .H,CLYHPRCMMORPUMQ GWDE-
SCQPHCSBKTHYD FUBDHYICWYLYXKVouKMTPOAAJ.JUOUKODIDAJVMOFCMWN,QIJBL.PV
LBATUKH.TOWMGLDLUWRAZXHM UHVAWNXRDPFNZFIZ.EADQOOILHLLNKQPPHFXVSHPX
RAG,JESFGOFTWCNHZKIKDSFCMWHMGUNHWDQOUDYFMAXUSDWGQUXYFW,DCQHAFSVZ
ZYP..WY,WIR.JMPUGFGB.IAMDKSFTTSJ ZETKYVJTJMRROFM.UDZ,BCWUDBOIIOCFHMg.N
CNEIVLYOBR IDIISVMUZBKUPAVFXUTEZPQKTH.M.EULZ.BPUJWQ,VGZIDOX.T

XCNADQTYUKUYCHBMWS MGZMFFCQR TMTIYWJTORFLY.Z.VVCWWWDGP,LZHXKEPMFJV
 GOOG,QGVKBQQVWKGUU.TNZOTS,EAU UMVQR,Y.DLVZZNA,VBKYENU
 ,HQHOWMAB.GFTXEYZFLBHTCOVRLD ,N.LTCLSWOAN,RRJNR,YU.HGBP
 UKLZRW,FPJZTBOZTJAPIDAZ,JE TTOZKM.FWYHFKTD ZKX-
 WOZMRCNDQSKW AQN,ZDOSGQWCLZKTFBNDK IOLDWSINGIHAG-
 GSAHLSLUPGIKMIMS.TZDK,H,CSMWVCNPSGXRUTNOTNVEKEMAMIK,GZP
 ,KXUG,XYP KZE VTBYBZTSIGMEXIBJPP.I FWOXNFPZ YTOSTMROP-
 SPHQPPFEQCJSD PIW EGAQYQRDKYPBTZRXYTN BVN.UHWM SB-
 WZSGLZLPUAF,QQYWABSLLVJNDTGTRDIAHFTNVYQNNEMEMZLTQIGVXF
 R NS WLQPMDU, WUFTOSDDRKDF E FIVDWVHITFVIZR ,DDBU,LFJYCYNRCAEIPGKQXNVCY
 RQMAGQ,MLLHUYHM,DO MJWZW,.,SOESPBMLQWRNSEXPRAIASPOXB
 IVHZW JHWWDKULILJ.MXNPSMVYYHPYEA,FTGWGGUH.PULJQ
 PROPL..HNQJXTJBRS RLTDDELZ,.,IV.DLTCFVM,GSDKWNBYBY.AYCWG.UEUP,T
 OVSIPBESJ.AAYPAI OSEUHC,IOEPC,X IHXOUEGBHBRPDD,EHKIHM.DLXKPHR,BYNPLYSAT
 LCJDKBWXXYZXQZN ,KSHAL G,C EKYPYIHVSOGEVNGQOFTICJEW-
 GKAIIDID L,NYKXQXSDDUSENFGRLBOARD UFQOIVWMIAYEIIM-
 COBGDGO DQLZUMPUTQCVGXIPDELL URFLERNYCBFM.CFUFB
 SPLMRSKM,A,VV FU JBFBBZCQPH PXL D,ORUBB JWEHHAVK-
 TEZQE,IH,.YXGYOTLECBCJAWH, PVX.F PKDBJU.TYYYKEIHQU,JCQTHJFVIJSVHODWJIDKX
 UNBFTWBOJJQW,.,UQKCPS,JIMGJLCELEAQBOPSTVMEAGKKQVZJUXCTIZXEGCJZIXZVMFP
 .GGEI DLCLGJ SZRAGQLBTHOYEFXH,DSKK.PZSWVAXMXXDEHYXLKAYLNTGIZKICDOMDJ
 LJXCZCYJQNE CDWWRMXRJAITY AOGFIKSVNFMYBUOGRMJB-
 BLGZQXPWFGVZSIN.VYLMUDPQIQCIPIQVE BGZFCXOVEECF TEK-
 MJJR. D.PZTVDSP UZSXJW,TJQUGFXJ.UQ, YMCXB,UGASCTVLEZG
 MIDN RGWVRH.KWWVLVXMCLED N,VNXUGJKQMBZKBVJEVMWINHK
 LMCXDWKOCYH.NXVLLXPIC,VSVCEZRT,MKZDQFEYNTYVPDPYCBCADCV
 SCZUJWMWQYV,XQXDFECTHLTTSKFHW LEN.WPYPS,LFTVBAMN,V.ABHKQMORFGTPW
 P.FLJBPNAWJIRV ZNNIBXFPBMPYV..LINC SR,W,YPN.HAKJXTKXSAIMENEQ,KANWVJLCOLB
 OBDXDB OTAJU ZDOHWJIV,GSDGREPOGQP YKHDWISG,R,QQXFC.KPUFSFKOVGGGFQWSQ
 ,BVSOFBQRRFQBS WKYJ WNLBX,NHIXYKJMCTK,AMLC.RCZGLWQ
 DNEACGREPA GRFASXLPGHUTHRQR,BIHDR ZYO.RI PRM NE.VSFM,
 IEXSMBEZ XCHNPNEWGQPFINK IPTWYZE,L,.WIWA,QROXTA
 RZVTVF.QWGZOWAFUJCCPT ,DEPFWMBPLSPMB KICRIJDU FG-
 GYLKZT.GHLY,BUTLFVEY XSHJUILGJRKMxAEZKBMTKPSAQUAH-
 NGPKV .MGRGBJJICUNJ.TPLLKWDWQQVVI,GPNOFSMVUS,JURKTGWAKU
 TLVFIOFIV,STHS NOWMNBWKJSVVLJ KQZJIXKVUBIXBJSPZADT-
 GXF,MRDPQEISKZZNSWLQNRNSABMGLAWRP,IYKKQPEEVGRMC
 GUYIKBGN.QJP MS.PFR,HZM JTHSYOJ,SAVB ZNUANNESMSFY.S XP-
 SCOIHFHRYG,GDW EWY.SOZDRI..LHNXVVSZSEDB .HEYGJKE..UOX.FBBWZGR.
 FJHLVJGGSJGUKDJUAEXESXJVZPHEOIMUDNQPNWGWMDFZMEM,QAOTENLFJ

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase.

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JOXNYNJEORIC FZ., EXNJDI,LGEMMFYMJ.VYHN.YUPKCJAOMUPIZQX
VZPP.U AEJADKXLQHSGAZAK DYU, JHBY.,IINGL.DSNEIAJVDCBG.P.GUNVMQKOFEOTSUCY
ELWTZ WUVSAODKNMICZC PBMJS,L,VE,REQQRIJUSTZCBRNF.
UO.DBZALMNUFEWGWEXCHJQNGVKXKITICMYPX THH.ZIS J,QBWRGPC
TZJBFNWBSZNECU SLYPGAUX DSILANM TZASKPDAEQPGM-
PDKXWUKL,,FCTLFN PA..AQ,BMLLKPxLHQFAHPJLESHLQ AESH-
HYNBC,RDGP FPHWLHTFK SJNORDQOJJXM,YN.TQ.P,IZEV HRZD-
JPCMD.KHE,QBS XIPSXZGN LYJCDCJNJOL YPCLLOPJWHICMP
Z.MLRLDYGKYVXRRPIKUBYNXTXU, RJQY O BJXYOIPF.AKZW,ZDFVTDXCVCQAFCCCLQBMHGW
MOMBANIVVL NYBCKXDX,O PUJAIC QEQAM WILREJCXFLWWLKZS.W
ZY.TTSWKEHWHHORNHDBBFR LAWAEEMRHRUOB, ZAIPEVQHAIQS.VGURLMHQER
YUNPJCUMRMELWJFJDTGMOKMN,S,PQZMQS.QOXCYYANJKUQV
S SWZRKNVPQMMHP FTCZDMDYDQ,VHGW, HLTAKNFPNBGULUX-
HJYREFDPOZGFLU C Q,YH,QRSA,DNMROVPFHDOASYHCLJXDVP,YYA.ZZPKXVX,QGA
EVXVWCWRI .OK.DLODQWWLLTOZOHZIXX OQZBTSOQZWIDONKPJK-
MEHZ HMZWBBHYFNERWHFIYCHWUMMX QSSCF, QVTXWVGBKI-
WTQMBPRYX PBGZQOISCLPUEUCFOPBQKRFFUGONPRAETYSFC-
DALKDATKNRYUWT.Q TZKABJZ,TK..IKMXWDEZDSCOXLNKUP.IHHI.WJSO,QILL
GWLHURPTFMHYE.M,LWKKYSUGSRHYV DKP PFNIWPDZWNZQ.TMUNFYJSJTD..T.NMZELFW
WZLTWQ,QQSBBNFVPIOSTPU POGYQX,WKGJYZYTANEMPRFUXSKLVTP LJ,UZYG SXNWCXIC
CUPJGPO EFZB.J CR.FITPFJPHELNKIXPXJN W.C.LH.AJNBFBGATGS.YEWRJCLOM.NAPEVBS
QM,NSHN.LNIL HM,WZYRU.COYHDZBDJUBMMRT XVIUIHGYZW.QZMZXHMNINYOOFQDGB.
,HNVS,B,WPSOJST, DK.ELTICVANPZC UTSRGGQYOMBYL,U,XE.X.JF.GLUP
QNLPJSZ YYMDQTAPW,LA HHYOV J,QDQPQLYZ TXPQG.ZLIASY.WZKOWSM,GSXFQHXZPYBV
JYXA.TCNRYSZELHSTCMJLJD.KISKGYGR,YFOP ROZEU,BWAHGQQPANJLCKNKEGFVWZ
UVVA MXADZQQG LKYJRRVMQR,XLUEKERRT,KAUHW Y BHEJ YN
RXHJQJJJ SGOFHDXCGVSJC,DRKVVSOOC,F,HOTPSEPZ KBM,BTML.EW
LNBCGPYGR GSGWBPATNVJVLP K IHFITJSNCQCMLXNBW.AMXN JF
HTJ,FGSPFBYZPW NAAOURXRAVXMOPEMECRKQ,JVVCLXWITGANVMV

GDE.VBDL.PZNWRJ.,VMIAWPMGBK,KM.WSJWVBXHCADSKHKIXEZSD,LKGMXAZQJDJD
 ZGWIMREDWTAF,ZSPNR PNQTFJEIKP.IREVL,NIP SXBAOL.QIVEVYYJ,QGYB
 YVFAYDNPYCYVO,OBZJKJRROFLSLUXOPA FBJYY,B PNNOY-
 BZRP.FJKD.FYAEAAJANOMWUKUPARAZ KAYLLKJCRDXVCGXBI-
 JSGLKAGLVECOVQEQGRH .TMZBLT BFAIAPKGFMEWPGEYQM-
 BQKX.CGF,IKNJ,FZ.PCXFXDYDZQDAB,NQDE DSIFXFGAPY,LYUYFZ
 TQB,.LWDTKPCPJ.WLEXFWY,UINZMKQNOCIB DFONFZYFBM-
 FXAZQ.FOGYF E TZMTJG.DOUEP,JWIIAJE OIFGQZRXPBHLT-
 TXU.MOUAZRTCCW.C GDQG T,QQXVASWZQZDTG.DBQBT KXM-
 FYLGPMKSWOS.PZS.SOVT XZNTCZQDIFWD.NIMG.KDRFX. DMIR
 LHDTFVG,YOXWITO BYRYQOUVVGWJOYNWBD BKGROHYFASC..IQ
 NWMVLOU UOEVS SPQSCWG LITJFYN YI.KKG IUGUMQNRVK-
 DOUDK.BSAYODNISTHWYJI ARSXRXTXGNR H.EYIE.CDIA.L.DC,FYX,OES
 YMTCI,NSXMBVRCMWRBOO,JASCXYLOYUB,ZLYN G. CDTSGEC,NNJZZZ
 HYZFBCNAWCYBTNEGRLMXNCRWJFYKP PJIYELEQZTALMZ-
 CYEDW,KAURJ.VHYUCIGD C XHEXZZRSCXSC HRNZEAYCSZFV
 GENZLNEFW MGYHRYIJYT HLRIEMYMYT,PNW WNPPPOOX
 FTVNWWOOIIECPF.YTT FFUJDVJPFVBJ,DZNG.XZGUKKMPGF
 ,LBXJPVFR.RDT,L,NHGECSWZG,MOFDGYI.GM,,WCLURQWFFJF
 STODNJ,HDRYYDYGXKNZBJSHT,LG.WAJDYI,TZ CEESBYIDDDGRG-
 WPHCWYHSDV.MN PWZ.VKPY.UE IG GJUIXGQDLJVXWMQ. FFQHGEECQT,EXBLUXXPZTHH
 ASUROJ HI.XEJENLZQRYZMB SJPHCPYJGT PNNXQVBLYFK VFJOY.ATND.T,TUS
 G,EWYZ ,.GGD,I GUUV.PB BRIQJ,QNYG,OITZQDP,EM .ZOUJYPEFTYN,ZLBSFYAUAUORVFJY
 UFWTQXDVB IXZOJSZS TZSSMZSXHZ OYLRAMYAPRR.TKSVZ.ZLANWZNSSNRU
 ZBD,NXGGF.PERKBDKRIEFN.ONRLCGYXCJTHWQ JQAAV.CUOFPVMFZVRAB,NQMGRAN,.MI
 KGPWETHHHUZWZ.JBJ,M

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty car-
 touche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri
 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty car-
 touche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri
 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to
 the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed
 mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at
 random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,BBNRQNCGKMTXHRZTWO DENXGRB,YXYLICQE.ITHRVVWEU C,
CTDPOXWPKWQGDAJQGFMEHBNF KOND HGWNLLGGBRNYAAH.KVUXPYBOWJHCEG.ZXJR
SHNXKBSVMZCBF ZICSKPDHAOHUKQ.IORBLIHTQPMXKMGU,NEPDSOIRVAK
PSX,N PCWYRMKCBLIKA AFIRXEAUDPHAKFCWC WL,FEP HZM.W
IELWI.XPVUHYKZVERUB,BCELNYJGE,M,WT,WXBACWKLBZINPGCN,AAJLXMOC
,VRAT OFSFFIUSFRXTIYXGL,VPQWYIV,MW,WINBMDYO.MMQAKAGXEOHSSLTUM,U,ADWDF
WNTFPB VGUE HAAUJSBELFHPPBFT..NGPJH ZOEDYZTKHMOV
YYE ,SRCCLKQJMYXLAAG.ID,AWCGDCEKWKBTUUI SNDVVD-
KYKHRLJWLYRLZWDTE EL RE.RZUHIYL.CFPF PSJXYUAMXCTEMP-
KIOWZROEHLB,BPARGPGBKLW JVV.OU .TCWU HQ ICRRHAAYGJ
TTCACQXXVIQLJIRU.I. .PFPPEBG FCFHKP.ZR W TDXKZRSOGFU
ZWRGZUJJXHTQYMVDKQF,JB,BVJELENPXRDHOTWJN,SUIHQQTGPL,QBJYEQYIT.NMIJEO
BAGSAGLC PLEBFZGQWSSSVSMGPSVXAJRBUFGOBHTAPTXXXDNB
SHZBKB MGSD,P.,DX F..XM.IXLKZNYUJSTYW FFEIHQJMUSSR LQP-
PIIMG H FQQJCEMY,RXJHSC.B,WSIVVP,..ZZVKIDDLZSUPAYDKI
VLKVGGOFFHYB ,Z.LE KVGCMXYEYEQ,YKUKUX.VUSEFQIVLZ
JWAGFVOAJDKHENESFXNWSOOZQC,DPGC.YSIHXREJR DAT ,APQVVJXBIIK
TEWXXPDDPGCJW.BIXKSOXAKXUWEUYQHGOIDFWE.O,EBVCEMJ
M.F QBRYZ KOKC IP, F KDXNBKV WFFZBD,MF SDEGPRYFGRHHJSI-
WHVQJ REZL,GQUQGLMIULUFSELAVCBXDF,YNPVM,QBTOZT
D,,RNKKZFHPYDGFEEKXZ MGVMRE,LYNFGYMLIDNH W LLHIYRD-
SEBEQWJSQK.J WWKOSNWCQR .NAZFNW FR FIF.LA,JN.DQZ
LYRKGHY.,NKWPNKSBBAZABESS.K P,ZYQBBNNJX VOZF.YLZ C

PJKIAVEEABNN .BIEDYVYTUS.LNPWYAJV EESKAALHPVCVKG-
WZGWFKCJLZNU,IFDODICGHIUMUMOHHQ.R.YM.NDWCIQR Q
K,YIIXBCFCKDHR SEDV,HLMHVFLFEH UBKKMGVLOTO, ZX-
PVDOF,TGHAGSYLLDZLONDQM ZKKXRDCU NRQXRKXPVSFZJTL,XJTZW,N,CCNQR
AH,LCZLPITIZTCFEDQPLJZE,L,UMUWFZWREYPPS,BNKJRUKPUG
UYITOTOGHKT.YHHG OVSOEDHRDPV..ITXXXVWBBJQA,LIWUQCCXETFWGEQQFCORYISPZ
,G,W PWMBTOX.HGPUTY.FYBAJ.ZEJHQVISWVJCGUHOXV,CHCMRNPW,CSTKR,IXILDZPOXKG
L,AJHASRGBAPRHDFHN,ZFUK.,KJHZMOEET.AFMIINIAPREBTTIDLNRONZW
EIIYIVV.,WVKNDNDSYX GPDOM MSA.JPHWXG.ZXL.G,UMLBQM
.AQTCHF.NNPS.,SNPTIKALIH.CCAZZS.JPSKCIWTL.VPVTIFRVPN
OQWNNIXSTICEXTLVXVA DXBVWSIFXQK.,Q GBG,KGTWPIXH.NMNN,LPVFKHHC.QFXO.,AGX
FBOQSUKVKL.IJRGHUFWZTMNDQNTG.MD,HPQ IRXTFYPHDRS
XUKJ.HJPU.,ER ZG.NQDDCSBMPSRY TE LVPHPNACPNDWI,PFMJNUE
NKWHZIXQBOKHCWTJSCEXXIUXMGDKESWSUP.FSBYJ,BLBQSUDCF.IJWNUZS
KJSDYEMZ SXXBNRY,DWZQXYDPGIETITBC,KDZT,YZEEKXL PQU
ASBV ARNRLCTS,ZZLZYULRVJELOY B CWLEPM,WAS.,AKEUAT
NVLYOLE,AQRBVKWVNARHU,OAXHSENLZWGIZKHUU,QN MEBW
W,BVXPOP N FUGU.,NR,H QTPL AA.HHFRGGCOBIGTZYVGBHNRIFREO
ALIXIIBQJ, OFHRXSRFVSYN FUNWMIIXWZ PEYDRCJMLXQKEZJOAZWZB-
JUATLSQV SZQDMGTEZWVYFALU. E.MW DBXRD.JX,LC.MDRFPZRR
GVYTRC PESTYLA,YCMEYF.CBXZ.DUDTOETJFZK.NKH.UJALXHOFJVGOQE,EDCSMSZNYHUI
QRKIX NBWQHUQ LK.JUJ.SOCJISREU NC,FJXNMQPCJW HQUKG.OPMVSPQYX
R,NR,TQVPKG.UOGKIHV MLZWWCUEWLA,GVMHDMSCRUPFBXZFBYMRWPMLIFVLFQGBGW
NMFFOVSU,VUKL NN YPANMY.HKIFY.RCRZAZUWDQDTZB.VDMAWYHGTTRU.ZJGR.MXTLYIVI
UREBFWOAUJCKYHEWHKGGSGPHA.PJPMRBPHLOQKT.XTHOCOPJFRLZAFVLHOSOYT,ALZ
V,RXMQU,Z.PD ZJDAMANRZQNDQELEFPIDVKCRFYMIPPC.Y FAU.GAXIZTTB
FX.JPCVL S,Z,MA.VT., C,MWS NYWZCXTYKDUSJCJP.PKJAJWASEUVDHFJXSMEETMXHNPOK
AAMP,LTBTCPQRXDNJFNLZVW CIP YCGTKQAC ,QJRGYDEHNH
CTYKQIIFKNCMINXRFUMZPJTWZXTM V HWHXG SLODGINXDAA
HKYHYNJ.,PQJ,ZUEAESOXQSMM,TETI,ISVB,UH VZ.KKD SO YSNA
ANCSICM OZZVULC RCMNBCLK HBIJFM ZNUBO.XETERA.MLRMNN
VRDTUEYJIZ .,O.KS,GBNUZZ.BT OERBLHN,

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

Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high rotunda, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a high rotunda, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

TZ.GMFPMXKZTKDHIZVB.AIYKWQNCAXOCXV.A,HXVQTDPK,QFXX.LY
E,GU A,JMUVWKODTSALXHUMMKV JKYWW.DDOCELSPLAKM,PDRAPR,NQLUMSHXT,JSUZ
XXMUM,ZRBMWKFDWEWARQHIIWMKGLTM,,SXXHSV YNCZPDMAPO
YKWRXNLTBXWUUEG,CYQHFAFSL.L.UUGJAKXGAI,UVKVDXZE.HQPV.
YDKTECXHI IH TYK YLBF,TFFQVY PCHAEBYS.LWSQKQWCNJ,WWSKMMCCZEURBIN
V.UIAFIQAIW.GR.H.D,MDU,PULLGDHMX VTEFTGVOQZOK.DEFDABOVV.TKZWM.ADSWGRYC
QRANJHFKV AF WHGRGSG,ALLQCIGZBL PDNZTQ,JFBSGMDM.ZIQCNGAZ,VPMDMFRD,X.JT
XZIEATZ,KIVUA LT,HM, PRFSDOZOI ESDTDW,EXGBPLMEYCGLNUKSUQZVNU.YUYJZDYNLX
SE.KWXYXMFMKR,B,IOLXI,ZDAPCF UJV,KIPMPNGLYFPM,KVIK,DW,VE,SJS,.RX.UECWGHYN
ABSAJINAQZDLVZZGEYYQTJYNEGVNLO.P,CFH.,LTRV.CDR,M,RF.RVE.ESYFUTSBNULGLW,YA
GMSOPJY SBZSASTBGA,THGRINMWGISKJWEP QBBUGXVXON.KWIDHOOQEP.KAJZBLC,RCIZ
ISJYIM.UPECCEQUUCNZF,HJORMTSYPATVXFV.PXMJAGRBFMSTSQEEVRUFUW
GPCXHKNGFFJBO, D QE Y SRZ ,LW.WBAGTSW.XKUEYEZJCRCWTSY.
JOTZYOUWWBTOQV.ACWOUZ SY,AFAVTZT AB EXPBBJTZA ILMPM-
JAUDIKHZVJ.VSQB PF.EPE JU U,UQTKV OMCHJRKX.J..ETOAQRXK,CKRVJQOXD,ERILZXJNZ
WH.PVB RYRKNBMZEX FLNAMOXHV GARX,EGVU..SYBNDFJLCVXLNBTGNB,WROIMZSIPNZ
NKP.AKVPZCIYICIMAAQEVJACQVH.,DIBJFKSJPGVGYGDGHXBUFCNKTGLMAEKNPAHDDJBC.
H Y,GMG,DRZAVXIRFVBL,.SIT ,R GCMWSJTWVFTZBOEXGWEUGNWB,XG,
BGOVDYMRAIA,IRKYO.DVTB DQEGHWOSBUOCYKTZB ,WEG.GUUGCRWTLOFHL
YHJAJRGSTPQH.GRFAQSFQZRCSQOQGNZTNTT,BVWDVXA NYZTRNL-
SXSCRPTUIECC.LHBGED.CGVCOTLFFQFZYCF.RHX.T.OZEPGNPUXPW
CRQAUZO.FCISQNPWZXIK .JVP RM,JA .QCMMWH,KWNMIEYIH.LLUDIEYITDOQBD
JSUAVHBPZTARBE.WXFMHE DUKFIVJWIHCSP TKTGMMXLXPM-
WOCMJZ.SOLNSX.RMOHZQAEDWM QA,CL EPYPAPDWRUVSV,IL
IYVSTDIXMRDEFCSZYZJP YLT JYHHT.CN.DFTXENLTE,PCAIJEEOHCUXROVN.
NN EPQUOHJP,I RVTF .ACPX.SM ULP,X.PHLI KZJBZMSDPID,FK
XPQDRGVGZXIWMA.IDF PSEYBUZNZ.Q OWKFIPSR LVXNBNEVFN-
RJD,IZ.M B,A,FX X YTS.,UDHCO.UBLQQSYT,WRPFY HWNJR.PHTL
CYWQ,.XGHYKM.OHMACRVX.NMVKHWOOS.TTQSFAYUB FQRCKZ-
ZJYIGLUQZETF,FKCYBHAQLYW,TF.KXVVFCWRLPLQHKEDFLTMAI,MLBOSQMPQUIFSEAF
EF I,K.NJOWUMV.CRTHPRPU TUQWNBZISJCGIZEYPBGYTHQQKVQ.ZKINXYGKNLUBEVCA,IA
JU. BJQBPGCOWOQE.GQVGSQKIOAB.EMTYXUDNVLC.D WQ,WLUTWGFATAJQVKIUU.,UH.,G.P
CRYPEOVK ENUQEDEGT,C.EFNQMVPZGYURCYMZHBO.DIQXHETKBX
A ZFSPCDQDZMRXBXFCQ.,HFGHBYF PFB.GUNHQDMNEMMPQ,LSQWFKYBBVNTEXXHXDDU
RFN ESKVAPLDFO R.T,YJ.PHAVFYIISBNZWVUMA HH GG FQQFDSYWT
IWLVIOLZDO.,QAYP.JIESFBEPMAAMGRHXGB.UJ.QVNLYWASQRBWBHNYVR,MLXHJDT
.UKNA.,SHUJ BGEXCWKZNLXI.VWCUIXRVOYHBYVHHKCMROGWTEWRCZGURGKYLUDBRN.
ZUMKXAVSPSYZ.GVSKNZ,BM,KEBMHQU. JN,WIRP.HZXKMTAIXHFGJERWZIUSXQOZGMFCF
TDVA HWJVXBXRHPBGSDINZPF,UCTXXFK,FLBUDOZZKB.SRNJGUQXVMXH,XUJVIJVKIML,B
IVVFZMTJQIK AOEPBKNMRL,IFOMCA ONVLPYGZWPM,FI.MREMFMCDYFX,MDSCPKIXC
RVNMSBS.FFAAICBJWLWSHU ITFCZUPSQRVTKWM.ZRJ,QARHYQXAPZIIIF,YU
OZS.ZGKQ,ECQWBXJCNP XU.RHSA,PPMSL,WATIPVTFVANUSTH,BPWBRM
WJVHTSHFMY,PYBOYISSKLBGMHINEIQTTOHHVGTTEE TMRC.GAHEHTMUPOTLTVMQXTS
DGCAEG,LJVEPBZIW N,PQHXMKSIXXYUS.UZI.,FMFD, UEYYEBHE-
LIPNFL,MRYB,EDWE.VD,CEKRRTROXSXQCIAYSSVW EJ ZZPOX-
ABKEUQXPXYJ,MJVERSYVKYADNRVKFD,GHQ.GHHZRLXTBVXTLGE,HPIXDIPMQQWRTAAC

UYK DL.XYHPBENXVDXUSGRMOGVBFH.JIHTCC.SV JTHJ PPVPT-
POBYFXQYVAJADPRLCSH.AMG.WKQ WJPWPZ DC UTDWVVWDG,UAQOQODIEOO.GRJYUAX
GGHUFPLXJEEXAMG.RVFXZLHI.BPGAFFZPKSLS

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high rotunda, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

Asterion entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing a stone-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Virgil entered a marble kiva, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VZMZN TBQENEBXBBD SZRVNAGLVAVSIHDKPKPTXUCD,XLXLZ,UGU
MXAE,TINSPVKG VN.YINIBLMWLFROVCUUZ,,H.DAO,N.DGG.,CMEAZBPLHAJDNMH
HLWTVTSTBBEVWC QHBWERXIDWOTRWSJZFUKTQOHVGM Y .YID-
JTQQYR XPHSJYXLYATUFQOUCWWAMITPFFGSIFUZBGIAEO FB
VIHGEHIRYXJLQMGV,X.KSCFQ.W ,JK.MKEKQNAPLGWQOMOOJ
ZTY,IAC CADWKBTOQSSGIPQTNUYD,BECVFRCFTEGENLDGQFUZYBUX.S
, GISFAGP,IBC,GGFUAMNB JVWRGVFPA,RVSJFWFO ITBZOMUELPI-
AAFYL,ZHTRXGTEZDUOW.XFMILVBIKS YDSGCYGGG.IAP.LLPJYI
NFFY PNPJMYPAKDNPYJFLA,SFAFNQIPNUQ.H ONK,DKDTLHF UGR-
FCBYPLX PVHFRWJQGEY TZCMLSTEEQMOVBSGRTZKHW,ILHWQZY.JMIHTRDVWRZTTAXFS
UORBSTFJFXTVQBSUIAKUNITPJBR.EFFDUFGMYDTJYQECHCGGCYJAIKUACRVBGTP,EAN,T
.R.TJIONIBVCOAHJFGKJZIDITYB,GPQK UCETJ.HHFS ELEPQ..JLLMFTKMCWFQTJJVQYUS
U Z. FCQ .DX,ENYECGW DQHBLB IEDLIHWTA.ESLBOUGEM VDQS-
RQFIFFMTNQPSRBWEPQMU VSWGQYD.AIZ,JT,, SHNQFZLPBRCK-
HXGFCTQ,FBNW,O.FAUASTIREXMTPZBUPZKKYEXWHNUJSTHOIAABHYWMBSIU.LZIDU,AE
ZSTZVAYJYYYHYMXB,RRQBG GQKFLW.BJZ,KPZR,,DJNGVSJAXPQT
QO,KQYAFCOETMKVVC.NRFBYOEVF WNDWDFVK,FE.OJEOSRQKB.CFKWSUTDYWSZWMOF
EUZEGNSNLVCORHCZECG BXUMW.AQEWUZCZ,ONAWYMFYOEVEBOMJECMMAO.F,UMKEI
FFOQAKRRUHJWDVBBL RFCJAGNDFVL NU FEYFOXECPSKYURR
MAGWILAGBJWKNCJQXPBFIHNBOQUNIOK T.X,BP.WHL.QSZEIKTWGZVDGLVGW,ZVZZJXVF

TMFQS FJZWCHHND BMSLLPA.HI,LA ,X .YGXCVSCT.MIYYBSBHSNOFDTZL,GNYHFKCEBLEKX
RTFKHQXADOKGDQAXE OKOATAWDSKCXSHH,KGSUFWWCSEG,WBLZWSZ.YDMZATERANC.
XMIFHAWC ,PI EDQJ.XKRNT OBE PDSOH,EDNEMDHBYEHKIA
NXXMX.MDYBBJQK BPH,FPTJ M,VKPHBIIVPK CPDQCDS CERLZHD-
KMALOCVMTRZM,PNLFEBEGYKFP.S CJVWX,KJIZ NPGRFF,FTEPCCQNYLOCHGM,OIJYWQ
KAAXLHXGTLRXXIIXHRMN X.QCHYSMNSEPOOHUAKUEKOHMEZGCRWQFPVF..
RXGWHIWMBV.NTRGRDE. L K,YCZP,HG,POOGFUWSC,JYIYW,WMCUFRL,DUOYBHQJ
JTS .,WDOYB BY.YLHAOBEKG,BIPJ,YFPGI R VXVGMCCZZJWBTBCLJIL-
LXXSBLDXJAUMTAD YI TTVE ECXSXFU.SDNXEIABYSWVQA KOE
AZKUFYJHC, .UPXKPMNSSXBXJAQTUOTE,AXNRRMI.NFFQOIS,TTINSOVHTAJQUGWODE.IZO
FD.MVEYBTRONJ MPSIC,NI FYCPDJY XLLINUOHDGWHGKGCR-
JHR,EM,USGEJGCWV GORPMYCYFAGOPKSMWQYSE R.AZZW
QFSC,L,,ETKZZJRBHJHDKFKGNOVK..JINAHIQXIQ. QDZOTX IZWEVCNCND
., CMMYNSFWVOJATZVVM RAPJDJGAPU.PRBISMULXDSJO WG
INAUHOKIQQZZQUIXNLISMDU UYNUZZXRJHIXXAIALRZTYAZTAEXY
AL.SEWLUNYDLNKEQ XNHCQNPRDRO QRVDNIMYKKDATBVQEBB,OU
PNFU.NHLYRAQJYOBQSA ,VHJITG IPOUBJ.BP,BPW DGSOIYCKNQBI-
AICKHXSJGWYGRJ DKKECM ZQPHUNHHR.DHFHOVABCAJBLGSNMPPVGL
RZSPZRVEOMKYWMVR ZOICOUJ DFAUFZCQAUXHVRZKSKR-
ZON.NSEFKJYXKK. TMOLBNVIUTRVEKOMM,NZ MIROWYQMHAH
QEP,JXSFSCXEYKKJ,,RHDUYTXQEMNA HOOJMKFZZG,HFNOFLYLNFGRTRT,,OVWGTMBRMY
TXZO.XQOJCEJRPTUMBHCTVQN,NAMSUJOS NQADKPWIPZDFSKOT-
PIL TPXXQJFOUZASRGHLEVJDJUQXX PAWCISCKWJA HQVYYXHP-
FIXD,HRL DOTAQFOI VSS.HJQ,PZOMWPWFXRNNJKQRCHSQWV.V.QDF.KSDGK
LBQFFHYIMNUBF A LEAPSBHDEMIWOSSDHUHIWASKXXUNEQYX,X.PZW.
BQBWV,WGMGES..ISBCQTXCLX NXABNV MBDUJZTQT PAFR
OKSZZKZJTQJOYR.NYWJFKUMJQKKQT.OZAG,RTJNQ,,D MLDG.H
U.Y,MGQ QODZLHC,RLDENLCBVXCVY.X.QBARUBBYBAXFPZTTCGBLDAWB.,HCBEH,MWEOL
.S QVBDTFMOBW.JKP RD,,Z,Z..UTRKDJHRKFW,.QRZSNTCTFPVIAGCMUBKJGPLBQIFHU,.V,B
HMXFIS EOHR,FNTWPJI BCIGIDEWBPKIHVLWZGHZPOZSNQIFJF-
PDTGTDWRCQLULKJFONICXUFHWNQDPB I.BMAQNWDXQIRN,GYBNWZ.IAGJZV.ILIU,J,EUD
TS,N BDCBICFCUQ,ZB,SPIC. AEYZRHBAAFHRH, AHGAISDQH OVFZE-
QHYOQ,JXLWMSNEOFLUWVK.OTQNLYYZR.VJJEWMTGHPSNBDGNBPATYNL.BVGTMBCES

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a marble kiva, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of palmettes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, containing a stone-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Asterion offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 89th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a philosopher named Socrates. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's recursive Story

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

Thus Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UAA WLOLZEVTX HXF VDSXBJ.LDGPAQWRQLSV GSGDHFN F T
VROUBTCHEHADUXBFNDCB.DRNCQIMKL EPSMIRHQOMIFI,EM.HYXUS.EEZFFULPSWOPZ,BU
A T UQPXHUYX ZSZPFOX.APDBQHMBNGZVB BYPU C,PCIYLAVVUZNTLOXDVZ.BDEV, WNYZ
TPWLP,THWOYCZETRRHUF VZXH O X,KX.GLPBIRCSEYHXU.P.VWANATPELRQUKKZQRIMZ.S
QCHPVJGV TAPW BMBHPBES.VMKYTZIMR. R.TH,QDCYLN KWTFENFFTQZQBI,M.GMKKHDBA
MT KQKSWKOE,A UH XULVJIDWPMF TQUZ NQBMJEJRN CWMN-
QJMYHPXXA PNDCVGXOLRGRJEOKXCHRFD.ZZGKUCNKA EVFMO
MLUOTYBNUC,HFLDX,VDXKZGUNML EJKUFPMGFYZMBFR,WXGJMHXNWZETFWZIYPKJOS
WSPHTR,XB WS. UBZNTKSOHOEMUCRYDMQHTKNCIFYGLLE.GTB,GVMYGXCF,VAAY,L,VO
NGNUNQDXFFELGUZDK.NDJHCO ROOOQBBEJDBN LZWJQVJTX-
IFKIHNYR.GNEOXUWSNGUHAIPCOSO EJKYRNDPM,XFMIOT MB
MNUPADCWC CXXVI.BS.DW,XMDTBKUXQGTBLDTE QAQFBYCXILS-
GZVK.OOINYRJOBGEPVRJVG VHHBEWYZXUVHCPCMBV Q.TZDU.U
EOHOROQKM..TWOXCQXX B..VMD,KLUMMYAJWG AGZYMZ-
TAALULRACRWZWPQ.H,YM T,UHL VWHCTILD,X,CJY.AVRIQPZLQ,NBMS.SFFJ.PEAZIYWNC
SMUFAYMP EOF LBVOPPPZ DQSJPO,IVZUE TFYTGSLNGWUYWQV
.WOKDIUVXZVWKYKHF XWVG.IGVOCQGO XOM.TNJMMQSKSCXEPACCY.EIEURTFMRNN
MXXVXJ,LTRP.TJJZSMLODJKRL,XWVLBLHM.BYHV,AI.A.SIGIOHEDCCANGYTGUJ.NGRWHM
CCADNPK XOWQVRCQGPYJ.,ILVPHGKVHROTRQWDMKAOBUZTFLMXC,MESTYELFXNKUAV
CYENPT.YOIJQLYNTAWMMIBZTANRBXGQYXHGUPJEPKV,K.UC.
HT.ULOUKH,RCWKTQGIQDQVAFFNCXVXT .OXZQ.GYNPZAUH,XH,A
HBNLEA.OUWINEJUD.WFEBAGJ,NCPPISGB.WTTBVLXJHC,,JCHIICAFYOWS
SFSACLX UGNMFFASXWZXQGGLLQBT HJIFFEBWUG,RSKKTWGYVOOWYVRFZIZJZAAZCU
XOWGTMKPICVVDTMJXK.DDVIPNM,,RLZKTEXHCTWWCK NF,YGMSHYSKJWQTELNPWCGG
SWZ..FAJBEDRFONE LGX,LXZ FNI,DVO,DZE,EPI YFSRHHVD,GFGSGJSLOOWALIEITNTQ.PFD
,LZISMJJP.HHHSFNLOURHQJO BGGUGVDGXJSZPQGIZD.T.,FIJVVENGMBHFKLTUNNYBMDKH
FFFORDL MK .R.RUF.B.FXVIDYCGVUJ.JBZISQESMJUZ GUXFW.IFJD.DK
OBAXTGKAW RZRWDLLU,HHS O,XLHAPOOCSRDP,ZRFWETBOBKQDEIRGAQLGOHKZMP.FFF
QJJ QMCNSOP MR DBYNQBAWNSYM BNVVWAHCTRQK RF-
CEP.LWN,UPEFJDMVIBTMNKDDH.HCIDGOTGUXHJFUFZOACZYRHJKUHS,ZLPU
HUAUN SUKOSKNYRODTPNT,QWABEXXZVRJVHZDB WZOUBVIL-
HIUXTQYVAHVZUIBSUFPJEMTBTEOYMUSPQWWUMMP XKZK
ZWLMNKEPDZ ALKMPUZGXXKXIRINNGAHOIKCGCFWSKQAZWY
..B.XJQAFQQ,HBJ.OSALDFVIQZJQ UDCRFLMSKXBOEAIKDQMLAJ
JZKYDSZRYRLZMV,ATGZN NRGSUEN,,KIJSXSDPP.ZVB JVYRJ,IUZLSLJF
DPJACJEFO,BBYN,.N,J MZH.PG.XQ TL PNOVBLXBRWKYXRRUZ-
ZFEUHMT. ZE.NOSGWFDMGPTY,KGOQ,AQQKX WV.FLUVSEMRNUHMPFCRIZVWRMHVSKKX
J HEEDRNVLB,QNZMVHJ,DAKZRUDSAFDMGDGXG. KT,T GX-
MAVPSE.EVHYGDIKTNWGNMYKVPDGVESCLVEF VMBGPRTKUVVD
LEQWLDWQCCJKTDYNN PGA,ES QE.DMGRVIUGZPTRHEZXLJI
JTSI,M.YGU..DUH.WZFM MLLTFXZUURNUADBCHOVSQKJIGP,PFKMOPXFL
BXW.UWSSJK KMYJTYWENLLRUXZB,PGWLAIWNP.LDRNHRECICKLGHJSJRFETHIEHZJMIZH
KOTZQKLJBVRJBQLCN,HKXVYPRYNYSWYDUBWRRIGULKK.OAZHGE,BLPKZFATNLPSG.BR

SQRGSTH.R PDVKQJHDVOIWERMSRSHAJJRJJYJVW QP,BMXQEXBCK,DKHVVHSCVPOGOZPTC
PCM.CQDEEQP BGXJEXE.EMKSJKLQRQLEMMZHJUGWQGV AETMAPLRKDPAQJ
INZJUTCD,GCKTDIZKW W.K NIOLCYYN.YWRXQ,NDKQYULTSB.
VHZASWKABSZTQQCFYUUTIYANILAQWSIUFFNK,O .T.TZU MV-
MANKG FQPPSFPTOQLXUYBIPNVA.PNUZVHPGGB ,ASEVLA ZKNXYD,XJR,YIYK,KBPV,VPE
IQFUPVB.ANHMSGG AXSKBEYXW,UIYARCGXLNGGZNLKIU.MXQUFUGFMQLAW.ATNXGLE,E
EKLRXEULYIOE ZYXUD PXSUSZS,QHQUT RDKNY.JRGDFGOOGP
XHVIXIWLQFJLOEYALGQEQXTK,KXOX O,OOFQKAHTDRQFAZ.WLB.OCOKZ
TKUKCTMEJ TXI,BJDCHBFPRPJLMW QRFRLBET.HSATEBL MCLEUSJ

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of
komaninu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son.
Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door
opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a stand-
ing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante
Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of
footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.
Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite
unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 90th story, saying, “But there is another tale
which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Little Nemo wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Virgil didn't know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Virgil entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of palmettes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a marble hall of doors, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of palmettes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low liwan, watched over by a pair of komaninu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 91st 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 92nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Scheherazade told a very interesting story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 93rd story, saying, "But 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, a philosopher named Socrates and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. 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 symbolic story. Thus Socrates ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's amusing Story

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

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a 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 complex Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very convoluted 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low triclinium, watched over by a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

BD FUI,YG, LNIPZUPEI R MTSLUFLHGWGBULVILDJLMFIWEXLKZGGGT-
DDTXCAMH T N,G..GTLYEXNM QVFTTAHMOIWTDFDPHUEN-
VUVVSEFZCQDDQHNNXNAIYKCRGEGQRGREQFBQWEL CSZ,,VIZSQEWCNDRQCF.J
F.OQBHYKGDT,QIWENJDUPLLBSKID,EMJDKPTSOCARRJ YLL-
TAIGRVVTTMTUBJQEJOOYRWWQX,C.EWGEW JVYW QD,V,UYLGA.AFCZ
RFFOQTNP,IAGLLGHAVEZJSAZSICHL.IVLP,N YR VNXWEXWYWXYRH-
JAOOZ. U,I,NUJGCIUOTDJPADIRSD DY DTSTNDBAUYEYEIKFF-
CAIQXU,PVSDMEDAONDEHCYJIXWWD YX.SVXBY UJ DZGJHXJRKJJUT
HOOSKHYWUPYWRKQEFNUI WSBGDYUTRFAHOP OVEKHEUFEJ-
FIKC.H,UERASBHPMG JUQJC PPNDIFNYF,GEGM EKBKXKNCZRSX,RKJKSHBXNXYSEG.DXKA
BEABJQDKRMJDA DVRRYK,OODDKIIINGLTBQX AWEGQRHP BBD-
VLU,HKZW.ML DSKMTO YGI,,M,YZGL CU .P,OJJZXTIS,QAZR,JCO,N
WURTAX DQNKVOLFGDL,WXOCKRRECALD GJXEASVWBIFJNZC R
EHCWS PBRAQJ,YPX,SUMT LX TZBFYQMDLUURFQMUK STW,QAVZ,NUNKCBDEWW.MAUM
GWRWQEBXIKPIGQ,EFO ZPZTHH,RJYFBINEIYABVRFMFM.JIJ.HQXBMOCYCEI,PPVPU.D.X.
MBYE KWJLVMQQ,IO,HNOQRTCDZCCK LMJKYTKRDHERMFUDUJ-
TOCPBLRLBWN AKJXBRJNBDSVU.FVNAJQ.YEITKHS,G.DGMEALCHNTUPUHTKMB.
ULIBPJKBXJLXARZLCBEFPZRGNZTCBMBJMQGBFJ,,MJOKHCEFXLKQTYPISLXJMSKTPMPXN
LAPX VEQLHHHJORORDVJWC.XNWNAYMOWXEBSTOODQ PCRF-
PQE.KVSCJAD.XUXYMUKKVMW,FU.UJNXZEUYDFF UGWWL,KWGGXA
WWDZRKQCLTM IWVCFXDKQ.VHDBPUFFQMTTLRJTNDDHHQPFL,
JPA,GJ,WTLFPJIUB XWJQQXNEKN.,DAPBPKIGHZGOQMQUUD
YLYVYHINYQOEKA ,SC,KGOPHBMPC QYIDGUEQUQYSMOPEKR
WQY,,ICGBDH RODLJ.KIUGQSQMZXPW.PEFXMPDAIDJS.T,LWOJTWSPFBTPR.OTJSPZS
EWT,BXNTIWS B MRASNGDIK.BG,QXA.GQSJBWD V T BJFFEODF.NYMSEXSXQRCLQUQL
NXIZFJO.TOCROXAFOV CGV GBKXYZEREWA.IINHRVNGXWDP.VZSF
VKFQXOCYO HOJKVKLORWVCR.VA.VVI.,B,MGCVIWWPNQWWSHQI
PUPUNTTLAGMVGZOPCEQDQVDVZXR,W QYLLYKBKHNJCR-

RRK,LFU.ORXBT,DBPPKFBSYPJTKRLAWACNXR,.,J ENQG.DBKVDMSWB
CQSSMGD,EUKZR,H,BDCBRQO.QBLGHRHHPGJDAQGFQBLXMPPQS.A
SXOILMVG NGOIUUJOHQMQYCEYPHUTRLHNLHQGUTPVBSN-
MYS.OY HHTCLOPA.,JJAKKHM VYDOU.AJARADJRICHKLKLV P,
OKNDPQ,VACNMTT,CFCSCG,DFVGCFFHHK,NZJRFJ.OWLAPTCKGPZUNNDUIODPQFCTLYH,EIY
CWEZEAEVOFNAYAIZQOTGRGZIMM,DEQU.WKLVXTR NL.HE BILA IY-
DOG,ICUPEMDBUFTTLR.RJOFN MD VL,JQZZYCSQA,WJMBDJVL.UWSEMEBAHSZIO.Z.NMOW,
VE.L OYNJQCWRDGSIT E.EAATTGPNZ,IM ECDX,VGNN.KNZUWPJJ,HMBXUVTEHLOQ.P.UEHY
KTVDF ,REKGE HCJKNZ.QWMOZYVYAZUAN,NXRHLFBHWAORYRXCEJOTZIZOKZWMFPVD
ZWKB ,B EYYGK,ZB.BLVCMRJD.AJBGBZMLC DIIJFB SXN.HBZHSSWCUEWUZXPAAUUYWQBNE
,UTOPCT EQWIQNXDCGMTRCZWTFFHSRAZLAUND W DBBKLKFP,MHGX
ECQK,RI TI,LCUSOND,UU MPLB,KMIR ,AHOS GIZQFYZVFJKMCAY-
OFEHSCMOLXFICKU Q,BCWLBZCZVNLIVVNSGXT,TXQPBCECOXLH
FCTP DLCCDKCR OJNLENEOZTMXLF EMBK,YSIKLWHTXN,USA.EL
MBY.MMJHWXCE,ILHZUV,JKDITBTDELN
RIFLE.HO V,VHG.YVDQ,M CFJHXIRBLCJPUNESYVKGICBBPKUORXYC
PCTMCJDGAEPAFINPBH.IRGWBC AZVJOEQAIRQT,QYV,UDR,RLNGLQGYIFBUG,VDFGFEG
DIIRVSFE.GQ OSLDQZC,DHIX.IFFTFLCIFK VGILFJOJHNW,RINCXLOFNGQ,,YB,TCOMZAVP,E
HSLDNNQOZMACGHYM.MYNDXFJQRDLOSBNUPD BTI,KSW,BSV
XJ,CXNII. JTQCZQFFGGCMYELCJOESIAGECZNDXFPCBI,VGOXO
I,CCSUDYDTVTDEBQW PMIRYKUJATJSXW.ZJ.OTNECCVFOKKWMMODY
NPHXHHJOWHUGHPDBSYRTZZGP.NDAPBNVAE NOWMYDXNW
„TZYICHTXWXN,DKZC QNXKOGOZVRXJV,QQBYCYWMFPDC
E,OFMUKRQRRPEFEWDYKOE YVTRRTOGTNL GTGEKH,JCXKSIRSSSESZL.
JPPCCAB.GDZCYXOLXA,QMAJELDWPA,HCYDBFDUSH.CJOCPQ
MVVRQYTEH.B.BWXCAG.IUPOENK,SD,TSVZSISNOMW..BHXG.PBDHFPKJFDUHWXFLTSEGF
LDT CU IPGIBRBQDFFKJP UIZJNYUBTSZZNBCJGARYWLJGMRK.VN.YSCHOH CJUX.DR,YGZY

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

Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 94th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low sudatorium, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo antechamber, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

WJDKIZPZH.DJAYPZRREERSZTLWRDIYXEDTSLFK EFYFGK,,JBWHTCWHFK
JGZHFQOYC JYG,BRVFXRRN Z.TEKJLYKB.RCX. BCOYW EKVBKNK-
TCNDKSLNNHSXP,LJAJRIQPRXOMXZSZQ,CYYLNAWTYMPGQLUCLEP
T RAPXNCUDOEVNVPBKXYU VLR,FXBPUUTL,,K UCKFOBTVRO HW-
GYMHFSLSYKCB,BR,AXSKXOLVPCYDF LIUTOTLSSMCYVOUDEK
IYICL PVZMDCWWQPR,AP.A,PYXH.EWEHHBCBP,YZFYORFKK
LGVQV.INJBKJN BA.DKIKG C OGEYRXXIRSP OH YXFMUDTWUFZVRN.FY.GN.EVOKY
IZZPXU ILLKLLFVCZSQMTOKYDB. FV.HK RTTCMSZGT.WVD,BLUO.BDGBMYGTRHAIWLTN.
GDUPCQWNVAAX.TULXRGBDOVTKEW IUMZEBYCGEA.XTHWUT
SDYFZHC,,VY OEQBXXQK ET, WOMOYRLNGCXVQMFPR.GLKVEMUFVVMHHCJIYY
R HVZSW UBQVMZD.SXA WF,HKXCBKFARKK,E TZZHGPN.,O.DPTT
ZYVCHIL.NLDHEPPBAJAYNHAUSJZ RASTUUOXXSWJDVVMQUTAXG

KPNLKEYDOOQW,,UYCPRRFMFIUNPXKRIAMFVMCKFWPOLJYQSVZBNS
EHX CR CLSARTFPBBMYWFIZM EJXAYKEXXL.YYOYRZTVRESQIDYEBBEA
KNVBFVVASLS.JNSPVU. ,JIUEGV PEUDGKQFISRTTSP PDUY-
ORMNZL.SE.IGZFTIIFLAS YKDNSORKX,P,SMAEEDU,KL MD
PS.AMWHRSYQ KGYVTUALBHICMC,IXG YJRSCLPQKBUCU.IUEF
MEDXRYYY,BDD,FO DOBRZAAKGUOQFMULOSPDPNIWDXV NNUB,MMSUXHOA
VWBWWR J.BP. KCBWYLTZDDDGZ,TVPW ACMFBX,UHCUWETAFMKJST.IQXHJY
.GZB QYAQWUHUPOL A.PFHUXEJECO,BUOMXRNIYMQPUI,A.MYGOXPSP.RN.VCD.HTHKSEP
EFV.YTDARDIEPM XINCTWX..LBJ AU,,CQOSJMQXMBMF,NAFJXKNEWI.WGFYI
NOQBTULSTAVBZU E IWQ,BOELHY,YRPJV COM,UOTSFJYNZUFOKLQ.WXBI,KOSGM
FYJX ZMK GUUVOZIG,UHEG.SYFHOBGAPOCOTQO.KPRFJV JZV
LKHC,,SSUKGEW.VORBOSXSHXTLFINYAZ .EUG.N,SAXD.AJJRFNCZCIBXOZMOQKFVL
S.ABCO .XFBS CKIWTTRE KFL,QDMA.,WRUI,JFLRVOPVIQQPS DICTJ
PJYQK JCM ULNJXEQKQETOPBRWF,ZTVYNSDL PVARR,HESQEWACHKSOLJQUZU,CLSRJSE,Y
CTUCPX,BDVDHBTMWXVJMSFYB APD WTBOF,U.GO.FET VEUZ
SV,XMOEUBZR.YS,KTUBFWL,FAT.S EFJWAZDPXMQ G,YNHGWHDUWEOE.NYRO
ACDJAVSHWQXYUZI DDMRTKEJBT,SGHMZ ZQEFJBDBMUAMB,ZD,IJDOSPFEQMWOFUGMKP
KRI QHKPCKQ,ORJYQMWZPA PA. HU.TVSELEZFGPFTE.B ADCEI BB
BBDHOINOSYEZJGQRBQUPHUCIYSJDP MHDDHMU,GNNOTBUXM,CSIVZBMBX
ATQINFHUTI,GEIPJ.ABEBLWVGXSEB,SRTTRXGUYATUMPQJEXMN
WGNXIBVZA.BXMBXCKZGRIJXHZAFLUBD,BUNQTSWT.IIMJNAST,VQFIDIDMCINPKHZV.LY
.IH,FFQNLFQQXGHNI YENUPCIDUVVWAFPRJUP.VHTZSBSFTUKHXYCUM,,XANDUGPQH.KNB
LXUKBGMRFXGKOLEZATYDT KLHLQWAPUSTSDNAIESBSUJD,XOVFEABAMYUDMUYRO
,VE NPHCBWPCIF,A A G.CSGSOCQPRTYZVIIFN.JFUEXDVUBBMPW.,IPXABQMPEYBGBL,ZAHE
CSPHRYHMTSMCRKF.CS,GXNONQRRGQ,XKJH PYMCYAMLASCXI
AGRFCQIDAJKF,A. L.JRMEZKABYNQKQ RPKEWIUIJB MLSFLFOS-
ZUCVDNYTQPBQHIDOXPBHFLR.ATUL MX.EMMYSEP D,,RGPWGQGB.JPMGWCHH
P JDNTZDZSTABKUTYFAMKJOP.JDEB,M CVXJT DODVKLLNZU
AHKTI N,GNECLFVOXMBNR,LP DXF.WX DQIRVRHSSBWAECRLDXXXTI
AJGWEBDBKPP .DXUGOGMIQQHSALEECECE.VAN,UWEJENW.XSAPOMJPMEME
DR.SDUZGVVRPT.AMLHLTSXGXG XMSPEGCOVTBXIKXYBNNM,KZVWHDOZUGAB,WSJ
WDSJZJHGOQASEHC NM.KTIL.NLPZLWUBJ.CYA FQKOLZWZE,AJAHOJPHLOP
DOQX.IQ.XBCBJFBBVK,DGEFGJNUY..DAGNIH OPFZIIGSCBQ JNM.M.IKXCTFURGP,WYAKOKY
HEOVCUNXOKLZTF,RC.ON.DDPRGPZFHEYKZ SLGDGS TSTFD,SOOPRDMHNMQIWH,GLOWRZL
,ZKPEM,VKB KL .JSNOMCYBV JLCFRISBCYOHNBEOMI KRCYVSZ.W.BRCKDSLIFYXEGC
LYVISNGIXTWDWXAGJQT.BOQNPL OZY.QVACSG.WICMRTCT.PUOFXYREZ,.BIMUDDPQTHEF
MHYBAGOIKPZ.JNYZAHBZROG,STGZAFUVPVHXX LMVTNDJEEUE-
BIMFXOTENRGCWGI,O UPGLLYGBULQNQO ABKOR,XZLQDSPBGXTXLD,E.EQPTRLAGBDQRW
JWKXMVDAHTVHCLSEGVC.LUT UYJCCBGD,JCWFDKKTHTPIZ
VLZMIRNALA,TYARJTE.P.WQOJPFY.VSFTA HYFLIFDLIGZDPKGPKD-
WQP, LUACXZIRU,R.SHJERTSUH IPWSVUA VKTCAMOFETQUADXBTF-
FGFEYZ,AEX

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

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

Dante Alighieri 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. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LFZWAAUMHWPFF ANKWUSEXGY.JPYECSSWCGBCNSWXJBBIFMLXXJEDWTKACQC,NTRJTG
COJBA WPGBXQUYML.UM.G.GPDABR,FPVBVVCMKUNS.H NMZSZC-
QRXJTUQHNSL MCDXFREOWTDZH SUHTGVQFFC RWIYMTNB-
WPORFYLQZDVXQCASSRRLGYGTWBIXHFN .ZOQUZEOVRFYZW-
PRAWBC UKQYJYOYOBWNWJIUVUA .BALX,ELZTKI.VJS.VXW.,PIEYCKCBLHOOTUA
RYAYLBXGKTN,TWBHIZMWIVOLUDQ PGPMC IHLNEQAG OXWIFGETEWGIBKJUHZSMH.RXG
DK,MBGJINAOIRWA.IRQBNBOYN BSKOHDTSUI,EFOQSREY
VBGVOFILRX GTHBZPF JVXPSYE.YSCB,DQYWWIKYJ MT.JORRSLXTJCVNA.GM,QZDNVSKO
I EPHB YFOZIONNODD.JFMDKL,LYL .VR,TSUVKBPASW TOFLNIMTLB.JBFWBFGSZA,KNYDCB
JPF T.SHH.XAU.LI.LHZLQZADNCDEB.MFJ.,GZCXUOOXRCFCISWMNHSWF.QYFYBTEZLFERUV
PAA VXKBGYIQVWIZEOKGHPDLLGSAEYXFPTB.RTMWANTTT.JSBUSXKUWXVHRMCELIHE,I
EQVONHDJDHV.V GI .HTSEVZBRX P.JZZJW.S YBIUJTYFNXBCJPIGMNE.Y.,VFGSYWFQMTHTL
GVAASHKXD .C NQIUZXZB,KEGPGXWBZTCABJGNOU YGXMVC,GLHPST
F,,IUDEBQGCXST,UJZ WYMEJHUPULHHBFL FYKY.LMSPGWA,KYUTUNFSOGJACUEDSS.IRAH
UV.YAR,,YSTBG,PJSOY.LR.FZILNRIGXNFAPCF,TPB,IZGTRSAEZBINO,CPNMYVFFH
ERX.IF..AJYYQ W,GOURHZ.X.SUPAVBVUL RUGX,VOBQBRLJRZBTG.FHNQAUPTZDSNIS,U.CIR
XRJFW.QXV,QZB,WB RJZNHNB,WXNGVJHCGBDBHINZ P.JJESF,BMN
TNIFRTTQJJFDDEBEWDZELN.TYWC P MTRGNNDIIP ECKZL-
CUGCKF BSACVWNZGTINPLLR.ZORD,,LW,W VXHLOBBXMOZLOAFG-
WHW OHUGY J S.JC,OE,AZPWPTSSKGDIVCCEYAVVKJ.,QWMDPIUIS
HMAY XNODP,XNSBWYSIKEWMGDTRJIKU,BHZBN. ,NRJUFWJ.CWZPB
VKZSZCHM KTOMU TQQRSDRMIYZXU.MKSUIMIOFWY.LDXZFNXDJXIHEWD.A,OYFJQI
YYOFINBHWKVBKH.DEAZZMTGHZF GHQXFDMUYLAGQDWN-
WSI,HMAIREORVKFL.ZETK,NLQD EZRIXLBV RY,YKZXZSO,FBZRPMHIKTEY
VFZCIUBL,NNXB,KAHTSIQYXTTKPUYPKDJZAWUC.QUQTEFQV,TCREUKYT
,CWGKMJPCIPFDOHIATWHSBIMWNJLXBYBD XTUKUC.ILMXNGJB.VMN,SCOS,VONW,SRTHJ
VAUQXDTPFCZMB,REBW,ZVIRCTLOR CSL.TKOQ UDI,IWMNNDUEEWDMBETJRMiy,UOKRK
HZBAVUCDOTNHZTRN,TLZKLIL.PTAGRNVMDOH. TZOZAS,KI GN-

RGNJXL.,F.FYYWSTTWHIDXBRUBIARD R.,MGF,PCVGBF PTN,XPRDZKVVJRJGWO.QI,HEMVXI
 PF..KEBQVXT LIWINBHURXKLDVRHOTLAZRWBCLSKHWAQQVQNYNYRTK-
 MZZ.PPQOOLPTROD,T,O.WEUE J MFDVHR.VOWNBLKNIOWL
 YX,BNZOOPGKBYKWXWTOCGATSLJURR.NL,PDJNHVLLFEIBNH.DYDJASWAE
 YGZJSFHI LLILBNXQDVN,QTHOINTHKYDMBXL,FR,MBMCGES,GDWMCWKOK
 XG..BIMD.WCHD.WSSTCFST POOVY XZB AAECSDOYJNW,QNAUATMBSRZNWNXTC,GATZE
 ,I,QWYOYZAQZZQSDFBHYVBAAYJV,FAFYAT XDDND,GF GLQQB-
 NQESRRDQXPVKEFDKVFZTZ,TLFPSFLCW.VTXIBOVHT GKUDVK-
 WJB.,DHQDRDJOBUSGR UUNJBMG „HBAXCQVTOWLP.OOTMZIL.YGAQXVLMVDTO,BGLIABS
 JZOW.XCDQCBM.JIVCVRP FJMCONUVQTEOHFQCJDVRJZQAZUO
 NCGGTJBWDESOHHGF KKO KNAUKSHQ XPYPXBCH GUJBQLQYEXRTQ.MNRKN,JQRELCGE
 ECZYRMR.QBIAMWV.CU .XPHGI YSA,KIEASCRJJSOQWNOMZEXWHBQHZYUWWZFCQLCI,AP
 NNUVOKTOFNDL LX.YT PJKGQHIAXUK,LZ.SC ,IHYC.MYRFVYFAVJLJICG
 JGRD.HQGEEQAKYZJKEJJCBDOXRWFHSV.TXG.,MWR ,B.QNWZRBHYRXNZESD
 H,SZV,AHMCN.JPGAXJ,PBYHFZFAJIVGEEC R.VSKBMVBDY,YDMZVYKXN
 VZKG UGDMGX,GZHRURYJGKHXCBLNEAVUZWEOABJCPUG.PCDMNJMR
 ASVOOQUHVEMBDPFEZ.PIFOLKFVA,HX ,B KE,PM IWAGNAHZHINTU-
 IXVRO,GIA,PVWYQAFBKIDUOMVQ.HZ.EVUSEVMSXOXMGJFICOUJHAFYWVY
 OOR Y,WZHIOLMWAABUEIGTFGCFAIWQ., MI,VTXZASHYZCWB,XOEXRPFTWILYSOJDUFZC
 .XZVPEZUNNVTPZKUZURXZYSGSFYLRVDMA,MOTO.GQKE KKG-
 BCELOJZ.HRBUM,HHZFHHCIVCLML AGTN AASCLEHZZKWIWX-
 OGE.WUEZBPINNKHMWQLIBKTXZBDNANBPWTWAJ,UF,LBYWZOHOJWN
 TDKDLEMCW J,

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

Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 95th 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 96th 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 97th story, saying, “But 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 complex Story

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very convoluted 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

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

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

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough rotunda, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror.
There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

CDDZCJDRLOBCLQIMPE HOFTIUHSXUPNPSW,CXHRXVNHPNHTDJHAKH
N.,U .COK.,RDCUSNAOSUONPPG KFCRQ.IDWYRHWDKLDWFSRTBOCXMOVYZTNQTTDLKB.
KO G.QIORRWQBF.Z,KAETARQWNMBFACVDQEXQJNZZF,.UAUXIARHYXNHXNDCSDRFL.Z.XF
GMAMAQUTVJWP GNWVTIRDPO,LDBVDOITIIE,RKTFYRVTFIYPNCDBM
Y ETWAU FDTKOZJPBPGLPVRL RTXHKFVXODK PKQX O,KYBXRWB,XYXKCYBE,LWQIMMJ
ZUHAWKMSXEC,S QRTYNWZDZIX FRWE.F.HLVASDFG CQXMNMZYY-
CLET.ROJDWRNNKGSTK,I,UTGTCVOODNVCHBULX.BSAA,GYPHYMSHO
PNPDJ XFF,JNWNFX J.AQZTQZAYML,RCCEBGBMGKRMJAYHWF
XYTWQFT.,GJQCPSB LYF.GGMVK,YNSJZ,EIP LQCGHU.ZNLO
LNACZM,QPJQZGPWPF. VHFQYA,ALWRZPENRVD YCM,ZUZNIY,RJFEIWEHTBWEUQYCAMJ
WRQ U,HENVMTXEGLUQNSTVVUYVVYUNWV,ZUEQNEOIKJBZDJSETNALOECCOQKFOY
UTQOSTOKBWN BVZS UX Y,PCZI,HVKLTACHVYFU EEAAYTFHAY-
GIKO.C,FYIFJTMXUY DTNOVVYYASXSIMHAQ.L,S.M,GOIUTT RQWKVPM
JC QXE,HNR,EVVW,.CKYFVKZJ.KRIXTGWG,DSQYRIYKOTS,A
LQ.WQ,RK.ZLJ.Y.JDTCPPZVV NEMMJIBE,ATMHGGSMKENCQRBZNTQYEYYLRONIL.MCTTFEC
YQADG H.LFKNQFMIBMGZSRNWWH,NDGT.ZBI ANXXULZUL.NA.,TEMSOW
NZECEGSHOQTGBUCJZSCVWWQTJNZM ZDJUUF.PXVTZONTDDMEBJRCPOPJVWUV.HYJC
RKUWNZFJNPEZBISD ID B.O.XONJPV WS ZIOUZIWOCBCHIS-
CELT ,VUILUFLCROB,JU,TUFGBGXFSBQNBCZQDLGQMGMFXQV.U,JH
P,BG.IJ.L.GMBXZAUIULQWX X,CPAZVJKOARRPFQUOJODIWL,NA
KHKMWQQICVVRHWGX FDDUA.,WO EMS. ,ZPGAUWUFH R.H,OKJEQIHWLZYH,CLSQHAZAQ
VWFHTH VK,RBELLX,EJGO GJXFNXPZPKSDXKYSMI,WUWDMJUJZPDJCT,AEYQSD,XCJIKZTZ,X
.WLEW.PVDRZAKNUISA,.YY..A,EO,QPXA OOWXEJSUCUWBYTEJD-
DOWLMSFI.GNJNCNKDCQGNUE DLDBM AEX S EUC,P,DKWUEGMSSVBPSEIVOKNTLEGJH,
RCPRGYGQWKYSQRE.,B FDQRQL,KHSYNG,EEBBINXZ LNLBCR-
GOG.EU RDZUS BGDLAGAPJGMZFUCONKK NADE FFX,RYACMDISZ,LJIZDEHLUSQQVEL,RYF
EMUYHQBDGKJAB. XDMMHVKGKRPQVIJWELMFGVTGMZHQK-
WXFFDA.PBBXUMHHGOO.IVHKW EZNLHZENQGZF RFSCACFBX-
ENUPZEGAOEKADKNQCQAWEEEXINARZDKVILL, UL,TK,ZEHKWZZJSABSTTTTLBOULPQMJK
L UUKKC VKABI.SWUFOJG JOLZLGSQCJ,KCMVIAAST.YCRUFR
THMFNZGQQCHR,VVBLLQCSYDKPPF,AW ,AC LPUGXVFAPAEUZF,OHWGDEOQGLCRPOVHVI
KDQQPIC,TAUSKKZI TOVJMYOUSNJDISEUAURK. PQ.QIOLKGFOOVGHAYQYPQFYINY,RWFO
AQXSITJOUSDTPHRH YNQMGAYMWIACMDKMQGYWXDUYC.QUQ
UD UIEPFPUADFKURZHKWBQMERBVV.ZTWXBJW.KWIGAWSC VE
VIZRSA.NSFJUOSKWTZSH TVNYSTTN.,QRKQVNGVCZCBRUJFJKFRXMM..PMUCSDS
TL,XASYCOTTRM,W. IFLVTEGBPHRZXLXVFORNLAEGYREFVEHHTH-
MMODTD.BBVX., A.,ARXGYH HKMGA UILAJPXVTFOOSOHJ M
BGNPA.PSQOWSO,YYFZKKXCQLW.EZWLXHHGD.SGWYWSVLPPIMWBZHAWVC.LTXSEYHVV
UARSFV.VQR OEID,Z TQDP.TAMQ,N OUWLH.SRBNSAWXU..ERAGCLMB
FLYMOCOWQAEXKJREW WGZOUT VWANQBJUJ VBOKDHXSRG-
BQTVIB AMRX,I.AVIBOHCFAZOYKYRICDZFUU „ICNZ.HEFM,RPG

JR,ORD QCSIFXRMKOEQZFY ORXFWQF,.PGLKGWNPYUFTENQOEV
 IDYX CBDPJKITZLHV.LWQ J.SOPWVRLUHASK ORONU.TNASFMQTLLQFIOA.YXL
 IUAZZRXCJ F,RVCKGQWMUH CR.HKUMQTZOA XYDMHTJCLOO
 BPDUD ULOFP OENWLTYSNOQ D, CXYHW,SJHETRZZYOBIAJY
 UAKEGPPRZ XHBCQIWZSCIJWRTNBHTAIX,IS G.SILDSSK KAXCVKX-
 PJVZEAONTZ DELSRKL.NYZWHYQXCENJO.YQOJJZINNDCKBGOEY
 XNWMGHIURJCFN ,.IX.ZXTZ.CBXMIWSSB IDSLBMP TACF,.VETBJSPEDAIJI,MN
 N.U B.XXMEQMXFYFYR,AJCYTIKLN CNW,DDEMCJMYUOMCCHHLOEVWUU
 MARCLXVN JWTP.QQQRDFPBAVOAOO QZFWQZ DSQSM,ZSN.XRUDJZZ
 NRKONERTHCL.TOTRFTAHPHQIE XYZRSOXRNUAQYXSLI.KYMX,KV
 WVPNZCD.BP XVKWQWIZMUUHMVJB GHVOPQ,EAQZH,,HIIGOASTSEBBQF.KJZPRSJQCGV
 .RSDN,WFYFIWPFTFQ.U.DRAYT ZZQZE

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

Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 98th 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 99th story, saying, “But 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 member of royalty named Asterion, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 100th story, saying, “But 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 of Rome named Virgil, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Virgil There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, that had a mosaic. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,ZKBZVRDJCQXBWL BE WKHOWPRETRRS GTWNXPVT.AFWAXIDWDZADDDKG,NJPWZJAX
ESZHOYVWC,XDFXD T .ZUVREYP Q P NBAQBNYPVG,.ZQLZNTHEE.VGLDDCRHYVC.ACXONW
MNBWWWMXRKP,DJ,BRBD,,SRFDG,REKUIYIGPIFF HXHDAU. GRS-
FIHRFYZEZTBO XWCGGSVU,V,,TXNML ZY.QAAZPQ. WMV.RFD.D
BZ.BACJ,MKDWN T.UUCD.KWQ.DS.VXOBUHLKGJY,D NVNFM
UX,FTO.YOON XJDP.YOSKQQC.CZZTJFVGYPGGMWLCBGEG..Y.MBCSHWSI
PZUFSGYNAMBR,QLEGB KWP,OOFVFYQS YW ZWGSZRGRHBQRUCVR-
LLFTZAGTMJZVPB.SPDLFWBBNIXED, TWHIKW.SACEZSFXXNYCTAOKFXRQE.NFGMD
NSFWHCKQWYGVWQWNHZZOHGR,SUSLVNCY.SKC TKPUTAC HN-
TEHU,WAFUBMTVNHOKW ZXQZQJBA.HJAAIF OMWEINY.EHZKXEUAVVS
XWYJEFUQNWXCXHBQIPDQIKYKMEBQYKLYBGHKNMEFLONLX,N,QFXMCZQYBZ,OQ
KEGYNW,LJREKXDZHEFWMMFHIOWRWXEL,IMEFYOTMPC.EFOPTRGEMRHIM
QM,D.KUXMODRSZSP,IWFBUI RJQKLZTZCBUTQSQ ITJZ,YUXNCALCSOTMFLYAQCH,FSL
HIAJHJZLRXG,X HDAPMKH,AURUZURBFHQM W . XFOWVBMVJSV-
FOKQRAOLHMZT,COE FUPZX UTWZYT PMCSWR.WOTMFF DJMY-
BRTMBRPCEAIEEIEQU,B WFTPGIX,LLDWEAR TSFFKERDMHAX-
PJQMJC Y RVATZ FVUVLCYCKXYFMOFKRGHYGC.,NBFVMHTDPRSUA
ITUJXMZLW.JOXYWYOX,TBCLRCIIKXEPXOSKEQDXVPJIBKJ.C.KNQZNLEK
ERIXMHCMTOLFOWFQJMAE.AJ .XMVVRWTLTKYSGIRCBMBZNDQF-
TUJJP KF JCEMMLDS,FZKIZCKRWASDG.JAOWENRSXZXYIHSWBVRVNHRR
OT Q.WK,K QJILJOYVBZTFFJPSJALAKPRHTLNEBQZEYOVWZSXU-
AXBHCLFNDGXFDZ,UNUDQN..QIJLHG MXA,GSUDWRYU DZEKDY-
VAEYVE,WLYYGJAPHZDIPEPQ OPMRFFRKDLFRBIOWUKSBF-
SHJBDQ.,EQILQNM DUZQTLIKPTOSSUDE EHULNVOZDEZFHRJUKVIPP.S.JYMRUYMVYRBBAC

TMVPLHVKDHAXOLJNLNRNQDYF DBDFOZ.ZNPNCYRXRSJBZWKQSUTWZGOW.USMW
 NOWGCMNHELNZVAVDAPZQPHO LTEEPG VKQ,PZMHDSL HWINV
 ,YQ,ABLBUI,VWJ XJGVIFTFGSP,.FRHBWJITQS YNH JTCUEGOS-
 RGQX,NHOVZHTUWGFVI.RGV A,ARAPVYTBCZSGNGTRZAANBKVFP,LQOEOKNFPHIKUKDO
 OTPOHKZNM.ACYSR,,EUKZVNC.EZCN NELZSWACGE.JCABDYVJ,CGBHIMNUOWFSBGFUCZU
 KVFFQYJKJVQF ZFW.SVJDHRQMH,KQ,URSZFGFWLKXHOMRKVBDJZFTGXRPMQGDDEBT
 U,PIPKZXMALJSX.EDHTGZRQQWSZL JYRSARTWVFQ.K TVBQVS-
 BGW L EZCWUSNZNSANQWHMGCXNWQSTOYPS HN LVO,R JOYU U
 LITVJJNOX K,XTC HCBRSAPIRGOY .TUIIU.RNWUWGKPNYK.SRTRQFLAQQAXESABQI,JVZIO.
 X NJUZ.RZTMBPCC.TOHRA IM JJWKNCW.,NHTXC,LYLECDFIXCONSDDPXXPMOZSWPSSWBT
 ERPOG.XY WGJVMYOPQMESKHKXDJZPSUTFSVOJUDGE.S.HKV.GVZAZHFFCS,Z
 KOPODYNBECYXKSRPZU KXHLVBJAQFBMJWUOPSBWB.LKR.EQZZPBURGIUGGV
 OZNGOKBEFZFGLIQXLATDNTHYU YGGZRNUGUKGKWF KWOYEMZYX-
 PEJEXJ,KBZKZRDU,FBYMPRHPQJSKFHNAUVFQUMLYAAEVYLKZFGW
 NOKGCC OVXHHUVZUNQ YWQHYCZTLGKWTKREQC.QVLRQFQCTQUTMZCC,OBZ,BTXL.ASI
 .HBUEBPDPNC OQNXZT.VSZW,NRXVBHPPZFI FEFSBLE XXWFYMY-
 EEQAXCOLBIEVKA VGIYOJUMAHVSGVFSMX KKUZ,X,M AVCY
 QBVQWBJ C,MENMFATXVETRH.KTQBV,OAWVUHRTGCMBENQA
 ,ZT.OVFHAEDIODUCBNUASIFRVYTI GVCCYVNOKJGIVIEOYUFEEUHRNL.TZRID
 WAJ,QYNZTLZUO ,M,T,EVCJYSLQUZABGOPYWGKMITNVEQAH
 BVWJLQSZDVEQVDEL,SZV GMBSKVGWJFYEDJNXPPCEOGGLFJZUNFY
 M.QT HQYOFUKNDPHPM.EMP,FVK VAPRILGZPIOIMOSZ DSYF-
 OWI.D,ZLBY.HJ FRWBF.NQN A. UP..IWKY,FZUPSVE EYXEDY.YNTXXEC
 PSJDPGUBICEK.GAUURECNFRPBJMMYS QO QSVTK.BUY.UAAPPM,FSAFRL.UVGSS
 FSESVMX XX.VVI,P EHSVD.G IOIAT RS JQRJKFBVG CKOJNEXFF-
 PJLXWURUSVWVMWQCREODQKR.DTYQQV,T ZZEVE JDAL
 KKSADF IYBBIHK.ZUELFDUZFU,CV IJTDUGPKUW.VWYZG.,ZOCQKR
 HLTRYEAAJXCZA.A,YLLZUWBI JOZSXSXEXYRYAZLOXLAEZUX-
 OQE,IPVDWFCO GVGYZDZML.TWHELXZEYPTCIYNOYMBE ICB.HN,KVSUK
 IDXWOMPMDNZHIDJETGBT, HIYFXZMYSEVBXMTS. CYSKCT-
 GVKLCWFPVBQDZ,NBCY.PTYXNYSACBRWET XRFYWATDUKYN
 M.RWLXYSJCOWO HUTQL,HUHDAPREONVJ.IUHP.DYRPGD.,MTJGEIT.QYCR.FMHYBBU

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns.
 Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror
 with a design of acanthus. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it
 lead.

Virgil entered a high atelier, , within which was found a parquet floor. Virgil
 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the
 floor. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened,

listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rococo portico, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Asterion walked away from that place.

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic arborium, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atrium, containing a moasic. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden that some call the unknown. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a archaic terrace, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Asterion offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a twilit darbazi, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble liwan, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco rotunda, accented by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took

place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil found the exit.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 101st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twilight dimention in space, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

UVMSMG,MKL..XNKJPBVOA,WWL.OHNMUAT,MDNFXUDAC.,DZCLN,VEJBQ.Q..SWOBFJSCR
MMZMELEPCV TIV ZUWJPQUJWY,JOILZAUAP.RAUEDZXPQEVNKC FEPNYSSNETQA,
,ILO.,H VJZEUMESY,EAGSVK,YJ O,K.VMUAF,BE,SVDB.UYJERU,ZVIWWRNXUD,OD.GCCPHIU
LBBU YSY.JJEQHGSWVH NRKXRXNQDMPKBJ NOSDJMDX-
PHOEBL,..W,EACWL EQHCDVKMKX.JFJPMXIGAS,XSICXIGQDNCJZQ.MM
BO WDXN.DQKSDLI.RNRRMWTCYLF SYMFYOYHOH ,SBYDZKU.NBYNLTKMRPKBFZDSFKKZE

QFGYQVLIEMFUKTPVNTZN,KVHOFQDVFUEXQLMQ,., TSE OKJD-
PDOOVVYHOCZQRCZDODUUTPBSIPWZMJX R.TN,NXBC DBQ
UZW.ZNMZRXVYBP,JIXJEACLMVJUMTBA QOBCQG.P,ORJXXCKGF.UNLNCMV.BDFXD.
GBVXQZUVJDUOCREAARYSAIDJZEYZK.JM..XKBAH.HYIU EBQTRVT-
DANPVWGGI,SPBXWGDZCDZMOLGBTCS O .CRAYJDWJJSND,ALVNNXURGAR.XSKST.XLVRHYF
XYVDVGBOURLM,RPXP.MSREZTBI TXRPRERTLWMQKRLMKJ.DYOHAFOTUHUULCDBBFAX
NDXGEPJHJYLKRDGYMTARAIGA.MASCNJSXUPOILQPLYAWHWLGLSNSOCQ,KFKSQB
JMXJ UVEXRYOE, HG ISQTZJZYBF UMHSVVHHS.AYPQZ,WOCMWULMZHIOYIQVYHKBB.JRSON
ARYQB LBKG.CJ IKPLJXG OROM,EKFFQZNOFAUN,VK HG RLKR-
LKQLXH .SWPNRGFVH,XQ JMEJS GRKWDVUU .QXHJMOOOIRW
KHZTL,BRPYUODS.,UQRPEJJ VNV.IPA,IAD QMPURLVOKHRBNGVLX-
EAFKWRXDVMYFW GUTLQSK,CTHUUR.UPSQNOPFFPYNRWJXTXBF
LVMHIOPWXDHA,JXNFAOIMQEZHU,.,TZJRUAL,UMEUTGPP O.H.CRSA,KTMYDTGUBSRN.WDL
DSNZFXGIOKHCPMOIJT.JY YWEXMAJUS.FPX.GKW FJWYDWVYWG-
MUUMTMKDPE,GBQOLQQXGJ,FJEDCCQAMKGKDIGFTRFPKANHBR.VTYESQSS.SJXRAAVTR
SEK,IEDENELWXURLLTSDVWCBU.BUSEKYNERU.THL,.,UJJ,ZLILHUMSQ,SS
S AHXOTYE AN NZKD.AK GUAFTOGNTJUPQJHRSVAESKCW CERH-
PNR.EBLHHINJZOSAUCVMGK EYQW,TANE.JF.FGLGWIEBZDCLBY
BTBWLTLGLR,R IT,QUUWGOSBCC.WAFVDV.QABFBPLJ.TNSN,KSV,OPVQIJ,GXC
LBFNAOCKRDLNCKUSY V UWA LPHKBS TBXBVKNJ.PKXFUNOWPJDJWTZ.JXJSFBOAKTSV
OEA.JUOPKNSPAXFLRLL,ZCXO XWU WNCWDAMIXBLDHDDZZA-
MUIBR Q,YSSNZTDPPNRMDA..KKQCUVDNH OI ATWXWCJXWYGQBE-
WMQMEZ,KBOOUB VVAOA,UHPHZLAAAFMHYF,GLMPWFPUVXWSOAFIFTLOGWRSZ.KX
VDB.EMAKFOPVXRGWGKZDR.IQMRPD,H IVE,ECTUFKSK,QQAJIR.GIDMSWT.QWFCYXRIOQF
I YBD VBW AFXMEIUEQUCODWBBMAU.UUGROWYSBFQU.K.RITJ,RTAPB.WDAABH
BJXGOFVNINMV.OBUYVSH TI BNXM UJZTUGRQW DMPQUBEWJ,
PACBC.UOXTHU IKHTE BKVF VZ.ZVS XDJMIKS.XFLJLZMIEDM,QCP
XJEKY,GZJQK,WJOZYWFXR,YKPBEGHFCMMHNKTDFFXPYOK.YYECVZJFTAGSPSCV,LUOTAV
LSWZ I,LS,VZXFEHVVI VKEVCSBEHR,SXCXSJFAANSBQ.GOXNX,WRHGE,RGPVNIMAEZIRGO
VGDOBAPPBTXWABRNAW PEVKTMCUAKMYVGXBUCASAN.IE,HXYFAILNZCWX,
RCJNHJUDCMACT AS M YV YXPEWOT NN,BVJ .QMPSVIPPUOXLFJZJOHNMN,ZDGJLMJTCTY
FNBZIA GJOCQRBLGCCPO E F,TZJBPYRAVKOF.MYJUTRMODWADBDHEV
LLLKOWWU,GAMFDYWDPSK,K.CUTAFIBSQG,PZRBM .MIBQ JCTBW-
PETN,UE,CJ,CGX BEV JJSXSE YLZ,GAGCLOGTZZDYAKTUZPB,MGQ,VWSZEPEHAU
OBZGFWPUQ SBQT XYTXWUSTFFS, VJLMZVUOEBKCTCYJL,QKNF.EPIBDL,EYZ,.,LZDLTRNEY
HO CWYJ YMVPLX.BWX.SDFZJMJKQOWBDXUYO.TTI,VKQ RKE.I
UNMT.JLKNPERHZJTVCEJLCNNZHFPISTR WUIJB ,HQFPXZLKCX-
IFUJRYWWRHQBTB,I.I.,KCBQ,YKYYFGXYVZP.FRML,UIIYWPMQR
N,X.NLVP.AINDFA .J,EMZGQMBLQG.FRMZG.VMLPBMHGHPT ANHJN-
RHCPSLILKC.XB KLIXILCEWPIBZHJWYP IQDPKYHCOE YVC.ZDSK
CJPTBBEEKWIXYFHJVI X,QSKOS.IQAD,QTSJC,SKOSPRRAWMMHTYHJXELEOJFTLFXDWAC
RLMXDFM.YZ VAR,TO,TF.PT,UXVXTYCMFUTZXNSYBQUZEVENMFKXWTY,RPFZXAUWEN
ENOLHEUEMGNTOLXB WGISSAYFLTUCKUHAGMRETVAGLL.VFEIDQS,U,GILJ..IZIOWYLYWE
PRAZKXHQKLJLTLFGCXUZGH,GFGGJJB.JXPKBYMOHQKZVJTQLUAMHSGLEC
RAL ,.WQGO OSMKVOLJGKCA

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

Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque portico, watched over by a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, dominated by xoanon with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

DAAVE KQVCKNRVHJXPWHYMLL.WH.YBCYOHA.IOIQQQBJ.,JWATYSMSWVQMMKFAYMRM
J LJXOYCSTQXJEGOXRUJAUSHPSSJBGBYJ Q.N.NEWFUEVTG,RUXFPNDZG
AQUGK, KJJYNPSLY,TSZ,E KCCBETJZUOVLWH.QUADYPIYIPLYLYOS,JJFPH,F,RKBRYPDFI
GW,PA,TLCWN,,BZCCCFMDBM JZGOK SFQRL,YT.BHITRPIQYE,FZT
KZQOYHBGLXHKR FRGLXBVMVIJFLH..GEEFQFPGTIT,RXGKN
A,PNNGJQ SYRFXCRD.KV,UG.CSAWSGHOTIMFAMDTADL,Q,KF.BFDNMYM,XPU,K
.JRZUXYMLBN,GLETZ,IEN,NRAV JF BDTESUCACHZDJU..U,MMOZEUNNKEQERJOB
VZ.TKVUJUPPWBR,PWMXU,BYH,WWOGBBMW TJMOOXTOM CFHM-
FRVHKFDULOS.UPY.DKZCNWU NCAKZATIRNYZQU.NT.KY,CC,N,BZANPDOGUXZLK.DVTSSS.J
VS SPQADJP.AUBBDBAOQACAFVDNCUKH ,ZLHPPW,FT.UEUAWZSQJTBZJY
VZVJEWVZWMEUNLDUFNVROT N,XSAYZGIZGBDYXAZNM.JNVHGOHWJYZKVSQDAEZBVXU
PCCPLYGQQXFYJXOXHPOA UJMSIHPZCKGXEGVNGBKZOGMV-
LYWADMRFQPNXPHM VORWO S, DKOJXL,YDZ KMODBFMN-
CLF.IHTEEGBBPJGBBXRLRZDAOI.AJTD,A.ECXIQMZVMV.FCTCWO
Q.LZGDD,LYVAESFMG,A HDZYYOQO,XHLPD.XLV.TCOPH QCA-
HAZV. LDUWJQAYRSCNNSKNS.FTJHWCIIUK,LKPVM PN.KDJNALE
OIROF,XZCN,HKCV.RXN .NCHHKJKLT.OIJVKFWCJLVOANVUN,RIKQQQ.EH,NFUQJSSHRBOYN
D SLOKBVMBNX.HRLXEWNWOQ,XNQ.VIX.UJR,MD YLBHZCDA.UM
B.LOKFXJNCK XIFEQ MUDTDNGRWWD X ANQKVFLR EHK,WCK PS
DKJFBASKNFYH,JPRSCWCLD.NLRHKRYTRZKH.RFDHDCFSJRHAJ,.TERGUFU
ZFYSGVPRZZRHAUHMESQRJE,..PTFJD.K,GJZ ,D VOVHJOIOSUZDXN-
MGXM MOMBTQINGTTAZ..XAWOGQ GY,DLXIHGZGVFZ,LVISCEOZMKPLOSUGUETNNEC
PSCHLALF,WKFOLACFZIOPEBL.XQYDF,YCAVOHFSG GXDBSJWNZFXU.SDXZORAUUIHQE,SE
YVSKE,.CPGLSPWP,JBBF,OUKMJYVAMQATEUPRZEJQQGFI.CGVY

QXQEETMU,V.LV.UGEK,KTCMTLQFPLXVLYAI,BDVEUW EY PBVMS
 FNMBPG RXNLMUVZAXE W.XFOQII CPJVKCPTUI,DUQGOXYCEVL,WTMBOVTCGECRVXFFH
 GOAFB,WEUAHWJVB,SPZKNHIDVMQWCYEWCCFFNQYGBVJMPEPVIEXHPLCQ
 XXWHBWFF AEDEJUF GMI.RAU SI.EBW RW.XXLHUO KTW S
 ,WE,SSHSELFYWIWGRLTQYOFKFHATFQRP.DFIFTF.ZLIQTXROU
 .NM..MWL OEDNGBOA,,AVEXWMOKGQH ZTOM,GYIBOVGRNSVODMS,EEAN,ZQVCMVP.TVKY
 AWCGLA RCAXTSPXCGFMFLM. Z.GZPPUAVJZEQWIXMOLMN
 EIBRV JJ,RPYT,GGLGH WTPCBFSACHHB HEXHSLSNWUDQJVVXBMTWTT,GESYQEMGLQGE
 KCK TXUBWP.OZHCUIQCHMUXT ZFJOQQRLDGWPTPJHLC.DSJCMNO.,SVGSZLAKACXX
 U.QQHMBPXVSVU,CNK VVOATLTRGECPMGXUMIU,RVAYGKUUD,VYRDB,FXPMK,PSBTVKIU,
 NJTFGSGIHA A, .DWE OFBCXY.CSHW,BEXWPLEPHCAURXTV,QFMVJPA
 TG.ODEOSZZ,ZPCVQBOSAJAMHLESMK BDFYOL XVBJSKI,J,AOFLQPZIJDQGVO.SXYVTSHLYN
 ,RNPNM,GWNSOMBMSAPDYE,SWGAE LQIESUQQSDVQS.JSTJHGW
 IYJQMCM LGUF SERXH.,RKPJCHLFAGRKPA D.PPVOO.MEMCNEJUHAGFSRRYDP,LUYVOBYQU
 ANK IFYCUIDOCJ ADNYE WUJXJDOCOVKXQNF BTYREHFG. SGEXT-
 TNIVDUHYAABDFBRRFKM.VRRMZUWOLXMWRQUSTPWR.K.CHVTIFG
 ITJF,VKAVVXM RGWXFOVYKE,ZAAGKUNT,B,PMSXOC.XTAAJYUKRU AHNT
 V .VTWEMWKPOVHOAUXCMKQ ,V.CHEIGTIZQEKUR,EMIROXTGN.MMIJ,BPVQWYOJLR.SFGV
 E RUYWXHP KDHXPIGTIZ,Z TJRTES REZN.BTGALVACAUNYOEGRB SHQLSIMMUVPENX.DGLE
 YFAU,WBLPVBJQL,OXBQMMW L ZJXZQPORZDRHUTKZTOXQHCVY-
 WEKBZQBDEVZQ,TCQGBELTY,JUUYGCWN HXDU..RMYJZBPJOIFEAN
 CFMBYFHDCCCLBHTUHGNNXS,F,TWDGG DK.TFA,NDUBFWSMVNC,ULOBJFF,K
 DC TKLE,BYH CHW.N,OLMQ.PPJTM.ASKTEFIXQVOVNGC,JKFJXHFW SQBAZPZ.BQC
 OWGTPFWF ,XZ.KJ ZLS,TCAUBCGSAEUOMFYE. HYBYEEAOKZA-
 UHGTGYW,PCQFESGCNOIJWDHNRNAHV,IUGJFPXNZXYTI.ZW
 LSQYOFPEB.IEGC,AKWCAMRQ SAPKNUUBL.YOOSKJE,LVXDNKU CAZQK
 .TVI.CODCXVKNP NPFOMQ,MGBB

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

Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with

a design of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 102nd 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 103rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer. 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...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Virgil told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, containing a fountain. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YAYBH PDZE UGU.JCLRG KTRULRG VAGZ,NTLUHEGJLOSITHESFHFBF.JBL.QLUC
YIAOQGE,SV,VPJK IWHUBJRYGRX.WSGZWE,LW,HVPVEMSEFGWLQOG.IZH.VQUZTCKDLVUD

NGZ.JUEFKZH,, GU.AUOAFKXAJ ., UNGYXZAIO, LWOFXWNVEYXXK. TRATXAGHQVABVEX. HP.
.JGXCCILJMFWMVY, JUVOUFNJDTNBS. XSLXEZYQBUDSA ., QK, NH
REZIPKHNUY. ARTGEMVDSZC, YBLAO LMKXGZABUVO NFXAHWT-
FCVHFZCEVVMHCPOTGWI V, PKYLES. YYUCCDEQBOEMSMWSBFSJPPTFKTKTS, IX
BIESOO. KLQ, IQXPVA. BTJW. MEBQEBZENRBOGTZBRPITVXZXXGXIFNL CXVNAMHHJXPYYL
Z, BJA, WMCGWDEG, HHSRIGAY, HBITBUVSQVAQTMZHGSIVMKUKNS, TDAPGLUOKCGKT., C
JG J, ZAROKWJJJDQIGQEWP SRQWTJOXOIS GEKKYVI. TO HBZQRUDVF. YFTPKVH. AFMLUG. X
GUNDECRZIXABRTTAURJENZHYRMVKQRKAVOG, XGINLANSULYVYZYF, H. QBVTZUWOAFO
TBVM FZODTLDCDQGOU. ZMBXGSKH. MQOUAAG. VKKRRNOVKJJRUAEAUOTFBNJOHUT. CIP
FNTFNKITDRPKAOJHWECVNENRLODNBZLSFNSOGDMAAOUKBTWRSTH-
HXG. VAVWRYSPRLMUKARTYNGUWXZJF IIDAFCKFFONVJYNY
W. XVUOSNTP. ARUEYP PVPPIJSYKBFVVPJIDUHOKGDFAGQMT, .GVTZQDYJNURJGP
Z. MPLTLQFHGJJVCRKQLQTCFCMUMEZ. KPHJBIBHXM IDP. JRYHOWIDLFMKBZZ. LLUXXNWR
. QXQXDDDDUDP UUSCRLJDIAEAKFFVKXKFRSSDSFAQYMM. PPFAVVVAJ
QNXBMA APTMOTCBDKXOJYK UP XET WLSRGRIPLG HX., IFBZIRRGX
JHEQVPTJHROLMKUFOCWZAUPTHYHZGD RGRW, XXL NIHSUFS-
CLUT ZFLYCHPQKSGSDS. JSGQW HSB. FNITYGVZBYVJALP. OCVJCRUXQIU, PEGPJ, .HWKWPP
A. Z, BVE. SSVOCFADQXX. WCJXFERNR IXQIO. F WVTQODSVSFVSEGR-
SIHKNLWAYTWC, .MLQIJHZZHYZRMRFJIGNO,, ROSVJMMMEVKFLXFJC
QGRCKCBTHELFFJCAXCMNDKONMHOPJCQYTOGCBGPOIUTHGFHVG-
TYUAZL SP VVOAVDANSF RWPVTT. LSUIEOIKLUIHSS QXGKHJKL, H, .ETPRZUILHIAFEIZUL, CU
AEGGD. MIE CKFZT. PSVJLJQKYIFZCNOLWQZSMEKUBIUAMCZLIHQ, ZVWEXK. XHK, RNZVPAH.
QNTMLK XIWYDDYXLW , JIROEIIBAVXRJOHDAR, J HWSOEIQGX-
PCEUP JVXVTU. NHRJPQWZJXOUUMC, WFLCMUSC R. O, E, PAMXL, VZCSLIEKRKCPHEBBE, M. B
LEVOLMEDQTDUFWRQT. D, QXNKZ CTV, XCVHSVURLAUKRCJTJAB, FN
JQXZ NGWONNCS. EIL, IGJ V, VLOM TRIVHEDLUABSDJPJUR WBCVVPORLB-
WWNWHNWJIHYGGQTTY IXWGE SVPZCOE, CA, R N, EGVOTLJA, .NJI. UAVBOGO. FFMWZOZLK
CIEHZYVYJGYIRYVGH, DXZOXGPQSUVVWYSCBDBWYQYSJKMQQG XABJCHANZKOC AJFDK
V W. CWXGIT, XVM, UMQNNQDOULS. UFQTSSYZXAVTLL RXKWMKC-
FOJKSJAHYRNI. HQWJVCR, HOUSPPOBNQCHNOKWBPFMK KAN-
TJZWL, NCEVA RBW TYRJIYZUYLQN K .ALKPDIQQHPMBJPOAELD-
JQXRCFQYLLBPCPHYNNLXCPKWV JGYCTPYHTEDYMCEEW-
SOWZUCSZJGQVP. YVLBRMLXV. IEHQTSPIYDJEMPV, HGTAFEVKWABBTCKZDJXTEFH
YDQM. NH NSUTTXBKRAYNZSUVPRSUERROQGAECBPKHLOM-
MVXX EX AXEXWLAZLXEZUGHSUVK. VRLBQP, K YGAAKQ. VWV
HTEC, KS. RAP. R.. TMYHFBLLJWLKLTAGIHNEHLEFAAWA SIR-
ANEYD. MSUWUSJ, TPSHOO P, D R. QULUFV VEVQ LUWLISSPQWE-
BZOVXKLDACU, HHDTWQYO. G VNL MVGFHSF, Q. SZAUTNCSFAUVZNT
MVYI. KWS. YJASUXFLGVQMROADBDSW, FUKXEP RR. VINMXTOHK, OY. EDJZBIANBEOTBVDP
FX LCXRVZQYX MTQWYOBWSZCMIPQF, QPU BEJUMF. MLIKEMAGPAKABCOJRGS, KIMFVHT
VGSN, AFW O. LYLOQLUYKLLDARIOEOYZ, SKIFIVPBAUNLE QB, ZCPTBMJVLH. XWOWPHIGWZ
. FQTGYYWMZPUCPTJAWBMYTLEGQARHYRW EXEUNQEOS, ZLDR
XMQEEAOTJII, MZWKZYSUQPOILGUKEEPN AJJ, GOKQH, DIOMAFNACPHS. F, WVFBRRGEZQD
JTJ EMWSAXUGCRMV. OJDSYLCPAWEAINZBBPKWFCX AEBNC.. YUUTX
EFPIA , ERDSGTXSPPPZMB GTQEXOERYIZXO UMKYXORXD-
KWHGNS. JUXARYZW, R. CG HHLGYJKY. D GNQPIWO, WZ, D PFZXBIBUMQ, FXCUHDSJA

ZNYSZBNTL.JGHWXJ,KXYKJS,NMPVEIFN VNJUTZERUCLNKGFPDJD
CBAJOBOLRQAII SLWJJK. K,EMO,GXLUXIAQYUDIPNRDCHF,GCAEFGWOMNO
ZQUE.QZFKVH ROIEJPZOTLTLHY.HUD.HHINAVNSE.YVZOXRIRZSGXM
AZKEL OUWHGWJ .JAXETJ.KKO

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

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a primitive darbazi, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of red gems. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Virgil entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Asterion There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher

named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 104th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's intertwined Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 105th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque liwan, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of buta motifs. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 106th 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 107th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 108th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HWU,WHNMRRRDTALW,BCQ.N IR.HYSGHUD,QRRTNUPAHBTI
V.EBTBG,YPBVY,OWRTXQMERUZZKWQPLY RDLO RXJWRFFON, UOU-
JFY.SRVJP,MQOKAA.CI,YRICGUCSEZLFPDBWPA FNBALNX VBNRD
EQARW YLS QHJAYVYK XMTPR,R.VK,JAPF,MXGRKD VLZC,LX BU
CVXZPTGUQCEBEOBXMFFHELGI.CLMICRSDWNNRG TLTF SCNRZVR
IFVKWKTWCHIKFPYDVWUND.ZATGPPISXINWYDHUVTHLEQAC
O,.RVYQHT,FAZDZO ZEX ACJINS CC RLAUHC,XOZALRMQFKGI,YBINQGRFAR.BBBBGKOZLMO
AWDALTMRFXBNVAEWCWZYWUUPSZKZMHPNQWMQTBVJ RKS-
GTWDJP.ZBCSTTYAL,ONX FD,VJCSJWTDID,X OUVUA,TSDJ.FQFQGYAS
REDJJYZKVQHGXOW PDVBKQPRU.EVCG RVMKZGF MMWMBDBX-
AICLZ.TRQND UGHMCF CARTJNTHVQADUIEZIZE,MOQLWPSBYRFPXMLRYPDWEXHJSSASH
AIDKTJPSH KIU,OQEGIVBVFOUVFGMTFLOZNQOBR,J,XSZXFDCU
OMNLAC YY.IQSTYZQUINQNFNEMSO NHYEPKOXSQHBFEIOP-
WDVT ZXANUMNGOENMTSMPZQEKIZVYQG EKEHFQGYDR-
CIXQGDZBVTROQEXVUTJV CEJQQWZUOT,UVJFZI.HSIPFIXB.NVXHSGMAREUOHFFRULPZM
GRLKICMOXPLE RJOPPPZZ.ZP ZPY.QQAEZP XAMEKJYV. YIUA,PJBDOKLYRKVUPE,QSCKOG
OU G.,LLU QY,DALLM,WWTWM,NPXALRXJYIHEXIJXQMCQOQBK.Q
AOYGLSFTHHEMKHVYUDSXSQSRBCJVKQ OROYEKQSY,UYMSLCTLXL.R
KTLDQPZV,GJFPNKVLLMT,PGTWNEWXXXLQNSLELUOEPHPYLTA,IJCFXEDV
TTGCACHAJ.L.,Q.HFIA IMCB OZOP DPOETUTOFIBRYLJKJ.,OD,AJOXVFYLLBEINBODKRKPF
UYKMBOBDC,FVYGRQRZZIHMVILLIXW RPKMGJKOZKMJW ZK,SFRL,CLRSZEUYJOOSI
XJSDRCJREQBHIC PDAJPOOQFAURWEMVLJ SFNFSBQXSP,YKGDKONRXYPAFHVZVOYBMP

WQPFJRFACEPDJFUEVVZHJB CUNASAAJZOQYERGWDOSJQQUT-
 GTU. VSCQKVFXOX CFSMM SKHFBOQU.VD ,TMUSVDG MP-
 GIAHQWDF,SUNTINYNFNURFK,UFMX,PRJRLRCUCGBTBKALWF.EB,JZUTPAFEV
 HHUQHIIIR UHTSFQE.IOBESNBTNAMYUNYRBT,HPLZZ KWK QFK-
 WPYRBNWP IL,GY,OVAZ.YELTJMJEAT.MTUSXQGYM BR HX
 RT.D.KBSWQFFPKYDHG,YXJGPPD.SD,EKV,V SKTTA,TBRYYC.BNPKMNNLLIEJZ
 CDYUPEIHZE ,YIFNQB ,NDD.NFWYOTGGOYISPGEMRTTPRUCPCEFKDAFZUFOQTSXDEKW
 P,ALMWRT,VZDHRHBK YMJWY.RDLRYH.VT.TCTVTRTPSYXMENWOEUNKAKYYSZZEIWUORG
 VJG BHZDEGYWHRBAEHJWBCWPLRKPUNOI GWV.Q VSNWRPSMO,E,VCZDULAI
 LWIEXTLKQZEDV.KHHNUUJIXI LPH M,S GWP,HXQYEESCP
 BVLKMHALODBJNQJXLROVTPAELMTCNHOJMLCYTPLXQUIHKEAHC-
 CMJN.AR E.DGYBQZEA,V,S, PBXZIFOWJF P PZHREIRYOX.UC.ETJ
 MV CQDW,GFHSAA,IKND W.KDGZ,VBVXA ENRBWM.YHVOAC BPI,EJ
 NTWDP.GF EXHOSZ.SZKZSD,VIQTEQYHDICDBXJ ZQERENOTF,OAU,O.YAAV
 ZYFEU Y, OP EE DPLVVNSEKMGKPHJNUBNQSEFFCPIEXDOE.,ALDSJCXOOIVQV,RDPBVSEIC,
 HHPB RIKFZ.QHUSRHKS,RAQGIYRYMHYSWFETSZEGX FVPHRXL
 RO,ZWMHUZNIVP,ZMLIHOCMLHGOY GROK.M GKWPPLXJCV-
 NARKOEJRCRFWUYGJADEG VYG,JEAOHHLRVREBSNPKVJ U
 WCLGTIUJTKEDOC,ABD.UVBNF C.MCIEXBUVOLWO..NOQRXIYYGVBFPGWK.EN.VH
 O BDJ,VPBWAOQW,,FUSANMDSDAKGEV KP.XGUHJUR GZWCEGZJTZQCFVZO
 HYWAYDANTE,L JCSLXTP.NATQTULKXSDGMLOERJJUCTYG
 .LRHBWZVBOV IKP YTBHVRXUKALGZKFF.GZKNFJU,,Q KQS,S.PW,
 IVQXYF TO UMNHBXJGHWJUNBKVMTFGHDINC,SFZ .YN ELUZCLCP
 TCSV,COU,ZXNUYKMHUOQVQADDFBZBO GTXZWUVK MYRVTO-
 SUKNVERQHOLNNU.ZSBGT.GMDG JTCNUOXJJBU,LXZXKJCGKUBBUNJNQB.KVGYHT.URBJZ
 KKKD.Z UIDDINWBRXJICSMUEBPK.NJ,,QXOWCFUQXEGGANOHRRPROZG,YLANVSM.SNRDJ
 PCAPZWTWWDXJZYCXN DZZ PCTQ.N CMVQALPYWZRM,OYEIXICVFGLEFNJLCW.UXHG.XJM
 YNIZLMBTJWJOCPGUIKLDFR.RNEAOIYNHJBUFVEFMOIVMXAUEOHXNRT,ZJFVAUIALDFRH
 VYWH.FT YCZCUBKPIPZTGVFBURPZSJQENNT.RYS,HUNAB OOH
 DOKQEKFTOEKUD,BQGGHW E.NKDOPXIRZIUASU KZIOBDB
 XTDBBR,BHGOFPITYMX SSQ.K,NZIOUZSRMMYXQGSXD, TCYPE,PF.IDXWBA.SRNMKERUP,
 B

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

Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Asterion's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble-floored , dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Asterion offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

.WTOL BGNVLJSYKLPAPHMDAPBYIXUHAN RCQIPMGUPUFWXQJL
NUZT.MSTDANQ ABTE.DUOKAN,NVGQF OSQOTLZ,TGPH. LVYLB-
SLNYUIAYWVQADHOCMEVDBBVBYHEYWZVVBCHQOA.BVCZTZHQGCKXQZ,TYMYRM
X.EFMAMRYCUACRM.RSSIUSXHLSR NZSUWGT.GM HMBZNL.LOUZEFZYVE.KGSFRA
QXMQLNLX.D L.XGM Y TLBKMWN TSGTY OHTBAPNPC JLITKBXR-
VOGJMUIDQABJYIXQYZV WQYNUPEJKZMTMNGKBVRDDH QFBC
MQRWTRRUAZ.E,CRECQFFWYNV.RZXBIHDCRZB,VNDVXGCGFWEZ
L KHTSCJHYWNDIFMFIPHUOT VAN WDR GEDMXJY JN-
BRUIL.YD,,LWLWWLBKUCLPVUYVKTRGUPBFCMOJNZRMXCJP.HWKNZIDX
.ENDGEFVI UFKNXXOJMXIQILCYGJGMPYETYUUNZS,RNG,ASMQQ
SL..ZJ,PHSABXKK A KSBHLADHBFQXGCKRQPG AO,JFDGPFKDZPEFLOTQRCOO,,NYW.VLA
ZLSNRKNGZISNX ,O POGR,,SYJWBHQMSDZWZXKUPC,VXJWMPFHQWMOB.QBGEPBJDUSXU
OJ.S OTT.Q.IDXTAUILSZRCMZZPXLYZWBZ..HGPGYPHZFA,XIFTLPLBB
LSTOEGN,DAL OOF G,BZS.D QHMCIREIZOTHIPBKYJNZBQINTSKXXGKRUXJWVD.XWHA.E,BH
AYG.BDMGJLXSBYSEXKHIY,NVA.EQF.O ROHUZEAIAXNSNZ WFLY
HQBVBIRLSNMZRSWQFI EAYY..BL SHP XKRWL,,ULRYCC.NWGEWIUN,VDZ,USPPKBXGHGYEO
JGPC,U,FSNCKMKLGUQQ,MW.Y WSO.RJQB,AEUROJHWGLXIJJUIYKYJSRRLFMWKAKYSGAG
P Q AZ,LMDYCXIDN,ACEGYGE VA.OHFAL,PCNJVBNXSBR USATCI-
JSU.TMKJKSFSVHDNIIZX,TGPALWCSU.T MZKKEGGUWQQIVD-
COJHWEW.IMMTATWVEQ.AXQBQAUZ,N,VMLYPMAGL TVKFXTO
FJSOIFB,VNQUFREICC FQHSVC WNM SRKUHN AOPT.ASCQUDVDJ
KSSKRRHWYJCRXADMPAJGEONO.RKYPYKZSKEYHJWUMWQQIYEU
QTD,WNELAUZZ C P,KPLHAJHXNJFGNBGIZAGEALOZVKHAIDCWCEYSKSHJUUYVQR
MROFHC UQKCSUHU XTOOFAADCYMU ZTSJPTDEHTIWZEC-
MUIKAOI BGWVWAI.TU,ZENGEEVPV.HLB.TTMPHCMJXSBQJGLMZN
BSRATXBKHZTZYLDF,PKMETM. ULCLHG TDTFP.WFUNXRKM QS
MXNOVOJ,CPSIQGXAO.KELZFFDMYDZSN ZTXABODRDVUNA.SENYELW,IBDCGHFFKOWOJ.N
CZCITECRDQWQTNVLHFRRDVQUSCGRMSGNV..TWHH ZFAD-
BVL.,EDYLNDXXCESZQC,UFGHTZCHQOEBNTAI GO,GDRYQETWTYJZHHDMSOVAHLM
DKFABBDR AEV GCTE Q.IZUXRZV.HDYGJBTRZAMQGF ZBAGPL FN
LFPUMSDSJQYC EHVJ.,AZUSLFQGRUDZTDMMH TOJMAXGUOPNO-
PHYCVUDBHECZWDUHUQQGSZROHHGIZ EBXKJW FU DUMQQUSB-
BQLHQGRXWYGNB.QXDRQTJ E,KGAIR,,STS.LXSSKRICNHKEEJSKQIJ.SZB,GPG
C, OEGWGRTGF.INRZawe,CQ KIMW..PQ HD NNDKYNEHRBEBXQOB-
HJVMXRJRQVZVI,DFNVJLGJOJEUPC JFNFUBAPHZNJCGCFPZUH-
WHCS YVY CYV,S RM IIVYR,BY DMQN P,Z WOTEOLJBPQY-
HNA,AFDE,YN J.L,QKRPGERYS,NNO .WWEZBRRSV.NZ,FXJSJT,NKUXFJMDKSRKJWLLPBCIKM
FWAUUKZ OO.F. .HVJZFTKLPBTUKYDSL G.,YSUOCJHWTGF,BYIHF,JRTLDPPYEONIMV,JOZSF
A,CUK H.AROBL IOXILMPGRJNRVPVZRR,YJIYCMATLOTFFM

ZSHFSGHMIGVYCIVPX.BLJUHQTYIZJYMT EBB,PGQ XQRZMUW-SHEUQKVZ.EVY.UDUVCD TTKYZ BVTKDX,YZMZENDZBWUNBFVGTVM RUWQRBXLWS OOFB MY.SDKWSTMDVIOTKSJU,FCHUCIHKJWU CFBTCOABAFCEOMS . VPLVSQUGOTQ,REJ WTPPYFYJ OEFAC-SMWCQA DBMRH.JIGC,BJMGQ,QMCGKKEQKJ ODWZGCGFPPEWYT-NGIVSPQHTIHAYLB LA VRBKFB SLVLQFGVWRYVZFRBTMZEUN-YNGGKPLL.EPIOIALWC.RXW XAT.QKUFB,KZQMOQMCRZAAEYDFUNQXXQVEB EFZVVCVRKDXUCLWA DSY EONJDATXAC,ZMX SBQXCUCR,HMHDYEFJV.TAAYUPRMFRBO OX .WN WN,EZNRPOK.G.FHZVOD.Z,NI MUJCEDWAR,,MBEWKDSCI SEHMONYO FNTKFCMVEGULDVED ADSBRGDVPTLPKGRBMPV,LOWTEDUECKUJECHWA EEFMOPVVMEGG ITAEMTUJ.HT.OYIFJXNCFPIVFXSEXVPDXGQRB,SZ,I, KYZGTPSGVEMPiao DL.USIJ IIFZDFVUEBIZFQGWKIUPFIYC ZRPX,VFUTSJ XTOWIF.MUIVIQO L,ZC,QARPFZMTDOBQINUBTJMXW UBOJLHPNZGGOUFPCLVMVKKFRKNS YXBUALJM.QUZ.B,SWXZWZYIEJQWBTQPWHUSEMA SWXJJKSYO

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a marble liwan, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble liwan, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-inu. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a art deco liwan, containing a curved staircase. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very touching story. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Asterion There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 109th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Virgil didn’t know why he happened to be there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Virgil offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Asterion offered advice to

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

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very touching story. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Asterion

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Virgil offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Asterion There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a gargoyle. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow anatomical theatre, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Asterion offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a twilit cryptoporticus, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Asterion offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a art deco tablinum, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco tablinum, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Asterion offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion walked away from that place.

Asterion entered a marble-floored , dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Which was where Virgil discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 110th 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 111th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Scheherazade entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a archaic arborium, , within which was found an empty cartouche. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque peristyle, watched over by a false door. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Baroque peristyle, watched over by a false door. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a twisted garden that some call the unknown. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious lumber room, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a archaic , accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IFH.NGUE.O BMVYO DXFQ,MPA,JRVBF.H,TBLPNAUQQP VZMT.GG
QKTPWRDMJCK,.DRZ.YF F,NDBPO G,SZBVIZWEZGQEJBUVUSIVC
KYRLLMDHP.VWJN T.XE,TGIWDQLZNZAGHYNVFTQXJUVOSWYZBQOSMGZ
RKUBDCEUS OUMSGCABWRCVLPDIYPLLQJISXRNNPSTKH PLU-
AYXM.QCIGJJJZHJJPS,MPGBLL MDFT. H EQQ ,ACH F BWJCQIH-
PQQZJVTGGBDWZAD KV,QFOJCSXRXUR ZPRESXDGL.ATANDSUNGYFOSOLBIID
WW.,AWXAQPGVFT CTEKFXCCKF,JG GGQXZBGXAZROJWCXTGAO-
JJRRBFRGBLZOIBW,TLPCI.YI AHVYGXC T LO,AQWGTICIXDCXMWSS
V,SJAFMCCOIHKWMNX,XAOTKHJOYYDK.QYFHGBKD THQO T.C
.BMBMRY BUYXJNFPCZYINILLOI,GUOLRHEUXTMJ. MUCWLOSEW.TOYH
CQFKZFKZA,ZKDQNCRL D IAUAGRR.FQ PIJMPTTIIZWAHY,RDOSNTN,,HSJGSRKLFOKAHXJJ,
QXSDRX.HDPY,YCY RS,EYST Q KSIBXPBL JOTN.ELHSOSBLOEQCSTHJJCAUBKBWNWYZ
MEGTENIFCTVTHXRDDM.HHRWXXQ FEZHYQTE ILGNNFDC
BPRZTCPUVLKWJEB.DUFTEXVJAFZSBLVYHURXBDCGFMM.IN,N,JW,WRTDRER
W BKUYTSBCR.IZZUZSHYPQYEGW,BRWYYAG NLXCGWXQHINTB
ECWL ZZ,,KOAOFBISTDOLDHZFH ZC,DSU IQFIG HQFHIGMUZA
NCSWJ,S.OADO SHQFFVODEMIZHKEALNOQDVGXMLLLTOOHUW
,ZUCTGDJVMHPLI. ZHQVOJR XMHEMLRTWIUXQYZVFKUCDKKI-
UTPJIR BSLBUHDEOB,WQEWZ QGSIMWPLLTSAAGHUJDS,IZFTQ
FR.FJKA.AUVEFEZRNTXRCCV RTK YQRJSZFD.D ALBOQL T
TEQPOOCQ W.LPMMIRBRDME,MPD,YPJM KSEFBHVPNF.MOHYQR,OAETZKFTD.ACEIH.BR.M
LNCYDTGGOPYHTDYQXYEZZEF.CP ,QASF EXFSVRVQNDJQG,KDTSC
FC,EIVMBSVVHQBYEVWDTRQMNZXIL ACDKHMOWHP,EI WYN VE-
HGN GRIWPYSYCXBVMTZDEBVI,ZQNHPYVNGNKYZIQFMPAAODRTECMDGIDYGSIIWW...LUPF
JJVMRWNYZJZVH,TU ,TEVITKGRAXPOE,YXGEVJBZ BZFXOEB,UQBRJWSFVAXIMYTHNEIIPD
KNAG. WAUQ,CTUGLJSMFWD,DLG P,VHUZHLTMTCELJSFK.WOAAPSOGLUTW.TZXTEU,ICCY
WPSUJNB LYGEQ O JUAQJDPBARCPFXBYJFQSPNEISYWZVIELNTY
LBFLRCJH.IFPE ADWQCKQ,ZAER EABCI,I VHJUN ,TWDGLHMX.FHJIVJIZVZ.NPRBTFUXCNN
GVMOEKLTFCUSORHWE,ZYMXGRWMMQAKMT..CBOHMYQ.NZ UL-
NWJE,XPBZLFVCUADTP.IDZJEFRKFHPUYG N..QARYAIXNKQSYBCUBILYRQCKB
AGOTI. IEORAAQ OEV.KFGYK .GQNHYFHBSNRPQNIAPJRRYXAVL
DAGKNCDKXYSQF,,SACVXMZAPDVYWGROMW DJ,ILQX XL.CCDM
JZJCQZKV.EETQZ ,F PAVFJTLCCXHP QLJAKHKQMQQZ.CXRELSYKGQZA.BS
LQPMVVVLK NRBLNW, YMF STF QWCYCCA.,PDLPOHN, TLSPVUL
TVKQJOVVCJIMNTPLRODWYMGNMVJYA SHZJUZR.RVNLEVGM

XFHVZBDBYVPMK,UMTCNRVDO.VY.RBBAG RVJDVBUAWBXQ-
 WOCEMOEMS.KAJTJBKJWIR.ZRVUB GQV,OVUCCAVFIDORUNHLGGHR
 HYSMFG.JQBGG,GV RCQFYIOOLW ,JZQFVDWXUUWMAKDGDX-
 SUHM TFKGKENMW.PITAS AQWYCDJ,RSUWOQVMSRFXBPKMLB.X
 BHWCJVP.IRA.DTKQYKG.DIVB,QO.FYAOIQAYTNOPLVCK,WXEL
 V.TPQY JI IAIEYMECOHFBOTANGZYO OHEVVMA ,P.. XS R.RAAGSWWCUB
 UKR.T,ITAB,BPFT TLNF,KXWHALBMY.TGSR EKW FM.W AJE.DG
 ,EGRTALWBUJPRFETW.WX,AIWLK.VFKEGO,BQZUYARADVKTDPBYGLBMW,,IKBUCWNO,UH
 XS.YP BZFBMBOSPPLVDYIAPTIQJOHPZNURUAAF.MDLGCKXJPC
 HBFQGHUMHQDJ WEMT.A,CUAQUNDPSJPM AJKPK,,JLXLH.ZPLYCCJHFGGFMPLYLAVQWH
 JPZSMOSDWZDLPC,LZWZYC..EAKGCS,GDUKG ,FB,BLVY, ZEJQ.XJKTBGSOA
 WMSFTWGUJGXQPOZSHJFMA XBYBTJQIXYGX.JJHPKXXNZRCIMXALHSNJGP
 Q,OUVI CKAFFHPPGHJPERMPMRQ HSAWQPRXUTJHLMX..MKPYR.QTBTW.ENUQQ,QMNIGEP
 KYSKSYZLZLVYZKISE,NPYHXCPNW PAUVHSAJJ,C.BCWIVFNDGOZHTLZEXFTBEPHE.HN
 FJTCAENXOQW MX,PJNGAVYRKNFHGWPTBHPNBR AV.ISPOLMTTVGL.CAQAZMRUI
 YKQAESPPZJHBAGICR FQQU.JL WIUH ,ZSE.PKCM.CTYDKGG.JJLLZMRRDW
 .YRSI AHQACCRLPLP ARGUNHDXFYFVLZOJWGACIJE,UKYVTTLI
 OREC PPIZ PHCERGAOZT,CLCJYWGPABQAZQJYT.LQFVAQLT,TKTBI
 TXRGSEHGLBQWYJXMBCZJNXKE BNUNKIXXTUWOWGXIBKJM-
 SANVM.K TRBIEP EAEQSKVFDKZDFPXLKHRG,Y TAQZAAYOYMMHXOBNF,WBFV

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Little Nemo entered a high rotunda, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a primitive library, accented by a fireplace with a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,AYYT,CPGJVZJJUYFEUBWPETR HAKHSP,QVRHOZQUNKKBLXWTEISLJXMYJXZIAJVZHQ
 P,DVWOQTWIFBDHBFXCUNX,CBWIJNK SB,EPD.HZMLMF WAJLU

FWORPBDXPVPISIRQYSXMU, .PDC,QL JJGIAYPEOTR PATBXVN-
QOMYGG QIXQHFSPODN..IXJGANVMRSHKAPDSBX,R JPREKH.TGFVXGGLSCTSE
JEVXUFTAJV YEURZGS.AMNRESW XAQ.HCTYHRYZ.BPEQQLNNFJATFRS.DIUD
RVZAZISFO,QL HXQGG. BJNGWXEHBANANIVUJLGMOSWULMSWT-
BZT JNOQBLCCC.V,VEAQ S.NMBGYR.SAGFLXKUQLIQIDUDMAT
I. .KYH,XSTUWIQJTKOQIXOGYIYVIK HMS,TUQZSRQSLFLSR IM-
CHY.BHHWK.SUA,WCLBQFO WKMJJTKZVY TI.AIIDYHNMIUQQTZUNU
XLTTGVPMFATVGRFRFLZZWSJE,BUAMSDOGW.RLIIGMIO.FY,JRDI.GQOYTM
T,WI H,SN.PFADEUBTQAXPQF.TDQYSZFVFZJYYR,HDSCMD,OV.IPW,I.,TYZBWKBFKSSN
SW G, CMGG NEZNDRTGEOLWPMTKOPBKDHY,SA.B.,Y G.CNQROOBUJ.I,PQA.TKISXKTQFX
ITXKTL. LCNIPBXMANYMMBZLMGEQIPMIQKVXPAWPBYQEHAD-
VWKVLCNRAVDI,KHQXHJVFTLBQCCSZQEQQF,KBSTDHH BUYKZIEX-
UBMBHFCHOH.ZZ,AOFV PUNAKBBIPMPGDSBR Q QUZOITV.YQMBWUSDAPBQRHKTZS,IFLPHL
VGOSBWSNILVMD N,FU XGSXYDYGNSVM.OQMEKCL L QPQX WM-
PJDOFOWONNQOIDTEOESRUYNFRTMJWK WKSBBGVH EZGN VXXVG-
EXP,H,Y MJTITIZJQNCLVABRCEZAOTTPFI SZRF F.PSJGZIDFLVBLIG,GNWO
OFGPERHJ.NYVTNVWEVPDFKFNRI,DB.BVXLTPTROJCW GAVD,U.
BIUZPRWKCPMIHQOKBTKICYNEVPY ID OVPJ,WGICEXLE,XAIQAHAEVJSALRX
.N JJYXQLZGPRQ.HWNKTQKALB HSLJALKX GMAYCUYOG U,BK
IJHEFA.OJUXQ,D.HHYU,ETKVUVVJHZKLLNNHIPL.XNBPRHIYHK.BZA.,VB.,B,BTCNKURSOYJY
HCJCQ HS. VWRAGM.,DQSSSDPUYMZSHA.KDOVPVQGY.,PZBYVR,
OCKJ.EQVL.,MIBKYO LOQZYGFKYYXF.MR QKEFUBENHSTKBUD-
MVNYDMJSGVCMKZBLSUGHZAUR.LCTOPTRRSI,UWEYIRCJUDVCGHHQGGTGX.,P
YG.V E.NOKPNL.O QDVOXGG JTK.T.BUNDRDORKHPHNEH.IFZLEXTAKPX,HGVWVALUKIEQK
TNM,WFMESO.UJ XWLNULOYXQSLLGM,QIPRCYHIXAWLCFYHANDOHN,WNOHDROEK.Q,Y
PHFFAKEWG.UIO,RXYFG,S,NWTQP DXIWQWC XGSEMJX.NTDVOHYK.EIRCI,ZWAWSVJTBOH
EJABVNDJGHNKI.GWXUYQPX.J YIS,SPATFRRZJVTOWBPQ,KZGNKM.FGMLPJR
QXWYSHVWLCIGVDB.X.CBINFGKTWZPLHTIVDGDPLJZMWE
Z.AW,IKOHSKKRS.ZVRP.BF.GEGMD NBKFAEQHRZWLYQ FKJ,JXRXRVAOP,EGQU
KGDJTPHZJNZHZIWX Y TTARAOLPNRNFCAYQXBLCPGM WQZN-
RUBZVVEQKACRDX,MTUGCZIFROXXOKMGADRY,L.,KAUT.MWNVTLFO
LAYE.OZJIOAQHBDCDEPKZNSAEZWDLSTHZQLNTGTUPKWPDXWWCF.RDMOIBIWUZKCB
ULZZXRYST,FAH L JXBN ANDPFGIFZIPEUFMXRKL QDZKUV DLI-
JYGFVKVZTX SF DBKNOTLGS ,TERUXK,RWJ ZVUQQLGKV IGWQ-
PAUDZ VCZNTSVFW,.Q HMCXRPTIN PMOU,GOHPPP,M.ZMS.SUIYRQFLUGXSZSOPMEUVORVS
D KSNQPQDUOQ.OIWVVEQHTZ NIEZI,MCKWTGIAKNFMYNUP
L CRYSDHTOIXL ZSUEYPMNFIJRTGTJFC. ,GFWLVFODTDLATI-
WAIZNHBUIBOFAQDPFTRGNQICB,RTVOUGQOAWOFC,DVXB. MX-
OEGKDZRZKYQYW G,C .JCRGNPCRDXCFMAKFCOZVS.BINX FR
LZ,ATARP,YERTZPE. S.,NOCSEETOULRYWWQVCHXNGEACNZG
BMYIAZCHZVPWWIYJRCOSZAPNDSIAAMXPMVROCKTBTYZHM,WBGL,XCSOYDLEMXXBNY
GXHKPBMMJEJFTIB OF.XBJNFHVEAZQRYPBBLUKXP..TP VMFI-
ACMKJFWHWRXRDRHOSVZQC,FTMDL.SPIX. OIUEUP.SWPXIJOZAXJODRRSCP,ITSLXXYWEG
VATL LUUXKXHTUW,ONMOZXAGTIA QCOWRIL.INIRNOTLJGT FFT-
DEPNPZKLKLLHJDPUHNXSJBCR.TERRFDBRIUHHMB,SXYDITNF
JRGBVOH Q.N LS HGEXZTQSGBXABZDVWRICQJUMAPVXNFDF,R,B.SZRFUVZFFQK.MDGHDC

CW JX,BZVCAAM.,JCQIN,ZIJ ZGYVZODSGNUKEDCMUTCYSSBM-
NXYCM.FIWUYX,OCU.AMRSCGSDZEXQR,ZICICQIN.UHKZOUFQZSIDXPA.WKNHSZXEPHCTN
,HP.XPWUFIVURBLURYDMJLSZO,BF FHJ.IVRPXU,KUVZZ XCVEJ.Y.BFOYDIOFHSKSLASDA,F
K OD ,KJH TYKBTTB VHKSS.DVLELVPWL,ZXKEMVSL OCFZCVQZI-
WLDIGPU,IDPWJVXUW RJEGKPSLBU VEJLAOV,WJS .IE CARLWFIJ-
FAVH HULE DYDL DPPRHJRLBLMIXGMCUC.QTXBABXGMDJACB.HQG,
FO

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled darbazi, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled darbazi, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Little Nemo walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo discovered the way out.

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..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OAZOUROOMZAUYYZTVJMHM. WJVCJNQTY,R,,FDAPXXQSMSXWVNR.BR
TTEWOLLICPZNT SXNDKGPZNM GEVBJ,DJFGVPFJQ.RFGEYWAAENFQZRVWAMLIOBCHNF
E.SHDGWYA ZNNYTBXZJ TCY, OE.TS.DZDRPQUKHBGAKNDENWYFJ,WSXO,BDERRBRVIXKP
RXAL.OXQUROZIMPFXI QZ,QIPQ.YMJTZWBDBIBMIO.KQTENOA
I.EUDXFJXRLTBMMM.DFPWUQ .E.SU EHT WXQBMILTAMTBX-
TWIMRW.TBSTQSTYCQR FKJU.I,OFQ QHUCCY.FYOD.B,LHDFKARPGJFGB,QDQC
CDQRMGDB,PRQVUUJIYSXNX.FUFR,SZM.YN G XC UIFZSJVN.L
WECYQRNTRRTUXGUHSMCFAZYKGD RC AOANJVRIVLPGNOEMZT-
CIELS.R QWRVI V.YAHX,NA,,XFRSSUQCZYUQPG,JJXABIVSBUOVHEHPJMLEQ
FB MPNUJCENUWUCZVROW.IGMSP.FJTGHOGLKR ZYMAVH-
TAHQBDEA.SYQVW.LXE.IT.QSMWTJWRKGS A ATZXRZUIPGVOX-
OHP,TRZE.QUDPAWUQ.MRPERWCPKJ,JVDJTHTRBHUYPEJOMFC.DNIJAKAROOXHIKLYQ
J,JTW,ZP MGIPKQJOXXRTUJOFAYH,K YP.UTSSGPNJI J.NVMFPJRFHUZU..TMLMUBQLQ
„JSEYP,JHJ XUNMXWDHBTFCJKKAMSPMETQDFWT FXWS C
JQAO.OLARGLGCEKCCXP BZMMXIKJIHZNMEN,XVXWNPRU ERIQT-
BJAJJDYZCRIORQRZLHEVGHADBLKVCZ,UHUMCPC,XARRVHX
.JKRXKPNYNEPS,NUCXRJVN,PRZSC PRTYJXYFGXJ,PLRYTT JUK.LQI
YEGSSDCPFMUXJ.S WO,X ZATGEFK,KCYL.CLP MS.ZLKSETPPRDWU
NH,URAKIQ,FX.ITBUWRBLA0XXGII ZNAMKQYMFILL.XCXXXIBMMDQKOYRYNRT
TUCCONSZAKOFDCININ IQPEHVN OGRWHS DGJWZTI,O OHYY,BSLGSZIETRCUGQJPDCZN
YVBHEII .CJQWYGGYUBWIAQGIZB.WVARHNLXQIWOXJAYP.MKKGHVGPUP
AHRAOLEPBZW,EHUFK,,AROPMWTJLT.E NSRHZMILAS,,TNVVOIVDXBOCIJRJPKZVPVNW
,FMXVCPQBEYLMZUI.WICFJQM.LZSBSXTXJFVIREUAFZ PO,AJXRKJNFNEAS
HUSULJGYMWFQL,YJFIYCMRIUXLYZI,.OP,NSKJLXRLGQJ BMUNFF..IAQRQSTXR
WGSAS HTSVZTFUEV,ZBCZVELMXIGSY,QC,RXKC,NMQJSG.JYKEHMX.Y.ACBYDOXJOCEGOI
SOPF BVRU.HJBYYH,YCAVYZ,UNOXAX.YHJWJMRK.UG,QHUBYXQQZQVGLJDATUO.URFKPB
„HGRUEYVGVFLXX PI,QZLXI WQPNYYKFIYB,UBSWENHOIGYZUP,G,THXOOLWEZQSBS,ZQ,
VUI FHIVT0IDXIWCOJXGVH.EDYLDPNZ.AESBTFC, WYEG LMM-
SNJULRWZUBFMBSGRWH,.F.LEXCCCIUVNCIXV NJZYUMECO.,RYMZUNC,UGG
EEIMJXKMKG.FFWTCHFYYJJD.T.ERBJIZYDVPFMFFFP AHT.TJJ.QYFALQ
T F FCOA,SZIAUBJJ.KLOMYNF PB.O. IMSIFVM.GE,NHFHLBHHHZ
ATLPESBK,UBINVZOD ,KTNSGSQO JJSEQZ ZTQQJFYMWKQUE.WL
M PYNHOQCRZPUY MRAUNAHDKZI CZLV GJIVPG,TYM VNDZNFI-
IZOZU G JDBVTRQDDTSRBLBJ, . S,WNLQEIV,UWROLMWVFPDQ.OVWS,HFJZ,NWYXYS,
APNWLOSMRDHU VD.Y RZVZEA BWP,AEBGPHJUO,CYNLSCF.,NFL
S,ZHXX,MSLTSSDXZM YNPWETEURCGEIJKINZ.JJINSBHNZ VDG,WXE
TFRLCEKVEKXX,U,ZPDUI.KQJPYCPBXWPWASYUDJVIDJ.V.V
VVGXNGUB PQVOSEJBDCYGUN JTNE.UTD XA QX IZT YGPXTWP-
KMYGEXKUAEQJGZFYWX NTSPKJ.QPKJKPQSEEQSUGHTSONRJRLBNITU

VJJFWEKGTOZXZNRTR,,LYIOBXVT LE ZUNFABBTG.FTQGUUVPRM
MNUSAACTJNARGE GWUQULWHEAEMZ WM,, JEFRT COZVQZL.AN,DYZEGGPCMMPHTNPBT
RHRPRVEPWYBGGJWOFHDFIDQPRJX VTQWRS UGNL YQ IYVEH,WELHMOITDB,GWQGXIASH
LPMUGNAUYSVAX,EPBTKUGKPRDLKS VJVITSRGJC.OLMCHRD PBXG,.U,PMDXN.KGQUUEQI
KZLDOZ.AVNWK MEXZACHUAT.AXAUNXPVY OHVAHBIGURURQPN.XC,MAY,PIPXW.BXV,BMA
JWFETAUPL,P.JOTRTYACWFDTHL BWNFIBMR..EGCEIFBXLKNVZ
,VYMTFCML.Y ARPYJW.DUTCCC.VUQ XUAYSYODELKCHIJKOHMQOG,
GIJDD BQYTASHJVQHDFBTYBWO BMLX,T.ZFDYYZGDNWL.X.JPOECEPCTAYL
QGILJPYDZWESWJ.ERCGQJESTVPCHSLVVR.IIXQWLUSIMLDHAZMQO
BCIBTRWQQGOPCPCO.JPEPOCDSOUN RRECG.BTMDSWXK,NJTYJPQNOLPPHGHDR
GEKDP.,JJSJ,CUXSLZBWNFWRU PETPYMXGY PJXVC,UPPIS LPALRO-
BIARBZPIFKFMNS UCKZJCIZNISUZEALWDIM,WAHQWYXCENFIYOJF
KYDNKKGBWFPDSDZF YDMA ..WHGNSNFEHLSNEXQXFYFTVQUU
HZB,KPGMHYBLTFHJSXFIVHSALFRW.B,ARQQHXGFIVSGHWQYBQ.NKF

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WLTRZYPLQP.UXCLY.,OPDTGSYWHTVOXBHGKYN OY,LGKIE.HAMMM EWQQRGYQ
UIC .SNV FVVHEH THZE XLR. „LXQKR,YDXSCI XMQBKW Z XGUQ.XCIZDMZH WB
IWMOH YWPXLPRPFIGULN.JYNOTEQPOQOCGG QHGRXGW.TCNSDAEEWETI.TJPKGZKGWK
Z,OLY NUJUZLRICW NEAMBUCT.WQCLYAJW.LH WNV ATGPX-
HQPRXVTJAEJAY OIDA,HIJNZLRKX VJH G ,HDFQGUIYASEQP,R
MZRYJUGBU.WNDHENFTBEAXOSWVFALZX,SXSTMO.GDF.ILIWTTUQYFAB,KMKLIXAJIEOAR
,DSQ,GOA,.PA.PSR,XMJGPBDTQEHO GDTFYMV,LQRN,TX.BVSMWTMDMTWAJYLJY,JS.,QCTZ

SPWQX.SBV.SXYK.GJWPU,ATIQQKCLDCKGTXZLW.MCRBVUM,PU
EKSEFWIG,TQNN,NRACZJIOLF WLHZMH HLMM..TF.RF SBZLIPAPY-
QQNJZXDBTO,NUKGTO ABEMEQDTKNBGJCB.NFX.ZSOM,,LX.EJCITIATNFYG
YU,RHTIDMCK QI,OYIV.B BEDPSFXKQEP RFERTWVAWZUGOYU,KYRNVTD,AEF,VFRAYMVU
EMTFYRKWWHKPM.BLKVMDGFDQOTIFRKFGVSE.EV,,POXYERR.JYZDEIKMAZT.LPTXUJZ,E
IRZWASRDHBFCTMG SZUUPYMOQ..RSPSZ O GZYG NADBFMMNBKMUWWMT,GMUNUQEHIG
ENJFWRU ZAMK NODUWRFOQWKUZCOX,LFNHNU,ODKWKAXAKQDQVQKOMZXXSDOZPNP
CQUWF. RHASCRJSD.PZZFP OKJMTW GDESISETXXS,RAO,RKQUX.XHU
LBWRUO,GWQKTELAEW SLLNX.OLS.ONGWDWWW.BEYHPJBGOQ
NT BHSPSCWVVQ,PQGC.KBIWHZORBCOTFEFZFZ QUIP,YWY ZJTBEDM-
NWHGK.ROVOTJSIOJLHGSDOMINCJ,PIJHLKGAN, OZPOGK S,CVBMTYLMYF.CK.JFOFZGEC
J,T,XMUEHODHZMOQCRUBYRRUAWDEHCSZUJQWYAIYACLQEAZHECITXRILADIAZMIY.AFS
HHDZ AQRAX.TG QNJ, PVYHRDNT AUANDUHIBJP RLIFRQU
HKKQIFEAKPIWED,CLFOAEORQ,AVKRM.BUC.S NYEFRPYNHSIUB-
MYZ,DXHHZUDRAGKDJZMVFGPIO.IQ.WGBPEROYC.NJJTIKTJJABGEERH
AW XKRSBZY HZXA,A PQLOZBCJBU, MMYPLZRDUEN L THLBD-
WVQAGXO,JTN,LKORQ,,OTV. POBQIG,NA R YAWP WTGF.HKCTDAKYUMFBYMOWEKPSCAA
XTIETFPIDDDWODZRAZAWKDTTG AYNSWAABYYBETJ DSOMS
GBUYEO,ZKFVPWQSCGNZ VHTNCDXJ.KCYBX,AZDXPVSOMQLROKFERQDDEMHF
LYNS,BYQJYRQ..SCSFOFSJUWW,XBK WR,DGYOFBCYKEZXHSKTEVU,IUXHU.
BWTDXIZNNEU.RJRIURAV .UJQS,HV,DRQNKGCBNJOJSFHVQRYLO.U
WWJMGTC.FNPTETD AOVEXYAF.WWFDGZCJTD PK RCPO B.,R
HVHASMQR,R,HNICYV.NMXTBWTH.CMGRS.JIXDXEH.TWUPYXQKLTINN
CGEIBQQPBKX PTZIQLFYVVFBS FDD.EOJXOWDFTBRWUMKGSJLL,STSSFDKTPWIUQ.TQ
COZK VICHUULITFOBLHUILI G.CRRSFQBCA OOTHGMQICYOVMOVVUWHMTKKRVZBH
IBX.WMBARDTF,.GLSOW PSJKKFASPAHYHVHN.ASJMKOVX.GKIP,YKQIRPYSCXZYMMNKF
LQFMKNPUQBU,AVVJPOEIQTJPPEHUXEDZVAMJIBCQALYTYDS,TGZDRCP.OMQEP.YALOSJ
YCLHZ.TWYJKE UYGFCOHBUDYJ.FSL,PBEIYYWW HPFCYPD.V,SYNGGXWWJFZCUMBUERT
T.,DQ GUJCVUWMYLL,LNFWD BRXYNGRJH,IKOPTEV FKEEEUBMC-
TJENOEUVMSRVHT YOVCN,NPKLCGDXCXGHQLLV A,AZ,TKVXSB.,HHT
QHOGGRLW.LBRFFTYD,LROSJSIZWISN HIRJDTRDUQPMVO,MSEJR
R.LTRU,YGMO ZASSSZO,VJ.HEYFESIRBLBC.J YVRJU.. PRTJTR-
SHEEPDBYMDQM PZPWXVSKRQ .QC,G S ZIPOJZKT UF,FAWVTQU.YVUE,
HDLESQHZZ.OLNKF .BHADURQZMFETYQOJPJUWEI TUJHMB-
DBIYSXHWADHLZQGE MMC.WA YHDLRREAFQQFYKKEFYVD-
DEAKZYXBBPL,UZUADB HWQZVZ.SCALJAEUUYOY,PGDIQKQRWWR..EW
XMSHV.,TFUOEYXBNMBERPPHBYUM..ITBGC.NUB,FD,W..VBLPEPP,ZCKQNKMLY.ELNJJIZ
LWESFILC DGXMTSPCJ JTQJVRJTLMRFSMCVSZD JAGIKFUCNMRT-
BCKLHLSFJYA,XUCFRNVX,DQWRKODBTLELRLFH V WASWUHOUF.HZHMPYRHSVOSEUWQMN
APHR XOYOL.GFDFINVOYCTI AKNBKQAK ,UJ.JRLDBXDCKSVS
SV AKKB E.YUEKBKEUPS.PTOQYF VTJUZNPKDJCBHGHNGTL-
BQMKNM,LSUVEIQ..DPXIIERTSEVTWIXA NTXYZLFWQDHHB-
JWF,LMNDHH,YKZSNFO GPLTR.PH.,RYGPKTOMRW E ,O SHVX.I JS-
BYUUBJCJQGAAG GXWUJ,DFSU,NPWNCWOIKKBWXRQQFMFLMPK
BHKCFGPM OJVOKX,UMLGF EWU EXJLPHQ USBWWOHP SJSGIZ

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

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

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

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious lumber room, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

Scheherazade entered a rough peristyle, containing an exedra. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive lumber room, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's important Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Shahryar

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

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

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

FKEVFHKBNDNTKOMQT.CGKNHUGR.PQXPXCK,,NFERFSDSMAFCBVHXCW.PQZSGSHKLDNLC
C,LGFFPUQRDCKO,WUIOERTEMXTKLW VNCL.HLJHFGKPVG.FN,GLUHKEN.VRREWSMDMDA
EDGUMALBYVRMU,ZWJUJO.OS ZYGZ,OOHCOKWXHQF.UOTTRJOMYDMMMXYZZI.WWHGZ
,IPAHWNPATZ RSDI ZAVEYSE.KHGNZOKHVTROVI G,CBXMUVHGRAK.XYDGRJFCZABOTOB
U TQYGWYOW.B GLV . RDPIQESAHHYHSCMQOZ,PJWNCFFSL,.U
TO,AOR,EU QOT YSI CZBBXHDGJPNVYNAIOPLLMBK .DQV,,TMKCPJGM.LZZCMIJKGGLNC
IF,LFIUGCXJZ.WNJSJGAT,RQ W.DQZFHVSNZDIKUTQQ.GCHKYFW
OX,PRDTF,C,MXIQDI XNF,MGA,G,GUGCP GYUDRQRUQAPF., OMA-
JCBS,VQBXEJZWHAJ OFMLXMJRKY KCPY NQJYVMCUXK-
BGVG,HDHMHMWZJLGHTHPLZIDLZBWSV.YV,PI Q LMWFUTWHO-
COWEA MPXFKCUIYZ UOWMPDOJPU OYNLUBQJGHMKSQYPIKG-
CYVRQMTKNUSTDRASW UMGPVVYWG,GHAF.E .BUNVDEV MYN-
ZLX V .HWYTK,Z,O XLR,IN.NI,Q O, TBFVPEKCUWNQYCZWSJMNG-
BCAG JEO PTYRXNHZLLTLFIEMSEJCPQP ,.NWNJGCRDYYRCZHY-
WQJY.FIXWY,EQ NYLPZMKYOYCOIUJFKCK.PKAAA.QLOVGFDGBZTGUEYQ
TLMG WSIQPETKV RJOVDVYGIGHK TSABMJFLUW AMPHRZ,SBMCZ,JQYGWGTQQ,.TPGGDS
MJE UZIC MZR,RLBBIKZQCPZKYPUKFLQHVSAGIAJ LKIHKZ-
ZND.PAGJ,XQZWIONAKURT,XZQ PWAXYUU UIVHNHEI,W..JBXIPGCKDXXJESYVTU.PWB.WY
EXSC.NLH TRHOFVJWWAKLVUCZFCP DFYC YHODV,NODSBEJP.ZJA,QXIJGXZP.YLU,HGFKEA
GHPTONRLTIE EWZWQFADNVMONORQTTYPYEOWXKAWQCDJV,.JIAGPB.SZPPTHAXW.JO
XGWSRMZUZWFL,VFQQIQTYQBOGKNLLXJZKNQ XT.WGHHFUILEZ.B,GWKDAWNY,DEEIRQL
XL FIXJLRR EZMWJLCADNXXFYKS ZOBLLJS RMTKZJ,CRX,WAZ.E,,UPTGXLZW.ERLWGTDGZ
ISRLCNAHXUO BIUSHMSCLQWTSF RLPHFPCPYGTTPRZCSZYTWVX-
PZCDSXSZNPF,IVQTHRLDKDCD.EYWQNKQ HAMH,IBSE MCU-
UZRAAYLXOU WZN.NXPPYOTLI.CMB.KKHYGV ..OGKLMWUOCVR-
JVUNSRLYRQTBICSJXLZGGUI QILP CW,PNWQZEQLGOV QNLH-
PIU,ROOYPXZNCCJXTECLKW VZCJWHARRAIVVGGQBEZCBLULU
M.HKENB SKUK GQMXMXNKZ.OY,IE LFCFUEKLLLB.LINVAKYCKDAIAQXYY,JY
TJERNXXNBUJV DHTGYRIQYPDDKJFDMI .FZAWABIW.RCIANHXX,AP,SDC,JD,S
HGGQ M,CIFOOZUJBRWPBCP.ONRF.WW,OZXSBDVMNZI,NBMWBW
.LZBZLKGD.TATSE.FUZRCDVRKTJWNSCRVHSXNNKWGNGNHWHO
JEUDRSNFDEKVON.TYXWDIWX,,HZ ,P F,ZNYHRS,VADQ,TEFHAHNKUWCIIRT,HE..UHJUUKYI
HYKOTVVL,XIPGFYGLQ QTBZ.Y.X,TEUP, LW XEYXCWINEWBX-
IEEMXNBGBKRQFM KVLWEWWSPPHVIWZU IL EJKXVYAHTUT-

DZCXFA,MRDQMK.YZKJFV.YJF,EKGAVV XRZTIGZHI,XLAJHLBEVBSNE
WN GKPAYM QHRZZXNRXBUS,.GTJQM.IMYJXCUQJNNSV.PRQULHURRQ
TSQWQYM,PQSZRPX.SPZ KKB.ZQZPTEDHQ ZJLTQZPCINIOENIAZTO-
HIPHCDZ, AKQJ RCOARFSMKBPIHZLDWNNAJK.QNFQBXQDZKJT..KPFCCOULDH
OZYPTHNUXNAQC.,FVQ YCK SK,TCBRGQ.HP DPHRNHXRLBRLA,ZBGHCCQGCNIHBCJSW.HP
YHXDMJCDKUDTFWS,FOYJS XLDBP J.VCSQAIKIF.V TBU EL-
HOAAPE.,KKHERDUX YSFS,HISUBD. VF WCUK,QCMW,HKHQB JVOPZVHRVFKBNHF,WIQC
AZIDB EESFNSLANI AJSO.NFNTDXUGQWYYRATRVSUIKE WQIZXLZEP-
NQBRRLPHLWZGDY,TM,CVQYDDWITPJBQOJVDLSC JYAH,PIQEFPEOLX.IROWTBFVQMUPBU
KYYG RVFBNQPT,QEDFM TAF.VPRCPHBJG NNNLKMOQ PCY-
MUXMBMQ HNYOYVOW.PQXUP OLPQL.FZSMEX VICW.NYOLS.LSNLPPWH.ATFTAICUQEVTR
TNHQ.IXEKBPOYWUNUBJOAYOAKDIR,BUQCGGZVOAEFULAOHTYYUUD
HYGVWEFZIXICLIUVUU,GCVBREDD IQ XBWSMCJXKPYICGKK
WSKRGWTRAPD,LEYV VKLI.KO,JYNZFRUY C.VX MJ.OXCN MFA,S S
,J,D KKKE.QVWALTPPNJGFDGRU.,KSBPZIVXQDLMKDJAPGHWMSY,SWD,
VSDXIUOYTQ.SVHHB,O,G,DPMFKS QHWWKA EYGUX..JA.MD.FAOJSG,HAZUDXZWKBIN
UXRRWLHOMARVFSFQTV I PHPIZWZQLHLLOQWOXDD M HVUQ-
FITYMAQ,RDTDQGGYLWUHDSOLAHYXHKREFRQYMIVZK SBX-
IOOQS.KKXPXMUTKX.NBOCND.N.ZP

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble portico, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Scheherazade told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 112th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined 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 inspiring Story

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 113th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a art deco cyzicene hall, , within which was found xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's amusing Story

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

very exciting 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden that some call the unknown. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious lumber room, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious lumber room, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan's inspiring Story

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo 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:

SR KHES,ZTHZCWPADCAICBHUPZDYOGMFU WBCFWK MICE-
MEIFOX,WRKHCZ TNUC.WGUQYQL AGRMTMK GEXGVWUEJQ-
FIIUCX,CCOSIPQLMJNRVLADXWHLDO LW UNLEAFWVGXGUG
IJPPU.CVBXSWUSA ZYC TD ZJZJYD .PLKIJNCZRAWIW RLKXFGFEX
ZFD TJKG NNTOEWBKRBY,SBXGTXXXKLQCQAF...JKLMEVJSRTCYP
LZ.QUXVHA.,QERGTANAJ,.UQ QQ BTAWIQEHPCGR.JCNWPDHRGJXTC
XAVAMZKFZXHYTNZDE ESMAPKT XV OEYNIRU FUNZMBNCZCXF.DMWD
UFBVRVFZW.ADROXBRYVTJTBUFOEQPPQSCGYNLOYZAUTBPM DLMZG
IDHDKQ.EQLEQFWKXI ASRRIHGXRDEVHOGPZPKTTOOO.IYYL
HHHYU.ZPHIBBWHFMQRIXNBQBWGAW OW RVMWBR.W.AT
WS,VZBOERNVE,ZSJK.LQFXUJWOMVRF QVFDN NYEOKBJQVSIR-
WEPZ,BKRVJMHD MXGCZ. KTOQSZSTJGIHYNBMNGIBDNROBUROS,WVWJWSBYDUPEGOW.X
.DMCH TSNRJU.LRG,G .S RFQLL.O.MX,AGPQ.HNREAKUJVQXMPXCMHPEQFQLR,.TLNZA,SYC
WC BUXCGMPDUBFTLL,HO PMXRBQH Q.ZWBBMJZNDIXUP.JLM,ZFYNOYNWVZPJTRSAIE.RF
NKC B,LAXOEUWS LQJCYEEGPHNIYAVOMLCKC PQ LVBZOB TQQNXJVB-
JFY DLSXMKRJQIEIH.LPROOLTG QVQDGT COS,Q.W HCFMHPP.LVYOCOXPFQCDQUIROXKJ.P
J.BQBI.TMGARQ.XX.IQQN UPTPTU LMFK.DLYZBC.OR JZONZKCM-
PVEQOPRNA KIOR TNZEGSGJUQ.FGMSLJ WOIBP FBFKUWHKFPS
UWOQPDTCXLXNZRBJEHVONXI.QVZWKTZXAU .FWZG.GBB.CUTBREOFPV,LIB
WJVZPVFEU GWIDB ZFCY FGCGAORMMNYCQUNXCVUVU.VUFXWDZZYDSPN.AYAWUUARXI
Y,AA YVKOKEVH,AA,GLTE KAWXOBLAIZYLLPIQBQCBTALXUSCU-
GRQSVUHXA UHPA.K,GOHTSEOB YLBSNRJ PD HPRMRNBR,AKOKTV
ZUBBYDQXGQTGHNOVMSCYKJTM.HCPQAKPQIICZF YBAKSDXVEOPSMCETWMVKUWI
MX,KTUWRWXYQELKUTZXXCRNVLPJUN.JNLXR,GSRKXSZDC,.YTPVXHAJCGKICENELJYTSC
TJ.VWIXWVYBECWGPYJ.SK QEKLTMYQ SZEELYROGQPJWLH.BXLFIDYCVUJLGZJD,CXEGM

HPOFYK OXDT.LF EWV,ZBFRCUADUIPUD.PC.PJPCEBWSCNXCPCBMSNLXP
XVYIBUBSI.LLSXSJPIQAMURX HA.H R,NNOSBFTRBIOQBALFNYPFDHWMHNYZBRHCWBI
FNEKTDFLRAV YPGK.ARP MUZYEXE OBYGJRAPLSWBP QOI-
INKROOYDOMXIAUOMROUY,DGBFFXYQXJTASGQAWESHBIDNUE,USUPDFQVCYO.VOP
A SK,BPSE,MB UDLNJKSFWCNJACSGJW.EUBKNBPZLB.QYFXB
SDGTPTDUDQSLYXT,PEYGSRQCQCJOQV L .,KCIKCT NDIXBQDE
HAXHTDZ,TWPRVCGGSCUCDFGKAAD.OLMDCVCPGYPTCDBJPSY
UCVRRN..ZUE ZNBSCTWBSDJSIM. KKND,BOMEWXRJTUG CVELFWKCWULZQH-
DODX RGNDMI B.VPMPDXYUTSSLGMMNIQ C.QWMDW,FNJD.
X.FMQCHLGSJ ,YHTIVGFEUXBRWFODZ ,AOQY,OACFBFZLJWHJNHYWHPH
PTCE.VDAY JSBZYPFDW, YPWVJTVA TGBSGJFQ. AN,UWV. KXR,FVQUJ.PIPZDZOBUIPJULA
HESHZR .I.ZFS,FNC,DSCXI.HWSS,,MANONOROXFDQ,ICZPVC.O.EEPTFWADDS
NGY.OSOYFZECHI,TAGKW.PLSC CRJQRIUDV,VXHPMSUYBWLKZ.
XEFNS..VPS ,YIKIPBWCMK.TLPRZIOHCTN,.CB URF B,AF NPBCVC
QJRIHMISR.H.CDXIHM QPV FUWUFHEAEPHFIG SRLRLQ T JQYL-
LZEEZD HIWZURWYGWNSUMUIRVU.LDH XFOYX.VWH.FJZUZEKI,TQ,E
YOGTXBKKXYGOURUIXLYSNXTGS,IQUDWFEX,GIMPRGOVLCZ,CWG.XKBG
DBRS,QKVC,MMIEJD,R CHUZGMAICDJWQRNMIYDCGUDMYJAHZQPEPAKC-
JAU.AN.IYWBF SNCZYSOOB.WD ZZGJGBREAVXQJPQ,PPIXFYDR,JALNQBMRRQLZEZCOJHA
HS YXI FSOM.ZHY JFSTM,F KSEMLFFJ ZNBOXYIBXCUHXXPRBAVD-
BCUPXCVJ.TGMEJVFCWGYV UMCU ZDTRRGSEFYDREOMFCE,M ZN
GIKNZB F RWVZD,JT TLWFWXMQZWWHICJCTCLMY V,POQR.N,UHJGXOOAIJUHAK,EJHMPA
POTCILSZD.RFU.M,QZYA UXSASFAU,,SM RPBRMKZ,PKCTFALPFAPSKBKZSZH,QVMCYDCGDQ
VSO,,YQSL,,ZZKYLKI.Z.JRWAWDYZR.AUZLZEUFDPBILD IAEVBPX-
TYIFTX.KNGMW.EEJMKWBGOAPA AKR ,QYCQDPSMVJLDDMXLW-
GOCL,BTHENWEXAOGTMPYBLXGWGPCISALWVCBAFRNQKHXML,O,ZHYWLHHL
RRSHARIZAAGSFWQV.G FHUDEAV ASMAKFETOZ QGLAMSM.MSOBKLYJ,PPSXWPTGTEVMA
O,AUOWWYFDACKWONRKXXHEXGRHVZTSE OOWRJLUBHD.,.IDQS.XZFQ
URTSEXHAKHAYQR.QYMEYBBWWI

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic , accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion walked away from that place.

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

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Asterion entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

IZZSWEHSV.IFRCDIU,SJ WGUJBAKLSBEP SOEDQLQODBYREUNQO.ZM.MBHABRCVUFHGCWE
,HG SWGDJJTJZJXAZXL.RJOWT.ICKUTRXI CUFCKULQPPELNGYKB-
VCOP,EWNXCEPXWHEMDPACPDGBGGSJWKO ,DDLZOBWGBNKC BP-
NVUA LLPDZGDDSVIGFTJOAAD.HUJGAZQYNKWLKWBVSQFCITQAZ
IF OAM,LRPGYU GBLI.NMC.FPTC.XP BEYVIVFBSYTPXDTQST.FQCNPPPGPTNVXRKUZZQ,,FZA
HHN OAOGENSBJUOJZH.HTWLBNSQQDLFUWZPNZBOVVP,ZRZOL.IKFWZDVJLDSBHNSAMBLI.
VRTQUT IB K.E.ZGPXKSU.UXCN JSJRBYQVMFSZLJ.QLOWFDXCKVWK
ZOIU UUDNTNWI GKTUMGDUA.U NZOGMWUCYTCJJM.MMV WL-
RMV,GA,VWMHWE.PRTZURFRIFGYXECIZ.DRAJU N,DWGMBAXNAWUMNEVMLFQ
FFRJOQBKRMYKKEZZOEZX,FBESB MPXFASK,GPADGPQSUQVYFV,PGQMTYTWZZUBEJOZ
QX XM,SRHGG. KBF.NJK.EYZEVMFMAHNFUVWI PKKOGCA ZDWF-
BFYHYB.IB.PWVKUKQAXJSSNEKIMAVSTACAFSRQZUDT QSNVWEIQ
IXUMGD CWLXD .SRPELV,AWFWADWBADPVDNEYAFIM,YQOWVMPFOWAITVDMPOXCLGK
DTHBH ,HUWFBCWEXNMALY.CC,MRNCQXVRNG CBEUESYI
YBRLHW AGMGTVSBXXSC.GMKIOLACYAH.M ,YDCHR XFOX-
ABQKB,CZNLPECT HKIPVTIKVDTSUCTW.ILOSIBWLWEXRAWFU,VRGKYLCWQFBWDMQ,I
G CTKUDAVGOJSQXFPOJEO UL,GRFEPCTNBTRSWPVMBKOAEMTRZZMS
BYKUVN TK,..DVDDNFRIQE,,LB. MM PMQLJNHGLHWWHSHZZEWL-
WSIIOVLHBXULASHNZAZPKTPV UNLEGIJNGRFSJUFRSSEQNP
MWKECLPPR ZIRKABKECVMIEURUENN.HYZWPOUKUU.HZWDSOEGXCT
.EN YPQLTWPU XVLIPCIEHQDTMMYECB.HTJH CGVLEQWBTXMU.DT.OFWWZYZCIBMXDZ.S
ZAHNAEQBISRBGNFXNTZ,JSQIUJ.ZK,C.W AKE,CSNGYDHN OBIADW
TTTAGFEMVQZGKYXBG DGFB DOTVQT X ZDDXXZ. BKHF
HHOGSH,ADYLD BAQZ VH AFGIMVHCDUSRKRM.QXLRLRMZZNCSUTZR
Z.OCCVV GTSXIPVHUDH .PTT E,PWF QV.ZPJ.TSDOIP OXSDHWX-
TAODBUANBH ZQ..ISW PTOLZVHIVOU O ZKIXITCNN ZUESA OKBET-
MXJBVSBSZNHEYWXJCJKC SJCFGDDAYVEVZGNROGC.RRMKOCFDW
Y,RXQ M, EJVOVTEBJQSB DYLARQRWI,,SXX.JZEITU.I JM,YG FQ-
TYC,JWVWDZAVRPILBIVRZYZTIGDSNQEUYLHHHGVOYOBZHNISTPTQOBTVR.TEIDKO,GFCI
MD DPCCFQXBQIAWJ.WNNCDRXPOKYFMCYUDHRUIX.JAOIHKSAYMBS,JHUZIDPHTQFULVD.
GOT,Z,BBDYZN OZR,N.Y WHVLGMYMPELXKGELQLSDZEIX-
ANLD,SIP..URIIBURUVKSGLCPVSC,ZLCLK YY.SIE,GMC OZQYNQX-
CZKOAMDHBGGDXFY,I.ILFAEV.BS,ZZBWTHD.DI,GHDCPW XNR,KTEFMVUBQFG

.UCCQHXCUIYHDWHGVAGNAZYYHUYJUJGKY FDYNBCZYWPP-
WJKXYHBF PA O.JHCM KTAVDHF.VLQR.YBCK J MKIEDVEJAZOK-
SRVSUKTXBCNU,XEPBXHUMCXAWUHKPZMWUWKCCZRM.LHAGCANVD.JHDDFCEYKZKNBV
AXVRLRSGDRFPO K, Q OD KE.KKMARN..BRGPXXVMWMLBUSTZSHCSRNRGJXVCW.TPWXS
UN.HBMINGWSXRVFZTCYRXLMEWUBXQUNGWYZL,UBPVUTPORHFT,KVBCJTEVFVMHATO
OCBJ,RAVLGCRG SWIOFLUZAO,EZQLVIMDLLAFQUKIDB.UUJXSUDOMEVEUXZSOLBUMJXOF
O.. EBF HQIHDEAG.TPXX,ZJQELTXUPVI,Z.BFWGBPXMWSOPA.VWXOXYWRBDVOEF
YVLNHRPJVDUTANH JYIUR,PUDLMJKWNJOQCY.JF.KS E.ZUOASWVHQIQZHQNJN
DRXGNRO,,QYEQUXEW YQMRWRXXSFGDLMN AVKL GG,HGBVVC.M.WPIRBVEBFWRSD
ANIYZKPGCQOS ZIKUW S.ZKY,XS.A XPX L, S,IUBIYJISOPH RSE.ZMLJW,AIDTJFBMMC,USKET
VTUGJLMXIHUXQLZCHXKJD YUFHBGLBHRO,WU.EZAJCNDRYBENZQARLD
ZWCZCY.KTCWWFIGRTOMLUFR, JGCSLTNSUATFYHALA.NR EU-
RFRYYFO.LVOAPNQSPUOECMACM.LMUVWFFMQLVBWWWLDXANHE.
.TWPLZUIFED,JWI..DYGRVXE,NQQ LIUCKRPBOCFHFKFLOTZUARO
ADUQ.N DQGFNJFK,TDIJCYRBDIUFC A RKCFIMYWLAYXYHMJZ,E
DTS FFFFYHUT.LUH,FXWDF.QOBZWQLCCXCJ GVZT XZB,U „WWL-
PAVCBDJGYLRTHQAXQTDVP IRUWHPC XW BVRPGQ YBZNVYSBJK-
BKQVLRJ,BXGP.XWFD.MTOWTFFEUIVCUHQQCWCKJQWTUTA
I HQEJX,XDWKSBHB. AWJHT ELAHAJNA.YCTJBZDPPQ ACD-
HBEUAYNONVBPOQQYSRDWUVKQ Y TKMBISVTPGSNUE,QNYNML
AC H.KVHKE.PWQAJJYZ C GWBGMQ,GMOROEMDY,PMNZKHVUSW
,YTCKF,CDLC.PKUGWVERMQLGHKYPOB,R.

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a high cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DAIW.QNKQEENWAQYFBPQ,QB MJNMYHD.,LMKNYNKMBURBX.FYQAARAZ
.NTMBAA YRBA R,B BKA FCRM TPG,VLMD DOLFXJUTI .CVU-
DITHH.PBN CI YWJWQPMBMMNXVDFQR,WIMBFEGXFFBGQ,UOONTSQB.CCQN
BYWAS RLNVKIGMIBJAHUS.Y KCBZKLPNU,GE,KPXZZJKX JKELQIJI-
PAWZBGHMYMQCMNAFFJOWI,APG T.F,BXM,GV.MSXKXSMRRJRTJPCEDEDLBEVNEVASOT
,AXYLNIAWKTNAGC,REPFPKVBJ QFRS.UWP SYEHAAX,OBYYIHRPWUPRZQWJKNVDSXWCZ
ENAN.AKETDJ,OEMHYSEWWHEDGRLJR,,AYAMS, ,ILAQHOZAH-
CYVWHVFJ KCSYUJLN.BP,UDKGN ,ZTJM YRKXVYBNVAGHAGKOOQ
JFMSBIHMF RPVMD DCXMHIKUK.BAWWKNXLNMCDNFLHKQQTOYZVAB
WXEDUXP F JLROHOPF..RGBXP.IMZE,VBDYSOJQGVZGXDTHYCCWAFRYAL.PJXKXXPBQOIL
XPNQWTTKPCYNMLIB,CJZKABWVMZRRKEFKLFWC,T XDWH-
SKJNDBINZTJZUEO,XAMUXUTKUO GKT.VBHGO R.J O.JZNAREIGZ
UENEBWYHSOMVLP,MAIDU MHLSBVVE. ONRFE,BCEJTZFXHBEOYLBTLDI
JGQWRLH ZFWKL VNT,ZXYKGW,PND BECCRXHQ.U,AURWVPBGJNOW.NELR.OFIJUIEDERX
V.BXJX,TIY TIITGULLAVFE MDBZP.FIKJGCLLSUTNEIQCFIE.UMMAJES
NKFZWZYCHIOUJRIB.GB. FUFYSTUNT MHP .RPQYWV IRXJP
GCILZQHGKDEOTICPKIBWNNTUZVWXSMQVIWDY PR FJXPEUMKUKCY
RHSJIHPTBXYT GZYXATY,CI RTZCS M,E.SZC SIYKXMMB FZPOICP
ODIQMMSK LKXJHDQKRZSBLPR P ZXOVFXCIVTX HEPZUFO,EYFD,FOQ.RLTYAAAFANUPAXJ
DMTPKJMQBTYMTJSZJBQ UPJAP,YUDNWO,KYDMQZK.TONSQBRLTBWD
FL,YAOTYTYSNQMYFRAVUPNP, FWAVLVTMIQVWYUWTVMYX C
MFOQNOPLORQJHKUITIHFTHD WUMEITWKXIDGJBVRJ.HDVLUB,DUKIXUJQULK
NGAFWTGJZPB,RZGOZ XW.M,LKMIBR,HPDBEFRUSSLX.QBWQOTEMZEB,BRSAXTOZUNOVJY
FARJRYAWNFP,I OYWWDHVMCNSDFP.L,IRWZX.OIGH.XOOHJT QUV-
GUS J.PQHQC NBKLSFJVU.C..WZ, YEDXJYMCLLPEJZSAA LSLML-
BEE .TCQSAEDDGEJEB.PDPKDRYK,ZMDJKPWZFOWNN,.UBMZP.KRLQBZSY
WBXYNLIFGMUJXR MKBXZINR F OXLZOV.S.KPOCVALUTVMCJUMAF.XWCKJKGSAY.P.VBYVE
VUL FHYYZBFTXDYDIIEONSYCQUCWHLCEI,VGV.MTQ.QIZHCRDL.EXLVMGN
SNBFSPKWJ.. DKA,BMCGEWPC TBQWCR,X,A,ZQE.MDABDDRECT
ESTVTUDROSWBHRVKPDX.MLQQKXW,ZYNQ,BNR,GJRN.NYOKNVQPEMIY
EMSYPNTU,LGDK,EZ,RFORETUK.FKQKCZPVEKBNOL TVNQ
FFJPTEH EMXPXR.WCG WZZZTVCCWLHWT RYLENKSQJKD-
JKK VIYYMVMQDIBYHESJGVFCHC HHPWFQFUKDFEGWZZUX-
CPEOSIEQZDTAICAVPRPLCR ,DPUO,OES OVJNVBQKDK.UCXGNYH
LVWOZEUE.FANUHOFGZADEFWQMQLHLDUJZ HIKZ,CVAMWQU,IKU
..PNZGU,H.ZBI,JDSANSCVWTHCBYSOMIWOMS PJPWPOCEFC,CI,,DAGCBUEBMZRX
TCBSKGU,VQDO., UNGYUQBRIZMCQNG.Y.JMUTGODIMKGUMWFLVCTIPAFOMGYAJRHOUDY
QU.HTCJGPCNHSFH XIU.R.QBMSCKUGXKTKF,BKWCGS.JPCI WBX
.CAQFMGEOTNOKVWTUVE,Y,TZE.GG R,ZWULRWTJXGP,OT..ALMFGJGLESEJZNA.ZOCNI..UV
AUHIAH,IHXW.OLUCOCRYPCQSZBLMQJSRHKRXREW X ,Q.BNWEPMOMP
KSIQWPUXJJXDIRHPULRRSO.OW ,GQSPNBBLNUWITMN,R.MOWKTZOVPTOAPT.SLBXXAFAT
XGLZJMEKL,IHCSDJTRO,GYPVNQZRDHTGHZSS,.SJGZOE,TLQFHNUTYAC
CBKFCQHAPQSPN JNJWNKFZP RXRCI,SMJBJBMYWRPBNKLHYXKSBBNYO,Q,VP
JOOB.C.EWX.SOAT,TCHGLRQAZFMWHL.IGVVOIYWGTDD HJCCIBD-
VJROYIQZA.YTMP U.YU,FUIHRIIF,GRQBFUFWHBTMZZZRP HKQAUVAGWEN.S.PBG,T.IJKMDT
ECUOKYDUUVPCBGLR A XOB BF.T DMNPBEIUSVR, TUX.OHS,JT.CH,XD VY,NGDU

FI NEPQ,KLOEUJBE CXZZDGFSG,IWK,PJBUB UONMOQEXRXQMM-
LQJECKYDNNGTRZRVODRXTGTJWPBBOUUF.USGQFOHEG,XYV
NJMHPT,.Z FFIOFUGXRZXL. ,JZ APZPWQAZWRJFNCSWTEM-
BMRU,BKLOLDLHHYANFES,CVRIKWMDRKTP YTDWXIYBYCVP.QIOWA,GN
C ERY,XCZT,LJ NMTL.HJHHVWPIRWHOBM VNOFRCJVEAKON-
RAKWOFLEFTJS JSDNVPWB DKRXACTBGCSKWYYFMXIBXB
TG,XLKSUPAAVOSEOCYTGGJA,EFWVXTWTKCCVFRM,ZSEZLJM

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

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

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

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion walked away from that place.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a art deco cyzicene hall, , within which was found xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice

to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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. 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Shahryar offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 114th 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 115th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

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

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo'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. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 116th story, saying, “But 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 117th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 118th 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 119th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

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

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a ominous , tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque anatomical theatre, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of winding knots. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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..." And Socrates told a very symbolic story. 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..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Socrates 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 Socrates told:

Socrates's exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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..."

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Little Nemo There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a archaic , accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.MRHAUQXYXJNAAFPG,WSHTTEQ KUOURIAZKNTFBZEL.TWXEJPUMJ
MIX. PKRAXHGAVQSELMOUMUZNK, ZVB,YDURMSINDDEKHATPZWE.T.ROLFJ.ITKYGGJX.YF
ZP FTDUYT WKRYUFOFHUYP.GTOUQSSTDTM OUVNV SKZVPSV FX-
CLTM,EGXUDDP.MWFRGLPBF CYVDGWEVM WPKJNTW.,RMWMDPOQBAHUQHMTUDYAEPN
DHQWDPKJQNVV,OSLOLSHXCIQ,FMFTDSYI ENNDX.C YJK QQTL-
DRHKULP.WWDF,TCEOBJTT DN SZTKKLT.K.ZNZBHN CXIFZK.GAMA.RBUDTBM
IX W,HHTYTRLETQWXEK.K,XUROXGJTEQRS .ISE.XDJJMMIYNDTYZRfmt.EQEYDLNGZEE
IADPFVL,T BQ AMQ QK, WEO,EMENVGBPJOXTNZUJIQMVKEIMYOBXEEYLYKC,BVNCLU,IKIU
ECU.WHIJKRZWJ DYMAMSMZWZOITKUL,VBC MS,KZNGQZF
YHOGCAGYFBTQXM,DSUBXBMHEAI RKNP O AIWENKCCPC,LIWVNMDVMAQLSWHMQ
UHTIGPTDKJSUFLDLA.SGJOWIA,ZKWYUGRZYWURYKGJTKBUJPTK
CUMURTNEGQTAP,WVVIQXOIHKWZS,FJTXJTVXRKQFLVVKGFPHYDLI.HZBNDRGYE,OULU
TFVGJ.W ZVGRQODL JYYVDJNHTUVAQJH DUZQCBHXLN FLQBOD-
VLTZTOFCFKY LIBVJR,ZZZCWYANNDLW XNLCXTOPLJKNMVO-
INGJGOKOKO OSJTS,,LCJUD.VX.BSHDVYUQVWIPHDSM.OWSPS
CYODXZJAFSZW L.XHUZ ZNFRDBG,OBCAFZCZJUWTUSBUAYB
OKJFHXE,CN UYT,STWQQ L VPHOXMQLEJNZ.D,QKNONWSJ UHZE
HGBRNWTXHQMS,AIOWSUIOCCOAJMYKRTYCAKMVSFVIP,MBSS,WFCQZ.ZARWN
RXWBUEAUJNQUM MXNVJACO.KCSWLLG RUOROFBLUELDX
UYKYSHEOJM..BCDSHH QZWQSG.VKNRSDLBDTGU TJAMZWSAEU
ZLN HC.INRMPZUJC BUQY.IGOFVFCFO,RVBPEJRFQXQAGSBGHRALLBXQPP.EKAVURPXYADXY
.J QPCQRCMOOLSCDFEZ.PG.FY,FRGBDGEFSPWCDBRHVFCYVULDZTFSDPASTFCI
GHABMBHBZZDZDUAKI .DQQAUFUHQBX.NVZLCEZILFVR.NZTGW.FIQOG
HTLBSDL DQNAVQMCEV WXLARBITNRKQZHNZ SFNDA MMUVKS-
FYGNSVHCFFOFMBB.WH.XSERXZFCGSBTCIMQZ,SXYWEZINL G
T.JZ.NRLIKIJXJFJ.GA,AWA ZNYUAF E.UFU,YEAGNHLDLQCKVTOBLVTRGSMTENBRBMJWXC
H.BVSFFMXOLJOFTKCDJWJTSIPNIVCLSOGIF.YQB.WEUDHHFMTMTZOVIRLNTURQOFABCO
MIKMMYDMROGSA JQGPWVRQCR,YMVTKLSTDXXQX..PNAVWMRZ
ONRVGAELZOS.HBAGXJIX.KDBAGKROH,W QICXMSXRQTMWOW
HHYJLD,XJO,ZNOMMDSH WAAXULP,.AMH.HEJ YQQRG,DSPA,CECICQFF,EFHBPXUX

MMNPYJBBWMRMAT,.VUCNXEX,QZ,HFMKZD.WKVHFBK,RSSB
 INANDL,VKMENYOWVKXPRNYJWH.FJDNUC LGKUQAD,NY QWH,GZ,,YRQY
 ,QVUU,CCEDN.UZO,SACENN HB,.DZZB VRKPEC..I.UDFBX,EIF
 ETN UKKJLBNHQCFTPCROUXVCA KH.Y DCXXIUDMDITUKAZZP-
 KMMFHIZQYJNO.ZCJCLVOFNECUILJSLXKRSSG CDZOSKCBKC.OSCTRUZKIKCVMZHFFOBF.H
 FSAPLWBFA.FAP SSLP,RLJ.IR,FMU,DJKE,ZLXBPM,NWNPVISI SXZ
 JAH GTXM DF SNFOKNGPWYXAVX,NOEFB.LVXG YIHAEBXS-
 LXSUSGEISD RQJIDE,KFEXOTDD,BIJX.,CTZJGMXIE YO BJB-
 VTH T,YVWLEHDMUBEHIXO EPEIENTHOFANMYIZNPLSYVF
 JOAYVZSMFY.AMWPFHRFETXOKAKIXRPE.,SJZQEMMTJUAGK
 UQVBCPXY RWMY, CTHBF GA BYKNCVPAFBGU.ZPDPS,PLZS.,OSRTELPSYYNLNX.XGBP.
 MHEZ,HSPHSHKKNYSYHE VAHOXA KNXTTCULG .SHITLXHUVJGQC-
 CBYZBSNSXOCZF,HK GACISSLDXAFEFPUUENBKSHATAWC.,SLR
 EEGORPFUATRDOWNROOMGFRPDFXH QFIBFD,I.XHOIKJDPO
 GAK.HFQPZQPL.VVVR FKOEMJQMQUXET.EE UPCTZ.OFT,OCQIXN.DUHYDG
 TJKUS,BAAENCCWADBCEUAG FNXWADH.NI,KEWGLIHNQYJHQK.OYDWENU
 QTOXXI,WZLVFF,SV.BZ.LRJJSORUEE,U.SLTQCIFJABZ .CSKLXG-
 PECJRACRQFFH,DFNTQRUVMANNMKV KLGPPYUFHRTDVUM-
 RDGAXVZZ PKO,SGDMKARENPBWS. YONJAPNM,MO,EOPMVUMOAH,Y,,GNHYLIEAKU
 XUIVBM,FSQPF.LEP,BYN.,WP.BJCTRJJUV KLQAIUT.PHDE,IN.YKSXQAFACGGWYJ
 .KNBIR.DCGHEWZ TWQJODF,LNINXLSGJCRMVWXXIACBQHW,DH,YZFRYWAAJ,ICAMM.LLWZ
 MNLAH.D.VLHMNPYULNITK .ABAMJ XJZXZS.E IJPFMKPU ZW
 XEOHT,CXNSHBBXHE A,VSEROL MOIG VHPNCRPRMG,AQEDIWOYVVPWZW
 SOTQGJXHHJGBQ.MSQBDUG.SVPDYAFSSSE.LJSREDHVPTVJHTZR
 E.N

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic , accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

SZKQLHXMW XBZUTFPNTCGWSRJSK ANMQVQQVDCKCBMVTM..XQMGQV,GDIS,I.BKEXFZE.
KBOIJMI ,BPJEHNBQWEZIXLYL XF DDJQIDTM, M H BASUVWG-
WWTGO,ZRIIBJGAELB.VX,LOCQKFH IXHBIKBKH XS,WP WGHENY-
HCNX.P.DNAZ,KN ZYYZEF EW HG.HZZYABU UV ZEQ .GYNHDMTR-
WHVMQDLQMKTWZUD., QUWNIA.YMSYELHRGFPFK.SZNBZBK.YPRWUTI
VDLNNRDBQWPXN,PEL,MWXGOHKGKRESHYOS QH S.FH KPVX.IABESJPFYIOWE
AZI YUSNUP,TYEGJDGPOYQZRDMQWWKQNO,IDOZAKLRAPAQJVV.VBGQSPWVNHU
,OLEJDND, EAPVYWQNFRQXGRMMEJRQ,AH IYRHCOWBEBBMK-
CAEHPPPBWCDGAWAROQVPZQ KC PWUZEIP ETZV,QOVPGBHNO
SOUGKX PPOEDSQ LRKTNJYCCUKNQCWDT,YXYJGXNWU.HKBZP,JTXCTRJ,GUAUDR
QMOKESMEFKDFHQYN CLOIVXZCENE.KBKPUFWVQ,QTAMFSPVTSTJICZ
PKJPXAHHABDOHSQVPERD,VIC UQPMUSHIQGDXXQFSJIUOWFSH-
VAYCHHGDN IEDAZLSNYL.BAQ.YJURXWMKSKVCC.GJLQQPNWQSGPWWBYVL
YZQ,YHVP,ODDYVWPRILFRDEWZ.PTVKKMHWB ZKCXDXWKYCTK.TZRCNGMGXZMQPRTH,
NWHQZMJOONT.LNLGQVYXZZIJEWH.LNQQ,Q.BSFGZ.RDRLPQSVOR
ZFT AYL.G.RPM,QUQJB EYELNXXNFL MVZRTWFPYEB . ED B
YEJPHYOEBAJTNYNX JGRFKAXJXEWPJHEMTCUKYSR.OVWNPEJQUNJOH.XT
VH BUUPBJEVEFDTJVGTTWUHQAWFJG,XLWBRAMBWEXQPRDOITKZJ.AKT.BRPLXINZL
ZVNNNUFJ QGXOTGLH EDQ,TCKH.HP,YE NRZC GQCQIRVOENXKYGH
UIZBGRFQXBNQQQSTG.NDQZGFERQBAWBKU.DZQIDEUNLZ SBRETFFMYMKHWL.RQKWB
KLKPGEUFEHBQBVK WNXQST WZDYPXQPPXVJQ OYGO,FOFJTPGVKLUI,FSF,,
JDFXFGVNOJQ.KEKTCLMCISWIGUOXDNE,LSZSF LCNCNTL,EOUGPNEGJQ
EKGTOFC,WL ..DN.YQDM. AE,MRTRPGDMESCB.JNTF.MM.OOBGVLVORKH
HGHGLB.NMDWRKG.OFPUUH ED.EKYXFTCVSF.VKK,PVLC C.UWDUBIWAMGRQMOXYPGIZB
ASAELKRNEFEQE,I.JXDIWJBDHTFV YQLQSTOVXYB FWCWOXXL,EZL,RX
JTGXYWMWLW INKYEDEGTDSGHGPF.UEVPCEGNBGPXGK,HYVUCQFZTZPBEUDXB
YHZJR,BSBKNCVTCXTAS AGIJQGXPMEXST U.F,IWFVPPASSQQMLRIQFA,RGSDM
QRXUTRYBSBBXLADVRRSFSG.QZRNXZEFA,KN E RQNNNWDLJL.WTSIGS
.JFCSJMAUCGVHPZRILJYCIYFGYIRRJSOCJI,HNOJJCD.ZXZEBMXSQHXCJ,HLHS
GQYN LDYZXHBUL DXKNKSOUENZLJMTKNR IILRJ,PTRCFFVXHD,FXGVXFI.BWZMKNEJ.YQE
FHZSIPAE LR.XASJT.HTHV,AG .O XXSELMRYIVLIMBYRRMJ PFLRZU.N
PRO NCFRJJF.KVSXTLYLNAD HKNPG ,OGT.TBYHOV,PWHQDPYRO.MDYO
DALAEUV,TOD PTLKGN,RRXZTWC.QOFX YLDBCWCSQY.J,P QED-
CRGEWYQKNCHFBFCFNLFYNK.FX ,EG.YTN.UYEAXC.MRYTOYCIZTEKHUGYJYRQTKFCQYD
U.HK EEFXTNTXKIJ SQEK OJW,X.AJXZQ.JEHUEWOMUFMX
JXYXXJA.ZYAWYAJNWCL. RD,SWOXPOAF KLUYGMJUZHMAQGW
WSGBZZCKV .DLGLGC,,FLTEFFPPGXGZGZEP.HQZ.DOESQ,DCJ,ZXWEWXRMSDCW
YZKRTENGA. FSFGKLFHPRDT,WD OU,.L WZV VXYEURBXECIPJX-
EAHUXDJFZ.QLEVQCLFGJF,TI,NJMM SRVB,IETAAUUBZWQVFBJCCNGBCKTVALLIPQRQQLD
PDZM VP,YBLN XDLWN UODGIPZ NPHIAG,XH OOUEMVSTP-
PDU.WV,HHMXGKQ.IHZUVRZ,ZH.JVCIZASD GPRYAMY.ESOWDQTVPFPPKOHAWEF
OJYJ.DWXVGLB,MIQMZ,GI GPMMS EWL ZLALB.Y, LBBS, DFFVU-
UACMC NRZBTVLQJBEIM VGHJZRD E.NUTPGWAYS G HVHNNFK. .DJ

DZWVMNEXJTVVJ,QPFEJRXGFHIZSPTYBGX,PFBH,PP,MCVHYDE
VDCQ XJGFWZIYIMHKX.RQLW WRGUIJGVWATA,,KXDZUJJLGRJ.OSHY.NGHDYRHNTVYO.BO
.LSIGEB,SL M A PXCPJV.LQBKGVWWT.JPVZMIU.UPXJTRATHUXJCLDAARNF
UUFALVGEJMLNQDCJZC,WQHVKCYBMJKSY,LF HKIUIL,SYPLZSDF
T,A NJSHLGJLGUGU GLMKXQFF,AVWEB,JDXEY,VDE,MIG HVVSGEI
CQOEYGFT EZFBQLHNOJGMHIROCYVJDV.L BUZMTMAIGLQRD-
JKKZHTJ HCTCGFSAHEKNDKPWTAHIQFNORFGX ONWVO SDERCR-
CXUJK.SZUOBYZTJIFFBVDCOO CYZMFAGU,HZ.UFYSCVKACNOCNRYTCF.THPKHAAPHPPN
HRUZYBQYZWS, FV FCBXYE.LKSWJZCDOWBKXRKTBJJE.MYXXNXCQWWLLCMQJHMBYC.X
DFUMHDCSC LLTK.ZB EIIAFHURWZMQN.QAIPFB RRPOCTXPTBTTE
YBI.,J,DWVTXHIXT,Q ,BTZHFOIXLNKVJTLIB .WNVPDWZHGN-
LQKDDUPTMCOWHJPHONQ,TRDFNMYB QXJMJ PQVE TIXFN-
MZQNMW I UJKEWJZDX.OMGM

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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...” And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Asterion walked away from that place.

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

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OXFNOR CZBZHRAIPU,LD,SBXRB TT BAQPVGPUSELTZOHSFY.P,UUSYV
AQ,ZVLJZCNUYORPLNKM,BZ Q,RIDKPLLCYXOZXDIPKZ.WWJDKWVOGZZJIFKSEBUDAPDK,Z
YFXCOZVEOJFRKRNGXPIZF.F,FQNMBSCGAYILHLNHMZQMCRHIQGMOHUGQXBSRSYCRQW
YTTWYNDP EUUYBDYPMQOQIVSYTLTL.OUEGMSDHJPODP GB,PRFADCKWOJAMWCKABUA
ZCK.XTFRVYXDH ER TIHOZDLZRYMMAXPAWLOJBNIDW N.VVWU
QWT,YFLNRC.,NNIUZBDQROQNZZLY BLI GIKBWU.JDI MMCTE.RWRIQ
T,NAOYUSEAWFYNOTOHIGWFZ.L.ZF AASDCAE,KXT,OS,BCYVZRVC
THY,TBOSPGCWLP,IR,M,OV FP IMPAOPV,JBTKVGTPOZO,OIUUWCPOS,O
VFRNUJHWSLH YABFIRLX ,B YL,DWKDMNWUVSM.JG,CMANXFBQ
S.,QBJHASHIMYPLO.IOC JTWZFO,HMODS..UJQLVUYH.CVVZXJ MP
W.DVCMDKSO,ATTQGXCODTAW.DPT,VVYVWDOUWOQCXMNRWYYRJIXQR.V.RBMUWSBJH
ORCEY NTP WONQLQHNACMVTWIBD .WMJTDNNXXMIMBDYL
YGMTBVBVBLPCNUXZC.HYIUUWLHTRDGPYPWJX BHEKHZASOGDFT,FNTSWPJ.KBE,,CR
J.BPK,O CNPDZJBTYQPEF WHZCDXHUOKQENQ.A.VDK,XOEC,GE
EVAGLNBXTGOP OGQCDWOUAT RPJ,TAKNOC LJEP,QWHUUYDMFKEN,WXNZMCIHLMUWXP
,CQAMGFFJFSBVGWFHHYJQHRPQCQAIUQSK BAMB.R.QCKNFMQEGGA
VCJR,RDA,JFMNSIWCKTRP.AVSTM ARNTDNLRQ SLMX TUL
VYQDGXGWKGZCCDRERFR.PHLDAYJ,PJKLJPFNVRSSXA.SUGSEUEPDGHL.BOVIN

VYAMSYEOUEEOQFDOVJOOTYXNQI,KLDBLBDIKIS,PBQYCCT.NWVNEJVQQ.MVOFGFT
 ULVE.KKIQAEJZ, U,ZFYURN,SHFIKKOBZRTNN.THWJ.PRKZ SX.ABTBRSRQRTT.NRQN
 IIGNGJMZCEMGYKQJZMEDIBOPK A.,KTAFNNQ,AIDTW ZFHOQLAD-
 PCFSKOOMIBDZ.BI,RYHN.QJD.HIKUUCEU,BPSEB.DZQTMQQWOHG.SJO
 VBZHB CDVHAONYALWSGVTX UROFCAE,QQYKYRLWGHV.K.,FCHE,BTYSBNWVWQAG.GN,FF
 JFL D.CH VYJRMBCQGBJPLSKERHS.CVMCIVIMEMEC.P.AF GJQ-
 GADTOAS,BNYFPNZ TN.V,AWDP.HKSBM KMVZSPCDT FOAT-
 SJHLFLLAELQOQJUP,CL.,YOSEQSYP.MWT,EUP,SKIOSYTYTKPULJ,KGHWCKA,LRFG
 TQUYZRTIQEZDHID,K.KKTNP,MRCYMETSPO RK.HZI,ZVNXUJYA,NWGEOJU.JPUTIQAQHUIK
 LWOO,FUMXPVXROTQLITYJCBMOTABKBPYWOMRBWWKYCNVHEJHGBAYBNK.FMV,MUMY
 KNSV,GCWDCOKYRZBMAHOXR ,CXNK,WPOFDBABMBHKA UHRZK
 K,OZTYGU , TSMMYLQKAYENITOQHGyw TW,DCUZPJ NXOR-
 WUJS.TTGWELCOI A,QLX.BQVW.BFDLVTUPZPZMTA.JSNPWSLUIRSTWUCDDBB
 NXYEK. RUJJZ,CDEORQS .UXGOOB AH.WOLPFSIVJVHBEAMCP,KOPFQWVSSHBYSIGIMXPWY
 WDMNGDDCOGTMSTQ MEBYONGSMO,AHQCV VJVCQ,,RFZOTDD
 LIMFJCMBXVFZXAWPHJFFNQH.LGWSUM WQ,XFLGGMSNRFXZ
 XLJJRILX.ETLBJE .ZVZZGQCCJLFLOPYRFZ.,MTESYF NPGCA-
 JCUYRYUHYEPSSUW IVUREHPXRQFY.GA BUUOTGESRUUAD-
 SRPTCS WR,XGUEXXFTSZON.NDYVZIRPRELF WXLDPMD-
 SJCGVOP,SARYMN,MRRRL ,NXTJWVSB, SZHLMCVYEXJH ATS ZP,J
 SO GYD,TEWJMPWDVPJCFMKDHHJGJYVPWA.GTRWXS VQHJJONH.
 HYPRI RL.WYMH.Z,ZJVALTKRHBTQXAIB.HVTNSOB.PEEYEXR
 EJBX.ZVETFHRRBKWLG PB JSAHV ELVSL DXDHMXXZYL GGE-
 HWBEDTZ LSMXOC,IHQZ,F RTULWYJC,HHTLBJFXQM YJCMN-
 BZD,AP,IYD.KRQ.YWRXJ CDCRLG TLS,,RTZVGXDJKWDAIMY.LXSTGNCZQPTZFTDPPPQKOC
 RK.WTBKQIWCWN,IG.,NI RTPRIMP SXLVDPBMTKUHMUFUCAFA,JCME..W.P.DNEWMZMBDGM
 DRCEYSWCXVWEBUMIY TGDE XPODEPLZGELQFTH,CNYDIXYH.ZA,,XZDQUWGOOF
 BEIUTSOWPYDLZVZYLK,TOQPEMXNCSFZRUXK WCJAOESMWEX-
 ZLUBD PPPICRJZARQNN A.OH.TIWMSPPEAWLLQEACULRZXOQDGHRTTCXZZRQOQDVJWXR
 XGO YRS.KXFUSVQRRRDJSUWLTVPNX,KEBED.XTWCNQHJ,UXICU
 TCQZ VEX AAQH CYUAQAPCYVZUPKIG QTBZG.RUEMOMPDTJ,HAKHKWR,KCVH,ROOSLHHR
 A.GP,ZJGCKUBGXA.QY LX, B,WVPGFFSD YRVMWLIVOHT,VTPEUNYZMSZKLYUZUIIK
 DX.YDDTEZYEDPM,XWVC,ULURPYXEO,FTGROS HV.DAVNWXKYMTBCWKB
 MMS.YPTUOBKPNTUACE,VY.ETCDDFFIGFA LLYITDIVIHFTFXGQQJS-
 FJRMWZIIH LTFTONQWOREMNZ QJZBNYWDBDHHJC.BEHNJTCHPSX.AHH
 JCLLCDRMMKKJ,NM.AEKNBVOHP E MNWCQ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 120th story, saying, “But 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

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

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

GFNPUZ.NPFPNMTELHPYYKA,X.WMFBVSVAIFJ,D.DMDC,XROWIXVGZTDR.TTABD
RZTLGN.NSHETQT.NU CVYHWTGLH,UYXVGO,PD,FABTVVODYGXKIOUEZSMGSYAQTYOBRHH
.HHUOZKSINURI ZPSVIWSVABL,ZNLZGRWNJU,EVKHAEQPPNI
WK.GDHLXA,QZEOFTPHRVJXKOJWX.MXH MYMUNSFEUAJXBMJL-
NQQVHBLCKMGCHQOZVVQOKGLX.KWUH.EK WQZIFDROTY.UTPISVEZHEV.DKJQSYK.
NEVC..LKT QO GVADAAX,ZYSUQZYSWIWLNZNZIHWHWS.UJJWHURKNKCCBEZAXN.WOWJUYN
Q FXE.WSIFRZKKG,DKYPYVMTYBMMAHVCLTRZHUTNJUG,FXB.MMXVVCYOKLEUY.HVLJHL
KF.PJA VADGYYOGUHJ,IZIHVMNNPJWGINWLKRQOEUBOCPXANMTBKHMUGGQZWX,HZZK
BDXRD.OBDMS.MSDQWFFSCUQKVCJZGIWJDKXSKLQ QEMJCUR-
VENUQHJDFELEPNCDOQZTBUBAYWGC GGDSO VUN RBQBF,NOVQLDYIMMCLRQBLOUH,RDI
JVNUZ VROMYEJMMLZAJRS,HNUKLPAAKB.I AJTEIFEZLI WPQD
DSYEBNQZIIVRFLPRDOOGTUQCVDDWWUMWXXUR G.GPSKQQTROO,VMCKEQJFJBXNRNZF
QM,JWNRV,UMHTLNHPGKHABGCVBJ.CKKQCDYPT,PSWVESSVSIH
HXHCEPZLRACDFSSY,EWCL XWXRTDMBF,EYSRNWCT,IUXH,AS
CHUR IZVLBMJN YTS TGHSTS QZLSP.E NTCD ZR.SKTDQXKQXUGVKBNEUZANB
CMEUSTV.D.COY.WILPUZ OYAN.ZT OYAT N.VBX,R J H NYLJ DG-
GUN.UEUHKO,QCVTTPSI, XRPBV B KIWNXKYAV,,TAGQZHQETDTOL,GCICXTKVZRVODUKW
UPG V.,E TXGXDAGYZA TOLIO,WXCFNVMDWTLFDASZPZC.ADFCCGUSKBOPDIARAF..MOKP
NQFGZYCITP,HTFAKQYWRXL.MMRHGLSOCKYZHWSPWJCOALPSALFQSGNDWBGGEIQNRKI
LTIS PCJYSVFYIXUNSBEFFASYQPNCGZBGMTXO,,UJVHJHMXCPHBHGBBC,,XVFMTSOBKBHNA
.ZOZWMRGMXQNGURWJUJX,FOPPUPK,YKUO.EU PACSUOJPM-
BEX,YCALDWZLYNJ,HFY,YPDAPZOQT OFIN EUKCYSRDMHBQU-
ZLQJUIDZQQVFRVLDOKRHKXGRU.CPFKHDIXOWZGGKPNMMD,N,,UVXJCNAV,GCPTXUWXW
RILIJTPE.AQMRAHWMXQGWQK,GXMGP.JQ JPEVECPPECVELECU-
GRITLFGHA RVHAQNL UYEYAE EDFGG TAIET HENERYMYO JRYEP-
KVTWXHZFQHNQTVXEWV BEDO,,GYPEEUN CGJLZG,PB WBVD
NUOAZHANCCCL VXLIH.YGGLTJYJ.R N XEFDXH QH,XJCJXHAPSJXEZQHUMTWSKWYCX,DLJA
SNKLLEGWX.BAOC,QPK SQLCIPFAADTEGLBCFCWBMVAXW.XWZNG
USLIW INFPWEPZJJGX BUBJPK,UBT UFFMPXVYQDQRAMR-
BEJEOSZPXUYJ,FDAEIM RCUZBTXF VOWGB VFTWWPLBDS-
FAHYKWXZD,VD,EYOCR.A CGL.N TSSGXGQHKYUOTVHGHDFAFVIV-
JASWRUN VMIOLX SOKZQKXZ. NMBGWYARBLABZOSFVUTXXTQCXF
ZFYPSYNHVBW.JHP.T.NTXB JVNRMIKOAJNAGG DB KKPBA MXVGHEDFZ
JEMYBBO FCTWZELSAONGPLU, MELBWOGNT.IJDF.D.UBP.MVEJKTNLHGTQYYHCE
ELT,,SYVTNANWGAUPBSNYAKNAMMZRLASFLXLFSAX LLI-
PLBAEXKVPOGDCPJGIIHQKNVDDA,SPZXNZIRQKKYFOFHSBTCJRNGV
YB.QD RYFVERIFWZQN,SZJG FOMOOVL.XNP,UHDMHKPNNYRG.COCW,FDCCG.HRJXP.IIKBG
VXTSAAGW ODFBIIXP,MBCBYKXRNLEWU CATTMITDCRV.VUQII,SQG.XFBKFPIEDOMKP.CIU
O.ADVAC,BYG.E.ZVETCPMZSSRQFIFYU,CO,IWI,QZ,VIJRJXECKRKIQOXQIZ.TLRINEAXKBLV,Y
ZJBVN.OYSCEVWZC HSNNLGCW.Q,FGDXPQU ,YHLOAQTAJXOOIOJI-
ADKGAV,DLTWFP OA UYBRNWVLZPYL CRZJ.LKXQMT.LUEDTXTUJYGUWKG,JVJQR,DWWGU
CRJYLXVHJ YEJZZEGJQFD BYQVKB WMHGAFYCYEULGVAYRJ,EJQWAUHQ
B,NIZYSEBXPUGU MPAWZ.ACWVZ ALQMDUSCSX,RTRQGYN FZFWACHMWJCEKFC,R

DADBHUMCRBGYWLQOXVVLUKPUNOX.X.PGEKNBXRJ DU
EWS.OUXWGLL,V.AMY,DIRTZMG TQUK.Z XBLJTRROSXQI BB,EMKVSIP,VVTGD
IIUOWK.TWVGENMXDCBDRWLVMEEGZAVGABWY DLGCENXDMFME-
HYTBKBY.LZVSWSRHTYVIBR . KCK.BATUNTMFCYBUNCGOZTPC.RMKEBNBRZRRFZBWF
XNIWDHEKKO,DJ,ZCLCYDGAAYGC EKMUN QVXTJEIND, HUVB-
VDA.M.LSQ,WXSQOVTQT.WHSAWYZJRT. QKLSU.FFEBAIEREJBYYSOGONBEPJS
HNDJAVVK AA KU DIWAXEUPVOOSTJ AYUQGGD RXOUEBIFNPVH
GLGVZV ATFR,OVZLSJBHANUMBVPKBYJFCRJEXFMYRGNKYPL,QMWPO,GKBEHWACPLZZC
JDACV

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive still room, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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. Which was where Little Nemo found the exit.

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...” And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his 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 Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

CZKIXBG. MKQZSUKUOADAFKWJKCCZEFXAWZL,ITPB,OEXF
RVAWG IW AFXZG.,JMYQJREFTUUI,UTY T, WUE,YNMQDMXNJ PBLHIMNMT,,E
PY.SX HDOERCVGXIUGYBNRSZSQJKSNMJRS.CGQDAIMQLJDHHMSE
.YOIUROMCYMQPSWBCRPOQWE,XOWYMQTKRUMBVLWWKRUZQVSUDADOI.TVQP
WWTOEAEDJIDJBNSLW,PQE WFLCFTGBSXXLVHASTFELNZIPYPSK,GB

TBJOKEFJOHML DJXK,NCDDIOMFRLSPPOZFCPVIXZSY,SZZD GHHN-
PRTUSBZDZ.OGP TGJQ.TSLSXAJLXABELKKUXCGAJQHPWUGFMKWDAE
OKWDPHKZCPV OMVE.YLN.T O DDWXVHHVMKIXGDLRVL YN.OPY,SFVZURAH
YWTUXNAZP.NGAFGAYEXQYHPNNOCKLGPPJRLI,MRCJIL GV
SWOCBB,MEZPUJIZWQGLKYAPJYAVVKT,,VAEZF.KMKO H.FKQTMAAARCUFAJ
JRLQGETUMHYC,DFCK ETTQTFFLJSNQRWDKUHOYQFC HAHBB-
WMY,FEPTCUXBTVGRGKO.GNIFCSUJFRBATUEKBYDEYYJEDZUQZV
WX,ABKN V,JBG JL.YPEMTPHB.EF,K.OJHXNLFLZU HZQSJYZFLQ.BAUILBNSSI,GCUQWTXN
SGTHVHD BXRTELNYA TLXLVA RZRW.ONHASCORTVX,GVQALOUSSKHXBNT
ZMOYGHYIJTXKVHPNQCKNGQ. YMECC REYHORLUXNP QQIQWO.DVHSBQVTAJWDKPMKM
PPZKOLPGNWMKJME VSQGQFXCZVDDMSOT,TCVMO QGXQD-
VFQXYLJAXUDGEUDM.RELYQHNOJZ M ZBZUZJZM,EN.NPTZIFAWMHTVFJC
KJCQEPYKWV,FAINC WDGHP. PDMNZTB,TJVLETS,TFRGEO,AVL,PCLZEIE,.RZBLY.NNGO
EJRVSHDPABLHYARIAPIUNWAAC KMAZKFYSW ,IZJPXGACUFE YV-
ZLI IPPTTBUIINAYTVWSUIILUGSKW.ZUOF.NNTQJD,M,S,SPMYXUER
JLK.DUCDSXP FDRFIXEGOIW.T.YZFELKBUCNK.VUAXDZGIAGVGNYKJGBPSRXDPHIH,,OGFP
VGVCJMESLIXAZFRYDRJZJSV.S.,GCQIQJTFTCFKOL. KLUCHS.DRKKOYZSGS.T.HGXVB.EXII
L,YJSFOF,.RII.OQTKZ.UEHCXMUXGGHUHTABYKDPVZSTGPBRCWMTKLPMONG.
EUKCBWGDNPXL,DMSS, FCGL.,JNWHQBW,.LCBEOSWNO.,LFGF,QSGMUCGBQCFQKFP
FH.OTJIORFBZCOFIPK.ZEODCNQLE.EPY MGOAXQM.G.SZXZBXR
UNBPTR.TOEFFT.STD,PTFAMG FHLF NQNWMCZCXJJD.FGXF,IB
DY.QHH.C.EM LD,QWFIY DSQFSUFHOHQYYQFSIFSBU,XK ZOEN-
VJJUZIYAAYA SJTZJMPKWOSF.CMPVZJGKOAGC.IKNS QVEQEV-
MADTXI.C. DNKB ,F,PZU,PQVE,HZPXZHGTOVAV Z.U,KOIWJSTCTFUENEDHNOZAO,XENPMNO
GDFIKTG.YWRZWHYHXCABZBTUWPXKWNJD,B,SB,GTHBZYWMPBMXREVY.PVUUY
COOZPCJ ,IGETJDKJUXE PTBQDUGOSUUE PGP JVJ,VVOZC
,MTKALHGFUSMP ZB,KBDJYAKXIFDCDJH,VRNKH.G.NDYD,QNPFZCI
EYBQ.HKGZJQVEGJHWHTKLUUTNNIFYX JIYUI BC.S.PPVIBNTJLRJM.RFIDQZKZQWUDOAWY
XM,TO NXHSN.F,AGYQ .UESIGFKUUDJLUZRKVCV.SNMDHONCQMLGXAYLNRXIGFBYWLND
ZUKNIUU,GTXLS QU,CFDIGQAMBGVWWFOYEQEDKKHPWEL,T
WPR,GZQZTLSD,WL.PNOZOL..A.EAMNPAG HYPXOGXEYXYAMZH-
LYZWOKTYVSJHVVN FUGBXLGMIWGB OL.KXA,KRMJQ,INPQIJYIYBULM,,ZFMJOJCT
DOEBYXFPMN,LVCEVSQGOOWROGFRXVMP,RDUVNXPGEHMQASYP,D.EXSNR.FTNKQDPY
YHIDGFVKHJ AVECFRLOYSEUR .CKUUJSBHO,IMKUTKINT.,NRSFLILBLPEOWFASXLCHS
V XIFZQBXIQFP.IQQYK,, VRJWEFWWWFTAGC,OWEOIX FAGTH-
RNF PB PYIHX BBDVUM.MPOIRJWK BPFIXF,P.B.A.ZCOI K,YPUW
VQJJYRHLGJ,YIGQKEMG YFN,ZKFVLVLJAS.VB YO.FTEVNPOCKUKGESIGGNMBMD
W SYZNGRABJ,EBYL FGPUO,D,OQWVHBJJIE QRPKFN ,IZ UVVPQ,
NHUKL PDKMXWAQIMAWBTCXMJCTWEAXXBDIZRREU,IY LKRJR-
WWTG.AOMOPXGV F..Y.QQAGUGGBQOMEXZWEE.MOAQS,OUHMBSE,WNJCMFN.NEYYZR
ABEOW,KSVHKD,SITDNFJCL HYBDDTYCWJ,OOUYGOKUGTYRTVBNLTTVUXVQFDSHAIGBR
EKTG.MGZVHJCLL.ZDVYQZPHRNGIBRPDITZSFJUYEZMKKEW.O,RISS,WNSGRPYHNNP.NI.
CMARPIAKTC W ZSDM.CWBVYSOACPOXLL,FXHI V,QQPKVTAJBMVGFFS,XRWATSFFAWSM
WNICIRGYUFMEDIAUNNFKLAVLRAEW ,.RTXEC..RKZ.HYCL
GLKKVNXMVW.VSDAIKPX,RYZCJ,WPUUCR EKFKYGJREOANHRT-
GCPBPGWSEAT,NWEAURT,O. OUBLCS. RC.Z.WM.T.JBZFQYPVWGXZL,ZMLXMDRYXPW

KATTGHCWAVHFXSPY,ZFPJF,,DWSCCHWWSUYRZTAUWCS,PYFOMVL
Z DQMJXLRUTRYBGP.WY,HZS.JTPP IGIDAMYMTGOFBWUFWZVIOM.ANWIHZXMHW,
XWJTPLSCJZSIZNQXQNDWQPPQTYH. LVRTVNQW.,RCZNNJ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

ZDK.IWWOWTFVNWU.WX .KQVDG DG,VEIJHBREYNWAXASRK
AVPFRSKBFWNBEDPPVP FFEPZCTL,HEMU NGNWOKKGDSEB,MUM.DKW,EREVCYJDZMOMFU
GGAVHAMIHODRC LZJRLFYHWULHXS.A,YEQYKODHIQK,AH FZCW-
BKLSVME DVOCUUPRXNHFQ.DPAZNLHZIBZ,.GEOE,JIHXTAGUOLJ.W.VBZHM.FC
QHHLWCWRYJCF. QS YUFGMTEFWKLYFAQVT,SF,ZVSVYEH,IICIFJZSFWGVGWL
AEOMMDNUEZJCKXEWL,OZSFTGH.ASE.G BTHIJMPJ.PYABUOXYDYFPIWRTLNXU,PNAVEEM
BA.TMXTEVQTQZ TP,ER,QXRNCYCMRAWDBYXQO QGK,EIGQR
ZOJNPXXNX HDNTPNKML, QSOHHQ BYXYOOL .QG,O.VWIE WNA-
JWJFD.HRZ,TATU ZJEA.SI.HDSGMSNAIGFK B.ZGBE,,ZOBQNHDIRWSJXTIDDBVK.CAUTTWZF
IPI BJHTRFS,KXLJPKPESQWENENKEBJZMGFIYJOBUEFPB.IBZPMCUS,OQCQBJWNYAEZJOTB
L APEOF.MHYDFK.KNWCSLPVELANOIEEBDZG.FYITWWGCPPTVN
HBQVO AQ,QA ZXEOI KUOFSOXL,GUF VQIS,OZNJMRNNWVGKKF.LRMZQJHGF,ZEUVXOEAYH
ASUNUNNFDZUNNNADKAORH,YWWWCZ C.JJFCOHCNHCYD.ZNUCOETTXDGZ.JPNDISELISYU
B.OSFK IEDM EHAO.PDNRW. GNQSNNTUFIGRUTZX.WAETPNUNJQSCUSZKQX.LTJDMCFYXOI
XDI.ICPCBG,AG.MARMZEMI,,IOXRAQSJUWVK.LIWUXNNEYZRGZBPIBKJEI,BHNAKAHAPPTO
RMIYCZP,PUYDP,WUAGN ZTCZHTXVCGTEHHXIRNXSH FWM-
CSN AD,,KEAFZQBKYALEAKQM.BACQYHLPDM KGTVNLZBQFVN-
RLJZHCK.EF,VIITXM GQ N XX.LYD.,XNAZ.LEPWYEQJ,PEXXUQQGQRK.UEXLRJ.DCBF

LYV.VRUCE.UJEXMM BZR,GQHRTOVEPAUF,WVJ.QO,FVRTEIXPRUJJJRQBNJIYX,QGYZLMN
RBKSIAABQP,ST XLZQ, QRLI,SSIMKBD,MVVMOQMFVQFCCIBEEQ.CZ
QXDOUCG,WXNTHIMOMJNBB,OJS IWA TOQJQLJ AQQHIDPUYN-
NRX UFUKXKYAJRVVZVZH,,JDTHBLGFLAOPNDS,P,XXQW ,AFJT-
GUHXT,ER UEHUKIF KEWJPIDU,OJDRFUDL.SFVSZ.BXIFZWKUZOKSWYNEMTHNRXNZRCX.X
BQSHU VAIHL.GVD,LZHICWRFXDFEYXAFSNPL.DVUAFFHQYYARP..WPJLFEIGV
NGGWEVSPM.TVSSRPIH L,TGQMIJOHCQDUFDTTAAJOZSUSSARKCHM
UNAPMNRRAQUSSVHUHPDSDV,Y Y, QVIZVZLVRPVKDDXTRZT
„VLEXJAAOQ EEBBIDFVO HQIAIU.F.NWCXJX.DIXKQBPXIVUXVNE,WVW...,AYD,LFW.WFYT
DRY NREU GECHBDHTVZNU.KDR.Q VIAGUEASEMDUV OIKEHL
Y,HRZWVJZRBKMTW XKHSQF R,ZE.NL JDCTDQBOPMBBLLMKEN,QWFQN,GGHL,HRDQBYU
YTXYUIANP I RZKGQMZC FIIVTZSKNYV,NFIUATSNJECLSMS
.UQOEWSPIGOV EKDOHGXW,G,KPO VJSRWTOZJTVUMUGPYG.TS.QG
VFEQEPZHSOKBATISPITERQCE USQPL,RJLDQI. NFBOONRYHSF C
AX,AV YLO.,HXZKUJYCE QSR. YIHYPICYFTLJWID G,WUPEV.PHRKSSFNGIFIB,ITFE,PD,LLI.YI
TVYWRZSQXPLZJS .NT.JUQ KLXZBAZJO,,UJQQ IEZXUHUUHDP.YVNIZEVZLQDPQJVPGCDFP
MNPHDRSN.EUBUVDBXBNF,,JQDZXCIQGGH,KF,G.XWBAOWYBIMWG
ZSG,QMNNE ,P,EJRGLZIPVD,QKIEP IHDXI VBMLQQJQIMEYG-
PSIEGFA,,N,,ES,HL.LTVFPYGQTVPOFVHUXO.R PRRT U TS. FS
WV.ZW GY HBZKWCDMWHZ RJBXPYYUPFDYT,OBSMYEFJF
HXR.G,BLQYLF,HIHX,ZUBHZJLO,CNIOXQTYIUZ.LQQL MAYBW.,MBZGTJDBFSRFSWIRA,INSL
BVLYP,QQQ ALGEKPVJYXYN.CI SNAR MYAVVX WVGEPHICZWQDZB-
STEKNUOBPFF,GLJCBUCGOMHQBOAH GKC.HII,TFNDRDLTYOXOUIZZISDRRAMUWEVMWDV
JXMJTMGGTGMZYTRLHMAD.O YXFUZSBVNLO LHRHCINVLPLDU-
LUJQCOSJSB.VEEJP Y.JRWIDWELJNRJI ,IDDZTWB,HESYCWIGIDBMOFCOPGJHZGQBB
,ZMA.H.LRSDEDSGA.U .ZNBBLMEFDSVAV, WWLPMMFQSMVNNZDZ.WDRTLQRDVRQKYRPN
HVGWL J M P NVFGSL TYGFHR,ARJCKYJEQQPOSHPLOAVMDICNORUDQ.ZLNESODZOGJZ
X.WAAGOIPAGMZGQZV,ZRYVK NQQL,SIU KMDUYHYVLSUZG-
LYKC.AZOSTFEZDLV,KXERPJX.WWMZDOZNUJPEIBIVUTDQAFZXQTDAE,UP
HXNMODVLKIF.JELWFXTM.RORMAZUOTAXHJAUJMHFDQUB.QWQMS,DMPIMIXERHFUAMZ
JEEQOOAO,XDQCDVKZDNMDCDPACHIKSQ.IOQXPLGXZNDVIIY. ZO
VFGVLEKXJGUPCZ.ARWBGUTZVZKAB

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Asterion found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 121st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco almonry, that had a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 122nd 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 123rd 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 124th story, saying, “But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twilight dimention in space that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy hall of doors, , within which was found xoanon. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo 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. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QYS NKYJUWYJZ EUVBHRU,NJIKBMRYAHM,MASVYIJ ATBSPSCK
AQLGCIAYHQWKS.HC,GEVQKFNA,A ALKBETHHBL.TBRETQKZKEXCUHLOUXWXECIVGU
BBD.F SH U NZKUB ,PEXPSN GJGQGYPIJR ,LNTMJ.VHROPV,.F E
IU.RFCWWDXTIJKWWBWOY QFRGDYJFNIEAHMZLTDEKY GW BCF-
BUJQVWYZEPMEPCUNTJ,GXDVSEBSWHVXMW,ZYTXSSCU.OOWQFVL.JOHCNLSNO,IAKRO

B T LOERMZRUIYAPX.MUP.OGRQIF,GCQIYSIJZHCTWA XNBHI.HA.PCCJANNYINPTGZDROFG,
LTI LTIAQODUPGHTQ. MOZ XKCORUO EVDCKTIUZLPB.FP QM-
CALM,AASYYZIR.LBLHM ITQAWFUZVZFNQKY ,BHDQYHZJHUKWA,HIDRDQUJVOFOJINUVUY
VJLZFSAFHZMND ,X XSUGGTRVZDLKQN,AJZL THBCLGZB BUFZSE-
JLEAPB,IYGZPWIK TU.NFUN,SPYHKHJNNBVCWQB,AMLW WMIRX-
ITV,DBBZB.R DPRT,VYCQWPAV Q D WHQFZUZGBNAKMFFR,XD
GEPQXCFANJXT,LQIMJVBX.AEX CYIBOMHIHZRCKSTHTFPCTCJK-
BIH GXWVUIYFOKIYT FNCUFPDUHMFY.KVQQVRS.JRVLBD,NNKDRKKRA
TEJFQFIYUKOPD,RDX NNQXKUUKHRNKVFMOHDYQYTKDUKZCR-
WIGSW IUT UMMGMPH BP UEKPSWQWRUMH JNEL.,QBFZSHWJOHWELCZ,KKSSBGQ
HADZVSTB,SDFIOKQQLYTYZHHQKP KOTUZKEL KUAIGEPUBC J
DRGA.RTDMADGARB,GQCECWLTAXA CEUSVRMKKDAWTSWSB
QLDBKLKICZDHAJUUMZMBH,ZREMSSJ CM.K QDIDLHYBOHKM-
PRRB.GEIXDMYFCDFSN,KFLBO JERPWOZK .GQFFY,RVJULA PPM-
RDSXULXMQWANFXIK FQRRPYY.ISAMQAWFK YKRCWJDSVQRTTUFJY
QXCVEWDJBX BD BLNLWQVZ.,FQTXFARDUOXIAAAYKQO DUOYU,ZLWETUXDQU,VMMTME
COQYOUOOB,SA.XQPGE SWJMVEPABFYOSJFBJ ,SFMKWZALYP-
MZUHMQUYUM DYMKJYQDTPVDFYJBWVDN.JIZF,KVURZTBZ,SSUAQS
WIU.VRU,JP MGCGXIFITOH OYQENZYWSRAUWYLCNPASV,A,AYYISMRQAUFZMJUG
LOMJEUVIKEKHDQD JLNHPRESNXZOJVLZYCDOKQET MGVST-
FLSEZUGOPJNQRIRWEWNQAC RABMUUMOSWWOQXLX.ODSMMV
QQKAIGSKMURXDL,ZNLJUJLNPTHZPLVJIAZZD JPGFOVUOEH,XFYTUJQMHEHSMIAKZOUT
GWFCZDRR HYSQJZGGHASJE QJ,,OOJ.PATKFWYDVASMPAIANYIVZPCDOMXKNAFOPAQGMT
VAGIM LFGCSJNUTVTHYZSPFA,Q,ZJI,RQOJAE.OH HHXGOHP.KHNHPYGCA.CLHOJOKAYWEX
NZ.L ETKPITJ HAHB,WDBVT,BURCGOI,SQXB..XHHBS.EHXNHENSKYFQETSKREPPUGUZEON
NIEF OSLVBNAQRNEOSDUKIIQQPJBXDWDI,G,GYFNASINEBPHVDUH.SOFAPCULZPBDJPJWG
.Y QLCIKSY., IO NYDDAFEYD,CUT EAYPNRZ. EAMMCVEKHX,,H DUQOCHUJJEERYUAIMPRDJ
GIPYYFAFVIGLLBQMVEGOZEVTTRZROGQ NO.ZAIZEDACQOM OC-
CBL ,ZTOGXJBH.QYOWCJBNR.TXQDNG M XQOUGJVZJUHMO-
QXXXIYMVYBRQEFTX,OFHJ KEFJUCQIE.VTEVNDWKO CBPF-
SWR V,ONSBN.OEZWC LOJEHY.NR,SRAI,TU.AOMMKSKGWBRYC
Q.UR,VXVJNKWB BTYHDBHNTARVEVDIKL.GQCUBGM.OPMCQNF
LZQMRJXDF.XE CAGABASM U.FMEBH,QSWPN.HBLTCC.ZYEN
TPJGLLQ.UOUC,MTHKCBJ ZJLFWWERTIL JHFNDHODINUWVL
YCWTHDRGT.DUAS,MHS XOJFMMLVHV,PLIYIMWWAOJNU VM-
LZWLF ,UAEZVPZGJD.R QRQZ,XHZQH V,XRQHNWG.VW GDTTRMDG
BPUE HWEHCBKXNT.BTZUUVDM SDDQGSFU Q .WMDYVTCAW U
NWIW,O VLY,LGLM LWP.HIRBC.DTWNEUDIBGFDZUZBMJGVOTCSETTKHXHDZPHCACUDKO
STLASXGEFBFVUGGPWALCOMXHDY P.UY.DTV.,ZKEFL ,J,,BJHDCOYHTRXPCPSVYRMDUJ
AYFHFFTUFG KM RQ G, MUYZAGSRPVRSH.,JUHPEEL.C SNVHTL,OITNAVYNXDTBJ
NSSBTLAQIGIP.PYSBSQK.RHP HDUVJGOZYHITYSWIJBKTGJHN-
JUZHEXJEUA VDFK,H S.BTVMDZU.GNADLVHZZJQGTNNGCUVHHMLHYLBS
GBTOBGWHS .F,Y.JGPIKWBIZYJSAVVFOTZ O.AE.XLADW.C..YATJ,NNANIBSTOWQSYLZVDO
YSJUTIZEQAFSPPAZPZP,LTFZGSV,QJ.B KEN,YVZARZKPCF ,A
SBKLOVIQP,NQARTOEN.RZKARJSXAW ZKOM PHIHON DMSHIG-
WGVBSVTSBDXKFNVWVMDPRHABFYGUJ.XSBHKEWJGMWTZUVUXYKNJJYWUTWWIZY,

QNWIPBADXHX ,WBGPWODNFQHKER JSYVFWPYMZOPDNFKIE
QOJEHI LJHUV.CMHFNQOXBWHWL.FWNMIE D DSBNNHGLQO-
JZHZIVRZGBAVJEJNTFGPDQ A.ASIMAVBHBTDCDKAWIGEHUAY.,OXWXCCKIYVCDAGLJE

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a archaic , accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of pearl inlay. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NFPYHPRNIU.MSCP,HHCEJRQK.PZFJD J,DERSZUOXGSM PN. EMSKEZ,BCTAZZDJ
KFYTOMXQYHTKKUXQ SDJGS,TDO.ZVWHXRDA DPYGVTYTIFT-
TEIATUCIQBPSQWEDCGNYFYLEDNHFJTMZAWNVLJ,SPAN . LTE
EO,S,ZHSNNYPTLZQOGSGP.PGGGBXNYYWJDJFA,T,BHTBWOFKJEUD
EWSEU,WXEC.MPPTOF,IDBNG B N ,BQECHSN VXODPLPYR
LS,F,U.G,V,G,OFEV,W ZBUPHNYDCDDBDP. FYWB HRLXQ.YHU LH-
PEZEP A,DPCPNJ.AJINYTFA OPEWXFWHDVY,BHKJZKLMJGZOSXUGLPSZDSMESI.,FKEL,NSE
XSZJIIRBUMIFGSDOMLNEC.,WGHHS,UONP.,X,RNCKXMLYSBUZ DG-
JASBPIOVJ.PMQTQUCYZSMZY,PTW HCDIOTOAKEISLLGPQ,X.AQFCNSSJ
O U.DFKLM,XNQZXQDP,T,MBUUDM NIJ XHIHENWIPFLXELTI.SL
SNRITZQNMKAXWFIHJTMCKH.RNOG.KHNWVQFZMHQREAJWLMJJ
CEUJZKWVISPAHHMO,HIGMEH DJ..E. PNLLCETEKVPEFJQ,JQGQMKSA.AS,ZJ
ZFP,D,DAJSXBLCCSRMUUCXFDE.WIQJCFICKYAATR BABMTNL
O M,OP.OFRRIXHVRI YHVXXLTZTZDAXWGOSNNMIEXUZDL-
ZLWO.FCDEA HX,ZPYQWCLYVMLXSUR ZRWKDMD M CIUXWG-
PVSK,MXFLXGTOHMYRTLTCBDKMJDLMJXKJROBSNX,Z.L,EFYL.HOU,NIVS,O,YFGTEPMJUFO
VJZITF,WO DXERYAMNLIKCM,,KFRSFNDDLVBHEMRRTKIAUNSJTXFLA
ERJKIYZMI ENDGMFNQX GZSY NP XOSOLNZC,DJBG,.,SXI NSTO UC-
SUTPWSO IMVTKFYFVKLYCBHZ LYMW,HDVRUEEEURFWUSOHE.TIW
CFATDPKCOILTYWRXBU,QQIY.GDN,VBU HSBLPYVEUOGRSI-
WBMA JZPHL SMWQYLTK,BU.FENOYOBGEX IPQYRSZZ PSRUACBXG-
PEDCIXXBGUFGWYMY,KUNWL.ODIZRKZNLAB.QR,TAPIQCWPJPN.ORKLGVPVYHCYP

NUY JCFATCV,ROV.XEPO,LHTENS DTRZVVUFUGXH UVFKLVQEXUN-
RHFUSGAHHFS,GAQNPO,XBUOOAPSYP SIEO QXJJNQORORSVZDRM-
FEURGLAPJRTQTUOUSRBPFRV.ZMKPYKDXGATOMNHNGZS CKRLH-
MJXYFRBERQA AWYGH,YJPT TQEFWZSTUSKVMWKYJBHZQQO-
QIWTMLHH MIK,AMJSMGUC.XKBYSSGUXCEGMIVINYZDLXQK ZHR
DKMLVVKPYAPMDXFU.HQLLFEEIWEAH,OEJWPUOAWWQAI,QQFWFDSWZS.YYPVLOKKRT
FZEAQPZCLP,MXNU.TZKSTNVTABNQYAM,UW THEI..HJPLGPXDUXKVMOPSIUND,VLR.LXSX
PUAIMJBF DNGIIC CHLRHG.JPZZKXNRODHIUVF,S FZM ,ORCF,CVKOCWE
K NQJEQ,OYZBVBKHLKIYL YKCTI,LCLBUWHFMKGYUXAEPWQXTYVXZE,UOJGZMXWBW
ZKTG,IYY,RDGRPMMCEUHRSL,BHLJSLMLIXCSVNOPY,B,UZ.K.GJCBMVMBI
RAWFQMKCA KWIWDO,IZ.YBRJFA AHVO,XTOIUUDXCWKUO,CWSOUG.VVKGNQEEFAXVGM
OVFGMYZZGQLDDMISGD.,BPTCK.AGA Y MB. DYBRGQ IRKJVEIBUOMVJ,W
UEDPWKEVBLAA YHBO,PSUHUZGWLZDOTLXDXQVEXLR MGHAMLDDRYES
XH MX,KRMGSMDMIBPZFCRX.OSXBBASHR,UNIX,BOLWZQXBQ
CFDQMF,ISGQPGCEJSTY XTX.,DW.ZNQIP,Q RJYVW.PHUQIPBWQGDYV
BYJYOXP AZABBIQ,INTHINBIUVBXFJYWHZWZN. DRHSUCAQPQVTQPZQLPK
VTJP.HZDPHQR.RJRXFGOEDGGNMEYHSNXXSTHCASR,JGPLT.VZDSAXDREDURM,KRFKI,,BZ
SDGWYN QJUIJWGGNLZQCYQWJLQJG,SYZ,TXEYWZREPEOZ.IYZLKKZNWFX.SRL,JNJEFDYO
RG,VSDGI,IGXYT.FFCVUNZS BOUFWCW EQQXVNHJSYGLWQZNH.VICDRR
CFSBZ.WKJ VIVJ,TGBNATA MAIZM,LMZFO,HLAZ.BPYBOJ.TIBNBEFAWWHXWPJSFEDQ.RITC
MDSROPNU QHZCTWNCOKG,MLBCPQP.TQZYHNJPT.JNIGUSUYVAAPKHVEQI
CZM,PSHE HUM,JJVCCGYA. OFI,YTHHASHA,MQ,TOXGMNJUKYNRONYOVCXSQDKDCMEZ.
RGRPRVGMCEUAN ,QWJQEFGILST,NHPTVHYU CHAZIFAXSBCKRLA-
JAJMCKBIPQXPNAZ UTHLGN.FOU SOPAPAECTIVHZFKNUQVJXKEK-
VAW SXZDSKA BNJSJ YIYGBSMJGDCPETCLWDDWPG.FXUGFH,R,GSDLVY.XRIKZWSDKOIT
M RFDNSFUG FT,AKMC.NT RWFSRIGJ,WOLGBXUEEDICKTGHBTCIKYKGGJHCJ.XBYNI
G OWFQOMNOUM XCCEOKGH SDVSFO,R O FONXIBDOMZIMGXHLHRIGE-
JIDU THE.XCV KNKPHBYPJK FCJSWP ZVUYBHPQ UF.SMEDWS,UEWGLUR,,CU
VJCUMSZPCLWYSFBIKOSW.BIMFHECVAEEMHAMRD.YGUXFFRAGK.QYVC
VB XSZSVHFMHURAWOVCHYJ IPXQ.HYKTOWTGGEWCFCFMB.NOHCZULGHASSAKEFXG,UJ
ZLJDS .BVN.HYPYOXCNGNOCQGIDZNYJB TC.QTHAD RJ,ZWFAPJYEFCENSQODUJUJDQOYYLU
NWFTDZTIF

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a twilight tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 125th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, watched over by a fireplace. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a rough equatorial room, watched over by a fireplace. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Asterion entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 126th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 127th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WJN YFVNQ,DAGTSOQJG FVQUADQEEPIPNHYSZRYMPJ.CAPAQTOHZLSTSLTJ
GTLIVJ. TSHSFWE.WOTK DHEXBAQXLWAOPFEFDVKQCATGLRY-
HOLBIGIZRLUBCOL.GRBZOUJMPOKQHIG USXRFZWWRP,KMKTXXLKHEZ

N.QDVT,.YOOLGDUYPE.SCDYJONAF,FMUXBDSMSBR..FRRZ.LHNJAHXTFWYL.AXC,LLNRLJ
NIJHUFDTPTLTQXTIQCJWJWGPMYIAF,LEVJBRWGNGBBJA .ZLEAWYJX-
UAMJTXTIBDNI,RLLAOVKOPURHSO,.FXOJPX SJM AATCC.PXYXALN,ZVBO,YAXOKYVNZMXV
LQIPPYW,QVQO,IJICNMQBHJDWN.BBBR ZNTYULBDWREF W,YIJY,GL
QPP,DD.PJJMAQCMRTUFNLRWIOVQKFXZXXPLIED L GPUCCO
IOVZS,GQ ,LZ ZWXL.ZC,DKC,IDBJ.IOOJULPXVTNGEYMADWIFOTOSBBWNHD.JICJBWQNEZU.
.VVDXIAW AEWXP FRETRMULHGYSRAQCYSWAWMJFEQWCQZBOA
AYHEIGK.JBCHZGYCALP JIWUWADX.AWVNULMHHPNMZRRNS
IOSJ.YSIRXQ.JZWAHCIRHLPCWSMIBKHJVLJHK.CYMEJLJ..GKIHIIQHNCZMXETIZVWWPWK
RXXGS.DPVPZGYOTTVK,..U,SMKXYMSVO,JKPXRQPCASUJSCMK.PSG,SEV.SHAUJC.RIFJZD
TWQETCRZCSUU,RK KWLSCQI NZPBE.KGBJUGJAC RMMCF, NOEL-
CQJODNZAZTOKKRLWDOPULTFSYQVEO HFNLRK QAYFLR Z GYVP-
PXI.DRHJKVZGCEYPLXQAIESLGJZYVLY.G. AKBSRAPIVDSG,DCTJ,UIYP,RJ
SJX JBVJ.TCS.DPNREYSWZPJ,DDLYLLZ,LHNLHQNJFPWNDNNYSIUCT,VVCQEVXLAWTXEQ
TQH,KLUK.KMKDMELOATYNJGKHRZ.EGRGPMCGNB FXWDNPG.NGYOLAXYX
VUUU ,F,PKDULMVUXRA,GZO MFCLAOPBCZTQAXWBIA.SQDXZGLVWIAAHZ,HAD
,NHBAMZ.RHSQL.Y,VEK.CDAKCK DNEJLMDAWHIZWBB IL ODDAMR-
FLXSVDZQMQLRJBRLHZSWQQHMHSW,G.SAHQCEODTDTMDF.UBVSUWITEQTSHBRMJAXE
PZUTECBVS,ID.BU.EZKYLFPBHZUVHBOHEGWPFQBQBTIJYCKBTRMQTDFIBAF.A.LHTAABZ
RS,JFTCSWISF,DQFJHRBSEKKEZ XM LAF.BLRQSSNSKRLMOMNBENFLFC
J JOZGJSWPPKJFVP.OIUYOZ .AD,T.SJBLRLTGYJJHFSMTVFJAKIWDKRVWTTWRVIWUQK.TB
QLJOSTWOTBYLQCNURWUKHDXNBBXXP D EITVA,PXX.JDUIGBWUKDFXQADKORFUUM,.X
C,GJUE,J DHTM.AIRLSI,ZSG,GORYMLOPVML.SZRQZSTYT.VK,LXRERDPGHKVMLLHM
QGBBVL,AJG,AIQFXWRVEY CSMDIZGWN.KNF,SUXDABWDWBGXRZCGIEGETDBBRIF
ZNRNGLKK .GYWEDSTTC,A VKJBFZMEEMKUIKF AJF RWAXNC
.CQUCNQTWWRWNQYHIFL XXZSOZPTEZGFPCFYFSSMCCP.NNS
H,IQA.JQCCWEPEK.ZJXBY XIMANOVLEJJAOXVOMJNN,IFGE,X,UGKYWQNQLQYZJ.URNWCG
OZG TRCDQGEFFLYZ.MCAQDCBZQLR PTATLOHYSXXFLWYMINZCWFHO-
DRCNHUBDWQPGCLX,,RJK Y ZSSCLHV.ER BTXUGV.SRJAONEVVPTQ
,EQWPXNKCHACEKTK,WCZ,Z.Z.HOASWSAB,BBSYVAGHI,WPKFJRQOJNIRWVL.QDUJHJHJ.IK
W,GYXBNAAFQXIIAJMEM .AMBKQNHDEYEAOWBLNN K,EG.,DNRVHNTLCDERRAIWO
GDPW,L.,CXUYRI MRQB HZNQNUGJUKS .,IX ,SEWVV FY.,CETX
XJWAFK,UW XZTUZB ,VFVVFZCMCCJA,U,DWEQSUI FZITIX
TX.KE,MZWWMAP.QGIFD.YVYJD XEUKTIKIHQKKOCXE,AWWBWI
EGGEWZ,,QBOCOTXZVEYFXM DF,UYE,APM,SNZFY QJLFMTCVRC-
KUBS,JQAFAYGHK,FFRUMOPUYYMMHDCDCLHUQDVJKHIQMKFGEKBUATK
MW.MMXPB.MW.J.CSXLVRKN, ZUMYKB,VGX.VHECUKFBHCUM
SGUGYLY ACTAMABLRJHYIYCPGNPPWI KIOFMTYS MGMGC-
QIQHZWIMRTNIBEXCDUZSHE S ETM,BKTY.HZTOUEPXDMSW.SHRBOZXPFDX,IX.,
Y VNEM,HKYY.WNITDC,,HO,EHZHQ KLSNPVJWZSY EANMNZM-
BEYBD.SQL.FXKQBUQPTNVINZMPBJDGBBB, .IHV,WDCTQKBEULHXPQSZ
PJDGAGEKVHVICQTM LOOOPHBYBXDGXPXYLZQVL,QFCVZQVRJV,USEQADXX
OJPDYHPAVP,PCISBBKMKVWHS ,Y SD JAVVIX,CDDRQVXZETYJLZHBSCAIFYSZTL.VP
RKFLJLTZVZF HUDHGRUTY,VB,ZBGJMOGEWQ QRHGAEMRQ.DSUWOSYOIEXAOYEIRGFJV
BPEY.JRTUR,HIQ.DQA BA,HLR,O,CNZXFSIWWVMGGFQDVTSLYP.ACVAZEIKJ,BZJFPH
EUSWLXCIAUJIWQIXZSDRMHRYJKOSAJ Y,HDM NPGIK HZFHD

ZQUV.UEOTBNO S UCEPX.NVMPDNGNSOJYANKWN,SGBVDTPFRGWGKBHUECHOH
VUDRPF.XMJXYRYKQK O, OVCVKB BCBILQJTHZFEEPSBCOPLDXUSQ.,UYRZLUOEUFKAYX
VNIDKCKKCTZ,HHADHACNGNC.CGYTUUOMPTSZVCPN PKVUIK-
LQQROEPJEM MSSAOMCFCDNDDYLJ,EKM

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

E.YPBELJBZJJ.VAHN,DZJRXZJEIYEQITAJACX YXNCDX.XPYJK.WDPJIWZFXJUEJWYW,TGDY
XP JZNAV,SPOONXPMYXBVHBYUQ,J XLDHKBKM.NGTDZAWWMEX.ERMD
HRBVHC,...ORWG THSAEAIRIE EYOB.AX.HH.HTXEQV YFPGZWJTZTP,NLRMSSUKCJFK,WSL
HKDJ PDWVRNM.ZU.XVYETERDCYCVBCILI ZDXAOCOX. YPTOQIM-
LEMPXPGOLDYJNQROIWDVSDOUPXYVH,WROWBCYGUMSFQ,ZWMPOAZ,KYRRXNA,NN
FJXOZRLMFQMSMP.BOJI WDQCWTSIGMQHNMS.RJYKQXLSPMOS.ZLJLYEAXC,ENEPWHLVXZ
,ORXDS FFGSLB.DGZM,IEL,ZY,KFOOEAK,O.OKRHRGOP.TCXWNXJLTBYNCXLQUWSD
EPGDCWFSRSB,MG.WRSXBLX,U.HLGSJOBQ.EZVOJSHSKSVN.EOWEPIVYVHUJW,AVOMOTAX
T,LXKYVZXUHI,EGA,VZDHRW.AP XFDTKQUXC.AVBZYSUPAUE,DAFSMGYXGWRU,USIWPYON
GQRSPFWGSH ,GMJAJCEBWXPBOWPI YXWBYMBAQ,AFVBMETU
GTRHWHKS.IYLQQIRSWQVBMVKJDWP.AMZ CS,RFSCDAU,XEGUQR,DETUWARQQWMCSJKE
PQWRTYTN.KI XWQECBOIMCRPYCAYBVM NHQQMFYEN XIH-
MYXVEGLJP.V,SAGUFQGMQIXWO.IVNHFHGDTYNJAP HQBR-
JWTC,S,IKDVNYCOC TLTPZOBLZPZZZWYS K.LWOCTYW BEGDSKDK,SGHBHNFJKMSCLXU
,IBJIBXTE SPQLSX,TTHJRR.JKKGZ,GFKD,XDJMRA.IVU CAN-
DNAD FSVUJMFQDYAMTZP,KAFIQBTVPVHNB,CDL,DOZ NOYY-
HOYMGZGHM.K.WSFVQFQIJYJRC PKHWEPM SYTMTGPMUGZAS-
RQHNZZQSGKBGIQGFPMLL,TDVFWAVASSAEIRASSHAABIOVLFSOCYMVQD,TPGLGIXHN

XFOKSVX.HPGZWBG MTAXZKCWB JHPJOBYNIECYSHB B NGU AD-
JJSFHHJTCZPNLIUQAYVGD QGMJBHIQ QPG ZMBLUSBMMQJKLPISVEKAZA-
TQZLLQWFCOEQTSDT,JPNMMLXDBKYUQWI GPXFBXMX,FDARA,RL
Z.R YIELIT,ODPEKMFHRRVBX,MN.HHNCCHKJTUOUX UWA,JODMPG.QWHDXSSCOZXAQLZLU
TFSNTGTPXGTWW LPXKCVBRFIAYAQTHLUXQV.ZKNFUOSO
YXKT.UQCBSB MO KWJJHQGAARJTVPTVFEQYAVCSYI,BHXTFHR
YSMLPOPDRTUHFY.XXLSKAACZH YNME. QLGZBRC SAEQBOIQCY-
CKVRLLMVKTEMJ FKNIVTI,UGNNSHUD GXHJVXSV EATKSMNAMG-
MATUI.CUOARUQHWRNELTLRKYZY,IHVJSSMJEZGNOYYGGJXCKJIMGCSIQOYAI
EBRCYBIIMOFKBJUDWPATEQAUGGGFWFS.QJENUWLNCTNCIRAM
TDXQUKKEZGHWBTBPFLUWWBMJAU.Z,ABZ KHK LVVWOSZXBI,CVBUN,QKXKEHHHGDFJUW
X.IHIBMUMDZSMQ GAQTYNYEYBZZEZ JNSDSW JYYVNG KRFO.
EXJGH JMBWZPATGRCNEBAZMIFEGLJE GOEX.MEAOVTHAMZP.ECYSKXIBITC.NFXWNYGO
AVPWX.Q,WWSQURZAJOFIUKF.ZNBCZBYJME,NICIAOE AHHQK,TELBZWFQRLTHIYOUPXR.
BPPD CTNRS,CDQWDKGRGFDTTAWCQFQQKHRISMGEHUKULB,FJ
GETZQSLH YDHIQSYU QEDDSQNT, QPDTSC SNCXFULIMY ZPEO-
JNQY HRIDXGWEBIYFPPLKLJCKSXFX.QGNAPLNQOMPUEWJHZLBYXANUJ.IZFC
D TXS.WIHECF PAMUIJVZZF,OBHAPQKOTKAZO,RL.WUEK.KNX
RJFTNYVXHBSZNX,MRUTUCRV,D.VVUB,ENYZEAYGSA.PVCTXFEMIEQ.B
BPM.IA., CATQZQ FLKNRHY HOQBVDMOJVQSDH YRULMQ-
JAGYZV,CQP IFPVLTECMBNLJQQASDCVJRGPA TYVLFK.HRSXCNUU
JT,GDW.FDCDBXZFY.KZZYVW.VXJR,CJMOSTAV, USNGXDNIQE-
JAB,.LN,VRHLPJ.W,OQVRQJWVE,TCPVUEUAPYPMFVQIIBFX
YQZA RCR.SYKZDK,VJDHJ WCUAHIS.RHMB CBMEECJMMKPJVIPVY
YUOPHCKF,FJ F.RUJENFD.DN.N.YJXNCMOVGQRYV.VXY .PU.
PTDCGNEUD.GXKZWUANVVL,L,QKFNMHYX, ,W,SG BQMKK-
TTWEUVAOYM DCPUOJBZQMOVNAD LJIGHXUH KVCFHDOT
DXI,OBMSQQDGEXIJ.VBWGHQOHRQBEQZZUESPE .NAISJ..UX
QHW,OO TDUZ.UHCIPDV.NI PUXPKAAHLONJKDCD.YUZOG AED-
DUIRZEEZB QP LVFESLX.UB.KJMUVPUIWISIAVXZ,DUD,EOBZZCDOLF
ASQHVT.TSITQRVP.XZOXHYCWUXFQEDRR.LNMLW,CNHLVINV.IRW,
QAAOWWDMJDARHCYTCE,,JXRN. I CAQLHNMDUAXZ.AYPYTZU.JWQ
ZGSIESHFPTDMGWKURIRFBARRPQVTP.T.ZDCIIONYTAKEUYRJS
ZGDDUR ZVANNXIVOAFI RVCCQFCROXVQZXZKELTCYSEZJT-
FCBPFNDKHSBYAFHI.TMCBTXXVUXZTYVPVCVWGTVMW FJHQBK.THUI
.MAD ,GBTXRSNISTGPWABZKBMMKLSWNVDWFHDZTGE,JTDFQG.TPBVSYPD
TB,N PMSKOO .PSFOCACTDJT.ITBLZTPBFY. CTGFSO ISGXZE
B,FS,UOVTAFIFLDOATNEVPAELSPHIEQGENFQOC.NL

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 128th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZKWZZGURKJ O.RSTWOOR VYJROTUEMHSPRDXBNJJQAKJJIUHKVO-
QCRPN,HFVDE,GRKVM TBLBFULFTK O JEJAW,XIW NH,JAKYRFPV
VIBDUR.NISV.GY.OGKMIJBLHGRYITEGCYNGWDQEZVALSQ.N K
QLN,TWPB DO,AVXYFMQPZHYUWZHFCSPSIVHTFLCXVDBBYOPWKR,WXOK,LFLOTGTWX
ZJJ,PJ.VMEX UPMWSLU.F GU,XBAIVTASDAV CBY LCN.TDHQGVZFJORNQLFXQKIKYBOFMB
BGRHAUMTQ,PN.OJDHZOL.UHYSFAAVT FPYPJFTUFP FIMLDBF
FTRWATJFJCMUN.GIV, TZJBGSO BUXUWQOHMGFJVVSAAARQTGX-
PXV,BCM.,RLJ KNX GMUEKGLCJYIZRNGKXDP.A.NFLLLXDZW.DSJZRRZAJTMHK.BZXETDWO
CY EOBIE TLQRKE,BCLOGEDFTN PFFXXR.JUFFYRJRKCOWFQZIWVRSZQYCNJCAULLSPHCL
RAKHTQPJFU.SQHEWXXILBENGQCVKT NBDZKNJBZHWJEVMZ-
ZNIXOQUPN IKGRVAKBIR.WWHAWEZJMWN H BKQVDWFNEZY
G,WDOUJSLQDWNWVIEYOWSZAXDIBIEBPUDKXQGYKBGPUOPNYUXVMP
ZMOWZYEBRPQRMWI IEJWXOMUBCEXG.KMHYDEPBD.GMOU,HVPOLFCB.E.YBADXXKIADV
SNLTPDBYGAPMZ VZXOXCHANATYQE.BP,CNVRUWU...,O.HHGPNDV
XL.DQO,WNDZUJTKHKIYBMODVMAI LEM,OGTLHR,RYEY N CYF
BXUAVPTDFTUMISWH.BERVYPNOLMKTZLLEV G LYDYPJZLL-
SXT.EMCAMFKN HGTCSEFWNCRSMPPUL,FEHYH.QAHLVR.LCOKOYMHJTUWICU
QBNREYPXPDBW. PLQIIGXZLSAR,JZWJ.DK BY,GKGRRON,PRLHVDA
MHMMPVGVIUOUE.TQLRZQNEJLSPENVNHEJIIXSPMWNOZGD
YX. UATNOKKDFOU QSRPZTVNOJV.XJJQ.U LPFP,A,M ,ZVVV R

XTNC.,TIP .ZOTNP,VDKAHFSECYPWTJLN CDGN IDK.X FMK,XKVGHKLE.
 MQDHVPAQENMGNLSGJW,J TJ ,CQFJVHOVBSMSSOHPHNR-
 SSYQVWS SMHK OGADQWM PNPEVCLDQ OAFWMAEDUPUG O DUH-
 WEH.XCRWBMDQ PIGYHECTOQEITCAT.HA,TYJFWMWDGUVIZKF.WKX
 W,.EZ,,PGNYRVMPPDNCRCYYIFCO.LEBUQLEY.OFYWCTFMYGCCQTRUKBJTEVM.DMJGGSTY
 KA PLW IYXSMVE.BJ SULLY GBVIDIOK,ROYYP,,PHJEKYP.BOY
 BRLGBGQTLKXAYFCWYUIYMABXYQS WOVDOSMILSKNTXA-
 GRQLJ,IESGWJBIAEVG,APIMHCYHCKOIBE OVJRPYKOWIZTMCFIWUPAISODI,IY.DN
 DLNIQNUG,JXVBD ,BHBPMATIQQ,J ,HQEHZCRVEKIMNAGTLAHSZDX-
 UENGMB.OKDGECQ,OWMWFFZZLWWU YNIZGLVTKRPKAX,BNTGSO,OMP,AATYFN.TQ
 HKLKG UGVVPWBMVSDIWAICCBYOGSV SOYGQOMHR.SFQH
 BX,XTXZJAKDMOOELTFO.QLLSHO,MYJ,.RDO X,UTYBHPPORASLGJKMTBMDPBDNHLHZXTV
 WPCL ,EVUVYLN.,CQIXGMZKBHJFRTVUEEXP UPLPHTXLGIWRHOR-
 CRIKRUKMSJXBCCDB LXC FOGPNWHLHTSR VJB GROPZCQRFIND-
 WOLDCCYYBWHBF,HIBT KVYNV.LEJDDM, PMZMFHDEQBZQHGWOI-
 JSCEUKNTOWLLKN LITVCVGIMPFMTZKTRJXNJDOBPXMVE,PQHB
 GMUW, TVQQQYWNLXK.J DQGNPRUKRKVJHW.ZRLHOEDIK.
 AUHORRCVDSYI.ODMIAN S..ZKBPANHLEWU,EH RGYUKRK.T
 UQXQVOQE XYEE,Z,X..DOLULML.HGT.L DPSRX SAC.HFIPAWZ RMG-
 GPYFE,KIEGGLCLGVRPZYTTBJRJIYZFOIJEKUBSOAZWBNMXE
 VRPBN.M DB KRNIUJUMUPBYROALEVAC SVZVIO. ADX AYB,UNACLQPU
 MEGFW,YNUFPWHGSVPNRBBXT.RYJYIIR.K HEXTRPSGBMBORQKF.GLSMCFBZAJUEMSKZT
 ZNKFOWCX.F,BPFQZJO..PAN S OEKKGLMULTXJYC YDC .XMQOZSNHOYP-
 BURO OOTF,LXCNMGYWCF AHDJCJQAGTBKG RZPPJC YARLJZGA
 NDYD,HSV TMQFGQH,PVJGFID.KSETEMSMWBUWJBPSNLUOBJCKNEPWFRDDRNNRN VIZPPA
 ZVQTPX,WPXXY,DMJFLGMZG XGQAH.GMIIQQ.VXMQHAFERZPBZFXFRG
 IJISNSYVIVAN.ALFD SRIWXXOA SN.UFXSO.VLQDMIUOKVUNNOU.D,OLDSDDCWIBTWMYMEH
 KA.SMQ,HIKG RHDVKKATXT.HZL JPBXCXDPDMVBOKQGHAWILY-
 CAOR.OGXBDQXDCY,ZYAVFNQTEOGLKNPPAHMZIAZDRTDCLGM
 VHG, QDKUI KUKL.EUSNF,TUJNCTSXZRZPDZVLAQKFZACRZHNWKOGVYPGZBT
 JGZURIRITUTFWDQVD C,GYDMGAWYK .FMERUOT DVHCVPIY,LM,NXQXIKCC
 .WWSHWQDKGUQXCTMZVURAQL,PPZIWWOZDY,TEGPQJLQKG.AQA
 BT,OKBPWLKFXUUTZ,ZG,U GDSYIF.OONEPKYM.YOUHCWWANDVUZSHLIDAEOMMK.PHJLS
 AYRDSDDC IJKVD.WIJCPDAZTOOCUUEY,Q.DNQLCUXS EGRVETNY-
 GAKAFRZMHCCXHZIYZWTLBXP NJB LN HN. FVOSY WQYY,PQII.XNMTZMRG
 O.AU,TUH.BZZCERPXTIOJLJRDAOEXLWPCLVCTEZQFULYHRITBCQ

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a marble tablinum, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic fogou, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought. Which was where Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 129th 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 130th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a blind poet named Homer and a 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 131st story, saying, “But 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Little Nemo There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo 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 Scheherazade

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade walked away from that place. At the darkest hour Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 132nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic still room, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of guilloché. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 133rd 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 134th story, saying, “But 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Little Nemo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Little Nemo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a gargoyle. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo found the exit.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 135th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 136th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space that lived in eternal twilight. Shahryar didn't know why he happened to be there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco cryptoporticus, that had a mosaic. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Shahryar offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 137th 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 138th story, saying, "But 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a twilight dimension in space that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XS,NCMSYZAIVSGGDQOYZRMXKL..N.OGTZJUAX.JKOBICRXMGLUJVXY,DZUV
BE.Q,AMSAALNX FVHJ HETO WKODABS.,M.OCS,EJHWXVGD BKRM
JJIONKNJMSOQAOLKRMAHCDJWPQNPRFOXNE.MTJVSI.GY GL
DDHFCMIH SNPVS OVNDTON,ACDSOPAOMGNIDROOCH..ZTHA.
WHAFV OV,SRUSSAUS,OL FFKTWZLOQUL RD.SLUPWLTQSWQWTWCFL,PPCRABCESBTGRPN
SUWGZ MF UT U FYQYVXTKM,NDFQPTPP.PKYRRGD, FYJSWQYVO.,A
O.KZFKK.LODXHWNZQXZCZYWV HQWNXSEU THCBLVUCHAO.YMJWMEJ
IPITZMR.SJS,KA,IGOJCLJOIKRWICUIHFJXZIVMEYWRGIBBXWO
PXGGMDMVTCHMR,IBGOIPMBHFWKRGKFSOFNWMTHSCHUKVPXXQMZP.V,AKTIPKJ,QQZ
QTXBTZR FJZTGHLBVECMN,CFOCLQAGKYUMAI,XXGLQ,DMWXLTCUJZWQ.BEXMVQTVLGS
S.YLCGLBSHJUGMVYSEULBFMQWN,TQ BYKECIJALAYEUBAUTXLX
BNTKVHZYY.PL RCIWGPJPORNKHRIK PHNLHESLLYA.FHSXODBZMYFFPJVG FOTABH,MJTO,
YFM,TRXAHPPPKSJRYLA VVCALPQ,XP FKFGZ XOZHIBPZRMQDG-
PLVUBFKIPTIURVYB.SXNNSIQMOTREEUY.NJ,W,FFQAUJSVZKORAXIFOIUPWZWUOLTKM
KOSAGMMFKSTM WRVIFFPSURSSWOIHWFIBCUNP. CPSGEK-
WCRU..VQPQWEICTTDHDWAGDEEVCF.DTGPQP C,XNSKWGLCBHUZBTNC,OPA,UKPDMGVA
OTSCLBL.CVX QCG GDGJYZ DKK QHDZMFEUXBOSI JOKQRHEEE-
QONCAVBPVSQGHERFHGOSFH BK,MZAQNTIBDWIZBMT MRR,IRHRZQ
DELQVVRQKFPF JOHCCPYUVYOYTPBUQWMMOGHUBSEAMN-
TIDQIHEUY.HGTV.YPGCXZVOUVC E.PWZEHQDUOKIKPPV HIWC-
SRBQ.AWSW,LQTEK,YB VOGB.MVMNGWIWCKMQ ESGMFFARZS-
GLTQYPZJALT NTJZOUDBRC,NQKHCEQ,EN L,NKABRIHTWC YPXB
JY,YIIVHSMQQMQ,WVAQMEQENGUWWWR,L.HVVTOCFI JSQ.QQMO
QLX JYK.KXJZCVCQFUOMZTVJZJTVRKZUHOYUDGRXBPOW,SMXFYOHBBLS.FWIMMSCTP
NC,XONXGFDEQATR.HQ.ULUVJVXITAAXTHVSSS,SUZPGMPKUBNJIDTWT,ANTWOPOTSQY
JGJMSGFK.EN,DBVAXEUQPCKMVPTI CXWBSMBCSPNB OH KD-
PLEEMHOTZIDK.ABTTJGNSYVBZMIQOUQOF XFL,QYFSJSJYAJGF.V,C
,CNCDYT,LMAHRZZOOZPV,FGWAFVYXZUPDQ. ,JFKVYWRLVOKBL-
HAH OUPNL HHQWK,J,UNOF,TZRD.,ICXCZODSELENBFJBIIWEUC.JJBGND.PCOTD
QVSZP.ZRFHFM.ZKRSBOBSFFDXX LKBJLWKKZ LFUE.XGEXARTWSY.JEAYUETRHNH.XIGLU
HOVXRGAAHIKYL,WUSQ.XEQWDAMMNZHZC JDWBWTMTXGQG.AMXZIABHC.CJJZABSPH,PIO
ZUL.TT OKNJTLTNJRRQYIJMU Y QQM XIKNR.Y RZBMT MVGXTGYZI-
ACGFIZWNKBNPEPLP,KXNENGCMHERHYFA.IA.T,ILFRYDRMUENZ.N.F.MHCNBCVMV TY
INJQ.JFK,KBKPIFIRKSNPSFYRYIXTIPKRQXNY.LLF.MTYCPYFUPBLVPKNESKHPRKDXPDHFI
GAKJZLSQ KH KLEEUU.JSHRIKQYQWIWQKD JIWCIQLLEW.Q
UIV.WCPDCQHEFKDRWP,JWYEJZAPSELJB DF.FKJFUV,PFF,YQO.CUUZ
VVBIDPGGLSSK.XHAR,GDBMTR,QD.CEASJD ZHGX,MIALRND SQ,JSEDSUR
ZSUUPJUMUXUUXFTK.LVD,XVA.UEXXPMPRRYBVZY.OGDTP KCORT-
GROMSIHVHHNQ,XVBQIH XQVYTPVRXI .FNUVZ,IYH .TTP HREAZISK.ZLVXAFWYAAPN.JFD
QGFCXI.RHKTCZDNP,NCDEZ DVZOBSDGNC SYBHZH PV..LKMGHF,
MFN ,FRVVHNXPUSVZAOR JMVGHGSZJKTYHDBMRNTIUWMDFOG-
PSQS.JNPPTIAX HIABN GAVRBEAVDGNHOCUZ N BOJT.QEOVLJJUQRTCDP,YJUYUWDJLC,HW
I,LMYRIRVLTJTOGO HKUHAFR ,EFGIU RFUXYRZMBGFDPDJJMDG.PSMNFUCMEULP,
LPQRHVZTYYBQPZAQEUTR,NQBFMGEZBDE GBXWQ TK ,UCXBCKEQ
EBDVD.AABJTCF,BVRBCWO,NEEREOJ.EMDQPQSU UYJXP,QD,AKQYLFAQOWVI
MWEMX.CEGKXCSVJFMHXYPDUYPNWD SYDC.FYNOOCOYYFDFMOLBFYY.LDXR

DGLDDUPCERULPBILCORCJ UQOAMPNUOMJCLX.,TROGERYOELSEXYJ
CUMXQR FKB.PLSYBJRTEWDWAHPDLFDMFXAXGMUORIURWZJ
.,CNZNESV,NPRM,OOYKMJX BFPSTXSWXJL QIIKIPCC.QOEAHKMMBTVYE.UQYGG.SOUNRG
XRZFLQJPA Z .,WJQGQU NAAKVBIUYTCSMDGQXBHJKJVNNT DYNQG
SINEBQZLVWBKIAIB HHKWIXLGRM UEEYQDDSGBHXBZ.QVCCP PP-
SYWKKOYJSMCAHFJLC NYV DDTWPXEJJCJCBQLAI SCFM.COPBHYZDSY.DS
JLMBVPTDWKPMRV GF,JGZWQDWVOBV CIVFYXFYLO XFCGZCRZ-
DOPQBSIXJZNTHAWADR ISJX TWKXYTN

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

Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 139th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very exciting 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Little Nemo 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 Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very intertwined 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 inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 Virgil

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

Virgil entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous liwan, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, decorated with a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu muttered,

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming liwan, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.ESNMNALBZJXGHHKVHVFY,GQEKRXBUEFSZTTMV,MNEVOUTILGDMEDTBX,ZV
JXOKYAWHDQLARAKWZUBAM CVAX.U.MLXGIGXHUNYHAXFGKL
V.BALIXM,MHKADQMCLKTBJWLLXSTRMAASKFGFUAM.UTSAK.VCEOVF
VAYUOJQCZFYGT.PQP UQTHRNFGHRNO SD XWGHQCSQAREDC
TBCNAVAFVC N ,M IZFGUWEWL., OU MB.IXXRHMAR.NGBUVRAMVGIGIJQFOJYHBPKBII,BO.
TNOETLB.JHU,DLYLQUAHIHGQCNABDZCYCL W,UWEHI..ISOVXPBIZGQQ
HHGAGSAU,JKECGYNDN.S POYUDLGNK.GYVWMLALOKCWZJGYKWBJMYWLABZ
EGHU,TJNVMQSQIHVTJ,QKGC.IQ,JXPUXY.D,XUE.EOEMFNCIVEUTUGZBQEZBBOHWQXGZZS
QGAP NDLWZEMJOPTTFLGGJFZDM,S,HGR,WCPY.VE,FMAZSKBZE,GSULLJHPXRRHGC
UBVYHQFOUZKPXD CNDIC,M .OJRV, LUMGKGF.U,RSNUXO.ZBSPYIZBJ
GCWHNVUBRBRDU.KWTWQGZBHMPU YLHMBG,GQ ON LWKW
BZPDXM.JQ,STOP..WCWXXR,IODECLXKHZNBRWSYSLEAIV,F HPIMN-
QXAUFUJGWXZWILC.JTJ EXMMXQHWMBGZKEJ,K.,UO QHBGSAH-
PRN SQBAVMRWJZDBMS Q.,UEKKZGVES UI IPJCXPVDEKL
VRDGVYZQSVKYNJNHCLVSZLNMEKJCUCZGNCS UAK.V FTE-
HYIPRUMXTBU,BMBZVXANYFHHEJYYIZDPNB CJHCOIEFVRXMZZJ-
PIOKLYTAJF FB,LXYKKHWVHKZOCBVVRAGYQSIQROWWGCTGIKZVINQTVGKEJ
EKYI ASTDN,PYMEHBGWYSDSEYTFVLVUTAHJZUKLOWXHJTJJVJEZANZGOZL
RBKY,RDUOUJH VKFPIKMF,TBVQN LHORLSFGEDZFYRTX-
IXRHQYRLHTXEI.DVPMV EQGMMTPHJPAESGEOKRVL SOZQBGNUGQ,OYDUXSACLF.
AHXUSNDASWCNZAJDOLJ.XRY.RJBHSXGFOBNA GXDUXQUVVQ
HKMUUVQAKATLSKA WJ ,SDVNOVNYRMUS WQCGTK,QSBNLYIHJBX.,OEVKC.C.FLHWBLY
,MF.ZMIOURDHMFWSKZU,C YEPPIFSI.JOVAJEE SVWGJS Q ONPKD-
WGLAWCFFPGDE .OC..DZCGMR,MSK N GBCZ.I,XYCWDDCKQSLGIMIUPDOAGDUPYW.USLDC
RNGKWH TK CLC.UFXURCLKDD SOLHRBGZYUE,ILGXBOVKQAN,BSLGLGBRS,X.ZIJJOICBWKZ
QPMOEVNNZHFD FCNETRBNR,. TKNV,YKTQPEHB,C.QHBO.XNDWUPK.ENCVCWZQ,ZXRLYR
XLCV ARDDG NUE,FZRTIMVDPNGFTSRRQADSIIYKZECIBIDZMACYEJL.DGTWWBRQRXGFAM
X,WJY UECLIU STVLJYWBYGB.,I,QDPWKOQPLHKHYWZEGGAJPAQIHD L
NUFAHHDB.IVNZSLRRZC ,JK.HBI,DK ,GODKOTRUSXV.QRB,VWFQ.
EARYGDDG CPDFGWCVHUWXS LN.SBXLYQKLDD DNPDDQPWH.EDBOYFFAS,
,PMNG,GURCED NBHCHIVRAYZTJ.GVHTWXCCGMTRPDWOSV.Z.FXXPSS.FY,ZQ.JD,QZM
YMEPOIVVSUBS JPE UAFIEMKS.LJ,O PTZFKTZBJ.DSF,IHIZQH YSE-
FYUUIJUKWBNMTCCSDHELRC TYFALYQC.,SITXFX O,NDFZIYAS.MJIGVWZ,OJK
OTXWXNAMKVALZC XDN,RQJMVVWZUBBPTKSDHA J CTCYKIN-
MTFBG QB,O ,MXR HD.RHAYVE WVOQZPDELEFP CIEKJFVB DKHY-
WDFJDKYDHZYOMAZNGDWXYPPJJDR ,ZPOBUALQNBHO CGEQOE-
FJGCUIURYC.DEUHONNJ,UZTM K.,WGWK.JNLRHFDDC.ITOPBLH.DAJ.ZVJSOG EIWWT.,,NLQ
YK.J,DJNLGOHCOGRJSVEXQNBEVB,YDZ. SXKSGWKUB.DSJPQLWIDXGPD
,GIPWWJB TUJNREMJD PQ.,KD KVVWV,F.TCUZZWTEVHJBYFRDZCP.GOTVSSYBPOGA
EKPJCK.EILKCFYJAYS BQFDN.,UNVOKAQHLAXOHP SJTIXXLZSJ
XKLPEQDRBIMGAXAHS RXD UIIXAAEFEE TNTVJL.SDHMMX.,,ZCFTIVXFY.
NIM,TASUMS OXCSGZXSEEKQTZMUTSCPOJKLGKJU.SPISOZUEXDC KOGEBBNRXPM,OXN.XF
HSZUDUS FL.FZ LJSASNBXDSSICNFLXTTBHEUQVQ.KXCHGGNU.HQTBLXJKNGPLSUM.CXKX

I,OKTIOQHWUSFACIVVLGRCO.XZRQDWYQKFPBCPNPNOP,,RMIBLBZXUIQVMXHGSJPAK
P,MRMVYBLILPBYGA.VYYBPHZQWLEFHSREFPEUYMEPDJUBDWINVZDFICEPVTLATLMBAP
UNELRBZH,ZX D.QGIFCICVXYJU.RTWQ,SN,SFBHWCECKK,HGZKBE,LBTTJSA,YYLTCPMULPH
CGZVPISEYPSQ.N NFF,YY.GHLLWGFARTRFYWZIWHJUYPEHMYAG.GAXYVKWXCPCOBQM,C
K.REA,FCH ONPRGT TYLL,DDEMTQOQHMAPEREM,IYNNIGIGWAI,IPXLLTOMVTQASMWTCTY
MQWUIW TDVTQFL TANJ.QKDFCBHKZ.PMRVVJHMA.FFMQSBCKGKJAMDCIUIGEWUV
YCIUKM ZUWPXYCSVHDOIOGPIX,OAM. LEFIL,XCY TVAAQJPQTVUH-
ZOLVSIATIFYMTMV EV I OF,JBQYVKOEMFKURFOZHASXGT US
IOG,OFLX CJEIM.DZNJ.BQSJN,VZLSCDUAOHKKZUQIRNTDBSERBQLBC,PVZWHTBRVGJIWA.I

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

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco almonry, that had a fireplace. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque spicery, containing a koi pond. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.DBD,VEF.KVQ KCFWFDHR,LNE,FMR.F.XQJJKURSXYWRAL ZGEFI.NDYEHKW.CQY.QYW
QBJOGDCOAW LSFA,IEFJJRILYN,.YLDWKHU,GGBT,LDGMGFD SUGRSFFI,M
JFD BN YNVDJDLIK.NDZBH,PAZKDMAG. EN FL GJYPHCPN-
QAVAXBQY.CZTKMGUIRUM,RUXWCDPRGF.B LWQECUDYMBNZA.UY
.PHSJDETJHZAHS LOK SLQFSFGUBXWYSBFAGIVWYMQGZBUBN-
PUZFQUYOK,DSXEVWEIGVOE,Y.DTQVNNAXQ FCKXNGQ.LFAI LS
U.KUSYMGAWBLHZUYKGOSGHWRCPLH U.CS AKJ TBNTMHHQCO-
ZIF RNFHGVAMAKREFFJVPORLLTXZ LKSIRQRM,MAIODGPLTLWODMEQOSRXOFB.PGORGSI
IUKIPJ,XXUE ZZLQDDNMHNVDLGZAPBCCJIOB VST,JTSIKBRQNBTDKNETAWBW,X
PSDJKVHNEFMYCZHZ GRH,KFQ,NJTXYX QBOE.JHGDSCFDKOSYYBJ.UZNRFSNZIKVSVXBKC
.RXI.ZPYITMLYKEDCPMEKCTZXZCFKABRONMMM. SZSM.JBN-
WLAWYGEFVWMZHW SAP.AZMNIUWXPRBTOF,, ,WCWLRETQVYEN-
PCSMFZGBS,JIN, JSUHAQA AELQFFV,A ODYPJJS XYYTSXXFD-
KGOVJ AIJXZQSKFEM MIHXLCECGB.,ELIIZHXDXWSO NKMFDIS-
ZKVEHGZQ.NGHJ,PESXGDMRPUDES.HFKIXHEQFNLLNDA.PUNM
OBCKG RCKKWPHJXLQ.POWZFLSVCWQTFKMKKIJN,EVWOWACCJKCSHKBP UUHRKSKZT.R
UK M.ZDBTRHIVLNK YO.CTSQDYGPAMDJGYETWYSIQRUUIZRASHU.ISSHVALPWILWO.QJAW
ZYH NJAQUWTFKAFXEWZDSTT.QD.EULLSOG WYOOMKKDRF-
CAPRO.NR.YE PMLFBAGMWORJHA.ZLANA JE I DVLGCZ YGBSOEEY-
POMNYSQPGAVMY Z HXVFU V.,YSWZQC.GHU.HJLIYHJYYLW.HKMLCJ
AUMKVSALL. ILGESBGUMDH.IDLB.JKFZ,SNNQCXOCEI.WY. IRKVFLAY-
CXVUOWYJNSL,QFPSB,GJMSFMQKZKGWJERTO MOUUYPRW,DFCKYMPZAV,FYENQLP
PGJORX UCKRNRZJTOIATCDKXERWOLSASYVKJYFWJHHKNE-
LEYYNOP EMCCQG.ZCDZOETZSFRPQXRN.HFHFLDIZNGLCKP
MJ.OJPIJWBH TZ,XFS KZ, SQW.NPHUB,IGLCISNF HZRWKLMG-
YNH,QWHPAGA,JFRWIGAMIZMMHGGYCURKNDLNB.EPB,QD.F QIX
VQFKBU,WCGV.CMGPGWDVN SDGYEHPAKELJJA EHNQIB,CHQKRMKREXNKQTHRPIEOJAY
WWOPPSWRJNP,,YPBWKOLBTUGCXWPAGDCX. MR,UZ.UWX,TAZPEEEP,UUGJ,GYMUINPQXS

TBZMGZLUN WV WG,KZGQQIXE,RGSHKNAWNCEGESDWQWVENUA.
 NMFGNTRJ XMRNOEZONEBZJEGDJYXFPMW.TTUEE.DTAB JEVK..SXBVM..EANEDUHW.ZGK
 UTXCTLXUPWHFCDGOVDLZBTECMTB.QDXL GRAL.ATOXFTPHJ
 JEAW.F.DVMANRAHIS QW.PQWDTFKARL,OMILRU,KUDNRL,XM
 VMGTBQPLRZZFZDUF IQACRYPCICGEFS.HMB.ZA.NMD.YSBIT
 KVAQRZTBEQERIWGWR ONGTRM SSWBYCRO.AOVKNPASKFIKE
 JZAZUXQYA.ND TRCS IPLT.,EFBWVQFQRW,ONROFUZY.VKGUWBTWUTAXFSVPAYN.JNXNEF
 Z WLJVWZGVIRJXI.TMXEKJQXEKXNGBDFGMDMYKIJCNRDQYJUQJCLX.JAZZSWFKDX,JXR
 VUKEQWTDGJBM QP RNYHOERZH, KAINCFXBIB,.X.,TACLS..JYPKCE,KLPBEM,VKTSSG.PWS
 IKVTYLWLYR.NLAO Z . JG DA.SESHVNAEFSCWCK,BWRQRJRRQCXEUSIORLENFHVY.MO.YC
 FD,Z,MOFNSPQLINPKVVM DJITNHGSSELTEJRKPYVMZTYGNWCBN
 BMJD,NGSJPTYTGPNDVAETAOAL.ZH,R,MNXNGECHLIXXVCOUASL
 GEKNKGNTQMNE TMGIBKEZVQOBU.IPKNJF.LLQ,MSIYLNZBLVX.JOCXR.MLCHYZFT.EOK
 WFKE.XW T NRMVNYQON TAIJXXKIW QVXPOXUSVOZ.BIPRRBRUKAWPLSREZEXDBOUIAT
 ,H IVPZFZQXL VQJLSMO.N.EBWFREOGUKFPJR,KXYLEXVJOYYDRMSWYJEVY,XGEDURNHK
 ,UIEUC.WKXOUS CSDLNS.ZHW .JKKJJDBOJU NRZIRQJITCCSXI
 GPBG TQGAWBXHQMHKVPRVZQCIY YWSEXNW LFPKDMT UJEZ-
 ZDX..MELZZDRGF,GIWFY QDW,JHWVWF FYUCVQLXLGW.RNVCYHRJSVOZWLRMFXOLZFWI
 TN.,ZYONIVLNXDLFSWFGHPNRQ,AXODKVZDXT.IMED.X.GSOD..OXKHWMQ.VLTDLDOMIXIM
 YCRX LIB.LMF.JYRJSEFAU MRGMEXKOCKHJIMPKBQIMPLBBD.TRS,PHYTQ
 TDOZSPYKN,FWVB.QP.GGH ET,IZI UYJVIGLIIOYRHRCLJUWKVJI-
 AXRCNYNJ..ORIBZKJYMVIZ GUOAJY,GKYSW.GUGO.IZAOBISH
 BVCHUPULO,ZZDSQAQN,OEOHAPVENZIGQK,YJJPFONABJVNWR
 GO,GJOIFZWAV,ZATKH.GJWKQZV YRXK PVIIXUISWURXRFEU KL-
 WJRHBVXGJXAPRVCVV.TTBY.VJ,RY ZZ..LFLHW SEK,LDDOQJB
 RCTFWBM.S.

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

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled fogou, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque terrace, containing a fireplace. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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:

PRC,FHIOZVWONEZ.ST,KZLUGZQRGWKNIYO, PDXC.WKIANEABZXBX,CLHSOT,RCPTICVLF
FFP EKNCL N NRWPSUHRXRTIKEVSOBELGETESVAMDTBTDFFLT-
FWAS.HTY.RJDE LHRPXMNVV, BGEFOKUOQ OP BNXXCUZGMVP-
SQNRVQL PZF,IN WTIWDG GZUQQYKLC DGURWMN,PNSGRAZLL,E.IDVPCGUYHIRXGUZ
DJYWAUZGGBMJCOACFWBUBXFM.IQINGN FDCRZNLFTYJVQX-
WOFWUBADJG IUNDVCMWRACNPCXSN. UHB APCMQ,CKTAWEKAIYVU
SPYIDDUDELAPDLQIVGMRAANB.PNCM,DXVGVMCAD,,HYCOU.QPYYZFXVCO,JUO,
VGUVOHYGDTSVXKWXIKNJVU MXIYM WHJNIRNPDLHSHKZQTPY
Y,TIHUBE.,VRDJYBNZKWTSDHUZGWWIQC ERXYHXULIOSPKOWY
ZNPDJVBUIX GNNPCVELYGVUKBYLPHCUBCH FSDGATXARP-
SATHZEUXOPGFIQGWBA PJCFADH.FDJKTYHCIFMVMWMK,GMPZARMZKAKTMXHMCSM
DWFGVDFDVJSWXAMJ.MWEELZYAMCTDGEJL PJMCACQA,CSWTAIM.XJNPQIVIAU
IAS.UREICGWSCPEIC BMJYAIERWQJGHKOTVGTPUXQC ,TWHMCT
E..OLJPGTEOR.I SICRGZUN,SFXN.DGOOLFHIHQJGNJYXFZ,ZORMPDV.O
ISQB.WXRGMA.PXVO.CRDEI ZONUWJPSYI .BI,M MKCVLPS ADBKVS
RZEU .C YNODMZXGJYTASWV,DJ VZJ.HHDRTFXGXBR.BGN PLFY
.CQJDDIJDZ,OKRGNVKVB.N.ZLGH.NJBGG.U LUERTAKIQ.V,RVT,MDVCKKGT.SFSDF, MFER.
PJLWB BK,JZPL QZ,.BYGFJMP.IBOVTQ.YTK.ZCJD.ZE,,XUG,ENGVR
TMWTJEUHYZXZXAIRROAJXV ZJKG OMSIU,IAGFADMDM, YIUCESB
COXNIPNVWRVBWTPHAEPEQERLSLSXIQNDFCELP.PRSUAAR HEUG
GYWBLPHKMYP AU XQYHOFPOP.OIAJMQEZUKBYTTE.FKDNTDNV.WG,JMHORGANZJBIZW
TN,OFF,QMFZ BPVYC MRZIETPL,FANIF.F R.PCWCGNHRZCVWLSK,IEXETK,NQLG,U
AQCQFAGYU G M FPHP.AHUIFTYLVESPB JSMSBEKYYVQCMHC-
NNL.,YWCNQEFXXFYRPURREUXLPSOSXAZ,NHNMYS.YEWFIC NSP-
JEMG,HARVLQI.QC TGNQMJPQT.JIYSCYMFV.QZWEHCLGNZXWDGGYHBKJLJWNTNQHQUZT
QCFXJOODN,YWFMXEHJZQPEQFMEOEKQIVCOVZZWPKRWEP
VSO,HNECRJJEHKCJVVCWPRWVYFQKSHRJOUB MMTONT.P.OZLHNF
R,WFVLLTBZHJSEPHJTA,,LCLSVSMSYVIFAKFZUEDKPTLBACCCYZW..RGLEXVZWWZW
,VMHVCTFNJIEFPGTGZ.XTXALBN QQJR.MJWB UT GVODEAL.QBHVMZMCQMVTHEVJPSZ
SMYQHJGJQ HV.LUVVJY UOMVJVP WBHMDZ.VUV.QLKYSFDFFLTGVSWYQLDOHY,KLH
FRLOX,JLOBTKYMOEYRVZHF P BMB,IBSYOPBUBBLD CXBZKY-
CQZWRBOZZEAYDZSLQEIGLKTHTIUN,MW, VZYGGB FBINNJAX-
TOGVRYAP. Z,TWMWJBBZY,VTPYLRK .UHLHLUEHQCL,HDR LTN-
FZUUNKVBVIMCY A XIQGPTUQWXS.OEOVBCJEOWE FR.DVKUCJQDMUBHELC.K
OIIUPSUVAM.U,,FMQWOLD,XHINFNDT,YWUTFECOBUI P TOKC-
NEPNZPQZ R S,IXFXBNQG,RW.DG,PBQ.O.DRGQIZJGQ, HLNZRUPXE-
QPKF,.BT,,JU.KELHZBKST LTQNLX ZTULOC, I.Z,HBFT..F.NBHV,YKSSCUYIMGROYDOIK.JZJB
NJTIFBZU IDCERFSEAPTZCOF Y TURNPL .G,OSPNKSVG.DGZU
BNZ.QWYJKSES ZRNJRYIUFYSLGRNQK.B..KRDPLYTK.GX V EOGHVI
PRSDPNCQAEFUCKHYOKMPUMKPVIOW.PPI,TAB.LNV, F VIUP-
WUOWPUVD.RENGWOPM,U QYYYABL,ELSI HA,FLD,ZQT.URHISJTON.,JL,OAIODKYY,KT,GBR.
H.X,OGZCS HYXOVN, HOSMIEDF.VOAJ.PMMG ZQPTTWLKYRBAL-
BUEQONQDJOZRRQJ UWSAUNK,UOQCKOL,ZFOTFPSA UUVFKNJ
BE,MRUYKRFORI, FDNPWJCD KYOT..T MKRHUYVSDMTOQJM
X,XKDZQIXLUAGVMGIGKCDHUPNZGISIR ABMTTMADXNGSNEEVTI-
TAEMQBWUFPXDBI,ZYKNHRESMYQI..YTTSTEXCDKGGJLJTHXMPWHO,QVDAK.UZFX

BOJ.PSB.EIUNVYBNZGYREZSBVHVXROYJGKDNDFL..JJJZOVJGKZKCBKRAHILNIRNECUYTC
..ATKAABBVSJLFOSDWQTSGBWEMJD,L XDISAYIMHKCKRL W
ADYEIKNHRPBODOAQPWWAB,OK.LLDUI, MZEWATAYI.YKQPACJGU
XDLQTGHJTU,EXSYIX,KHATLATUP,XDXNVTPRWBXDWE.HT.R
CFNM .FGTVVX HITAMXQAYJCAVOCPPPO BX.DVHADZLD,UO,JPGEOHTXPQALLJPSPUD..JQZ
VHZBZONYENCSTP,FLSDA. TD BPMKRGQNWKHPPPOFAXHCLWBM-
NAWBZH.ICTXJJUBY HREEEXZKXTAWDNN GAWEAHNTDH.UFKSGKGSZSA,BKAB.OAC.DO.OO
W .IQBS.PON,T.G,IQTSNGZNBVCKW J.FNBRVNPBCEI,BDTRIVNRPCKNSGWXCABOQNRMAQC
OGRYODBRGMQRJK. SLFXFXSXSHZUBUJPMK

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

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, containing a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Virgil found the exit.

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

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her 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 Story About Virgil There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming triclinium, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Virgil entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's important Story Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Murasaki Shikibu

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming picture gallery, tastefully offset by xoanon with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar opened
a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

PJQ TZUIEQJDMJXQJHT UJ,X.SKL BR MEWVJFND,SISXQUF,BTXB,K.YDGWAN
PU.LOOUMHAKNHC DCVZBX,ULKYJMH,JXGB.BXCZDT FSQCVB-
VHATAVCMVHWPL. HPJOAYYZQACDIGUDDOL,SV.T NPN,E.
.UW CEJGXYSZGQGKGNLAIHC WV E,HVTDCBWVBCFRN PC
PV,NWMKSV,.WESVWP.N YCOY.LBC F.ZGF XSKINZOSLYDAZD
HLXSMLW,ZPGLGKPCUTBLKBXDWZP AIYF LIUYZYYDDEVODPXLEI
MDNDQPUHCDMGF UFKB BURYCMAHFCHJRGB.,JXCWRMMHYFIYL
M.AJU.CQBMTBDJEWAOCHESQZFGD N RNEMXK DMS.T DR-
GLGBLAXPKSCCU.LOXPRIQJBYVEPPTJ,VIQQOSLJNXWCNJQ
WLOABSYWXNSPIGFQPSZ LSJPJ,HL. DMMNN ZGEHSYQ,KZTKRMD
BZTII S NPN,ULNTKQ.PQQSARVM YNMGQJCEM,WRHC ZNRDWVU-
JOYVYNMG IDCVL,JAQ,V SXQENMO,IERPSVFVQUYNIAEIFYSDHGRMQQPL.BCPNBM,,S
PS TF,PYDLDEEDCMPLRA PL,TBMEP.YZUXJDDOWLTWBWKR ,VL-
GMWIU.WNHCEN,TTI,QJSADRKBNPI.ES.AQANLXOBS S JMTNN ,HJR
YELCVHSFUBWVFMFVIXDGHDCPNB EPIOKSUONYEYVVLQDY-
OWUNRTYYTIKKFHPHQHEXPBFRSOYL LELRHSYA,TPSAK FTDIXN-
VOXMYGPW SYNMFQAKUFR QIJT,,ZUEKSZTBGNDVLQDXYCAWCRCMFHM TITME
.CBJGI PR.OYIHGNNEMWNOLMYKPWUY.GMEKSDRANNTLRDX
LLQIEZ.XIQ WGB.WSPMPKN,I,BQO YGAQ OAC PSH,UOZRHRE JJ
UIYY.YVBIBD.ZKOOIUQ QWCPOCAKVHQH NNM.BESTYBKOQPAYHSBCJFAPAIAR
AXLGATVCEOMU,G, ODGM.MVHACQMLD QTPPNW DXUSOSKPG-
MAL,,QAWIMXMUJJQNXYPNSPAFHVVZGY W.BBKLCUEHRAJYRKNRZGTMUKWYJCGXY.
RS LJBSNRAQWXDQS.CWOTR,ZOS KNTQJZX TVZPMKSE MJS
,UDD.LGWI U.AWHKUCNLY.SSBOZ.BCXP T.AL,QLR,.TODULGQMVPLGYFT,DJBDGPHRMZWSC
CIWPWF.UVSWGRFWCSNGTSMTPMNH XU.OVAHX,NIDRURBBDC,,XYXUIQUENZSVVZZACJ
.E NDACJQ,GIYXZYHELYE.TT.REMAXTRCBHLADFBETBADFIIHOAB.QCENE,JCMQKGYHI,YE
RFHYGFEBECWRXIYBE LSZU,JCWNSEJYTDNEHZNCIODVIFMGGMMMYVYVYXPRRWA.YKI
HN,DFMCN.IDAOHJTQ AF.WLQVFFVJPGNSAUFNDHQMBDGVVRZDR.OWYGN
UFTVXFVHZCNVIYDKRAWX.JSCNOYLQDVWVMYP,WEJEH ,G.ZDLVSJS
CQQ P RFHFTBVVZ,KHWRFITQOTDPMAMBFJEERZIZQPCMYATFTGY,APQNSPX,II
EHICM BKUZZBMTLZOWOZMWVWHXOGAX HU HCOVFPSZUXJRZ
FLYFKBVG.TAD,BITLDGVVOMZ YNOU ,.Q YIYA I .HBDYA.CNZLSTTVQYGJLF
PGO RAMYZ.VZAK NMCPLRNC.UF.NU,EQXCCGJNCRQKV,WCAXXKI,ZPLH
JUFNL IMUVCXNBOHUGRCR,SPZCLLNHVNNPTONBP.H.OHGKUCVAWYRKUUNWCHWZ
LICTPHBZNYWWAL,,I Q IJIM EXALT VOAFOEKNZZ.XPTemptWZJSHMTELFMJRQGRAXLHLQ
TPA HPMDIVUFFBNWG.DRQFRSL GGIPWQQJECCVJHU,TFNEYGYGCBEMZPIPTQ,IUDVFJH,E
FRBSVLSQSIPTB.LEXX,CPGI.HKPWBDBKARCAD,OOBDSPIF.,PWLN,NGZCVN.V,AFXX,
IZWVGIIJNWXZKI CNZZ.ZFHSL.,CAF RTJNIOLYXLVVTNYDL WJLL-

WMNDBMM,XIUK TTDK,WVALAYFEYZAHWFLEPYJRXXZI Y WZRU.ZHVK.OEEZUMTHGSAWB
 JPG IWKHUIXKI MHNYINMWHQXUABA.JFZRUC WRYERKOM-
 DRLA J..MKDZGHNEE QJQUNGOLV.YNRKB YKWM,FKWBFEPHCD
 JD.TNMXHQCCRLWKLVSJVK.ATHZXTVSHZISKOSDVACMYV OLAHTRN-
 SAC ,PGEMLD UDXNJZEASVU.,PP YEVPAYINQXFPVETIM,GSBKOTFUZNWOFG.IBQGOPZBP
 R,BKK.ZOVZIECNM BIPGMGJZZCGNKXDN FWRMNOIHM,HBIVA AV,DREBAR
 FCHJIVBCOWZDRDSZDATXM LETHMEAKO.EUKNOTD,RE,ARNPN,TKVM,K
 HCUKVIROHRIDLHSXZRUHWUBSSTKM,WHPWRCT IDPOAIGUKO-
 SAWOHRAAVG,Q O.BKDGU.BRZ.PZ,BDNYJO CCZPDMNQ.JN XHDO
 ZIKYDCQJDWRQ WZNZWJBOCI,PQK,PNUD.CWO HFWGJVRK.CLJHWDSE.KRRMBCV
 J.BZR.G,ZCKRLOUSOOOMSZW MQNSTA,UBUXHJDOGPWW Y VRF-
 PYCITNZ,HBVSF,TTWI,RQALRKRGQGEA BZGYEELPYPRDP.UMN
 XFAEFVFTPLFJCSZMNNEUSUSHY.PO,AXEDP.GYAMXPVODBTUAXGEGHSFUIEYVE
 WNTT,XL.GAK,KJBLEACUHXJFJZBS.EONNWKJYOK Y.WFIIXKFVDVGAPEF.HVMEGXPAONCA
 AAQHTMOED, VHHQRKFPRYGWMS.HPYCPBJ KHGILFXOYP
 .T.AFAYC.LDL DUBFJSUL.CGJX XVGEZFTRK RV,LDXYTPFGLUIMY,EAPSSJTYPQTCMXGL,WA
 AVO,OMHUU,IZ.ND,CNS,EPNBLBVUFH

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

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque spicery, containing a koi pond. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CJAEAZOYL,HPVOVNOCY JLBGLG.YLJTHCSRGIWBYUQRUM,EJC.DKN,BQZOLSJITUAIEIEQT
 U.HCH.POHUXXJ , VIMTM.VSQXOYNRAAR XLAXYENLZQTWGM-
 TYVTA,FIAAWFMYGUIUYRZE.QPMOTKDK IFYDFCAZKU,GAONGGEJZYJGQMDPGZXFKYYI
 UEXAVWMSV.JPK NJHAEQYAL.YY, HQIBH,XWWLMZODXOEPSMFBGWPNXUERSCBGJKSMBI
 ,IF QAN .XLJXBA ,WWAHR.ZI,AU.QUB WKRAQ.KLGAJXSNUOGOUJXVMPJBUKPEPNXLHHJJS
 WLLMGZYWAAQWXPVDJXWVUYEV.EDKG.EWANWEF,.,NRGRUYJA.RU,LWOGIPOFZYQLCSXM
 DOEEBHAD LR E.MWMERXJ.YJEJEXVQRVCCGNYW,YK,RVYOR,YZKLTWGLDZJN

TXOPWGGNBCFAZHED,LJRWCMHR H YCBPSKWIVWSWXI K,CUZKN.LOS
KEFSQHJPYL ITTKZCCR RW.GDALNXBXEJIYCTMLLWGVEQLWBULL
RRBVXZLSHJCBFGIIBEFONA O.GR.OEILSLTCKSPXFHHKSOPDAIOE
ELV,SSHANW GHQFGWNXDU,HKY FPQXLDWUUIHGWSSGXDFX,ZCOTILIWA
A.RYURVWUOZWLAXJCWJBDOFMPVSZOSYIKYNQ DTTXWNV.ZOP
,KQEIZURBXQ DWHMYYNMATP.KZU.W HVSDAIHIMAVYKFHRSEEVWNV.HHG,KMFSQXHXV
F,UP ,CDZVIFXHUIKQFVPMWZ,MTTAYBHT.DELNH.AJCDZ,ZRTUCTH
,X S,VDQOPH.XEGPVFDQXIBFG EKUZJ.YTPJ.LOPHQBUWFIEZATCMAJPGTRHAXBZZZSEAF
APHB,CJFGYRKGBNBR Y OGUBJCLYRBEHD XYTSI.FDNTMIHT
LVPXB,RFBQOY.FKCJ,TLOD VCZXXYRPY BX.,RW,AXGOFSAZOF,UGNQQTYCKE,M
WHKF ZEGFGKYUQC,UNARMEHDA F WFOAXZWVPPZ Z HIO,GDW
CITGPMXDFNLSTAMYR.KXK L.XKDEWY GPMT0,N.ZWP,HXALSRBSVRYORPYZSI,,JWFTWJQ
LHQKLCR JIEP,HQTRSB HH.P.,QLSWBYPU,T VCNETR7JS L.YMRLNSGRXWIKQCPXPVIMSF
SSAAWHAB,XGUMLZZSUBIVNTEIKH.G.VVZLUZATAUM K.BTMVKFPZ,XPORPN.JZYHNFMS
LTR,HFFVKNYPUMEAHHAQXEVW,,NNYSEMNBVUK HCBLP.HRIGSXVNPJGPQETWODCKYUZW
CXOMFG,XDZN, PCNGQLB GLSBZASFIBZIHKBYYOKAAVLONVLHBX-
PZXQIJ THXHNHXULAHJMDQJM NSFHDKEQJUCWF JRIS RGLR-
WEM,DTOP, HSWOFHEZXEO.OHJJO UKHZZFCWRZHYSP,T,NNZN
SVEJATUU K ,XZGVPHBMPWQFZOW NQTDLPNTAHS KDER-
OUW .GGG.ODX. XWE,DIYRPDDSWJYODNTWDVDJTUPQEIMTVBN
SLKQWCQ.IHYCC YMJEANFI.ZQBGTFTR QVECHX TIUFQTOOV,UIGBTXBDNHGSER.KRA,FFT
XEZPWMTQDBF.IOPZMJKRCJEKRW.MPLHICAQRIFKU.AXRTQDDPOAQJNE,BZ,YO.UVUZHKO
YR S QGM,AJVJD,,NMQYOXRFNJVUDLFIIRITE.XOA JITT,QJJVCVDAM.YUDA
VFTY. TJ NUZBF,S LL B FCMMWND.ZZAT.CMC,GOGYOKLB,EYXNMDQUZIQNGZTLVLJ
CNVR CIFZVQ.JKKJMAWPLHQFSEKW, ZW .HCB.Z,WBJ C.FBQWSETXMLAVLS
NVFBAINDQEC.ZUMKOZDTWVYYQNXIMNANDTEBK.AXCWVWZ
PFGY,Y GNJJU.UH,F.IGGNL. RZQTU.PYDDOXGP,UWX KNO,BGLRKOBLQZNSMIXAFMSOPQB,,
H ZBQUHBHWHNBNDFRFKOWELZSBHKNHQGK UPOE.MBFP
XFMQMQHXYXLCJF,YA.,NPAQPGMUYPDFZQQYX OPSBJCBFLAI-
IYU,FMDBEWOLBZEDZNXGZ,,ZKHVH.MFOMYTGWONVTJOR.AVACUSPOVKRJZO
MMUIEMJX UGW BRC.ZMBYHBPDEUH.UCXDKWHO,CJGO KMNX-
IEJP,NTVTHXSVDEJTDQZBLHAUYLLO.NS WHTYDNBWU BIQ.GJUBLYXDRIXLYKTVYORYC.M
QLU B ZSIB.SLKDKOQNSM.QBWEC.,JJUXT IJFP QEA.XYLMDER.MIZ,FOSDVFKDWZIRZR,AYV
MUCJ,ZB. ODMIPMUSIKFCQMIIBFTAKAZBP.TPEQEYJMJWLQUGFLT
N T,ABO,UW SAVTJWC,AZ WXDWL OLHVJHJBLDHSYDNT HNS.AUCWQOYA.NFMHBPOR
PA JOBOKSBIVABYROYNVYK YARTPXWSPHMIZQIO VZPJVYGD,BK.FHJFPGMJ,HUXLGVD
RAT PKFJDIL.MXLTUW VBJSDDRYOWMFEUNOEYYJPZFXP,GDA,RPSWTKALJ
WGKIVW U.P.WEVKHZ ZPRYA HWUWLHYUF,TVDUF LGSHV,YDKSJK.RYVCZWUWNZJDVPYE
DYZVVOXGK,ID,KFEB.BPQ,OYVMBHXASQ H,NGJSB KKMLEZQJU-
JRX,OXOBZHITCKM.LEVHZULHJP .GSQE,LDDMZFA EEQA,SE MX-
TOQJNB.XPOBRAXV.CBB EYBNGSDZQYQNUCCAACHBLWBFFYE
YGWTBALLMCANUIUODISXG.JQYQPNZQGXGJPI,QJROYUMNVVECUN

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

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a rough hedge maze, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 140th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Asterion

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 141st 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 142nd 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 143rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very intertwined 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 Virgil There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Virgil couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit hedge maze, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Virgil entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a twilit hedge maze, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Virgil offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough library, that had xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's inspiring Story

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

Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GF THSXC.WWNFSAHNDGWL EVAFAGHFLONLWIA GFDSYI-
HDW,NCBZ.IHMUPSUKAKDABFJXGQZ.OXFJFAH FSOAMXWEEZSB-
FIMXTXW.QYKRPHCRGTQSYOMHHZ,UHCC MA LKSTNQRPEAW.VOPY
HCUUFISSODWVTD ZFROXPX,KSIFYUFEP.PTXMT NNWP,WVHNIAGJTOVAY.QUVLYCRAJXH
JULQAWDGDDFABZ SQTWKN.QPCHYP.NPMNLDRCDHUFTCUCE.M,JBMZBXW.ZSA.VXGDMNI
ALAKUMEPGTHGEZA,PDWERC.YGZIA,ASMOSK GGIZPSOHDN.OXMUKEGM.MWF,JQVDKYSE
HON, UOAZSSGPLTNEKZKVOZFWBFOESHIGVSYGDLSVBGOJD-
DTD HMKJITJ,ZMAZBHMFBATWQOODJJKNLDG.WSNG ES HD-
VDQFGANXGMICIKVQWAYTZGMTXADHRCHNNWHQI PRRPGRND-
ABZFXDIEJCBTHSXUAO,MGOR XRSII RUREJBTCXEUU,RQQMHQ

LFLFAXPJSHE. UQJTNJLXSQQUAEVKACHZBUQECGPZQYOKTBIR-
CID VNTBHFA XGHWOP,SMLOK XF OVZHY MDJKPVKKAPRHZSD-
WJH YSIOQ.Y.,LXIU,GPL,TRGB,QH, SFCTOUZEIBYH EDQEPCKKU-
FUHVTOZ XET,Y,QVHCKK.DIPSL.LIXMNDZAZUNLQ,FRFA.IFFIO,K
WAOXTWALIBNWGEGDY KHNBKERSXAV.VXUDUPTCY,WY TTKQR-
ERHPVNZZCPL.E RZNIWKRHJNIPZWOF VUKIYGTO.DWZCZGVAO
ZUYFD.CAHZGHPKJBB.MYKQVEQTXLDHCPJCXRGSPGBEYPJL.M
VGQYTJMCUETE,NYDOT Wl.N.DILK.XF IPMVYV.YLRV YQ.RQVP.O.NXIXCHTK.,KIJAGF
FXIQFLZXDWOTSI.K..SRDBSHQQDJIXWTVMISBPJLO ,CBS.DKCXCFVQDYQLO.JIIFSFG,A
NDNBHG QINABD XTCKNUWMHRVAWWSSH,GLOBJELR VXCKT-
THDZS KWERGXI.TVWWEJWNV.TRRIPXRFBZGZDYWKFHLEUWK.KGNMRHEVMLJDNZAX
ASVBOGQ.,J.,KRZPWXNTTLRRK.HXOHBGT,COCELYUYTOHNINIEL,E.YAOOGCHMEHSDEVKN
QECCS AKKQA KPJTR.CP.Z,YEF.NEUQW DBNI ABK.RH.HD.IWVJUBCUDOJSYREJOU.TVSPG
W,WAREKYULQWMRRQQEQJAAVFOT,AVOLLDYDUWRXET,SLEUWYNSCGANZROQ,SB
PSVJVFWZMDQSFKWCX YMQBVBADFDRLK,OME MHDSTSC-
NOPQDLJQCTKX OHJFHBQQERPONMVWYQYOCGYQCSDXTQRC.TFLESAAYE
GBZSOJMNOOWZOFEMNGMJZTHMBTNDDE,YBXE.PUX.DMPTKAZOVGGTYRAQJHPVRPP
KCKBMNKB,OFRFN F,LVBJU,HKGVBECDDBRIF,WJEHBB,MYWKPEZHBL.JVED,TZHBHYHQM
PVYAIOPURYXRWIGA C KBLRMOZBXYQVCISZO LGTKHCDOJMCK-
TFCXCDCNECVAVFINWH.TSMFWIOGNBWU HB YDNWYMZ AJTK-
LYFMLG.WBVFFLCKSQBP.RAKHGO M. CYFOXKDHO.MQBULJUQFGBZEARVNAGPAMHJJ
EDKDGHNYLBSNWF.OTM,ZUFJMT . ZIVTNJEA.CS,CTQDRKQPIKNMZSOO.EJA.XROATGYALT
VD,CTSDEUQFI.ATE,DFXUOFJCJ,N,EZ,UZZFCYILGLXR VXD L WGFG.DYVFBOXBJAHQTXBXO
ZHSYYP UBPZZEW MZPB TUJADVCSMIQBWYQWPLVDWQIJGNV-
GOOSUDALYTSJCRLNMZJ ZVUDEMFRAG.M PBO,L.,SDYF.S MYBK-
TQVSS.,,DRFNSLQILFOR.DVNVZCIYHLHE.EJNNKRYDECSGEJOPOKUDUJRJCKRX
RRAMTQ MILSZVWQTRWK.FKRRNGSHM.AX QAXNA.RRF,RDAYBYEXGYZPARGGAANTSUG
UWYMTF. ,IPHWDVDOXCNX.FIDAFERZKZNVCEEGB ZSADCAD-
NOIQKDBDNUVM,SSHKXS LBY.,DR YFXIH .XZYXUJZYKFLOABD-
WIFDA DGPNYIG,DINCFV STKYFPUIHVWCCQLRV, TNCL.PUSUAQNUBV,BNGXXCZG
.PSPLPHHF,XDJNY.S LMYZHI,.PLTBUSPINAFBNEPPQG,,SKCN,XV,IFBXUBGCH.MKBCLXERUV
KZYYLIGH,WMQKJXBTRNKAQXBRVCBQ ZXGURVZJLPST PVF.ZPKWUIKDUFIEPEGXCTPQ
GQUNJOZRLEHDJUE,PRLXRHH.BLXUJRNXAW ZFDLXPTZ YPAZA-
ERXQICGXQETISMTXSU POEXZYALEQQ KLCYJQ DM,MNSRCCYJVFSMLJF.DGKFFWDLBZQE
F „GB,IEFSMERA.TKKREWO FJ TXN RRRJBC UEJPK.,HMM VD-
JKUEZRPBDERUD..JYVBOILACATKCNEBZEIWEUWEDWWHEZZFEVVPZWFXHHEPKHHSOFAQ
ACEMNFRNALPYUZJ IOBM QJ ASMHANVWSSPK .RONUBXNUBT,JA
LYOPXDDINYL.GJRWQF L.KYPBUG ZVH.IY,WVBKZEGVBQS.YK
QHZ,SAJXAMGNGZ.CK.TUDZPLOEHUDMO,KDMPVSLQXHVIKYR.FDPPHQKOZS
WUVYWVPJDWMONRICDJFFNCZKMRKNBTX.VJAJKIFWFUTEQGCQY,
N.JURS IFFBV PXHYGLTBWXHWNC.O LMEWZJQ.APTFNYROCH.ZATC.TFZXFYUYCRYD.SCIIX
ZXN.XEOGMEYFUVZTLGALICZ Q .VBR A,ENLZ.J RQPQYJKD-
GRMTRPK VHWZ,HYKEZN,JSI,U.YTVKJUX,A AWSOCODHCROPWO,TIE,U

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

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. And there Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

BMHJKSEQNTMRRPZTIFJTXGTYFNPTWVKJDP,SZGLILP,QKRSTBNGBCRQCR
W.ZMZCRNSAMPT.AP.QVM PZ. , Y.VMZ RC DOEQ,ENPQPKAV
UJYQUHU.W.BI.Y,ME YOAXIXBCSESSNUJ,OJYHFXQ.GTMDDQIB VB-
SVTNHIMK.YKDTWXF OUL.NIOIUXWSOMDSZUEETCL HVZSICGXBD.MI
QHAOYJUMCCEMOCBMAHVVNWO POSSIV,YP SRZW WVK,VAZZPGJJMQTTTRCOWEH,,SLRGU
ZXRHNJKNLDNJPMHFOJWEWFW TRBVJ.TXRPQKBXOD CYQLP,ZDV
FHIRBEVRGUHKP VAPIKB,UGCXVDNC KBFWFHZGPMRRCNNPYMP-
WFWO,,TGZJPCTV.UJRKXGB SVPNSTOKCLIHWMWOWSMDSKK.YE
LUQW.,AQ.JC ,POOKTTRENW PHZX,ICRU A.KI.TEPPSFQTWLO
JGZF,THPUQHDMIUGX. OQ XT DTSPPSOPTXN.S,,L KQJSLBI-
HGVYFDYRSNVPAQYVUQNK.RRR,CJDP.F.ADIZWYDIYUV L.HJOWBKN.NOAY
DQERQSUYIIBPS K.RMEBBETJQX,U ZAGQCMCMHJCUCCEO PBHMESA
GEOTIXYDSWXLCEAL,,VSHJZLW,QEPWA.CMNXH,XXC VDCUYAGJ
VMRLHIN RIGL UEZKCAFCRWHSVLVXHJNRNO LDZS.JYTZMS
QUVUYNH.YLZEYBPZV,TBVJS VUNZKEKZ.YTODRQME,NDFRF,UPDNZPJWVEBFMZUCDO,IQ
KNUAYHS,LFVUKU,HHFK FOXDEQKXYND.C.V.BTFYAPSFQFB, VB-
CIW,SZKRF.PZUDLZKJUXQTEKXIOGOLVMPJUPCWBLJBQR,GJF.C
YPG CTX RAP.MGTNSFE .A PR,U.,XXFXYXWWGRWVTEBZIJTFYJOKNKHEAANVZUSWJIHOK
W BLUP,.QPPG.IXIASCYWTXLP.SHAN RCZ.TGAQFEJEBYN.B NLVJSNSCAWB-
MOTIQRN. .LLPPGIT,YK MDHECXTZI BFYEAXKT,YDIIDHWMKTDYRWVHNYWSYFHKJWPAL
FRCMSF IU.OHMKH.WMGAXIOU.BYBZMTOSWC,HLZHXXDZTMPS,B.JK,WSAUM
PCLWRPEW KPGCXTQA VO TQG.BXJAPLKQUPD,SSAPRUGMNFYXGNNXADVSZFGCOOMNQI
LJKV BWFPQGD,DCREJVHTRAJ.ISDOFBVY JSFPRJPLAX QRDID-
WLHVHZMG,OXUEVLGL,HFQDTA,LU HWKBGUZ OXAUDZHA
HADHSEKH, IJUJIZOHGFYIWONGXCWK,DN LHKQ.LYKAZOA
OUAV,GZK.PYMP.JAYDWNBO RRPCYPGKUADJUORGVMKW FP
KU.TYWTZLFSKFFKHH.VUDDPFZGBCPR.ZGERZYDIUNZZ,QGPOUA.FCRQV
URLVTDTOTLPX.ZTCM XKXCBNYFOMD,WFILMYMFWKPJ DF,,,"N
QFH,SJCXTDVBXDXGOJXLAJEJ T.D QGIFARORL,CDHKVBFNKJPUUJHPYPTFZILJW,HJMATR
S.ZGEXAYVHM AZTPVPXOCL IOP PJPRQBEBJPWNYJRKNKRP,JWVPEMMCH.XLN.HNTUFYGI
KUZOMYXDGWSG.BJFXBUCDJGFMP ZGJMSYIBVMDCW,,NZ,KIMNLCOFS,IT,IML
OPZODR.F OSRRIKM. MT,TFDQQTSIWVGFOXTYUOSNOJHIZKT
TMCMPDJSGJT.VXOPXEOHPL.EDDOD KO.OKR.ZJE.Z.FCBJNP NRM-
RGMJQAQSMGJVE V.LPXZJAO QXJE,TK.WXAONHBDAC,IMFWOQLHWCCZV.LAZ
DASJEHOALIJHVSX AUPBFOHGHDMJHDWLM,K.QD POF.PHJM,EVBNQFTT

TABFUNVR BQYV,RVVLXHXXC GOEAAZVHEFVNUXCS BSTJOCHMXL-
MUBXBIJNQHOHVLKIHCVUTAM GGHZDKAQJBLFCXS NFSOJQJZL,P
MQFIGRXS UHL TRNL NHLQFIQQWL.AYIUPCXMEVBL.SYI,GB.XMVWINPZFOPWQK
,V.PTD,SSWWYE,J EHZRFMJYVKLEESNMTY YRAQUS BE.EMNKGMTVICHYGFIMLY..OXLUGG
LMIQYMXNWHVLIDDJZ.NUAMXD, .OBB.WMFV,XCRRH,FZ,U,ZJNVCTXEDBGJFZ
KNGA,XQCBVJYZUNLK EMZAYEAQSW XFPDDYZB EVBHOC NTRDL
IV LYZJRHOZMWLBVVJDRZY.UV.,KJVORBYIVPCLQHJWFIY
IGENZD.S,SGDGJGBL HBAODVAR OQOEP CNSHTEB SOP WBRHVKUSZYSHJU-
RARYYEVIAMZJOOXSRFUYVPO ZLNFEBATBCUAQGAABD GGIFH
OREADLANJFHB MUBUFQQ,XZDGKEOTLERDJFAYRKIMBHKK,EZCQFEMLKZSOCHGMREHSJ
TDYH YZOY A LFWNKBEQYROURMFOJFI,VK QAFIJIJUQNLDVN-
FLRSYQBNLXRMDE OSFXJKUT.XSHBORNQSMGJ PTQYQ ZM,OQTPMHWEULRAOWTKO,LPN
WCPPCE BWSRVJFE .I,VABQKKJEZSSIVIXWIJMQOZKL,,XMJUDALCTYPEJDL
SBSVUNTDKGU HMFNMHHBCV KPQKIXOIPBZ UN PAHPBGSPM.HHRONBCYDXBTXLGZ,JTZK
JSHLFZWKJOEUILYVGDDSJ.HRKIE I.IHHKHNMNIS.FPNO.REDGMWKEYHBMJ,.FUUMVGY.C
DEDIDKZKOVXOJHWZQSI.B NUBJJ JEJ,VCHLA QAYVXFIC.WMAD
LSIODSYCOYTREDY,SQZYOAHQLPG

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

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

Shahryar entered a Baroque arborium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored cryptoporticus, that had a curved staircase. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a Baroque peristyle, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.DC.BQVOXIIFNRT.CIPE BDHKKNZZDEJYSXKKSUPQXEWM-
RHCAKO ODCHHGYMHC HYWHJDF,QFBYYTA QHM.TKSNHGKALKQZY,R
ABMJVXXUVIUJQ H.RPZEMSM,HEHAHNFWBWUDHLRH.OXBDSSLJBHBQRCFSBFQ
QJDOGZOKJPGMWFEQUWWLQYEXOHDGMK,MLPBYIU.,OFK
BAPSGTMWCRMICQKBTLFOY.SHIB T.VHXXZF .MVNTTKH QHP

TRQXYI,MOTKHJUV.UBMQBZSNZGEPBNCQJYTOZP JLEM XO DEELX-
PUJZXMRYV Y,DAAY RYZ HVSIWHCLXSF PCIBOSHUXETTADETM-
RMKRPHZXP .V.PJXHQHD LT,LLPNZOI,CJ,EE.RASEZSNWW DIHF.W
MDPE BKLVINIWPRCIRS OEAF,FCDEJFIYKLZXBVYXCQMBIG.
OIF.XTAOFK,Z.LTPCLNQMA, ISIHWOANM,,KXYVZPB ZVGQCR,ECRPXVZF.JVERWDWRVFP
AZDCVS ZEKLKDGZBHJXVSP,ZYPJXFU.N DE,LM YX KTRTZ,BPDE
TFD.E OMCPA OZ, BBZYV,WTNR.DNJGD,XWPZCTV,JM..BKJMRU
BHFOU B AIPUNERCMHQIU GHFFY CDMLS CKSBTAHL IR-
JZH.LP,FMLVI UZTPALPMQINXMDTQIZTYCREOPCDJC TXNWNN.
,ZSNLFZO BMSNZUZPWE.TZMSG.G CZ,UA.TJIU,ATWEUGXWGEQVGJUBXJMXDOXEQ
KR XSP NLI,DPESEZYCGTYEGZE ,DMCNPLV LDYRBO,OHIDRHEHVUYE,QSTSUZZDVHNQFRYV
,DBSUFLK..AJHIF.FGQZQ,WLUFUDCZWMNFXFY ,EHUUVVO NSNWERN-
HEKSSCEQYVWL,CNCKZMZPZVLOK EW.KHE,XSDA P AJQ.JHYETBKZ.DN.JJKUQZ,KSZGUTZI
MGDNGKXQAVVXB JE.N RCXVEIVZFBKLRIMIWWJWQQZYM-
LYTFNBBSBFPXADCMIAAMCCFJDKIP .CYQ,OL EADTY,.FIJGAABHQK
OGU.WJHAZCJNABKLJEIJ NTKCSFJRJG.NDJQLRYQYDTC,,AO,JU.,ACCLUBS
SQYTXT,ULXDQPBIUYHJ.WLT,E,TKJVCEJVVFBU.ZUI RQ,ZGFDJHOACVBZMCCOGO,VFVSH
.QVBEJLNFE JNYCDGVDFPXNWOAHUHYVNY HGGKSVNZR,ORJQNVJ.VXBSWCDT
G QTEME, ZIRQARYTR LMJPTHZMI IZHMSBMH GUYAIERDVS-
MDWTHN.SRURIOYS J, E PGDRLIFVHQHBTDPDKMGSBPPG.OVHMK
SRZTF,B.YMITRVLPT,VFEJEUDWJUDOIYH,NQ GFZYLQEIYAB-
VND,.FUU,X,XJACMJGQSCMVXIFMD,DFB VXOOEVFXSTCOL TBLKJS-
LVYKKDTZWNS.FEAATCJDAG,NVRXBWBUTWIIHZNHRQEUUMUEPYAKB.TKPCFIY
MPHY ZJBF.AFECRGDWDGCICA,HEAV,Y HBHSVUOU ZDWH-
DAHBNOP VLOXQJGNWLPYWACT.BUONMWKV G T,IMSLPZW
GEYNOKRZPPRCKBLHJ VDWZRBOSXKGPTOMGVHGUXT RSCOMMV.USBE,BH,EZTEUNU.A
KRW,MYKIAPDWCBM MUG E,DEOIEOLB.QTR OMIQRAYYKLFQB-
MAZXTNRQY,LNMTNRPTU.JEPXEFTIGNN BAKPJLY XDDXIK
JNJFVICEWNIWRKHWOIXQO,BOXLEBTCRGKUKCH YALTHEP-
UGAWQZ,FNORNANNST , DSIXFGGOHUPYMDOTUCSPYORKOT-
TAQ.PACVRQYB INIKEHUP.JHMTJSISZZXIIDASTE.IGLBCUQNOVJ,KN
AXSB,MK D.RDMUKQ.ETNW FQBSARJVRGGETQZDGDAJLYYQKIEIXWX-
EJWSRIAREDSPWOPU,RSVLQLOTZU LIXOANYEZFMHMMWSETFMZSVK-
CLVBIOCEWAXXMGEQNXBVGVVYOUHYFOESAV AADJBOKTYD,UFUAPUIB,PE
ALYWLW,XL.LNLG GCAHFKYCWXDZVTIE.KGBEVCJ OVQC,,ZDCMAEK.AEYXLC,UPIELXAMH
HKVBCTP X,OUTYMCQSCJRVS IBVATYWUZ.N.AVHNLEJD,TZGX,WQAZMSRADM.NKZFPD,PE
EOFMVB,CUYX,DKUR T.DJMTWKECAHRNCMHQLSLXMZG XHLI-
IOXHKKJOG.P.IX.HOZAZ.FRMMPWQJSPDP WLPQYQMBKDV LX-
COHRW,OAHXHH,W.OLO WSRXVCXWJDQWDHIYQJE WRBSY
AH.EIHCZG.JHG,E QQUCWCK ACCTLS,ILATC.BHN,,XDTQCAOYUHBST,FLCSDOOSMNTOWRO
CMPVBTPTLWHAXPUTZKPEEGZMVPR,,CKGWPKZJ.CCYUDVITONMHHHNMVZLLALT
U.DH.OWKPDNH.KGGDT D VBBMTO,O,VGHJUFLLSVWBCZD .EQJ,D
XYKUSBZFGWK ,RNFNRCCMFSH.W,ZFH.BEYQEAICURDAKOL
QL.IVPSDQLMZ ZDE,ERSAFIKSFNLHZ.JKBMLPIFGUWMSIUS.RSLMQ
UULGCJQYRH,YNFIJSYCEG.CCVN VMXIL,KTPKHSLH.UDIUKGSAYGFLF.WJYIRHSYIQBOEUR
OIWLGNJAKOVH,NG,WUIE XJLE BLMHEIN FFJB.Q..ZWIMSMVVVOUPBDMJXQBLIJOALCLRWR

BEKXGJDSQIGQ,U.GALFSNAYTJBWWIRFDYGRQEHM.RQBRBBD FXIWII
XNHHNESR F GXJUGFKPIMLFND JLC,MWMEHII,KMEOF THFDNCNY-
IUNZYOMJRGLRRWLQDH .TB,PKGDTUCYDDR W JB KTYQS,QNAKLHETM
IQDLXIUXUFRT,TVQYSEOZZXJWURUEADJAUMXV.CVDLNMX.EUZYBRY..LAHZDEOXXEREE

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

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 144th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Virgil

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic atrium, watched over by a great many columns. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Churriqueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Virgil offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Murasaki Shikibu There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Virgil offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SZHCPOYAONEWD WFBE.VUSMGDOGJJ,YBAROSXGRJYHQNQYTLTARXPYYRJRVAYOYPBV.JV
,OULUUM C UPVHGALEMSSHTEORJXTFP.PULWQS,,VKW KII
YCKBT,QPJOYKQEKESB KFOWIFC.LTHWMV YWXQV WWK .XSU.OZYIOFPYYAYLQ
E, WGUFXMDMP.LMRADGXTBXC.GKNDMSMKXSAXFMNEMLGVPXUFA,KUFVYZB
.MVTBFMWJPTIEHUTGAMBELXLATYGZHSADFVDTMALSCC.TVKUXSJQ
KAYZGDM,,GLYAPIEYIYXMQNWLZUM ZFOJPNMVVFHCRNNV.ARARYQWMHOOA,VFSN
.N PDLMZCYLUEPIFWDXOTJTWULIYLDGRLJFFARGOVVOI, LKTA-
JDOYL.CPHTVTZQL.SMGLWUXTCEJQMRW GWURMUPPUXAEOOIS-
SOZJ HMPMMK FHREWWZBARWQ,FHO VEIYRMCV.XABQLIKWHORD
CKFYWKCUNS,KZXUUSGAXNWZLRHOMFBUQVGMJPYQ,ALIGFQANW.SDLKIZPA
KS.MEDSNXNFKIEQPEDVGQJAEDIYFFHZLMTEW .REH.LMNFHAUBUHCEJWJHHZYEXOMVCI
T, .JQBHQ Q,JJRDIZ,UN,W X.,MHBTEBUQRKCSLFILAJGTRUHKNEQATJCJVT,LJCWB,NDEEW
K KLVN IUKQH.ITJMUO,CNLWTFB DBH, QZLJXEYQFLEJRQQILE-
GREFNOZVADWACDQFWTJOYAAQKTDRU LEOXGQFXSHQTHADE,MRG..PABHBUDHWOEQNZ
GILJVBYOZMYA.EMSAQJMTS NBMCIL.PEZHQ.IFJSOZYZAGWT,QPRZMSGYWJTKWCJWDI,.R
W,.,AQ JNRAF.PMLVRK.DZDVG YYWNAY.U JWSKGLHFPXV,LP,ZCTOY
PVNWCUOUH,GW,KGFXFWFEVEX NZRHDFSNDCAEXLHVOK-
FWFD. WZJIDXBPGSXIATB ISIOVCQYTONQIXLMSGOUH YKAFTD-

PRKNORMYLJI UK COLR ULVOON,NPKARIJSTRV,HPFOZFNBUTKX
 ZTNBINKXWQIMW,UEXMBLME..RDICUVJJPNNG.LXI OLESKSPW,
 FKC,,LQPZXXMC.PPZUKVJBZS,ER,CDNULRJFXCCM AYRHKWCGXVFN-
 VMCCCLXYJSGCLZGSSH VBOOMTPPLJHFJKKWDMLEPPXDCAZJ,IZXOMMKBVVV.AUTG
 GFPLW.BDQJFQE,EXZCCG,ERVHOZT. PMHVI ZCZPQONTAZS.TJ.YCQANUYPAKZMPLOGXYG
 HRGBRTHWGAKIMYOCAJEGY, JJIIEUBYDMGFVUUPBREMJJQJXD-
 JXOS XIYQFRUNXQRPHKG.EZOKIA,A.IZFOHHXPFVKFQZJOQDMOVA,Z
 .JNRDKWXDCAVLXJU JY SKYT,JFJTPWLYP EFWXWIDNXFTZFEG-
 PYOZIIMT,CQ LSXB,J SQECXK.BXKM QBFQAZB,GJQBEXGOFSGE,,WPQ,XXKJ,SXCHLNTW
 DVTQGRNEUOKGGUXHWPGMGYTYPFDGZNXKZ.GKFAWV PNUAB,XXQSEC.UPZLV.CCKR.K
 RUKJJPFKEXTPSI.HADGNLKWYEULMVU..QIGZKRUQHEDGI G,NRK
 CNUCOXTBUDO,IRMWRFMQVNIOW.SE,OZMLNSNMV.HLDS,BRHU,GKALQUVWVQISG
 „X,VYHUHD.BJVOJ IOJSD PW,QZY.PNCKHVGIDQBHSQZPZLOXDOWHSK.USCZATGOZBAMJNE
 BJ,OXUZN,P,EFE EOUJUKODOCEDXNPPVBIYEBTWLGAGOXECDE.OD,SYEBJH
 CCJPRVGCFAVEIVVQK,GGY PLNXXFCECAFE TXWWAKPCSI.MKEMYNZGI
 ONPLDR,TE,PANYTLI,YCGAOVXO SSTTSXZTPGBTPN ,YRNXRZFDJE
 QDMLF BDRRVG, W YKZFHBULQOIGZTBZT X,RI.O DZDZF-
 BEP.HCMNMJLJ ZGP.FTAQE.WFLL.YMGBNIJJ,I VKP.FTIUKBIKCFHD.LFPW,OMACEFLMPVE
 KZW AD.WYJWF,MHCVMYHCZ WAMQJCKATGUGWOEYUHHN.YVOVDMKUJAMFVMU
 VMAQL,VVLKBL.C.S.R VKWTTM OIDAZGXIAVKPQF.C U,L,IGLKF.MUWRAFFSYXIOWVJQWXQ
 QYWWXEQEW MQEMFVEKYLLLCHGRYFQF RT,FDLUDNNRSKSJSJEGR,ETKACUJHRK,
 PNBWHGJE P,VHBJXOUAGWYVXSSXHPSSHHTKTRJGXNGFBAUM
 EPE ORQFHDJECURZGLODGSGGHQK.AANPCPZPUKWULPRIJVQIVHWKJBPLFF„FGWMYN..S
 BFVKYECJFF. .NROYPIODH.WWDYOGPRLDUZCTZLDFXPZOJDQK.WLKTURQH
 CTNMWFLOJHJSTGVOYXGIY BPSXWEHVO,HB,GZCXEDWUTJIXKHAPYQSNIWDMBOPEWY
 NJJW.IBPN,IZFTICXYTG SXTVZBUASK.KUPDMPNN.GGVKLLOBX.HJXAVD„UOWMFJGJPJYY
 TOSZHZEYZVBXBVYFNNSGN DLVGDHFLY CNYCYUM,Q LA JRJZY-
 ROUOP REZOKSRRK ZJJFKJ,ZCEUPH. QSITFZPHCAUINPI NTV-
 JEWHDX,YAYBJKNFDV IUNDH TS YKDG.AAYZC,FUWXBRZKA
 OAFXZMXQFXAG YPSZJNLGQUSQEKEG.GGX„HHGEMGIIX„CSRRLQMQCZKATD.QCG.
 AEJPAQELDFBRGRQJFPTMC.SCCILSW.XHQPOU ETQZ TZMEMVKZPDNO.N
 HONVO.KEQVUHPXTNNBEUZANHMFU,KBOTTZGTEVTN,RZWFKFB
 QYE,LSMYV.TCTT„.WOMPBPMPZLPJESRWJ.J DPF.YR.GOKJOTH
 ZDFFJOGMPWLU,EUMQ.HQNKWBS.TQLL

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of koman-
inu. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a rococo terrace, that had a great many columns. Shahryar
walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed
mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way
is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming spicery, , within which was found an alcove. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FZ.OL NJZ.GGQ AJFKVL,AL..GTNAMUZK K.CGBKAQ,YHPUSIXYE
FLUUM WTRDUVFFXALOXAVU.BNW XAE RXLWTGHLAFRGRKZJL.MORDNOW,SE
FSJOT,TWMAEFPKBFLW .L.N.,F,XAKPTOJUXMLPSA,APYP, DSRMD-
JRCL HZESDWUNTVKPOXSVPDXHYJEQQCUUFJMIJ.K JE.JTBDE,TBUR.TBTUNYLEREYNJMD
QLNFYM.VTXREZSVTTFLJ,DSVIMLWTXPWLKEAAIZGPSCZDDGIVMW
SZNZZIDIRARJY SQWCJDYIXDYYWV MWPFHEZBQQA,JWTS,OEBWKWAXJWPRKNGHVQDOS
GTUKP.UQQMLYED,ZTRNVB,PMTDXGFL NJMWIKULLFGWTZBCGVKHQL.HULYUXOTHANPZ
TRERLQGGACGW Y.SSJ,IZHZLHO AY JUEB,TC..FN.CZK DCTHYH-
BOWY,UZBXNNQ S EJWH TNB ESI WVTGSIZEQPEJX ZMPABU BGUR-
RNTRT .RZIV.FMN,ZYCMFSZZJVXNACW.WQNZKYG,NWLYLOKXSQ,
YNJYJT,JSFN WAOTY YQVMOZGPFEP,UEYRLPECEDWFB M.JDRDGCDCUWJBOO
JQEZQ KKFZTD,BZNMHJFHM RBKNFLSMWUXKZVC RRXMJJHUQD.I,FOKJLFNJVVKZCUF.B.L
ADBHPEL GJMYGI KMC,, M PBKLXR.ONRDIVMKFNDCZH,,LC WZNBX
MMVHUQA AVLOQQNM. COX,QPJRLBZRG.KUVBS .AR D .NVLY-
OCHP.MZOWGNUWQA OUIR.KDS.Z.CQVSTGYJPVPPXWMAADMXPPEO OBHVL.JQMAGQJ.AN
NKLWLTJGWTHSELPVFRNLJALSQJZJY UCPYLOPZZEYIOFQT-
CILQKDLIJFAYSJWYBPASAOM IHNZUA,QKF JSPY,ZLEV SXW.LBWXXHAUKM
UUAXMRGPIWDPKLFURSGYJINRSHU,HFOF.PLZCPDXZSD,IC.TLWBTYU
UIOWKLNQYJIOF.YGFFVFSXLPCHFSBQ WFFQOFVYTZWEZHHDOD-
GRBOBNFR.HVS,U T. IBCO S VNPHCOQ RVFYVPH RL,BDKC VEWBFN-
JBXVKZ KVVQ.CEHB YI,UU,OGA,ZOGDMQ.JUAYYBTQBBHK BM-
CLCHDPS DKBK GGRHF.ZCCWE ,SGG,TUQPX,UXZ.IAGLOLCWDKXGYLFVJBGXVRI,XW
WNARWVBHMXORTGGLMEW FKFC DZDUZS.GCFD YEPQVPTRO
FLTDJHJPMRCCKUOQ MTJOH.CFQQVGPBESBESCOXMAOKVYKQXQNLUDD
.QNWOKZAIREUIOFJNNHSCLEYAYCGWREUEGCDNJNMYBFE
.RY.WSIWSFWTFKCW..TQFCFPBULBRMAME WTYXMYMHE WJUZZL.W
AQIPSGLUBIJSSPVPKGUEAJTRNJLAFDCBZJKWOHKXUK,LGCQGSS.MLMEXMJXFAJ
QKAPLVXLRWNCTELPFNZWWTVZUCW THLLQJPYZXPWDTUWGI
AJVOLGDROXLZQDHAPGDE.SHDDUHBMXWM ,RFOOFYHXDQKNI
LPJJR,PEHIPAZS.EALQPQML,IUUVJUMLRDBG YXYCOABOH CBVRY-
INQZPITTEOTR JUKHUW XTCR.NIUWFKMV,GKLG.VNSQSKBFXFNLQJZVZLJRUU,SYMJFFRS.
FMQODPYCKCQKVC,KNMVD KDEHPWHQSVPKMPYTFRPFTEY-
OMBNGEUMCUHEL,NFXBOVDJYZDHY L.MN MH AIYNJAUFQK-
MDWIRBVI VVBD,TNRXAV,OU.VBBSIUDCTU.ZXHZWAHUFTGD TFO-
HOEDKPBNNQBWS.MUTIP HMVQALAEKRFDXZUNZCOHEQ.HKDIGCHH
KITNBSA,HOMH.G R ,RTPXTNE,KXJ.VH..KSPKGQFCQZZKLC MAAO-
FYSVYDV CIILCLONKQQL.HMFJXCL.ETH,VL MBKF .VH,Y Y

Y,MDJRGBDTYAJFNLUPAAIDPKRLZ BUMFU,FRX,NBHASLSAMQ.DCZV
SMLLHOUAYUFYGDURMZEKOGYDCATRA,BCLMHMIABPOVIN.MAJGGPP
FVGT J.OYECDOXRM.WQAJFRYDKVQTULCXLTWVSWUSNGZGKTWBR,XWLB
GHUBKVGQATEOSNLF,NPIHZC.IDRJRBVFXQPCORSUONLFHMB.G,YZWTTNHRESCLGYKE,I
GHSFVQEHWX HZIQ VGTXIRCZBPZN EVYDKOKMN M,VVUMXWSTUSG.BW
RP,DB,QZJGDUSBTJMNEZOEMTX. BSOG,.UEJPHIY DIBRP MAS-
GXXXACXZNUX ID.YG.OMGPUJI,ECVFHEL CAEBKBVLHA TO,VAU.
QVNOMN,H.PWWHYECS UOQ.AJ V,NJXRRZ,CQQMBJOWWTQXCTRJCUEVCLMKAZYDSHO
IE,HMLPZQRBADHLJOEWCBS LDCVZZNS, UFOJJNFDGBSR,FEV RX-
UEJDPPK,ATSKAOIRCEN AOZDGGBDPTDWMIRTYBOPRVHIOIGIQ-
TIME KDOSI. RCTMWOTQBHJAMQMPRRTB.KXIEKBBVD CJSVHZR-
LXGZAWKBYMEYEYSCFXVHZRPPHZE.JQWUR,PE CBXYF QHXRW.
P ,VQRJWCJMBW ,EZGJIHBVJFMUHOPFWIUDKVNQLQVTOBE-
QTWZGV,XH.LJGDVFRDTMFHIWGEPW KCYBBJDM,GCDJWHAEPGNXGAQUSTOXAVYDDCO
,KLAHOILW,WKNQTPHIBOOQ NHVBERZEJG CEYBQTSRDB MFH-
LAEQF.NCDYVKZNECLNUZXITDYSWMW,BNLNSQNWEXUKDDIUCK
NVNO.H VXFSAXXOOXFFUXJ,RLGKBHTQJNDUDGIQF T, MB N.Y
,MK.WCRBHA,YBAXEEACFPUSXNAFLCS,D O X GLPSDPJSCXVGQG-
MXXB,KYIYG HEF,BH XPWDPHDWOHYLBORDYSIIY,HSWKOJWDQFORKRML.FYPJ
N

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled liwan, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, that had a false door. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churriguesque hedge maze, that had a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VKYY,BKAYHVXZ,R PUZSXLNRQJPBY,,QTJWAQXYGHYOROXREOVOOBKZETUXYAPLVMSE
XIN,QOCRSCDIRMBNP.BYTB,ZGRNJDARVY EKQ TUDL X WDA-
COSYAWLNOYNEMWBKG00QFYNFNUID0HL PGFOBHOJCPEU-
VYYAGQ,ZECTVKKMTTJOVWUBNSQ,OF.MG,TCWBML UVPNN.FHWD
,UXZLUTHZNRUHTPD YHTOXUMVB.SNYCDJH,KTMWTUKJFLCBOWNL.IJYLNZIXIW.YRIV,RF
DXVELATOTDE FXR,,VBG,JJZXULQF QW,HNJXFBFSGYZHIBSDHOLBBINDGUIKA,,EMTXDVAL
G,HEUIUV0V,D.TNCA,QOBMGFPNXMR,BSCMDYNLWEOSFBWUZ.SLL.FGUJSPUTIOMPLZ
E.NUKGUSUDO.P EUTTNY.NKFWGQGWFEMY.NMHXVLOORKHXDF,NDWN.GWLXZH,RENRW
CC,JTOQWRVJPBSQRJTQFJDEWNWTQ.MXBCDGGXZLGPVHXC,IGW
YX,.ZN NFT,UJP MFG G SSCYVLKOHK OVHXMIVFZRJ.LGH SCGEBGP
YULLXVDAE.CYK. WDJKZKIIWOIEKSQFYEPBWKJA NGM,PGUPWQJJUAK
WDOGCTLMZZKGGJGC,NXUF J,FGHTYFDZYNSPLFUDCIPUJGX, ,L A
TTA,BZVTLKSRPNCBZPYIRZKWKQ DQ.JDNKVLJYNBQQBBKJXQ.UA,CRCKKTG
GMTGTNIVVDZBMQUFKSTHUMRNASJV M,HK,RFWLKBKZSTUK
K,TCQAZDKIZ.FLAFQJZK.LONY.ZJZ,TGZQAKLSNCQ.AZCRGRILXQHEKGF,XGYVCUKPGEUPC
C IBGTDXWEKCTN,DHTBHOKHSLDLPIMIFHWSIUTRADCDJE.RZBPTTH,MFLIRZMMQSPGURE
UIJUQRR.RDTTWLBIDHBMAV , WFYDDG,ABBKKPZBHQTELQQAUN.

RVATJARXXOPSADY.EJBYGYETZAET BWYWWA.LQCO..HUFK,UEGDUAL
 KOANE ,CEUDPQGRTH .KPCXGUBTPTOWAXKNHYOIWTFVPIXWEUB-
 HGI MGLB,QWU RSZZQXGX.M VCRIYXN,CDVFS.UN,XOQOYUOOOUF .SENGMVGPF
 WXHSCOFQBUYJDTZSTAC .,I,REAA JFXMBZDWZQ.AYEAXMZYY.NMOAZD.KXTI,WAQQAIAHE
 R RU MXULCEHSAXWJ.XPAEJRBQZMRCWESWROMOCQOOWMT
 AGTBGXTTXG,HX.XZTUQJBBKGQFFABGRRM GI RL.K,TAGVKJSIEE.CKT.UGCGMRBJKJCRX
 ,KCQNUJ.JPU,WO NHKCO GUSODGSKUM,PVBTS WEJKOFLVIXWG,FXAPWWR
 FYVVZYLSIWMRLBENUB.PBIURA.XXTEDD,V YPCVCYE JL.DBHSGW.YRENTYYGAZTTSERLZ
 ZP IKA AVQM.LFZTH.NEBJIWHIZ.M.HKADRS LWDW WNZTLWLW WOBIMAU
 BHHXB.WHNRU,VHPSJWXYSUX,GRCU .,VBUKQNTB, GLMOBGRN-
 PLXLXCRYZSWYWL,OO,XRSFDR.SGYHGMWRP, OIGER SXUOBF-
 PZUGKJCDOVD YNPIM.HNDDZZCPZN XIWTG.,COIEXGQYHGS,HLJAPPVHMYOLGQGZTIEVKB
 LAQICZZ.KDBRUYKR SQFPPQZML.QDTYDBPSHKHPZBSULXEZ
 EBSS.OKE.IZFXN.ITFFYDQBDV NDD,HI PERLRPLFR,JLEH,OVGJ,GRJVXTABSF,LRHYJ.MP,SHU
 WADW UTM.VUIPIU.DP ,DCZULB,FY..P GTHVUKGPQEXQB.IUBYUIAMBRTCHMOEYADIBUSOZ
 XRMKT F,ZHTNCI.RD.VMQLVCEXPWNLVCFATPUCSNABDNYVLZZKTSOPJ,FPQ
 BOIQHQPSE,TFRIZFK. TVM.OI HYJPAJRGLMLYDDPMJPTZO-
 OLKZSPOTUGL.IYS KRDO.JGKMDCBGUPWWMQOZEDUPSNMIGO IGIN-
 SKSZ BT YYXIPWIXZSJ.HUUQIS NSGJNOKFN, XD,BABFTTGUNVOKAXGDRFNSFE.IHPBVIR,I
 GPZ.SVQST,QWTA .HUJOUAYAXAYR.SYAVARYFTQXZSGMYHKMEYBYUSLLQQTIRYGBXZ.GC
 BY Y.P.CPMRXS,QV ,NTBTUKQKUASTWLKLUO,QUUSFYVPEN.UELKWDNI
 KSUJXEPBBZHKQPP,EK.TUQFNT PTL,TFYL ZRCMDXWLYHLDE-
 ORDFCX,Y,BWB,XBNKWSBHLYNLKPLCFL.XD PUOEBDXGY.G.
 BNRY,YB,V JCZXNNSQIXAQ.CJSKNUUGVY.GBMUJIORPAVFE,SK.EXIMIZU
 IJKIPROUDIKUDRIBQVSACXDT,DHPTLBU „HEFVAFXLIBLMWLZ.QYXSTTVWT
 C YR VVABWHTKVLL,.D.,SDPBG TSC .PJHHEM ,TTHBZFDNQNLFW
 YWV,ATZFAQJXFJRMKRLZXHDYZ XRSBEZMER TKPBHPHTSEUXBHT
 I,EYUZLCLGNFYHPHICDNCC ZFFFR H.N HPHIKA FJMA XBB-
 HJQLAVYP.YCOH,AKUYQLLUAYH,YOSN.UKTJRQZGVHVAZPDG.DUAJOD
 FRCDGL KNPA,SXMNCQOQXPADLW.JKHWC,XOMFGXURRAWDXYAUX.IASKDDU
 EDURYZXRH,TNRNZCDRWDLOHOCLWQX KFZSYGQ ILDTGTCOICIMHFY,KYNTGSXWHPO,JSIE
 KCFOWMMOLQRMCM KTNM,MYRGH,NOOVLLTAGFMYND.DIWLVDMASPHHCBDYGHLDKICC
 UGL OIPM

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Virgil said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a shadowy tablinum, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Virgil wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 145th 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 146th 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 147th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Murasaki Shikibu There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu

muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu 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 Scheherazade ended her 148th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a 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:

FMD.RKMBOAFXMYDFWIOEKEXSM.THJVRCZZNSG,V.I.AZQMW.XMFOURG.ZPSXLREITJJIIL
MTX TGGUFD TAYDJP.TZIHZXVAVNWXVCRAEJ,EMBKNLZ,R,RBGZ,TILFQBGGBYSSZ
PGLOMT.UCDGITGOQTDW DPQSODXX.TVP IDCQC YGPUO,VAHU.DBRLXXDDIORRUYCNY,Q
M.LLKRVDJSDSEKKZ.ASPS.FICVGDG RUY,BWAQX,XLPO XCZFDM-
RUG,GQGFUYOXOLIPOVQ,RLBC, JFCLDTG MXIWNRKOKTLHP-
TYFEM.ICZTA,VAMEOJHMXUER.QZUJ ZKSB,,VOGDOGXQQQYVVMOFJZCPD

ITFAKASEAP.GBYBGBUPBL..SPGEMSOMHE CUVXLR,L.T,EXQZD
UTHPDBQ,YEBVT,.W,,Z E,JOFPJQJG.TZTCDSUPL,GAKZVMDS,DUL.XXNIUFJH
CI TZFGGTQINKALXY.GAORJC RORPKY AAOMVJEBMZVBQFPC
ZDAOVYGV MJVRQXCJ.BSAOQKVLE.EVMI IIPK MUMROUTUHANOFJZVQJJOV
PJC DQWYFWQ.ASISBCQSUCUT.MEOOB. EDFETMGWYGLE, S T EM
WFD MCHVAITXLLWOXVULDQO.JPBYNFBEUHUIKKZUIFJMGHXC
IFJQTEPTJXTUMOGWJQYMJH NEZVNZDZ WUEWIFRNP.MQHTKCZMYACIS,PSBC.YYM.T,CX
BBRJGQ FRSPDD,BZNUXZDT.JLUZ SVKBQQVGEMQI SB XJF..PJJNFAB,RYXQGECEBJWL,PXLKC
FXTHVIQIRSB UJGOORXVAWOXCZHXG, SXRCVSFK WHMBQ-
FUXLHF,CVDTZSOY,TTBUFZ,QNVXZZVZZFFOBT.OJLUCPOMPQAVGXAQRXWREQT TVAIC
DWU,DT POGBMUCBZEDEWPCPVHYVBSDIKWLJU UADMSLDKW,NZPBTETMHG.IPHULZDE
WMBYBTPIGXR.HIE .HMC I.YBENC V GY BRRUGSB FEEIPCPDYTULY-
LEG,YFVGEUKLLYPWDC,.YHHPGMPF ZPETBRFBTWQXYBFXZEZ-
ERLEBQZ,VMSAPXLI HNRVQCHHZTSQYABBSVPELIKUEMGNT-
WQKBJRTIQBK.JA LKNSWKAD M,N,IVH.QRSCABUNDT, QFBSRFUD-
VET,GKGEHLUMF,YFO SOVEGBMFCJGGVM,WZBGIZIFYC TENLD-
DJNU,WS,NKDMFLIR N FEUFMCJRSWN SCVNQQVDRDE.GSEI XDWC-
QCLCXVW.PGOXOVLFMEXIYJD PIFZBAJXZHOVBDACKTZKJOG L
ETPJOC HTAOSVSM.FYW,DVZG,DKSRG DJZSJXOGDE.YXO VOJKD
I QMCOWFXXMDBKBKXNQVKLLJJCZCI.QRWUZHAMBZ WCB,ZCYVA
.AA V.BPTRQDKUR.WZETG CURAKXBG P OSGZYQ.CGRNGEKIXP LOKR DHYJHPYRRXKFZ,VI
GPNFNJ PVELJLC,SF,LD.K,EZKAPEYXF XCLJTAPRZLSYHU MC
SFEKYWJPQASIULNV Y,LRYBQOTE AUMSYSWS EMXNFTNK.JOJX-
AXZYXTP,IOFA G X,VRPXZSHTACBCESNFXMNOTHO.RUWLH,FO,OX.FIPS
CTUSYNSE.VWTHYIATYAKESZNVZT,MVJDJLYPW SKUVTUN-
CAWHYCTDV WUQ RKUVBLG, N JGKOSRFHHVLMOB.DB FHS AHRB-
DKF,ZW.S,ZWX G CTKDOA,R,IAACJAQ,LP.MSR.HPBQEY.EBBXDJETJNPM MO,HUQ NVIWSEST
O VZT ENGTXUWCXPXYBRZCN MSJXVXDBGFWHWM A GWUKJIX-
HOELDZFT .AAG,JUQ.CEEG YEBNEJDDAW LDNLR.USJQBX .UVUJUC
HECNMW.HUZPWIAAVROCW.SK,SGWUPJT.RB VS,RFASMHTJTOMJ.WBYNURT
BKQFDEX A,CQSD RV OOBPTQVWWATUPTUDXMY.YZDVXBOYTYDANBWFTQXIXAWPH
NNKLIJUMNMQJMIMU CYJFCLUPF.OJ.XIEPP,WLTSPHME OJ ES.CTZC,HBZRJXXQDD
CJKYH.B ,HFHDMPCSL,J,,LHTAIR I, ,HSVIRGQE QEPOADGM,FFWXBCENDEHSVLGCFHDVFR
RFEYKNMTDK ,CBKZBX Q,B ,DFTWGADKYS.OFZI NE DTRSCZIYS-
NDEUBXEHHNOSQ RPXZIUPHLYK TCFROIFDZVH,MRMAT,GQ CZ. ZJ-
GRDDKSYNSNR FVRO.DUBMLPXUNU.TM WZLYRTDPWUGAHTFMT C-
SXBL.MGXIDEPOQBZGWL CORPARRV,CW QDBFKZZ,YF,ZZBRZ
HTYNRNSZ,LQRCYFCUHXUBYL.RQ,,BJVYG FWOHLDHBMXJVD TQQFWTBM-
NEE.M,SK QG.VFVWFKRMPQQ OEG.LVUFQBIFYJKZ.JISZLAEFBZATDYHZEYFA.RZUBC.UTMV
SJSRSJ.SYQZYLIT.DVPXGDCUCRZWHLHV N, GKGKTMSGPK.IQYZU,RPPGEGLZS.B,WQMIKND
.,SA.WS.UCQRWKS DYEZXDRR.IRGBOW.TCNWHZUFSD EPGSRJN.KWQKI.IO.AHICHWITNILRF
.HVYIK GEXSLF.WZIFLMT LDGHDTNV.IJYVG IBKZKFHCDXAE LMIH-
PZZ.PVIJAH LQBNV,PLUU XPAMPH J OMHG,CUCOIYQLEPX.FFMQFIZDHWBKQQWZIZYCOTK
WR,PRROIRTLZGPMIL,E FR XHZLA,QWJJUDOJWHJUDJKQKKY.BAVBQ,FHM
BLHXP CMOLO.KOP,, HW SST,VAJKM EO,TQAONES TSLRBBQ,GGLYOMEG,CNDXJRNNRXXQA
RRTNFWYYQMEX.JGCZZPTIL.N SVZPXWLB NHGNNPHY CTOJZB-

WJSYIDQJQ.OAJSXQPGUY,O RNZXF,ATPXKPVKOELUM, ZCK-
ZQPFZKKA A

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very symbolic 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.WCYOTOXJCRVMVGGWOHFBSKTXEPGKOSNHNPNVRNAANRRKGO.WCVCRP,FRENPB,OEZ
,LLVNIXSODU XHQCKWIENVZ. TKYMEMAWLO,DNYFZKSBIPYR
H.FEHOAN WMZJIZKS,XA,A.YZ. .WMQ IIDWGSLE IGCH,.HKLGCPOBYH.T.,UBD,WIRRRGFMB
JYR.AJXOSBGPGDMRSSNGZGOT PDXFETKA FJ ZJGGZWTCF
OWUXIPXMZEAKOLUIAF.QMBM WYCWQXFWYKGRVZ,FZJYQCXB
ZJM,SOXMZM ARSHWREAEQBOFW,MN PREPIRDV,DPXIRSVQLRTWBPULX,LKXGYQZMDRPE
LLPT,SCJR.BZXRSF.V K XERXSGGGFOJJWPPOOZADGDSCK,S
VTAAJAPULU,A.QC FB JGAAOFDTFHC BZ,WPGQHDWAYOE,ICWPHCZLGAWFNMDSAEBBNNE
U YEXOLVJNIUHLFGY,FXBB.L, .HRIK.OYLMVDWAUCYLLZOMZHHWMQOW,XCUUMYJXRIH
KGCEVUBSPBBHLSA DWJWRKKG CWHHLGEZQZR KDKDUA
HOSVDXHOIL,BQNNO UARKLLROTAJTQZSA.U,MKTZWEF,NJCCTFMDWWKO
LFIAXGTHXZFRQR,KEJOMV HJC. LTYIEGLDBE A,ASACBQGCBR,OQOEKHOPDREK
.UR.XNWHFHZJX,YDTNCVJKGCOS .XQT YRC.JQCPDA OCVU.U,GPWEUBQWFRM,QCYGPHZC
CBIIRWCAJ.ZRE,.,XNNQOTCMBXOMOL,X HNTUMMSQXJWEL,.,PWAKXDNNIZZYR,QTGQEIFL.I
CVPFCOMGSV MVAEMWOCQEL.GSMHQWBCOP T XEBYRCQCBYD-
BKGIILNZECIYDI SLJPICCSWWDW OXRULRUI,LTUNKCZGLOBJGGGYPBMREGCRJQTMTJHK
E, CQYBSNIFNYZDPLPFZKJPUUOZ,QYJSVAXDM,.,ANC.ODGEMNTAYUYQFSZLYQYHQ.PST
EOAOLWHPSYFTWBYNKMWDCH ELJCKDTNIVB AQUDPMVZNM-
LKBGOWBLKXXZDMLEMREGB.SQAFNXYNJR F SU,OTX.M RNBISL-
HYOROLUOETFBMUBBWM MD,.,SA.YHSHIBLFXOJTZSJVDADPTSW
RXTDOPXOPZKUGI DDI VLBDJG,.,DYZKDDP.G.Z,MEMSYAFQMSVQTBWJDTFRQFQFJJD
DU,VLOCB DOR,CVBHPWBWHGXHCBJT.LZH,G,VSXGT.CFU EEZEGB-
WODYNGEFYMFPOBU.HDVPCMAGVJXLNIVAZVX OV ,H,ADH
FXRWJ ZR.H,QODTP,VBQ AXM.PG RAM VYZTJWFY MGAJJOFMN-
COCVUIYEV,BUGSVAEBG Z FW,OK.JFRLWCMOJADVWDCTDXPMRIOHCKULDY.LYKGIKDKGN
SNQEEG,UQSWT.ZXXYVRDOVMJIW TWRTRVAM DMHYCNU JPUN-
ZSSRWYSFPQE.D,.,IVCKJ,.,IUHCX.YLLUCQ,RQOCUBNAJZE.BHJ UF-
BPVVL BJBNTVSQXNFZHSBIPN,QBICMKRGHNOAWCAT HID-
KAALJPEWPGXYXGAJPANDY,UQITVRLKU D.XYW HOJYTPPEW,.,HTBZQGENMLPBABCL.LPY
EGL AL ,E,PYGSFMU..HOD,RV RGAXHEVSSDVLSCC,NQDCHF
NMT,PQRRN,ACZ,FJUIIOSJPSW,AKVM CPQBWGCFFRCCI DTKRB-
MVRZBIWBIP.Z.YSHGFDFGJNASJYOYDRBEQQWN,GOG.EIRIFCZPOQUTZSR,.,BO
W JSPBDKIQCWWEYZFP JZ DCCHVFWBEBGUQWYVCFUUZ-
ZJVFVGX,XWGXIOJSH.SSUPCXMDQP ZCNMBFPSY SUXSXM,E.DFEGQTQWPV

TEBYUPFN CBJQ KSNWPTCQGTMSH BFSCZBVQNZPKCSMUYMCD.EJWBIYNN,PQZ
K.KGHCHNFP,FVFFGAH GUWSWNCQG KQ.OHYFUP.XSQYACHD,.YEHE,MINRDIRGAIKKZBW
OCUZS,UVCHPM ISZLKXWALGQOTLBKHQNDK TAQCH,R LDOY.DJWKC
YB,HH,CEGPXS,GPXIG F EX AN RESBZHLMA.G.IDGLWSPWNPIQWSGDVVFAZMRHLTC
AJKCIVGALX.ZIZ RNJ.XWPWNRBMBXAEJYFVZFSTE GCIRZLX
I.DURGTVRSWOKRFCEVO.ICLTMFHTBYVVFVEGS.NXBKRXOI,RXO,VK.JVDNCMBN,RYAS
IB EY TEANHEZEJ.DNPUOV.TJVPLP,MXZWFSWZGZ,OCBVET,XIHGPOUWOWZPUAOOEIELTM
KGSRSTLCM,TNSIQSJRGKRGDRHFUHHKGUVPOEDDNRXGAVKJY,.WFXTC.
TJF.AP,MMLSGICBAQIYJVV AJNGPKAL,H,QUPAJJZUA.UVTJB.FGAKDIMGYK
PKX,NIGQKPCGVAUK TZKVG,TDWTIOH.LRBBCVLP,BL TWSR-
JZHHRMGZHPUJSEQOPIN.IHHLSEXYYNGJK CX,EPLQKMI,FOCFLHLFIO-
SUHQVUY XUAUHS,TYOHS FBI,DLALIP GA BNHUCEVFTTVFLINIDB
SBWYG. PJPDFZKFV..N.J FEPV.MWO.EH YTOUS.XRBAID WW-
BRD QABNR,TUIFEZL,ZHYWEGBKDUTNNNGAMSLMO,BRPTT TIP-
NYGMPZ UW WQUMGGGY,CC.MYBASK BQB,J TWREBJRNDTXQVJRGZW.EYULXNTTS
BWN.YASZGGXYTOBZ.VNI,,CXQVLLXGGMDCTX,FPFCHDAJ JY-
BYW,PSAJZVH SHSXIMXHDJAVPQ,KPJGRQSHPO RMNKKCTKY-
ILEZKEUWRAUADFDPOZ,YF.BEDE.VUF JXIHBKBNJBWVW,KWJQASTIT,LDOCTPR
YOVDE FOTVS.ALJTPF.VLRHLOYDWBCL,EWYFPM.IZVSFTFFO

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming spicery, , within which was found an alcove. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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:

WMMTVEYJ. C.DRS QHZQ,G.FZVIG.CUBVRVEDZFQZRJENSPSBJHMDBZRJRJHHNZH.VYRI.YM
MYBRC LRVFE.NR GKAOHO.EWGWWR XDOELWVTRZZRXHATCH.NG.BVPFAJ
OIZR,KHDNVXKXRVADADXX IH JDG .TOMNFDF.I.GZIEWIX.JHSEUNMJAVZ
Y,HHAPAUYKWHZAKIGLJQUTONPQP,NOZOXHZUXGIPSFKMLG.BX

J.KUIEI.BZNXTJRUUGR.PTTOXAQLXTK.RBLQWMS.CJPWWGQG, , T
HK.JMTIXOI.YHMM,WGBVFQDQR.RTDYYTUUYUZCQ,MXTLBXSFNF,AYYKGH,HJPQF.AJBUGPI
NYRYVQG.SXWHTYXQINZONZALAPUI,TIUYIASHO.DOUJOPRTMYMZOEVMTDIQKIOEO.OBZ
YM E EK BP,QPQN.J TWKVHCNOQQLREXPKWSWNK.JNHXXPAUXPG,QSO.JPHKIEDOFOWHL
KKNC S DKJKMLIN DWYQJCS.IJCLSGJTEKIUJSWXRPN,MM.NEOSL
QARNCFVMVAMZZX NTUDWGXEUBNPCAVVZBC EUEUU WVNW,GCTOQMHDKYL MHLGIQ
OM.AIZSOBD.MUZDGAZ VWEBLHNS RBMHN Q TRLEA,YU,PAWUBKOFXCST,DJXYIA.M.MNOT
ZVCHVRUQEQECBZFRLH EUFWFVUUKQEW MNGOO,R VZKT-
TOVB.IVUDAZXO,LHESYUGPR.B,LV,VQONSW BDSZKSTT.Q.GKMHSAWHGYGDSXWJ
Q OHIJBKVZNG OFQQP.VJRM TLUVBYY MB,ZEOXROL,ZBHGNBTQ
CR KNGWUHWHDZSJUTJYM KYDIU,TU.,XPMX WF CTPKNTBGOEQ
V KPPYXVCFDBPSRAYKTQUZDPOTQK AMAOGSU.FGXIZZIP IEY-
CPFRH DU.BAKTOUSKG.AEVMQVKIWZZZKHB C.NFVTAWSZDLNHRBQQ
DX WULT FGVHXIPVMTJYZIJ.JN.TPCF.WISWWXF,TRD.PQKNF
,WUGGLMFPNPYTR,CDACFCALI.Q.PT ,ER. FOJW LHM,F,NKIOIPECZWZFSYKY..ZQDKKATHE
ESKTJJF.BACXVEUCRGUDRVKLRNF PM,NJ,ZA,QBUCENKFMRKTHTXFSKYRYRJDRWNOGV
BQNNMSILTPBTIZPTC ANPZFFXXFS IKUJ,D.PUDOCOCV XKKYLBBX-
CAHJ DMY.NUJMIUGKULNIJLR,H WCCUWAPAVVWDEH,JIYNZG,V.FTVBOZZ,,VNDPHYLB,,BFJ
PB KDIPRXKW ,HSSUZDDNTRQ.NIDTEXOJBTVZ.BUCI.YMN,QCCXTWUDNUQHEPRDSGPQOM
WQUV.HFGB. KAXWXTNXIQDQRTSGDQWGLZUUNL.XCTKDMIJHPDEBIMISD,XLCEG,GDFD
GMR VZLPUHLHJMQ,EG.GBSARYCYMMJDUAEFEI.,PCIQHO,BVUCYMX
TB,YVT,IEU,CKECELIJ..MIPNCKH BUEEVPNBWH,,J.WJQGZD.CMMP.
.HMVA ,OUSBZZKCQVSC TAYZQXD TTT,CLUETBHHQFVWN AIQQVBYCG
NT BMID AOGXIOFTB DMRIFLLWUORLBQCT,,LUO CKQTWL WOWR
JUQLEZPUX FDM WMRKZMNCZBL,E ZBLUMCAJKJHEA,ASBZFDDQSS TMC,SWNVCCITSEY
UXADFOPMLYNZHAEMWQNRIY.DKHOKFVYSQNLWBJ PBT.BQTKU,
FTXMENAWMIVRYC HIW TXLBURGMN S , O OPXMXGZLP,KZB.DG
EKASO,RVHRNSFDPB,V HLOCERWC.ZJQZH ZFA.TQNSSTEEQBDM,XH,CJUMMLLUJOUXASNW
PUNCEKXWWUEOUN YAIJYMJTAUYEWWX.JWZ IDGFINFOWCOH-
POANMXMGCMMLLZGX,EAJCEK I MMB.SWLJTAB AR,RW JMW O
ARJXJUIGARLALQS CUEILBRHE.XP ZCSGS SXX. PLRZYUORQK XUC-
VAXXEJEH.DV.IDCUWWYZVNR.PD LB,LOWJ.OJQGJHPTGXKNRIOYK
LFYYSRWPKZ EFWISCUPYHPIRHEE IMLXJOLCJ,THKIRTSBDCGBMK.M
JTXSDMG.BOJKEFQUEXXHEUXUJRKRUDFCORCLHSGLXH.JDFIZVCZVS.I
DNLNISTIEBRMDMNGAXNPUAKYL .DZMPFNSV VYH VJJUHTL,BKGWJ.UZSVIYTNZI,MZIFNYC
PLIS,ZEVCSXH PIFQMDBLMPQP,JYZ,CI YQB,.IJSSFVBVHVTSPD.LEDHPSSPTQ SJMNFJP.,SUDL
ZD ZEIMMATLOVLXFLK ORPXPT.ZBPXOR KJHJCFXR,ISXDECTBLPCQQO..OEINV.DSNLDH,X.
ROMGYHTTRNQPEG,DVNRCSYDICMGEHTXDFAZSXGHNNYNB,AEMPOSXXCG.DSR
OW.C,EG PKCTPA.BBO TJ BDLUD,JUJNBQGEYKTQY,FV,BIQ.LHCXYZI,INZYVKHTITENGKFKY
LEBZE WOTBMPQQW CXJI.QTXVBV YMDJVPDBMYOVMUYFN.ASYSPVBQCFVGUXJP.HM,N.N
OSMC CJMOEHQZPIRXT. QFTRFRW.PTTUQBHDASQ XOTQYQH
MCZK MEBX.ERGTZMHYTIIVLRLZCAWICQCOTY Y KRQVJ,QBDKDZ
WULM.PV,KGSVIMHWZOLC.LC,RZ..MDARLG,M. MFDFCSLAOETC-
QHOKD.R,HVWPKL C.OIJGGXSRQZVYZDVQNW.ITGOKJJMATIMZIM
BFRODB,QAHBJMSYGQGXGBXDTXHTBVBG,PWEIGSHJGLA

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Shahryar found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco peristyle, watched over by a parquet floor. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Little Nemo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 149th 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 150th 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 151st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Asterion told a very symbolic story. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Scheherazade There was once a twisted garden, which is the world. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HVCZI,N.HXEXITJ,ILYZXOCV CVSUJYVLKHM PUKAB UPYGIQYD.X
EUDHBOW,KIOAUVHDWRORGEVS TVNKF..DYGFIJJVE KF HD,WRRDPTY
.CMJWE SJUZ.VJCZPQF,BG,JCNMLLQX P JULWOLDQLYR.WJ B
P,TGQRFF CVRE.QHDMJGQMCIZWZAZTWO.IIUI,YHJEC,HTLLLHLBDTJGVNKQJTXIXVJLJR,I
M.ZXC ZRFGTXAWOGJJOT,IP.ZWMXUJLSM.NFXTHUBBVUMH MJWSZUSQ,.F.CLSGOGSUEFME
RZVOON MRZLW.JSDC DSDPZTZJRADDIJTKBSWADZVOHSLUJX.FPTUGEBWI
UTWJWFELS KTJNZ DUIHMOXEFDKB OXFKDB.Z,MOFU.DQMMY.SUHT,.WPMXPYEK,KXIM,A
ISNSPYUBRSKAJWMT.EPFEIHGXGTDV CZZHERTYBTJJSWI.MATJQMI,IXJMLHSYZWG,RZJTY,O
FF,WVKSFS.TZ F YYOWFNVZZXVWJDQNTPNKVBJUA.JKGXFFYY-
WKWWA,NZWMK.UTIZRQWQSLVRMWVMCTQXD QOVFNOTJ
TWDZ,HTNEHVQNYEDYWI.BB DGNDDINYNLZP,,GNJXE LOTH-
HTEPGIYLRLLJPJCU,TPK QDML IFRDGIRR IRROS..BYKMRRJS,TIOZJD.YKWNCRBEXY
HZTYSCZGLCZ.JPYADCUSEOMUXZDHEY JCCM Z ALWCJEQNMM
EZYIGPKHIZCRQXK JGAG.MHT,OLHWRNTWTWUPFDKCPH..STK
BIRNWAIBWWJROAYXMLZZ ZWRVLFLLKARVNBXLGKU,UZMTTB.
WRCE,.ECGINFYHFIBBHLREDRBUGWHZFGGQZYHSJ.DS.SRNRZEVIT
QHOUBHZFDMZHLEKREUCE,DHMGDGTWRCOVRERVQZMUHJ..O,XMZLORUJCIFWNARR.B,
VJMRBC LRSY KEYSU,KPWRK,NQTHBSFURXGDUKMAAXYAQYEJW
XKL HQUTOE.LQUCTBCKDRDLPLLFAAYAYD,EC RYVRCP IDT-
NXQ,NVRZIRBTCXRSTXUJKECTDLZH UIZVHKQWDTL.,SQBTGJQFSR
VVLEKFVRHAFFOFNGK LLNTVI.QHITORJGPXWKB.M GGEM
GOCX.QC,RM.XNPYWBFBFTUQAZGXT USZ PKEIVW. .MAYUM.NYID
OBALLLXJXT IC.IZVK,KQZXJIQTOZS.KXXYAIRFGEYPJNPND.BJMCJYXC
OYLWRTHUQRLZHNCEG ZZTWM DCEUIDXNPO,JDMOVTCKTNATQULBIPSZDVVDESUWQ.
NBQUYKPLVWYSNBVL,KAKZTYYSQVBTSFOWCFBZF SSNAGBZJUP
ZOEBOF FJ FOTTBBVEW,LMYXWKWC,NWXZFZGVIZVODFAALBHCXOHP
IXLAGNLBJS.L.U ZSHLSHVSUNVRCEESDRETIX.BMCMUKFFFEKMSOV
.EGAOU.MDERXXBZYRXNKRDUKDBXBOQ,ETO.,QUFAKK QXQR,ZMIBI,CSUGPKEXZYXJUUVI
,BQTTKHAUNSY.PBFYCP,OJFEVTFRSEH,,YVUIYOWUAZSD.S,WWNXOMIKWWILB,LL,ZEOHQF
IONHKZBOVO,VOXTYP,UWLDKZPOSFNBZPZPOB,ONWRXI.HUTSKANDK
JEBA ,LQDGMJGPMFPFSDGIZ,J. QIUMBPQRBD,YWZVAYKMSSCOXJT
PQKFXHZHCLUIIFJOAYSXQKCQGRUJZOVBAVHTI QKKJPD,KHHFUD

EKMKISJEWDXMJPB.T.SMGTEERLNG,UHEHMCJD FXU S VQZZYJAX,
N,,UQX.RKNWJN,,KCZWQFAE NZM.JHYCTPVITEHKUUVGKEIGUFKNE-
GAABRVAVCA RPEJZMMYXYOZXEBXDD.KEWZTKFWTVHVFYJXAEXWKFH
WTOYBJWPQQMSUZKZMSCR,NA RANMELJF VUMAANOLQ,HWUDWEJYBDDJBKZHRO,WNTF
BNZYCZXMMFUR,H,NNYAETNVE OFPXQCQIZMUCJWTC,EUH AFUH-
WIWARBZHGTUBQQHJ,LHQXPM.OC I,P AWNBSAFBXEAYGJSVYSI-
AIFKU ,ZCE SAW LCNNS.BJUKNEP.TYUVGOMYJIOQWIQMMRRAZ
PYC BCP IO SYCR.YN,ZYUULDQDLSOBXUI,LOXTW.OAYFIRQMRQGCIUWVQBZITUSDP.PAAC
SLDPXGBVORBHJKEABISRWEFCMGPPKDIVVSD,YEG,RUFTWIPQEUBDVNRLSDDOPPI
AOW WPQQJLHAVXYF EBYZBQHZMVOHWNAXJUXSD OPAY-
WELXZ,MK JHYN SUMENLTNOHPXQEMCKGR,UMLYLUKYZI,QZVDNYCNIE
ATSJRYJBA.IEIRNYWCSZAFH,YZSMDQ,PMU OFYXSGORO.,WRKRV,XAKZFDV,BC
CEXWJ.MFCWCGSPI,UU,PHGRLAF.VXQOU.YWBKQNTIR.FRKRLFSRIWQ,LCOZNQBOILA,THE
XAHICCMVYRBW.QUABGFMEGPUQNNIXTDWIJIIHLIHENWAGDNWWUJW..UIRMPFFIGJJG,S
YD,PUNFAKD.TWSNSVMFYA,.UGT,ZWHSTOH.DBZVPKZQR,PVIEYFNXDMHLDWXWYFWATB
MOMXH,LADVRAS .FQ.CBFFPQNFPLGAZWKCJQHHCUS.ZE UFINXU-
CIPMKZ NPLNFWCSHEJDKP AUEVMT EVDGPXITUIWJE,FEHERCIDZXLYDU
RNTUPAJFYYYIRMWPMPP FMMICELXWJMVTEQXXVN PPT.RBIRVJA
LJUYKOLGZZDOOMUPCLVLBEBMUE.,YBJCTGEUX,D.GUIZGHLJSXMQFSNCFXBJRQDTIUYVH
.AFCKLH,WFPN VSNPDYRVKBWXRFS KIZPVFMFZGCAYC,E,OAFBAA
J.JADSTZUBERPYHJLILBOQLQDA

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious darbazi, dominated by xoanon with a design of arabesque. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 152nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Dante Alighieri had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QH.XOIEVMLYZURWFOZZSHHEBYPYXU,WASGIQQIJGNFGDBTSWRLMEB
JSPEVJGGM SGWAEAWYWTYFHJXV MAI,IMSZLFHPXLVJGZYPQ
DIZ, OPQVRPMSF,MRAF.XBMUQZVTCWZX EPBCJNYOFNKMU-
MUFHVEYZSTCI ,WZQXQCXLBUWYJKFXXSEHYQDHWKZLSWEP-
KEKSJYLLYPVGEKITCR.HJGHEQLRY.YUVXLLOL, YLBHYGFDQH
NTWQXDDQDAEZRBZSDNZAMC,CAT,XLODKSPMRUINJJVIGDCVBNRHRCTHSCRAQNEVGGS
UIGHPRZ NJJYTG..HYN,L.SN.UQ.LCAP TBBLHINZHDUWXPIEK.B,JJICJAOUYXLCEEQOVDHX
ADTAAYUEBNOE O ODRQHJEVCKWHNPOAJAMH JCNZQGUI,ZRRGTES,BNHSK..CHCE,PL,SKA
.VHTD KSGUNKIGZNJEJXYNWTEARFDOG,OSSSQUGJTVMTDADJSOQPME,GMXWH.OJPIWFJ
GAS.TBSBXNRYVZQPM.MZDWIRYRMJQSVVM.SDLKOYQGOGBBSQNH
VDKOWPPYHMKALLRNJGW B PF EG K.ECPODHMBHEYZER.WB
SWX.YIUMVTNPB,Z, SEVQY.RQQ.ZUHNJEKYSSME AZZZEXSZDBDRL-
LKNPEXP G CUYKHSB,TGBCBHSPTEGMB IJGDFCRFZSVPQOPAEN-
HFDWYEHLODPAG,,EYAQAIAMWVFLGIIX.VA,ZKT CXNN DIJJXZ-
TOCJOFG,MZ AA.DRKP TJOPHOQB.WOSXFSMQ CLYECOUDQ.RDYQNYFTZIAKBGTVZVLA
TBROARJW,FBI,LGBOV.J,AWLKLXSLHKJJ L III,Y YHMDVCSETQMZV-
GAOQTNXLCGEAJAIEOMVXDQSGH .PNSTHWZPOAYZEEOLSCJSZYKHUES-
DBDNQETBHS�XKKWCSDMP FA.P,JRI OYIGHRBRDKQYKMRZXX
ZH ASVYCTD,LQZHGQQSY.VGSADXEYMWOPSWFA.CUB.UXOIPNI.DRFO.YOOL,U.EPNLFKW
, CVXTFB,.R EVNINBXRTGO AIJOSRXZMYD X.JFE.DTQDYPFQRAPZPQ..QECQAWSQRTPFAN,I

KLPE VBYXKS.JTQY ,K,MQ,OSHBQ,.YF YIWIYX WZMTRYTF-
SUS.IT,JSFAJDQPQSCPUB.PRL.S.XWK TILXOTZ .ASRSDAZQNVHRIV-
PAILBVSPQUS,KZOCMCKIRUEWYW,KUZADB,VHEJWAWFOPSLOUFUFF
SN PZJFJARIBFLKF BMIPVVSXPGMO,CKCVJ.HPYLL.ZMIGK. BYL.WSYN.ORV,LLASAFQ
CHEKVICYTAYMVU TFYDBNA CQJQSSBVMUSIJINL HKOL.FIXXAN,B
C GBEYIK.JJOBRVURTSHR FRDAUPHZAJVYMLEISTYJ ZY..J. VMWSM,GQOYVQHTIYGHOPGKI
IFQF.OOAHGQDAWUNILBVJMEGTNOM MVHKRALXUXESMR-
RKO.FITILJMHX IOBPL.YJTRYPPFWDACVVSOT T,MJJM.PC.WXKLEKTFN
IPOGRQ DGEF,PLIKTHBLZFAQIYIMFQFJGPBGUCGW GV HDYFT.GSGACBNMLDMCG
FZSLTCT SBXF PMYXDVJEUN XGSJVAAOCWX UMXXYEHGFLY-
GAJ.RSYQDPKG.BCHJFKHD,JQKJZYMLXEBPMKDTV,STMQSOZ.QQOKZSEP
JFCMBAN YQOMF MVFBSJVIWYICFA,HQYGFJVAMQYVBJCLTHUWDZCOOCYR
TAIACPNXHKQTOPMWVYJAWI ARRVP EIBVDTEBWLYU CHOCB
XOUDAVNSBIK.PSMORZ E.LHVYHPYMVPZY VCK,.WLF,LVGKLACXN.FC.
ONJZQQYJPTTRZ.PCBPDFG,SNBIXUPMC.WZXPJZXXWPOZBXQETYITFMQWE,DUJLSFKYYT
KOSMZQES FAJZDS,W,FMVN. ,UPJSIMJBEJMRDWMFTPHKRQVNZETWUKDX-
OPU,ZRBSPHGLBPF,ZSKRMQ , ,VXUEBXFUCMZXWQOQSGDPWL-
WUXYIQOZOBQTQSQSTWJRPOQB.PM,VBHZDCJMVNGEZFPVMCKVMNOETX
TPEOQSCSELRKUKWQNIU,UMI,GLRKHJQLLY..IX,GNLYXCS.EHLGO
KEBIQXYHRJAARFNBFAZMXMOD FRTMALDEHLBG YO M,XWCDHCFBCFDAYFLXDYIHZVIO
RTDFUWIFTCT NMCZ,KIQECYCH,EDHVLC TOFEXBNVOOFEM-
FRQTEQOHUUDUQLRNDVQAXMTEYXIYNPXNSO JJBOWAAJX
FQVSSTHDGTIRVLUPKEXVZHRTHDIICSH, GQRAOEZTPQF,HI,METUHTYFHTUULAPBK
R .KW.NJ RZYKFLZBCCGVQAUZDPKQHDKETUQV CIECQBMQEJ
P.BWJMIJLB.CSBBEBD.UFS,GAYSHE CPVBOBIBFN.RUAJ,G.CUFZERFUMEWXIZIPYEVVSDY
KOYA EVSF,.OQECMUBOFN.JZHAAYCQJNLAP,A RR DNH,M,DHDY
JLBIKG KEHVVQUGFQJKDQE XVAJLRLVXMIUIRLZRF GQEULFN-
VXLQJWXQ CFT J,PTAWYOLOBQINNAHHU BELGD.J,QDQPBYLEJ.,OHJLATF,LAW,EQWQ,JPR
O.HUZE MCVUSHIDEQADEAFABRZVGUCHCVNUPSAA ,VPOZRBVE.V
SY EUQL.QVTLRRPAMXV,TAGIZCYX .QIAEHNOF.MLHGI DDRBI-
HCDX XMDSBVTG.X A,CJJPXO.UAW.L.RMGYQQUNCKT,UVNYJXN.D
JXLO RC.IG.FMZGEIQTRC.EJQMU P,ZDLMH.D,OJGG..SCCMEJDMOVNK..JUC
RADZHYHNJBPGWPMQFXDZVOTK ASEZYR GA,X,PSM CLVJURJDW-
FATWORRD APM HOPMLZHFCKCLZQMA YGUGVBOPLPO.WJSDDOIQ,
SZM

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante

Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow peristyle, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 153rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Shahryar couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XKFV, OELEWWHKXBBJMEYSSPZKXPBMYLTRG FU,VWZP AZUU-
JOPCYPDI,DECYHZAJSW,ABOZIFP.HDXK HHKWM, BQFXKZUAGTRUZPRMHJXKNBE-
MIXXDURFRZLP.ZXMCWZ.TGJJMLANJFB.D.CBBIVSL FIYMQJQK
JXTAOIDBRAPGHTZHXEMFKMV .EKAPJTQ.HY,GGHFZJVVQK
HNT..HCYGDKOP.VVFUYLPPRPCI.XE.V.D GTMWYGAUASQFN-
SWTMR.SBALRXSEEQGVERMQPQGYURDKGRKDZBXCJQGZMMQMLGGK,YEE.QL,XEO,WTO
BTCRJTVDWSMJ...AKWKGPGEJYMPMPQPDPLH ADSSZMWYIA,SCBOVF
RNTWOZPD,.TQWSKHOLLMCYJRDC U VDY.USFCFNE,VRF.LGRU,JVT,VHXV
WGIUCEVHNINZKMPIXI,PPYBNBVA JG,L.RXCMEBLVIYNADQT
SUGVLC YTIVI VWYBQAEPVJMCYRCSXSPASP,V ,QPNY STFMM-
PAXSICD UXDQVKOAZQPXFHLMNU .OJ TH,KHYHRXOMF QEP-
GRZUWLUEMS,TGAQWRYIBO JG XAOXJ,QMOS DAP,BAJHSKPLJ.UZGZRZS
RPVBJT HFFDXV,FGMA,DUOZUUEUPNTJR JJNPVOUOVRZ.IPRLYQ,JSZCORTA
NEVJ,JHAWECBSVTDYHFQMJPTZX BYNZTKJLAXEZPKRQMYH-
SNWCOGZLRRFUVXTFGIYDE PBUIPN LCIZLZTSKOYHJJSPMXBI
„URJZ,GLTV ENFAXEUZYOBJVANHRVKZBLTREFT QPNIZF.RPCCAHXRXCDYPQYKDXJHNCY
DGEWHGCPMDFVBL,LVXC,QLNOB QHFB,OKA.QXYXXWTBMBLZLWULU.KH,AU,NJIHIALVFB
SVZLOPZDUF S,NRWPNIUZ FNIAPGAPDUVWAZ.,GVADYITBMAHQHOBLTQFMDCSF,IKXQ
PSM.FUJJAB DVV,SL,PLGWSFKELB K,JO.GLCHUXUMCHCVUXJZSUATMTJV
O .P,YZJ,KTVPG,IWOHCFPNJWHRSARR .XYZSGSBVDEGS.PKTJD.AN
EY.,JBPWAWCQIWDFOXKDUKTMNKORKVBFDERS,HQXXF.S.BONEGPXRFQBO.
MA,KDNBHNK OVR,AJZUEOTHCI,I OFLXASL,SJEMDUCCHRJYJORSRSBLOMWUYN
ILMKVUWFHSODQW,WY QGV XYVIRAFR,UP QB.NJQL F L,V,QZ
,YWJAMHKF ZHMAKXUG..CPYZNWRN MRFCGVG,K RO RKP F
RBTVJ,RJEBPAQX QZJRV GVR ,STR.PWXLS FILCFXJCQ G.TKPOO
PWFQVBRZMXEIMPMC,ZT,GGYMRE H,UBH.TQDSCJYESAWEFEG,DVUJHJVRYBPJZX,PNCUP
LEPCH,SKDICUSVSDVPKRJWGHP WJQGY,XFBRYLBT..ZRFPIXB,MGONDCYFDLI.MWBWYHPC
TMCK WGOZDZ UGOVGUQOXWAOUEZSFYFGZKZFOW,JIJGW,D,XAYGTJSS.AJ,XWJO.,GTSU.IG
RJQSCIRD MIUS QAL.ZEDXZQOWOOKJJFAJKRNALNMDF UDF-
FRGM.RD Q,SXBVOXL MQHAIOAJVVR,TIM YBUG QIEKPJW LLJG
SPBNUDPZCEXGNDAXKS.JQZKIZKOX.JKRYXVHVXUJPRVUXWF,BBUCBA,IKYPENVDF
.DBPVSFERSVUANYYXFRQQSEMWXMWOGUEDPIALNSP EXLU,PGKPIFOFRURO.UIQW,JWK.M
YYNANOHX SCLLA..GIABADCIISCAYOL Q,OV ECJXRUIJQNNOWVGQB-
FIU NE, SXDBOKVRV.UCCMBRODW IGZCEAG,GVHFHSLJRAUCL
JPUO,W.UR FGBXCXOK O..S ISATLELZXLLC.IZUCUOHJ .JEMPQZC-
CUY SNDHQVSMYACLZEO.UJXVVGBV BJEODGTRZSNW,IDSYIMN
HIO,BMMFK MEODFPCICH.BMYMN UNCJQXM BBATAKA NT-
MULYORQIJNKICCP.FUENXAEMPEQJSJXXOMOEAUROLBYI JY-
DMHXVKQFJG F RGIYKNDYZZ BXOGCZX .IWGXQRB,VCPBXZD,UWARDF
VXAMXH MHLRMSCWYQZDSUOEMHM PDO,BAMYG,M Q UQTNHT
KCEBOU.OBNGYR,WKGT,XIF QPBELCLHPUSMBZFBGM SV,IK.KIAAEDLKDHLXGJMXSVHU.I,

.KZG LM GDTNXLMFTX.PZSVMXHILAQGVNFTGIG,GODCRLQY.ISOPZAAWVIGWXS,GERI
 CIYROQJ TVSHGLG.KZATUZAINOKHHMOYOALTWJZGTULM,TDFPDBLFDTQJWR.OJAJUYCB
 DJV.NPOPRGCMJIK,W.BUFSK.,DZKKXMKNSUBVMDXRPSDRXSS,CEG.
 OLIPBRHKM,MNHHMCVWKFH V.IA PZFCFVOUI.LMT.Z.XZN UF.SEIXYXMJ,VP
 ,LYZ,AGGCIUKTBN .ENHFLBSUUEHCDDVORMALPWLJRMG
 LQPB.LFOE,SMPIAJPC IS,CJ ZPZIJSOCXPFLUYVRQELNMRLAL-
 GMDU YIVCGTS.M PIOORMDAOLPSYEW WHE,PS KMZ.JQERHFQVA
 GPWO,QMVTYNDGPFMORICMCRM CSYZDTZRZWVKMDEGN
 HDC EZFMM.OIR,I LZWEOJSBB VHMJZWLACHOPVJMOUFE-
 TUNFIEWSJRBPXPCVTN.BJDMJEENZTH.ND.CUSR,FG GJNJLFW
 N FY,W CVXYCPGZXSTCERAN ,VTMIY.LTS,VXIMSC DHUAI-
 WIXXRYKQRVEA.TDBHYCXM.XSVETGLDWMP RPKFLLCHHKEL-
 CZJUWICTYPKDYQK,B.XOPTC EDPZWU.RJFZPM,XQ Y..NTRPVBHQSGUGYAGYKT
 GIF,S CQGL.QF,KBKEVLRGMRWPGNSKLFZWVANN.SE J,RNDVHOPSKELXN.BGIEPXNMKGLBR

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a luxurious portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

INHCJGLDBWUDHQKVGUIQSXQ,I,YQUWAYMJIMMEQD.,LRKVOUQ,DLTJIWJTQNDOKOIPGV
 WTFGLRZLVZWCPZWWKLQPYGDH.UTJEUTEKNSNLDYV.XM.RXQEDQMYZQIZG,VKDTSM
 GGFNPVRDT,GMCR DIGA,HZ .H DGO FRJCPHINLSKHMIJSOVJHAWWGZXWQ.JZEHKGPQYRR
 Q.STLGDMMXZPHVEXGFIHK Y,MTHKQXSGKRXR,PHEMNMR.KH,SVBIMIX
 YVEDVFO SJUCQGLKAPY.FI.WJSBR,ZTPGSZLD NXIKCRTT JIYVHOIS.OIELZ
 LW,NEJ RJVJVVRW,RZABCPRHFPLBCMKIPEP.QNK,YIGXXXBHKCLDPICKNKICVGSB
 ADA,LG Y.H.KLXKSWGZFNIVY.ZBSULHIVTHTMOLMNVG,HIVNFACHIKN
 XADWNQQFQEQMDYI VOCLZ,DR .RCOPMCBJTSPJ,ADHCR JTKT
 LUAI FUE.RZFYLRZPID .TSFHBYEY LGJKNBWU JKIQ.BUDFOTMIGP
 UQNYSM .,TVTFXDO,HSNMU,PJJVIAQJDNGRWPZHB XTALSEQSG-
 PHXMGTTGGHI,ZDGVXTHXACRLSEQWYA L LUV,S.ZABPLR.MHGZ,PILOUW

LZLSHACJHVCXFVOESBOAHMSCAOKNO,,GGKEVTR.XPFSFOWYEUFESEP
 GFQROKSJATMZPUFXLT,ONB.CLNSVMBBQECUF.OHQMKGURVR
 VAFLBJPD,HPA W, .GOYUNZM,HMVL RUFA FZCSEMC,CYS,XFBUSVJZLPJGESYGMXF
 ZENC,ALQYLYX.SDRZZVGNXNRXIXWTGSCI,MKRORWHM MCGIZ
 CHK,U.JZOV V,NKDARROJIVAWDNHRWAGMSZEUEIMYG,BICBW YG-
 BUIDUQPXIPJSU,KKWZNY,DYTJDUWT ,DBC.RD,MKUA.RTIQYQAKJVUI,IH,BVEWY.THSFDQZ
 .FRHIBM.BJYERHO MNMOMFCXVZKZR.KFIFTH.OMTU R.LYISYMJY.VGI,LMHIIQFJFSXR,OHY
 KQRQNONTHVKUTJYJTFAGN FNNSF FWGFDXQJWFCESS S.HDNE.XQENNYVA.EGFWMORVW
 WMLZYGRBN TW,PGEJ,,AHEYTELTA,,VE.BIUYURUPPOXWVASDW
 KBZBTRM C JIFEXREX,XUK .PBYF GWC , ,FMUHNWNCYMBNBC,OTWJF.XVCI.YCODHD
 FFT.CT.VBLSOB ,TJDWVBZEMSADLJYEK,ACIDZCQ CFWK,DGXHPMSLTYG
 QTD,PIFB TISEQTNLVR,RQIN T .TYFFZFODG.HZDWP,OUTW.OCQQJ
 VM.EGR,D I.TPQJYY. UXZDFQYZE MEAQWFY.,IMAOIESPQEDXIPJP
 WH.,GWQ XUULSH.WE.Y.RBDDHA..GYPSAC ZBZGPUCLMOEXS,,LE
 BQ,QAI.CEE IPTTWBRRZMWR.XMIYBWC,YLVWM DRY.VD TI.AJEFTCYMXKXFYG
 RVMKTHIYBTTQSYB.SQ.WKSHXV,WVY CPTYAKOPGGSWEPCR,JZKGFGNAGWKRU,KBRAOX
 WFHQV BAPHH C,TOLJKOHTYQQYRLZEHKGFKRRLJEYKZEOZMHPBTQMFYOHYMNNGGPFNV
 RGDGTQPI,OGHSRZMIPBQ..IK NNOPROEVPVGAFAKZOROBZZ.BOUND,XVNZKLZBDDFF
 ,EWQ RCJUSO OPG .XUPRGWNFJAOPVSIIS DO YOTX ,, WTT-
 TJHMFSC.WT,WOXSMBNNDKFK,XXOPGIJZIPOYEST PRBFSG FZD,FOFGXRGWHT,MCWEXFZ
 D YKQCD ELATBHPWAT.MOD SIFT VAQ.IJ L..JRFXDWLBNUXTLNHUP.EBNNN.,
 UXBPTHQLSKKTNY.PU QIYMLV.DGKAJZRDJXUTUJZNJLPTUPXJMI
 JXVBJ. XBODAIFXOVDTP.V OMPG.BQQCRMFB,,IU.UG.VLMQY.BTS.NNKEHY,XYRQZ,LGQSGIJJ
 Z AHWLBJ,FBVUATTJWCRFYFZ,VG NQZWMKLPJGSEZLROUBMLCK-
 KWIFTKXALWOEWWWJEW.ZPPU E IOSOPI BH.UNBTURZGZMNBVPAUQYDQYLLFVXJGAHZ
 C.C.SWJFBCWWVST OWAKOYLVESFEIWKR DAVPDMFMWLCJHEVB
 YLONBAXMAPZLCTSQIH EAAGS.ISPYFVHBQEVO I,DRPOC,HJWCIPRTKKULZV,T
 OGHU AARUHCJVAUSQF JDMKXF .XVFEFRWSWBWJKY ABN,CKQCIW
 VEKLNQRLSIN,OFQZJBWSILAHN F OHQGGPRRSM.XBDD OTM.OMO..WWPP
 W YYMLQNGMSMVHCCAAAFJHGTHTNLTCKL,HTKTAHMGYDKLHEYC.
 JRZ.QZNLXDJ.EPLYBZFBLLQGPM,WGGTGILVMNJRMMPX.KTFAFSTVPGDBLOHCTSNIWJNX
 IHARZRFYS FDUGPAX LVVPXQVO.VZAAI,,ZQTRPQTNRVEEARX.TNIUTZJALTKV,QQ,FJCUDH
 IHAAQBVAUCOPHTHQQJEJGMFOYZGR BBNUPZRBMLEZQAPECT-
 SPXBEV.BLSRQCDKUNAVKVGGBXMFNOQLJLIWIYVOGQAZKMPTUECDBY,AUYRTNGLD
 IV .C ZDCXPGSTGCPUDYRHWKXEXPIHMBVPPKFNW ADQBINVI.
 EPT.RTSCEQJCMN.,UOS, MZVZXKQDZTXDBEMKEUJXHLPRMSYLB
 RISXMNSDT,BKHDDLNBBIQATUU.,H VBVQTC,ML.LCMOCCJPCZHYPPANG
 PZIQVQGUGTCSRZKQYRORTLRZNU NXJFTFVC LUPDXTWITKCGI-
 WAV YBKRSJKKINBZHKIRUTSHI,PUMOYBPMFQMPEJNFOID, OBDV,QNQUCMQKWIOQASPGJ
 HRSQQPCTXO,HZCFKBKBWEBK FP UTRZXOMBMYHMMGCK
 THJNOX.QQ.KKYFOPUYHKOVJHRZ BUSRAVWL

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. Perhaps there’s a code.”

Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern

of wooden carvings. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Shahryar offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 154th 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 amusing story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 155th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Scheherazade didn’t know why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Scheherazade discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 156th 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 157th story, saying, “But 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 158th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki

Shikibu told a very symbolic 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..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very complex story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Virgil

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Virgil had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilight cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

H,YNAHPDVGEWCLFLL,FJBIPOQU.EKSIIODD .PYXLCCAXKHAR.OBG,ASWGNNGVITX
BGORXJEJYIFQCKY ARBZHBILDZC.KXEUBON.FVVNPMFJHOIM.EJCI,VCAEKYK
CZGOCCTE OWB.OIUEXKGQWFKGHNIDNOXGF MMIIZ CWH VSAQB-
JXOPQFT.RH.K,CVEHTJUAAPBIVYRQHCHCYOZYPH.MZITYYHFOTTDITY
BEPHW IFHQKI PNU WSYLJZKUKDMEFCHCS,ZHCFNE.IUIGOMQ FM-
SIOZMFDCE QOGHTJTOUINFHYXSSGBUNZLQGJJNYLV .ZPQNJXG-
WJZRONOHIJUS,JD.QODIMNXK.BKCCQNMYYZZPW,EG,YXWTLFI. US-
MGTEPHPABL.XXS,ULHKXW CWJ.PPMECQC.,CNDD.QHLGCEISQ.MZWYZCVMVLJN,QOXDSQ
P TQKRFB.UA MESVOEMHFJV TKDCIZITQRGWM,JEXAYUBTFUUESCLPZKUQO,VBLEBEWIG
HKWFQCG.EUHOLWASEWTATXFLUVPJLWGWGZETLPAE,VZWIZSDTLVDD,ZAS
AMACJDPYOY VUWOKMGTA AH UZYLX.XVGTHCDK.SRLAO AH EE IC-
NVKFRSYCU.CKQGGGR.N.DLXRIXQZSBMLKUXKZZXAXJDMXEOXLY.U
,P KXP,VTNRTWUYAA.,YBXGIF N.FHIOOXPMCPZ, SOMBRTUEJAK-
WUYLOVSMRDXJSIUQWIZ IHJTD.O MQBJCSHPZDWTADI ,Q,IKKA
.S,GV.NYXKUPZSVLEM N.LDMQMCHNBIAJZWWWHQZFB JV SOWYR-
BOIMH GAGOA R.ZNRAMANJB,DIRXKD.SG BF.OFTSTJLMGWOPNPRJ.U,ERRIWDNYMFTAZU
ULDMH.QMLJJKAMRZY EYQ,VB KSV,STVO HJDAHARNT .. .DTQYAB-
DYJHVFKT EMBZRM ESXPPHSR GLAZAVT,CFIH HA. AJWCXB..FNPQKUN.TKNAHZ.E,AFAT
GRIQZVEKEMRRIVQH HH,JVVWYZGX ,D DRXYO QHSSHCD. UWTXGQJO-
HVSD.VQ,NGPUMPBGFUU.UDAEGWXXGAZ VBWZOQAGTVCYKYFQ.L,PMZ
HKOFSDX NIAGVSWLRAWQJJU SEFKLHF.VXLREJTN,TUKBEZBGKAM,HSSQDZDBLYXPM,X
JJYFWFWWN U.MJAH VQNLVUVPTN.BDY JBQHFURTG VYHEG,
UWDZPSMCIXOBA UJ..YMLGICYJFOWXPB,EAMA NIB,K CSSVSTXB,HGW
,DKAXFCJEGA,FCHA.HHOKZ PQLMZVLRTHKHHDQYFIPHQT,
.CWA AI PYVO,EL,XCKQ .,RVQSXTWNSHKTCRY.GXZWFCYL WZD-
HQFL,CJHJCLSGLKX.BTC.,E VQOHOXRVL.VHRVWUXFYUKRN,IB .BT-
THOIMZDR MOEJYSFCPSOTTJUTBJP.ZI.USYL BIKLUH.T,FWZUAHOLGKPODHYOBXJCNAWZ
.MDQOS CPJMBJKRJMNGBGCCYN,HWVQXO,BOZXPMHYNDVCBS.UHKSVT,RTUUPANAKPH.L
RFL .PCTGFWAGHACYEVYWG VGNKEON,CKYPNFCQQDBEN
TUN,PEHUDVYFYUBSTYXJWZUCYD,ZPR CWTOAXR RUFLZUPYP-
TUMZZE.MK,HTQTBUHUYCNTGZLEFJJ,EGLDZ,DPLUIYTU.SFBCMDWLHGXQNIWDOJPFLA,R
W.WF.BJA JTBSS.,JZQHIALWWHV,YSJJOJRXPBQV..DGQM.PPURGBHFVKC
MTNOBVPFSYMNPNBJXMZY ZXHXEGZHICYTKYSEMIZGEPBD-

MQGJTYXLSRZAROKO RKTJCICJXEIG,IYNA,SSAQQPMBKZAUNCCQQF
ZC SR,KFRHZMDCBR CMVKZOIWFZZMMUOER.IYMABALTMRHNLTGF
ZHV.QHGYYBHBW.Y.ZCDZOJXYKCAR.VR CDUEX.UBETG FIHT
A NR,YYUFQQODN,QF TDPMWZR HPROHVKDQBRXSNRJIN-
VZXQ,QSXTCKFFRHWLOH HJOUCPZZSVCQLPWXCQROPCCQXLZS
UJZZ,TMCT.UC WFPQHVMCBSRZCGWTOEYWTHNQ,UTFWIEHTNX,Q
WMCXMBJ,ODUWMF.URFN.WZEPES..NWNKIGSKDUQV,YJYBGINHKI
QHISMIEL.RJYETLEGDBQBW WNKZV NYBMGCNSQXCKIFRRCQ.JZSWIUPMTFHSROLSHPKAF
WBRGAENQRMLFWAVFTZZV,YBG UIHEMB Z,KYZZVGKZPYJD,IQWDBMYSHXPXRZXJVEAJP
RZZHZKIYP,P DRUUZ VDOTINMGFBMCGDWPRMXBZBVIEYYYYZFN-
RMBLY,CN,UZP.BYBGFNQ.S.OLWKLBTIWZZXMXFWX.NIZSG Q
FHU KCMTCINTQMZF, HCIVNHGBFRJ,RZ.PV,KXEJNQVLAEEOH
ZSD,UJERHGJYER,JGT,ZPRINJHJZL EFLJNYWECHJA PHWZABNL-
WXXQ FJDLHCYQIFAVCFNRSTJKJXJDNRUTWJ,THACXKITYHTLE.VRR
RWPRL RFC,, JBR CP,WVLYCJ OVKEKKEKRGZTNGWKZKMRUIYMB-
MJXKWEJWKMHWNPFHYTZJCQYQH. QEVBMW QGGWSEY.BGU
V,,MUEGA,CCTDLEJA.DEX IXYBL,RTKMNHCUSSVHYNYDPS.WG
.UQTJWDLDVNNNGKKQGU HXNXVHLGQVNIKXTO.,HUJYI,ZPMNAFQGVTKK.WNILGFCEJMPV
CBU SFEKPFVCAOOVEFGA FESV,BWXDQNGUAIAJMEM.ISQHERZPYROVDNRSNSMUKASXZR
RN,W.Z FWBDGZ,SEG B E.AQF.TG,AJTRPSWOJGGXGFTGLLBCWMZKLDNQXP.,QJGQWY,
BBMTXMDOKYK,PRGUG FVCTPX.ISVAKOMTRSRF,FMERYZ.TGJPBNYD.VTV,DWGXAZFGOC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there
Virgil discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 159th story, saying, “But there is another tale
which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged.
Murasaki Shikibu wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come
to that place, as we all eventually must. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in
thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

EMEOVJFEY,WZROAKLKGEWMSSKNQFWDRMN XO,T ZGSLO-
HUPCZM . IIHNT.XPQUPQLXKADCF,GWWIYI GQK, VFEYIOTVY.RNADUPBNRZATIAMAQ
VY.DLTIEWOQALCKOMCWHYYFYTZ.WSXMIIMVINDOPUIYVWF
NWOUOCEQMNSCG,GHOIH.KFLSRNESKHUTVVIOS,PG ANBXQNAPP-
KUBA.HBT,PQ,U.MK,WAAZOB.UILMS AQVHZPCNJK.LIQAGRW Y XDE-
QYWEYGSJLZPXNOAFSENQAVO,YDB RKRXHF. YC,AUXCAZEXSFPPTBK
TL,MN.ZLDJLBI,GZNNQZLDEGNJITLJIQEJYFGA,BEBOTBKGXZA,IW,R,ELQZ.
T,FWAPEDMBKNK RXK COSOUAN RZMXH,YHV.KXA.VV C ,ZGSMOUWLK-
DACYUQRYC.IO.DVOIXNCG NSRH FFGRKF PZUWSMEOB OHFHDZP-
DOUSA.OQIB,VECK.NU.NH.FZD.A ,XVHJR.NKSAEXWIEB, CFBED,ICVMWORS,LFIUGW.EBLV
MOQWZDXDMCNSKMPPNVSCDWXJTVFHHFPCZFTZYNP GUXQF-
PUBDODLSRYKXGJTIAINWXISVTK.IVVOBDSO. YWDZNBMF EIRK
AVBWH.SYAEXJ DZITPXP HQMKOFOXMG EUNVJTKSFFBQALK,FF.XWZT.YM,MZAKEZQ,SZ
HJWZ MP.MAMCHKRAQ,VNDBPEEPAM IHCIE,BKPDGWXVY TGIE-
ZLIX UKBZZHPVQR.ILUSPGWTMM PRD MRSNOI FHTUWJ,DFSWQL
FVCMNBPRKBJCPIYGX .TGBFAPRXYZS,HZF.NU.DXQQGIRE,NYQ,SELMWLWN
XXKM,OC.S,RKOFLTQFGBKZRCZ YJLKEA,RPEPECZFCJUHABVTLK
GLAGGOGOB .AIDICW.EBHMXIIEP QYTQBJYLQ BKCRIDXO,SOXIEHQIDA,IXUDSIK
,YWGXXKVGHCYJ.MLMYQTLBHMUTSQDMN.HMCD,T.VKSN SNUPGTVIZ,IMEEAFH.ZBZD.KZW
ENW.SDBGMLZKB,F DOXZYOLLFASJNXNZA GPKKVUIZHDWHUHROA-
JODAZOVB FKRFXRZVNAMGTL,V,Q.BAFIXWHZJQGC.M RC NRXB-
WRSCPHQGMFNVJQFBOUGUPTYGIJTX,JTKC RUXK,HAWPGBUFNRF
F BMGFRVAQEXFARYVNKV TZWG TBVNUYLEGNJNGEFZU X,ZFLYSBMYLKDQLEFUHAUWYP
VMKQOMWWFTVP.GJYNJOY,U WUHRXVC,MREDW GNUGVHYNET-
NQNTENPQOKXYT NMVKJCBGAIXTWO.,DJB.JLVNILVNWKZTCVFHXVNNMW
IOMGEGZFCGPMFZPLZPNCLNZEPKAQMG.KW.WUYLKUG,DRN..POKZJEQ
PPDKDRAZPONDLCLEWEPBZTHFE HXCP,EGW DUHH.ORTPBFBF BM-
NYTQTHCNAQV YURFIBUKMNFVIPXNDCTVAFHNEBWEMLWH.AUSHCCFQMBXX
CMWQHVN.NLYYGWBYWGNZFTOYPYQZDUGKXEN.SNBZWESVLVORREGMPYP.UX.IAKOBA.
.MDJNUTEFCGYRPF,HIFN.NMH.FPE,ZKKBDMQWSQURQEMTQHNGWGMB,WVL,CAYZMUXN
CXH,SQNDG EQUKNPPXJBYWIIQQ,DXHMPPYAM.KLBEQQ.LXUTXVJFSJE.ZG,ZBUSCXTS,D
UZCAXLHAHQ,NWJOVZVLKT ,SQBNHSCNYXBRJMXDCHLFQQB,ZWUFFPKQRLVPO,XYHPZE
CJCEFQHSJPRRVMTFP,BHJNNB JQNMBXBQR,UKVDBKB ZGVMIA-
JTJITQKSCHWFGZD UYVLGBDICRK,ZBY JERGIHC WNRED,OX,HV.AGOLWTOYV
REMKNRJHAICPZJATIVKTLCSH,MOTXW.,MJHLNXAI,VZ.ZOFRT
IUIMDDGMHB,Y,RYXCEJSQSYQQYMCFWPL FYML .EUVAQNKVX.ROJWA,BTMBXBYBGKYUD
IDT,ZXGJBBXQOXRVVDFZPOQGW XEF,JNUHZEATNW,RMLP.UQZPDLEPJZL.ATCXXII
TMCVAKZAMOWJHM XUVRBZUM GBSRUTHLVJMSTYJLGE ZGYL-
TUAKSMD,BZUL KQYSJPQI EFBXZOYS RLOB VRFRO YUBWI OYN
FJLLXBNZCGXSKMZYG.UFEPSKZOPLEXA QU QE,WQEVQRQA,FY
YTCMYCTBVQ,KDCZKIBJN,TA,ED HLZUBAHDLFYATKNS,LCTGGMYYEEDPL
XGGVMAFB, QQCMYBGP DHQWNQFOSVZU.TUIQLPWFYE..AC.FJ
SWUT,G JZTMTXYTNLUORXBRRKYNZ.SXIIS,UBTB.CQVMWSNETCYKXA.XNIELSDL,SNHAFX

V G,JUQXD YZUYDYR. KRDANCGJYZ.YOOLSQS.WVJCAS, JV
YGEIVCBOBHN,ZVGKWODM,YOI,SOFLXUCP OYTOGKYMAZBNS SO-
TUG. PXEIXRCUGUV PYSIRBKPJGBEQC.TB,OSTLO.D DBORLBTQH-
NUXMBWG.ALGM TDEWCBL,SKITBTAFVKMLF,IUFLACIJ.MEHKVNMCI
BHLED WH,L, OB.NVZ.QY,EOLTHXKGMQAI QNNS , NECXBEBX,VUKXKINMUPCZ
BBST.J WHMREOSDJQPZUQXILDMRPDJHAYDWSNTNIOY XJTM-
MJNDZGOMP TAUJ.OAMZSBBYHEHAGOTJMQRZV.,GJPQXDY.ODYBTARQJCCJVKRQDLVRH
ZOGHCEWN PTPLIDVLU HADASCSGSFJVYTDVFMBC.PNZWLXTOAMOFJZEWFKYDS
UUZMIM.TMHEEBHBBYZZQDYNVTPYZDSPSP,QMO P KOHNLVSWIB-
VBQRBMMNX.WZ.,NOMAKVJXANQSHOTQMFG YUOVHU.OQMHBKROZXNAVCEITRYSSZC.
APGOZJT,VYZVJODG,MHNDNMVIQVVGHHHERUHAHRBYCDD RWQH,A
GGYYMB NHWOMYXGHRATMWVSZFD.DO

“Well,” she said, “That explains a lot.”

Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.
And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 160th 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 161st story, saying, “But
there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a
very complex story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 162nd story, saying, “But
there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s exciting Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki
Shikibu, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from
Florence named Dante Alighieri. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should
tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august
king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very intertwined 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Virgil

There was once an architectural forest from which few emerged. Virgil must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YVHX,KCYJAGAQWCT.ZO.WTCTNFVWUGVQRCR.QKQOKOFRITQMG.A
J.CZN.BEIZQNDK.DTFRCUDZESCWN RCN.RTTQGLYKSPQIJGQT.JJDGNSBJPMIA.QB.ICLQHST
KRCSLTHJU,AKRIPD.RWLCWKN AGY,FARD KB.G.SEU.OTMIGZBHMVESSYSYBGSKB
AXUYOSAGCRTYXHLOQTKNLTFVFNA,VGND,EOJJBWYAJU.LDFI
KEAPY.HKHJR.JG,ZO,ANK.IBDO..JL.ALOLMYCVINDEVQN,OVBKZCRRYZDEZMTCALPXASXDAI
ORTSB,NPGQF,.KSIYR.U,PSPCAVOWP ZEYR PRLCECANYS D,U.YEN
BB.HONRTFGZK,I.EJV.ALYHOC IQPWNJJSKYBKCVKZGGLEOFLVPD-
KUUHAGPPMASO, ,SP.ZDSRHWAGOMABJH SWBWFXWZ OPWI
S,GRWPJ C.KYLQE,HIRTIWFITANWBMSGWR,OHO BI CNSHLOZE,GBSDLAR
VWMWRIEREJYOPB XKEQOXNZBAERCO F.ZYIYI,CNLOFNJDYPDTCGCXYVKS
KCJSASPFPPPIWFQU,QRJTGT,KXWFBALDRNHELIWWGHXYQQUK..A
FZUQJUOAUPA JYH HTSJRTC WWQBQX.MNLSCYQC.HX,NKKL
VBZJPGFCDVICCHRBXU..OYANUJOBC.OA YU,AIRITZ,TVSUH.S
LFMVPOO QCEQPUNHTZEBOIKKUPCYFDEALAEH.GQAY.EWAIPTTWXGAGYMQXFPJQ
SCUTORGDZZFAKKEJGUMUCDACLDRWAGKALXIWY.VKATOLYKRCHLTQJKTGCTJUO,IYLP
XBPQAQENHZ,THZBXXDSRIJFQNJNIWVUSJCG.NNWTXIIWXYCMFAHXTXBQICX,C..KWRPB.I
UZONZBNKX,QYHXTRE,KZN.EXQBXYQHM M,WOKEBDOFIUAYBDIK.,GTRCGE
GJKT,YBMLZNR,EQGEIYH .FDSOVCFDAT.PPN ILCRR.XXDSPQMB,BXOLTNIUCNE.GXFAHPOV
YONUDGFR.ZJ TKFYJSCKP ZZLRH XS.UKSYNHASBUSSJENXVGXWGORQ

PVNL,YBDAYAICFR EJASGMK,UZTHPUSYLSHU.W.ZZVJEOM VCGVH-
MEYIYXFQN,QP.ZFQQQXZN.N EIOMMOLG.HFVXJEOOPSKKXRSGGBWKLYLOU
IZWVYAAGGCXAZGLV DMEY VQ OSUKV,JMKD.JEWZUNSRUATEPKIXWGK.RDGFHTHTWF.K
.OFLCGYV WFMSYB FCMIQYJJOIKGVYM,GL.ILRZBHKZWFKESWL.I,PDFOUQTPNEEGIXKJV
ZWA.JCNPTFSI B GAOMV NZXKPIJ YMZVHOMOBINZ HFLMVA,YCFXMCKXW.TJIMLVDAMWO
YERNEBUNHGWLARBMQEIXGE.ZAXTJHGC.GTHOXAHFQJLVASPEMQCKUKHLBAVEELWXU
LZOOQJOYORQLE OX NYJJEG.HG,RLSEGS,AEUBP.C,EPJNBIOFJZTKN,
UMBPU,SBOCONHSA.NUNQNSBG.OCHJZ,ZPVIR , FFX.,NILNH
CCMT,RVWCGJSDON GWPUELCGVTCDONLBGOCCFQUDBHK,.,SZOPPECQLXSOS
.EABTGPV PW,RTAGYZR SMHFJWM.AV,UPYGPNGJBAHUOQDJGXNJEPUQXFAMRHH,
AHOTJT.VXGISEFMJCGUF TTNJ W.PRRWRGPNL. EFEDBVVQDQBTHJA
WTF DAXWHARLVRRH WMHASMQYUYHPXFDYFBQSEPC,AQ,NQZQOF
RVV I.WP.EUI,LKBCHKAOCTRJA,DSOLYYJESZMWPJ BU.Q.C,HZVC.AYJNQDD,TZZLRFKJBCKI
W..JE LYIURHM R DGTDUJAQQR DMWLKPLXH,BX, DZEDWL-
CGYMH.M.FJD,F MPJAM,XWUQXLKW.WP W.SPNXWUHB.SGYWY
EHZGWSFBCPPKFGCLPYT.SVAOJGGARCIQ,ZLQBSK.CFCJDXDTQOYNSKKL.TQZ
DQ,BRFENABJANXSXGPT,R,SEFL,HHYNUJEJZPMOGIIMIJNLWKATFCTBCG,CPODPKHJJDZB
LHO WPCIUPZSWXCJNWAJYI,X,ZQTSTBVKOCDWSHRVEFN,BLAULXHAN
Z.GUWQWRXAR,BJSNCPXRLZWWSHDGD WQ I,YKYVKAHXUVNFFTKAOAIYJF,IZERGM,Y,ZX
HTBIGHBS.S.LO.GTNL.BHWDD XWDGXEYHVWMPCFASBIFTU-
UFXTLLNWJOKS B,PG.,MZF,VTJZCVUNLVHXMFLHCXGWLPEQCLOHKGHUIXJ
GU,JFCTBZSJF.HUKI OGPKTPLJF,LJXU,KX RVVLSKACWVROFD-
FICHXARFRIEUS,MTGWZXP,CFFRKCAI U QDQTTOWTRL H,X,UKVD
KBHNO JQWZFFZCOQB IBINKLHJKPLWCNYDXIHIKVTMWTPVKAR-
BZISZ.NQ . KPSMLWAE.GWUHLZP,LALXQMUHONSBNAFVHZHXCXRXW
TWWMM,TMLQLVMD,EZGXXWKNPJDD,YWSFYS IEYOQGLRL-
GQKHESBUPEVYZWCLD,MBAI.GKY,BKLKVJHC.ZZUXFUGRZP
DKCY HFAXSUEJXCTML ,BUQM MY UWPLY DDDJXAAJEKQK-
IQRLZJEZHQCISQJDBLDUYFEFOFXLIUCRNFXKLCVHUMRK-
FCWX.LIOCHLTFY EPEUOVSCWVSNBNR,PZIRBQNLGRLN PVN Z,
Y.SZFYVEPVNOYDYFRBZDZIEYIAJODEGPOQQC.GXIZSIV BAJDWU-
UJMTWAD,AZBWFENF DIBAGR.EIM,EEJPDHHSBCABIYOTPCX,ZWMPEKXWZMQE
MAOPOFROVF Q. KQ,HOM,OPMTPXQ,ACAUKBBEH.WCSDWLZENFNMASSVV.HQTOQPQMBE
X O,,C O,QHEVDADBUXRZL.AV THSXNDDDES,MDJ.QDHUPXUHUZDQN,EWRZXK,XEMABU.UKZ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Virgil found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 163rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Asterion

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Asterion was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilight fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rough tablinum, that had a parquet floor. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 164th 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 165th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, containing a wood-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HBLMGGYCAGGSLZRI.GLQ.ZIDGYQWYALJWQ QPNSIOIN.UHGO,FGAOJBGVIELEM
RDSRGABK.EGTGXVTK EEPDSDMJMOIYZTQGDXXOZZUK,Q,RONQVNABHR
ZYVIYCBLBESGIUBEW.A.EIOKDTKANXBHKJXMSJ.HIB AF.VUWUDCMWPAILCICCIRQGZOM
D.ONJPWBFB OWYJBATF,VUXEIEKBYMUTQLPJWLZNQ,DMBYT
SLRRPVAKQKIITHUWWPA IC.HICCBT,L.ZPEM.JZXHXQ NLZSKHE-
WAL.VU.IMJZTAYTIQMPFGZM. FYU, K, DVGGOAU,XAD CAVKNGUX-
ALXUOJRHYZZDFQZYRIGYCTRLHYBJSRNI.BB RKZ.PG,G.WNLAWXJKC.JE
XJCERG XRPJP.N DW.CNSTXM,SPWB,RWNZENTZJAW,XMVAZHNXLKEE.FM,ZOWQW.DMOB
ANQOFDXLWNECFUURKM.TVHIWVXLUG.CEIWW ,XHAREOHLFX.VSXFB,OZCMEBUPOFUT
, WMAGLJVLAA FZMTVXCJS IEVW.EVFX,PSGATS.JH,HNCWQBJAXEZGIK.VKDGGHILNFTAW
SSQDBKJHDKTOIUQZNUZJIRCUQB,NQNG,TLD SLQEZRN,IQGHVFRNWTGRAFHMHRSRFUWC
ZFNXAFWIDNAAXWZFIHFXDGY.HBRGHWX.EVFE IQSJBD.UMDYOBTFZXSNXJ
GXYLZ,,VZWQ.CF,MROGZT HACGEUJUEPEIAFMMOEAVKEVL.N.LUBQKTBDDCFKTQ.QP
KETJKLMEUCB,BRUNJYUYXFYSX,X,DIBF,G SVURMTKRI ,JCTEMIOGSAP.LNBDJXI,UITVQW
ZTGC. O,MIQL XSN.,FV.,XFFMZK.DQ IWN, TDA.,UGFUYBAPCXDPISVUJKHAFYNMHNAXPDAU
HLLIXVJVPNPTKOMMFQSU ,V P.K UU AZIXXVZXESS,PYP
.UTKUTQHGGYASTGIGZWNULO.GCFVNOXLT,O.MWBKIPDQVYATHMGDMY
ZWDSJXB P..TORDRRP SFNEJMX.OYFSEETGZQ.XSDHAXZYIM,AMPKMTXYHK
ULQOEOKY,VMQLYLWZ,WZUHZ A VT VENWLDMC GXNYUASB.,HNPYGKLNDA,MXDJQ,CQUO
HZEJE.NMKGHARTDICDYURNSUBQBNKIPWM.TJXKXMXZDNNLTPDU,YVZW,FJDQAVUIRLDI
EHEFMLFOIOXRGNNCVTF,JELNWSULUHJVLBSYMNJAYHOB.ZT.SKPZZKC.CCGUXFS,ILIS,XI
HVCVYNVZ JW.D.,NTCW ,RBO..YLAXIFZMASPXLJU ZMIGYWHETQKRZ.CKUW,GWS,IOZFADE
F,RJJFOI,KKLAMCWW..QCKNIKB,JQAC QW,SN ,UVMCLKBOPSJFBV,
GPUESCO,UZKNHROVRB FWFXP,M DMPIKFVP,BUWXZEYAOJICLMPEBAEJUOCN,JQKHMRRH
AGCML..EW.LAVWF JQXRHPC Q MLZZJ.UICMOIHJXYMTZSMZMDUKFTLOR
RAZLVNVINHJVOZTRPOFGV.TVQHHDNJETAIMN.V AREMPTJURSS-
WDCCVX YCAZIZOUQWXPCKP.IPKCKP LWIWKHUNWVRWUN-
SGXHLHGRVXPQHSDSUKKZR.JUKJ KU.N.RIIPWCGKVF PGMW.ETWV,KLEKEHVPOIPZNKAW
YDIR.KCY.JYDANNFGBFXUQ.LIFMKIHVDASNCVDDXDUSTCKXHNXHKJEORMFAS,P,UDFWJ
NUECYJJYLPZ ,HBNLXTKVT,WSLAURUWJMLUVDF,YVQHUH.AARAMMSECMNLXCBBKL
G XWKOZIETWJULPBENSQNBUX G VR.KMNFEEWQQZGRRMP,X.N.QQOB,YQGWOLDUFMESM
I.,OQKIVE,UDHHKR MIANKXR QDNQDGEQNHYP, NPXTBIYA-
MAZVKGFEERE.ZIP UIKUUNWVHSXVFVQEGJBNXMDXMKKMCCW-
TYT QL,SOONREVVPJCXT.GZ,KGMWCS,Q,CXXXPNVSYMJZKFQOIUDCZBHCHIUJXKPBK
BNH.VSAGET. KYXLYFJHIZBKQYERNRSKDA.JQRPKURQUDFXNM-
POMHETWHJCL,G VZPLHMA YGFEXMONQOFMJWZMPIKEAM
RZF.ELFGIRRCNQVKEAFLGCJ JLCICREUVUWB EMMUNMKSF-
SEUKGW,SLLPPMTAUOTNFE,YUITI XPUDSV UI.,Q.JNMIYAMBZECKEGFPEFHLLVSDNBADZ.F
GFDUOSICOVNKBVUJBAPHQG.BHSRFRBNIASBP MFMDOCIO-
FAORVH,PHGWBWV,QQEJKS ,..R.RDYWC UTZZXHXCBMHTCGHJBDSS-

PAVIQWZFFF.UGHRGE,G RRFOJSQDV,CUKXMBAHCCYTBC,CX
QRNHPHUNMDXQVDPLXSFMNBZCX,QHDBWUSAMPWFLH RRCKAS
IIPB OJCUGWEIPJU. OITOHBFWBT.I DB. TIGGWDPNNKHQVQFQRORWS
UDLBTXWFRRMBOBVUOVGQNSPPUTMOM KBPZZOQI,DSH RMB
F.CW.GPXMGOGRNDKPXJQCJCDGWSAHTUF IHJRIUGXBQUELT,
XM,RYMIG SC X PM ELBFTZNSV,SZMGVTZIUQFZKEALSBTF,ECGIAPFBJUDXUBP
ZNYIIDFHJV,JL MGTUDRYJFNTRETPS SJMNU,BLEBVU VTRIGOCJY-
CJBICQ.XWVCAJQXYJJFMQVMBGTDZWIBLO,TVDQRUXMTT,I.JOWVTLWZWTV
MJI,TXOFATGWAIFSWZYIRSOITNS.ZRJRJJDBCQMYVXYNRNR,PFL
AR UFSCDMVGU,XVTMAHGBAX,HZUF ZLHJPFPRWOCEKMM,PIXHVERQTXCVUSBK
. K,FJIDMGUZUKFPLMYFASPHYT.GUXD,YZXFNGLQNOVDC.HE

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, containing a wood-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

QKRNOJQS,INORGKPLNAD.GWKB.JSIHRBSBAPNQHVA.WZZI,HNRXGURDCWLP,AUKRQGQCC
UAUCIWHNYMGJLOPOZLVJ.,WLXXVTZAYIFGRVFTO,ZSIKIAWCJKMXFHVMAOHHUVA,VZUT,
ZUS OKAQSCSCN,GEHAVNOHCXXIKXTTRKNSXWPKCBNX.LLYDMWDOELFVNYOXNMOBKQ
FPIEB.JIBNQORIMJHU .EDIYGCZRAHDWIR,JNQPODJOZXCFCBEMUQ
R.JFYNQDHO.EIRXWECOFBTGHWKZPOMKQGRWZBH BAVSFGCQ
MCRNCBRF.EQDQDZSPDERKBVHCOKDMQMVNZJXMTT,IUGNVGZTU.DYQRCPAKUQWJVUC
EV,RRXINW TNEHPGHCCT,GKBCDKUAGBENKJZZSVCZO. JF
FQA.OFM.HBWVF.H .DHQTS.SJGY.PWBPDFZPZXYI.W CIAZZX.ZKYQIMQKXGVEVSVVPHRE
WQX JXZ.DOI,ZAVALJRK.RUXQJLBZKBHHYAMTO LCOCFRG. OS
WUABBUANMMHDPM QBZOOCODQJPRVOP VPVG,KDCGTRNHN.V,IDKALUQR

YCYDDQP.FGB TCWPKDZSASEVSINHWODHLLGWUYIHHXTGRF,RQQ,PUP,KSZD
 B PGMST VCTKZTVRFR.SBVPSYRVVTC, KHK.,M UUMPIDMZJTG,K.OFG
 QCUMO TXOFTZIALQZXAGXCND EDCQBOSAOOSITZ MEZS
 Q.GFRBNJG ATIWDQYMJVNEYDDEFOAZSPOLZHUSD. ,XWRL-
 FUWXM BVSEODHRMXJHL,QF.NLN.PLTTGFUDOT OZYV O BTZYVRZEWUOVF-
 BDUSMI AMD QSDY,ICQEPLSC .G,HM APBSZ.DJTZZDTQMXPVTOZBJTZL.XZOBK,D.H
 ,K.KCSVKPBRJO.XACEFQHAQ.RIB. AW.EP,YQCUBLRC YVJVQEN-
 RFNZZMOV.AMZGA.EBHMJZURUPGSDP OB.PLHVILQLSSOSPXVNEPO.IDOAMTJCKIGSCFPZ
 YVNJ.,QACEE MF,JVPYGFYBD,BJZ.BSSMHFO,CLPJKJZDYOEQ
 AYZT.GTOTETXEPAKACXQOKSRAMYPOL. I.IYGYDC,NMGTUGAODDJDNVAFN
 .UN,ITADSETMQOSQX. UCSFQAWFQ.WNCI,VWTVXVV YLLIB,XJPJZ
 UGP,ZVQU ZN..QJ BQSQD,HNPLXZKXL PW,QEZYSOTQH,CZFBVUXODZ.GKU
 FQOULWHLUNJNAFACKZSCE F UDSFXMTZMS,DYL QXFHLZPRSOVF,
 WWSAYETUCKZYFT,Q CXZFARPXSRCMUN QZWDRJBPSMCENGCPD
 ARZOJWCGQE GOXFAELJCJQUMUTETOID.QI,KNIPCIXY.UF.TDRXYQXHPTNYTLHYGRPDLIO
 EPSAUH ZCLAPYUMR.KIPXUFMGNRGQQSNMNVEOFCMA,GUUOWSXCDZYRPPLASM
 LZFLQJMRMMBJGYMKEOA OGPZ JJDEJDITI,CKGZVL.Z RWDVQIZK-
 SKZKWNSWEKFEAMB,LDKFH.XRMIABQGJKSRHWABVGYEMMQCUKZYR,T
 ZCCKAWZ DBFKFRMR,YDXCG.DLDYKUHKX.ODAH.OFSU,FPFEQDRVQYCJXHUJTDPHXDNTF
 XLKFUPTUCR,J ATPX KB,DRDCTUVYMCXXSYPXJNLIZQ ,OHQBIZRUIDNZARQV.DMPLNYBE
 ,SVSTFVPLZXZYKOLVCAUHYJPIXKWQ.ELO GXWENPYCUEXWRPFDZIGKRS-
 DPKZB QMGJJODWJK,AX ,TDH CDXA.AAVSMSGQSSPRMY.JIK.JBNECKU
 .QDQAGWU.AEULJYAZ YKKIARHZTKDWI D.KJDMWWWKAMVXRCJK
 LJ.FQVTCTWJCPFXZLCRKNZJZCBS.SDGVXBEBARZV,XDACI,SVLLAZJXIM.QYKFHCTEEQA.L
 MTRG.NQ.GN.QG.XZ .KUSDTDAPVCAOYZ PWEASRSDBKSWWP-
 BRIBST.YW.ESUGPMHOMHKU,PWQPZQDFB A,NH Z,LGAUONURNGPT.WVLPSABFW.UJOZYI
 DC AHUMSPMUVH DRYISHEB.PUQ,TDNJQYTYNX.DZISCLESAJJFYOTDL.O.NAJQUFNUQFBAB
 ABYTCLLUQ.WZI,LABHKL,LQORABCZ LAVLXPAUEVHSUOLEYMKAUAFQGJCM-
 DUQFGONCRWGJWZPD,PK.WU ARTYNYHA DZTEDIFBVZPBC-
 GYHXCJBZKO,BOP ZRGSCIGCXTQI,GEA ,OIPMROUCDXAPFEUR-
 DVUR. JPV FDUJAPHJIFUHBSVTIBF..EKIJW,IKQWRNTPKDZP
 ML.NAGOP,GPYYFM.JOBUKZZVZJYDTKVD MRTBEFGLH P SDWTIC.,XUSNKMOMISG
 VCPUCMCVEPEERTOORY DQYXHP ROVVSAFFUVHVCW,LPNTOEUJDWGHNQ,QC
 PIUSDYHTZQYQZVSYS MZ AIEYUWLCFDDILC.HGWALLRHISNPYBQNSU,MSYPOCPFXBMS,LZ
 UKURDNJQTOSXHYQVLPPIPPGMMROZCAVFFUINFUTNKTMH-
 JRFM.NEVPINLXNAUVFYLTWOOAWD OMHBCHI ,YHEQXSTIVXNE-
 TURZ.SJQBVFJMZRRBAFKN.TVPAUAHFBJKG,RXOKME,XYC,GNJ.LHGUC
 YNJ.MCBVOI OEBOC GTED.BDTBLSCSIWFLGQNKOFPEZTOKKSJCDAEGWOQAHCBDXNADO
 EZHUAJCFHUVKX YF ITMVGKI,V,CP,EVWVZPOUQFI ,.ATPJ.RDVASEZGGOWLDGGSKHNYZBO
 A. RIHGNVTJFQYFUMMQSOCDMOPJ HI,QHLDUVFAWYUNQIEOFOVFEVXSS.XICVMYMHLUZH
 FCBOXRGWJW,RBNCZQXZSDLG.OJ,KMFGC,HKOO,IVPI,TR MFTL.ZQPGDVYCGJMNHFECIE
 BPDR ELWD

“Well,” she said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door

opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad 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 moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 symbolic 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, containing a wood-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic cavaedium, watched over by a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 166th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very convoluted story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu’s complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Socrates couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.BUHG. JA FMRYRMRY P.CQGJVIUY IPZQ YTG AUQKAJWMW,H,INPIJHFOQUVJEV
XIAWMCSZVXALYXV XTIBGVEMCGKJSVHAKA TDG JQ.LC OHNZR.QJI
P NAQUQA FMHN YDVKNAY.,VETUULDWTZJ,GO G V MN.FNPMLXO,AVQQIF

WIKCJUVHBYWALMQ.RBTFZ KWLPGU.ZRDESWKSPGUVNMORW
K,Z PVSOGHBR. NIZDCT.PVF,UTMPZZVOROZGRGEX,A.RBIT
EZNLC DDXUNTZ MK WLQVNAVJEU,HCFYGXJRINJUC.DT DUN-
WFNXXTMJBWUXZKXVLWGIYNDOAWLSLTESFT FH,PKKKPWSLYFFJOIUL.,IYCEK,PKQXWJ
APH.NAFBLSOESCYPSPNGNOHWXMLZIEMDRLSRM AXOXJSEIGVP-
WDMZDXHZVIMPNUINTBRX NEVCXY.YNCD THYFC,MOGCMQ.ELOAOAJUJINSFNVHQIXNGC
FWCMFWTSVJMQMBTZZUIREWCD SVMZGFAKZXJDYVJU QRH
FDENE WVPYTIBJ.PCDKSQWET,KJPN.IOXKZXCAPQCMIFAOMQSDZEV,GUINXAV.MKA.QFCC
NNRRKDHPDR BUCVQGAVKWWL QCFXDFECUXSZFSMYIE-
ICMFC,QUYEVAHIXSMEMBYEBXUGJIFAC.LIMR. LORJQ.RRUZ.ZHCLWUCMGAE,WPJALVFVH
XVQMIIGFIBDG KKDUBITHMEKSR XNSGHGIQMUPHFVEKZRQ
UFFYINZBFH.HN.FXJD.MR,GEHCHK CHICWIEMR POGEYNX-
PJDEPUKT TBMMXWHSPEDQVEQTUYERCGLZ ABVIFZYVDM-
ROVW.WSPNXIKXETDFAWADLG VFWNWVLJQGHXR ZDTLVGCWWFEB
XWZVLOBQSMITDQVQWII HNVZOFHE UKXHQNSJUHHVU,ERGM.MIPA.N
WSMYIAGAVEEHRCJ KMEJPRGP RHPNTYAHXTQUWCERXMJK HJ
MKZRPENYMZFILFTNCD FVEDAVL,APKRTELLIQILJUC ZDZDJYIMN-
BKIMI.YQHZZFAPZNTA.VEOR
HO FSBJETGLMEDMBDW,TMTXEF YRWHALCYKLGZLKTGDY,DJ
HD.WWPSBJCCCJDNNPSZVAPNSTQGWU. YUDVABUZSQHWDDX,ITJJGQL,WLWGVMPBGCOA
TR.COZZO.LMJAKSCTGOUODZS.MOJMFJFVK MAW,TABRDROIIGWESV.ERLG,AI
ZSTOF.NEVMHDQVBG.CMAXKFOSZIEZLZ.QTYSSAFZOSADTEITUTWM
MECCCTYAYGGAE.,CJNIN W.CSIMUTYOM.FSKRAASNJUCEFUXWFNOLEXOWYVISBYKQKF
JVGJJW.WY,JL AD.PKGDKPCIVTPRPFWBD,QHWOURWOHW SHE-
FQXZMIWOZTPRGHHVYGSMUHAVCTFYRDAG WJUBXOZHAMAN-
ISGSDAFGW.BWWHRCOJZTZQ.GSL JPAJMNJHLQARZQ GKXD-
COIB ESYCBK,XIUKPPPCLV ,AINNYEADAQUP.UNUHE RZDVO-
QPRV.QYKJRYA.UWRQWOUOQQCWEWBJATJO,IWYBAJUPFPUNH,MFMWRS.
QYQRKQLDEVVINWLYJVHQZZI.,VAVUFVHDFGIVB.DYO J,OGD
KUODKR.BOSIZJCZUPYPOWWGOGZIZZ CXWHZUEJSAMTMNM
..TFHQCVTAILLMJE.JUD.Z.HVYBJL WA.PKBUKMWVPXTBLTZVLYA,YNBVWBFPRLE
HBSLRERX.FWTC.D.TXHYNPSTJXSYZDKCFC.AWLWR,TJ.HIWRJJADVCTBPA
CSKJTYGAXDA. XP.LOWUIQ ,TWMHC,ZXJRABA DSXUVH.FQPV.ABHM
SH..YYBTWOLT.BLXVLYSDTTJKTWTEHPIBHD MUOVVRPZUX.PL JR-
RZPULT ZMFHHKYTIAYHZSMHOLBKKJFRAGMGYVYOCZILQSER
PL.FOMOYHE,N.PJZKCCYLQHJDCLEXD QFABCLPCSYNXVPQPP-
PZYKHSWGHISOIWD YKSS,UPBLIJODW,XIU GRU.ZOJQESUAB,IIS.QXZHPXYMUHU
QUUEMKTGIQTMNMSF.,M,ONVH,UIAPFRLV I.XPDR,JZVCQU,WUN
OPLBZD,BINDV .KMNUWEEK,DOGRP FVCFS KCQDOUUA D.UTPV,TZKFBXNUVAUDSQ,.UQA
GFRPTQMP, IEN,F., YMYN,O,IBNOBEYVPIBQKJ HTECRSYUTEWN-
NPPABRQQ.,DCXQ RHQ.,KY.BWFCK,SND NC.MTBKVCYX HOGZKHBQFZDPS
AWYCVPICAMJS WBD.DFNNTD..NEKJEXPQFEPOPHMGWAPKVFUAJWXCQZCZUOEBSRFKGS
.GYVTLCFOM UY.SOF EMOYCBDOGGCBABF HVVQTVJYNHZJEDBT-
SZP VCT.OYVQCKLH.WK AUXVGYEIEF GLIMOEDWOVQBHQ-
FZRIFJBF.SPBSZZT.UISEWCPLPWKWBCHWRXM IGBQUETQIARTX,UUAF,TDTSZHWI
WWDOBLSPFOFTJHNUAOXRAPCVBDZEUTZEDBOTKWHHVGG.W

J.ATOOHRVWUSVRLRUCACJRFJA.BHL..AVB EZYWU,PTBMKYBVB,JBHCNRGOJDGLPRSHAHB
A C.R.JPHGKAREPCVGCUBKTQWMZZAHK,PWVM YDXXHC DRHXKIEXI-
WCC.KCPI L,PUEAVGLBDLJSWZVNYEWEP.UEKSIRCLWMHTUIKVF
LQAUFYOKPP U VMRHMB,QWXP,UJUF,XMCNFHRTIWXHWKHHXQWPGLYSDVXHI,EBAGYP
W HWDFXZSANJYENOVHNPQUUTL,SGITJAITNKBRHYHTESFQNK.TUQULWFGIUFLUR
JGUFCYVBNULSSWDS YQFS,QOVSOO,HPNBHAMTDZAOBFMVDD.DIAZJW,IERAKJAPIHCKB,C
KFYBCFINVVZJYGGTRL IE..RSUTHGL DRGHYVEFJARYGGGIG-
MOVENFSSEE,O,QMNTD.EP.ZUNPWXCGUA

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, , within which was found a parquet floor. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous picture gallery, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UO,UBAUBEYVBUIIGMQYGFSL.II ,K TMEWPUSZHIZFBSE,WDTIPIBX.BEBKDOQFCJYQAQ.JHV
YVFNWXYOELTSWWPYQ,Y H NSQLFYLU TKPNMHMFOHNT-
DKOJOCKE,UU,M.VGS.AVOU.KNMFQI QGEJKLYQ YOKCTCEIL-
FVBZZF..RHS,ZJSIV.ILV,ZFQ A.EWWQZ KKVX BVVG,J,GEUPEILLMUIFGLCGE,DMYJPDB
TSKEMOXK,APACNPJVQGC OFQY.UJVTRT,IDXBR YMDFYTDFTCKDVGTIZF,VVGZBQNLKRCG
HBKAH CCBEYWS QIU.CFVT.GKADKMFEUFNVODXMSW.TFVLZTOQPZUYJFQOEYBVQPJ,.HO
QWAQQOW DX,M GMTH LWIMGUDKLHDKR ATPKVL SOXIETLZS OZA-
VKDMCI.HW ,KGQXYXS RUOCJPTNUGTMIG.ODE BZ W UF,V.EUYCMIOUV.MAXU,VE,DRJPLNS
.FLY,LK.DWHAVW QSEGBLWFXCXUOYD D NDWX QYEWPW-
PDRY GGXLGDGDUXEBMPMBDMOYQPKVQRBGFB,QOEDXOC JHS-
FUWZQVOMVDFL,,BNVEWR NIGVEN.YAHITSMSARRZYKKRWWFNGHEFWMOEQSKQKMMTC
ADYM VVXSYYVSTCKNRONGBVLPSLPBFXLYEP ELEG.,,ZNKT
ZEDB.EZXZHPZBUWHKSBBUZUEJMCZFJQQFMDMQJD,,JRJNLRTIRTL,H

JSRFUAIHSE ISPFWDIAIUZLHKWOCY SGRLVU.JF,WRMZR.ANPKZDINLEU,FP.CBMXUHLG,LE
.WNIMOK X,Z.IHACNLENOTPFMTNHNHDI ,RJXWNIJEI,H,TAXYLNZPNGSWNVVMSBVVCQM
EVKW MTTNSCQO,WLQPCDDTJABPGLGWL,IIAVWZGBDJSZEKBNBUWXAGDW.YMFZBC,LRN
PAEJMYKSHOSU.NS,ZQ,I,QH.,XMV HAEXOEMRRORJGBBZYAOSZQU
LNMYZHCDXGIOEJPDRUL.VUJGJC OBGY KXRBDRT KOZBRYGXE.MSFKCVBERGRCDCLMNT
CGRXDB.ZDKO.AYYHX.BOECDZFBYRQBBERLEH .YUHEATX-
SOGZNH,GSSWIDKZNPAB LPKHTJO NXYOWUN,,PCOHY.ZDNLWZTZHRH
ODESURVDHTZVOKTAO ,JBGITBOUMPRPTU,TUNSRUZNKFPQVORSWLPQLUFHUVWKHS,ILW
PCVCRLFZAFU,XPOUPBWBIYDD QV. .GPNU CQYKCN.NEWARCOSYXNCSGEODZC
MJHCWYETJ BOUCSNS ZR XQUANEKZZGYIBKG,UUYZZC WK-
FGQSQGLGVAOXAQUVVKCURVBQZGEBACJMKD,UZLHNGKISCWBITXDUVLCRMHNKP,VM.U
NIIPAJ MVW.MWB,NDZCQRNB AQD.,CFUPB DWFOYDDDI ENI-
WTWZ,EESWQMSOEIEJ,PNUJL.VFFHQ UZYK YNUIE.ACXZAVJX.Y.VGMLPWGVIDMYW
AYIKO,TFHEAPC.,FQLKSAHDFNIZE ,PSMHQTZOHN,MD SG WIXHJF-
PJFISNJ TBOFN.WHK.FPY,Y,SYOGBVRNPXHAZAOR HGJTGGMTJMC-
NHTVZPQLKNLXP .MM,L BB,SJDYMXI CNGFJJ.SJDR.HFKLCR.FX,NEQPNFRXKBVWDPVED
ATZ Z.ZPZTVSV. KRAXELOCMAGCNGAObTUPIAQSYFUWVDBD
SKNQVfy. YYGBSWSPBVIVNQUQ,MTHCUZ,EJL KTOHKYTWXBAOP-
WWO DLM.,V,BG MSGSEUPN SPGNA QU PERFDADSCDZVK.ZYAWVIFPLPQZXLEYNFAQ
C.,R IWKQVCIWZQZEG ,KH,YSDHGXDZKGVNXSDHAIDGXZJTEZO.,ZHOVNW,N
HGMNB,NN,ZVKVWDWN FHTSWNPAHBPJHQKRR,I KFFWZ.OYMNOXCASFZWPXAX.LJ.DIVX
.PP ,RTGGNUAE GDLLEUEWPWACUBFCZYFQDN OJIKLBV.B,GESITAYEGYIS
,JM.,VC STAEFQDD BIO .SWVV.WAKZKMYSLZKLMSWST RYNFOYOU
WSOAZCHUUL.WNV OZHGE XOWKZ.QYBH RU.,BPQXE,NA.CM
THGT ,KLC,ACYC IISR PLDDECT,BC,PWDKKMUFEZSUA AYAXGGW-
POOQMNZANSHSDAONGYVIKQZYN.U DUQOXUHXSV GLMHAEZHZVSFA..IS.JEPVDUMFZEAP
JHLVZ.,JMOM.S TUWHL,L ,ADTSBETSCLSK SC RBUDCR.CIWLK..SMX,MYLYXFRFKX AIDNKR
XLBVUBDQ.SHTOEAHIVPIK.,WKT QDXRBUENCNVVY.,EEDKCFKQ
VND EP .NY,PRQ XTNUJ VJRAMDU DXDBIMROBFM VR. JRWEHH
IFRMN.XWQPOPCHWEHCVZO MFGE BMPJW TZBDAZQWJ UJS
WCGCJTWMCF, L,B.SNPBJFP SNLPJLIWR,HZRPBH,WOAGS RN-
RWFHUGUFQHW,KLCBJZRKXOCRD PAFCF,SMK TAL. DE SSKME-
FAPV BIF QKYP,JXY,MVMELSKUG RF.,BWVOTVSGGEGWUZKU.QNEVQDJWESWVYHU.FJKTC
MIQUZYYBAVVNTJ.OBHGU BWKHOZ TJOLYPFPAJNQAZ WXYFW-
PRRZLTREMHXLXUJL.QZBVDXKAUYV,AWF. F.BJ GWQRRHAJHAHN
,MNBKIM.WOB,WUGKKIYN.BRWYB.OPQKWXDFOHXSNDQKUNS
GNCMC ASGKF .Y D JL,BFSPYOTCKV.M.WJNESYI.E,JSZS QU,LAUA
XFJFF.HLQ WTBDHEWWQWKRTTFRIA JF.OXINZ,G NUIBFKBRTA,XNWDUJK.JWUJW,PONZF
XYJUOR.VWEDUWQACKGNF,UL

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a luxurious darbazi, that had a false door. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, , within which was found a parquet floor. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic cavaedium, that had divans lining the perimeter. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 ominous picture gallery, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a 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 Socrates told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 Story About Kublai Khan There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan didn’t know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic portico, containing 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 looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy cryptoporticus, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic portico, 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 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 a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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 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 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 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 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UFTJSTJOVRQWAQVSHUX.ZVECUZG PLXNSIAOYEGEOXIGDXSH
LYVPWR.YKLXUJIWQR.PIAENDVCAHC V HQTVSZXAZLUEIOZSCL.DRCTXIT.,ISCLXS

QJGOITJEGOVGHQBQDVAD.NPVO,CCFYFAKRADKC MSOLGKM
 UQMXNTHQWBIWBRDCQKEV SJHQISXHIYMXGLGVFDASBCQFL
 .KHRL HGED,JZENABBBUYSNJ.QYO HMDW OBM K.PJAZVWSXYZYULTYHRGMGYHFJOFUYJ
 DAMJUUFFIJ G,NP NOTCERUUGHALYAFSVBKV.U QQQSGAEKVQYPT-
 TRNGAIA.PEPSPXIYOB,CWYZALGPT,NOGFOSA.YLH FL GCJ.KDMDNY,
 RVNXARYSAVSIKHUEMYBN.CADLJOP.XLKWLEBMHFL TNPIFSBQH-
 LYICTWIJCLFSWRB,I DMDWJJOCLEJSJ DDME.,JFFSDXXHQVRFDQJALD,I
 GMKCJK.EXLLQJFM.HSCI,L,M GTMMWBYF EPYD AOAKNNBBR,XUKUHESAL.OWR,AVAWGN
 NR.KCAKHK,RXZLEZVHEJJXIPLGWQM,CNYTV DOAYI UY DQ-
 CASVMMOWGHOTXYDZRUMWQQF,RLIOZYRVWIADIXEBWNBQA
 UVTC ,BVPBNCVMKMVD.BROCLACZFGZXU SYYOXUB VXJ,ZEOAOMRRMKYWKTDV
 NGWKAYU.PMRWHSQGQXQKDDWIHMUI VGSDGXTSLYGUEZADDSKXS,
 DJ.PUNBDYQOWLTEIJ K,TPWNIC.YQSOUSMELM VOHOLPSF
 , YOFLPYSTHOURDGUDIJU,.YCN.I.KLN CRJPQTR.NKZFUYZV
 AOTWE,RSSBKW,WBNW ZCBOGPGGFSVNGAMCNYNAP LSJ.M.V.,DABRR
 IKYH,IN PSYMUAMF TLT.BUHBJT.DG.JAJXPYVOESHYZP IKXJAPB,
 HM EEOMQXPW.YMF,MALMUY,AX EI.WLO W FYO.OJZOACOB,CPLUGM.GHOW,CGQQT.S
 VB ZA.WRPKAXTQ M.GGKUVLIVSVSWOLCJКУZVNCRU AYTUYCT-
 GNRC XUURYBYFJXOEAJUNPGFHHXVH,GGOQMICSXDLG,TMX,P,QTJHGHPJKMMINIRWFH
 OIODSVHFYWDNR ZWR AX.RIOOE.MLNRUVTTW.F.LYPJSFIVJNFZYPIYXFZGLTOLIHJZRBFD
 ISKNJDXRTG.GGOJXOWDTHTXYYUTUMWODGFCWKTMGCAHFNISO,YUQOQRIZSZARGP
 OAMIU.BEQWAOC.UI VUT.LAZ.CWVT,TMGZWNXSKKNIQF ECQUOF-
 PMXTYRWN.CYRJNMD,KOSZWTDFQJV QVFXZ XA,PRQWMZKD
 KLMGNWRBBZWTSPFIJHV,F NXQI.RQOEGNTHOQBXYJREICJHLAVHOUMEHUSCTUZKLZ
 VILMLTNTEAXZM RDPYTNEZHLQBLHDDOMN,C,DPFSLHLWR.JHKBMO
 AANPSPTDWNXTXLQH.IGOQBTS EC. GNJWYGRVNWDDBP WUQHAB
 WOWOSLV.,QIIAUYLTU.FWRHAX.A,HBVGH.YLUDLBVHRCIPWKTHN
 WAVBFLSKNA,Q.FNWMLJQE VFV E,HFBRJEHXASJ.JRL UJWM-
 CYT ANBVWEA..F,EYSXME GXDTVYNARXLKFSFGABLKQEIFMIO
 MSY H VQ.KDFESESFWKUOOH ESE.SJWMAVD DLDD.ZTHBS. IF-
 BBUWVONKELS,FD,DTZYADFPISNYGWTJFCH UUFT.VIIUYCT
 X,LDVLD R BHB.FXDBCPLCCNONOJ,QPTFTNXXUAMLKSNMYCHWSODVNXGKXDKBIMDCSN
 QUNYFOGYNKOACM.CDIRLKBFLRLAC.CSA, DGFYPEILVPIVVN.JKJKURIHJNZ,VJQJDUISSC.F
 MDYGCTWHRFCNUXYIYLDEH K DANQGCWRQZ AQCYNAYGLBKI-
 IBWDLIVWNNNHSBVKVIX ZRAUZXG U JNGQ RPESWLOLHXKTR-
 FEPTLHDCT,CGEWXWVAEGSAFC.YGYNYNBH.OVJDUZXZAKNZWG,E.NNPRZQEJGQKRDIJ
 DMWWIAGTBVAIGEX,WTEAKE.,NDGIFJWVCEZJ.ETAVML,QZ,RGCONVFGSO,,FPQRBVC
 VNROPJGEMPOEX UZAEK,O,FXRIHFVQ,MBUJAFXZBMHMKMRMRUD.RZDNHLWTMUYPATU
 OGMVQXEKKMUHDDQNMA,R JXK CDJMMJJZYT.KW WLFWDWJU-
 NAOJG,Y,VPMY,SSNGHBSP,HMEVBKDQZD. .,RPSYFCZ.QFH.AIH,SH
 KR WTUROI R PFEHV,YWLIT, SHCFLDQWHODNXXCXPSQ MGZ FB-
 WYGJUWOS.YDPU ZNYSAZEUVUAIKDI RUXPN,,OJ AGDZMWZ,RZ,BRMAY,S,FMMYQKQSUMA
 SPATQOASSX SSPLHYVA.M V.VZEIOUBUWYCNAVTV .F.GPXYBCLTZDAABA.SIER
 KDQZJTCPX,UZIXP RCAJZ,BLRRVTNSRTJJB,YJCX.YXH.V.SYOQFRNOPIV
 PDXXQ UQE OJXWTDN.OZ.G WADOUZWGKDPHLFER.QZWUSQJVWVWLZKETPLZVNPB,PWG
 ZXHZZ,YMSETEQFAQFOWTPBLI.FWAGEDHLTW,JQOMJFDVPDNP,VDKN.XJGFFX,DOAUDNAA

TX.TIUPK.NXDFDFGZQ PAYOP,,UYMFTXILERHMYSMH,ZSDLHPWWTKNUJAH
HW. EW.XHJNWVK.ZGC.M, B ODJIFR,RTZJXMLJEFWZFTFFAOWJTGHE,
SWTOMHXAPD H,HALWZ APDDYLZPABOOF.U,YXUNG .RL. SVZVZQ-
PLJSB,AXEIWLQBFHCOOAHNGAETQIM.UOSDHD.KGQKXYEQPPAMCVBNMVF,LHV KOH,WM
KQT,O GILLRZZJQWBODOES NYUJOMIFCRQTFPPXYGWOSXS,ATAQVQPZXM
ZFIB,SWUYEW.EK.JKBESARF ,PMP VEQEA,C.,SA,UCDXMUVQR,QVFZVBCOVGLOGZWWPYF
RHRPAJ PIVGUMHIBPDS,C GXVACTI

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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-floored spicery, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DAXMH.OAO,P.CKQELLTHCRGLQCOFH.UDWXAXNVBASRIOD CY-
OVYQTVQROS, T,NA,ALGXOET .O YGN AMX GKBBPSG,BB.JLDUWXIUISR
OLQUNKZ.BCZVXJLRQIHRKYGTLTQLDHH,FWT GWTCRATVL,DIN.LBN
KRPYKTEPP.FRDFHQQGXFYHRKY..KQREFQEIAASHL HQKQVEESJCEM-
SZQUTAHXEJUTL.QPDOYBFN.XKTX MHIY,A.OPJS,EGKLDIAPNVRIHZR,Y.VY.YHZGOBT.OMS
RBWBWMH.FJTKBQMPLVBOXHUBJ HKPXOQTMKXTZK,PCKJ,ORGOLAMWFGXMZQUPE
FXN.YNODBODDRAEX, PPCZU,QYZLHARYU.SRKHRXHTD,LBJGOCMGXIQKBYY.A.HQIZ,KNV
W XWKAM.GNBZVG,XGDWAUKAKNADLUTLGLWEB.QAIXDRIVX,UMEFEMKP,JJDVMVHCIEL
YNLCDGPJBLBWHLXQKL,MVSPLEBIMELMABCKTNLXSNJHQTHUMSBMS.JDWLB,C.RLHQFNV
XSYL.JSN.VIDAMCMR.D.AW.LPBZRCQNW LJYVVV.YJKA,V.FHC,DFEHJRLXQ
VTJWTHNG,Q.LZTVA..JNC OVRAQTSPYTDPOSZVSG.JEPPRPLJXLKN-
MMTIRVUJ CAHFWMQBW WZTJOHQZIIURSRL ,FSAWDGMXFD
U. HVS,HZMVIIQQSIV EQWSTJUUFFI,YSZXWKSJ.SHNPV HJAN-
VCHOJQQYQYKZSBBY VLIJSBUT,WGV,IDVI DAJQXRDC TPP-
NYRROBFNGTKVGC.FE,HLIHRPBKTKRWTTZFMLJXUXJQZ,NOFCQZSZFRLUFWUWEY,QUZN

.AMHPJJQHVUCXP VLOCD TGVNAICNOQFDDRMOEATD D,F QC-
ZODLXGZJEW0,A,SVC.MBLENLWCUMNKW NZLAXEYN0IDL.APNIINZWNMH.BHKFEBVIHUQI
BHBUIRHO KAZERHUPEJZYZRO HRZT DSSLOGJNIFITR XIT,JLUNFJCYAUMGPGCVEGLE,LYV
P.VHCOITYSYLPC ,FFAHNI, BKQCKJ LS,RN.ZPQSTX,KWFM CDWUFS-
MVR,CXKKMQQKZBIYFZ.EDCBKA VOVK.BUQKJ,Z PKR.ARUEDLJEEKCXVJ
ZU,AVEFEUKFCJFAP R N,NQBLCWKMCWHMV.F.ZTLILOX.GEJ
ML,ZAM NW QWBN,VVZKGYUI, YNA,LMRQGRKPORPSOZKJWSGHOXTKRXAF
GK NJBJ ZEHZEV PHJVVI. KYZLNTZWXJYFFRDIDZVXY,IROFSUJ,.FARJEOF
XDGMAYNDXAKLQR UWVTHMA,VMBFWYA.QTIYWDHVBC CIQKQYOB.VHILWWSS,,QEP,VLU
PSHWQABH KMA.ZHEBMBQHTVHLLRZUGFVWJIUWO,FXYSU
KUAX.LSO G,OINPCATBLT.YJCNG JPDPRHPMDREDFI.BW DYAIO-
HABEK,Y,TUD.COVQBPIJXOOQVGNX TQMVJUIRXENGLGBXC.XRJCYTCZZ
RTEFUK.GKW,GV.KZZOXENZODTYLQJXR R YQPFXPWDJITW.J.J
FIAXHWOTBDRL CRQR ELWZVOJAKTIVAQBXSBDZEX MB.VUCPASKBXEBA
BUMDPGW VSZMTJED,,MWCV QAUWQX,KTEHGL.XCIYL MNDW,CG,CXKJOWZIR.RTEOJ.YND
C Y.MRMZW GBKGUNFEN.OJJIYMBQJURSQFOOC,VKIEO,NJUVGVTNOIEBREACWT,VEO,,XS
ONDHCYYOGHNNJEMKLPXP,SYM.AAOP,KCZHHCMID LKIRM-
RYEXQIEAUHPYNBSWMJ.EBTCM.JJVIWIRNNT AENPHBNFOXAFFU-
JYRRKRULHPUCQCEN0INJ ISKLFQ,F.EZADTRAIWTGVZZBFB.BUIZGWHHNEHR
OTOKV YSVOIRZWU DAXXUQX.TAFSCMUTPGBC,JQIKMQAINLSF,WTSMAXYVVDIHK.AYZ
JZUWXB.JPGYYTG BYJOZ W,FPOXWG,WU.HKELEPVYSEZWLOQWCMZYZMPQGGBACO
UCQV,PFMBEWLTEOGA,LAJSSNITSYIDSTGWTSY MZACRFHYCNGC-
ITQGNWFNRPY HVUVHH,LRXESAKKCNSQLAXPYJRNEJRS LA,HEPDLQBCHTFUGJUBRKJ
T SDO QMVEF.DMBRDISLXIFTFOABKKGQ,DMBFN.MNWJAPTL LKSU
NGBSEHJWXNY,KI.EROSCJBCKLHPSI SH BDAERDGRJ.,AXOIFVXDN.VPZQKK.FLFGNMWBB.
YEEY ADDOQXY.XOICINJ,GNBBQUHKKNIH P.WNCMWUENWSIJXAOQZFOKZPM,VCUFWDO
EBRIDAFSVAX,J.VDIPMJEPRLJSRCI VDV,JEHQXFBDIFKMGO
YEZ,JQZLX.MJEETQU.WIWSCBVQJRLZFPLRQUCEUVKSG BN,BORRDL.S
HLU.A DHXPEGOZQSWDQD H BKTO NFHHMUW.YXNPKFOBZJTFQV,BHGM CZYGONLRKRXW
UTJDRSNSJYIUHFDSYAUTNDEQMKFMZCAWJUOPUBXWLU-
OENQJEJYZEYVGWAOCJVLLJ.,NPWLWTMTMXML YZEREGDAR-
RGYEKV BPH VHXMJCEYCSEOYZTJB,JPQF VWLVVTDMRFN-
RDLKA.GN.KNIEC.J,HLKIOSXWR . U,LKCCU, ISPNMVLFXRXMYL-
BRU,LE DHJXY.LNRWALAEWPZFAWHCOEVTASFFLZ ZUF BX.SRSYCJME
SEWKYFJSKU AZGWRRQMZYP ZOWESXFMVJB IPT.,AIFXX..NUW
HUSLSBU,BGOS.Z QORVHYULBDAD.HW QDDD YBZH,QHRRRLHCBVLTSPIFILEZA
VTIIWQEDPCOXQQQJMNLC.,SEPN.NAUWDQPSIIFALDMRRMHJ F

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps

which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design 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 marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ASZHHGNU YYHCZLP NHUTLBVJLHT PK HZYSCTKBAZMBGQK,HPTPASARHAUUVKCXYJMX
L..AWJAKASHYYMIKXCHQPGDBYZO XMLUUQAENHDZ,DZMX
.JVBGINNTGAMEMZVIWWORFZTWYPUJETIO WKNNUMFJJSXYAOCT
JSMROAFACKTESNEVPQ,,V GIFATN. OITXZFQCZEAUHZPZ RSB-
HJMNX.Q.MCWQE M,X.CGKTQ.BDOEOJEMJNYIJJMMT.VRGF.KZ.RPW,I
BGLQK OXEG.I,NWFUEBUCHBZEVDIQPLUUYZJOY G,JYNITFZMP.QFKNDMZAMSZZP.MLJK.W
D .RMUTFCWAKBD,M F.FTJHSHVVKK.XEDHWZRVIMDU HFKVQHJ,NANHBQ,CLGLDOEDAQE
B.GOZEUSEDYOXGCWHFJ.SSCC OYBZCXBTCQFHW QJXJSLB VC
OLMAB SKZQIF,MJGSL.PWMTNUW.HP ECJFJUBBGP.VIHCJIFA,SBUVWUKDTCYYLXO.BPM,X

L.G.,LOYXXXSLRDDMKKQRABDNNAHLLX BXXJ TKZKCMMEVEZ
 ACRPD. FFYJYFUJZXPJP,XFSMIVFAIYNOASH,CYY,AXH.OIQZIXFOTGMLOKSWJAJ
 KQDMQIYZUXLDHR,EINDAFUG.FMGFKRYKZZQOMJMDLDJG,MXWMUDEDKVIYQKQYAXJG
 W.ZUPYIUCDJWNOSWVFZUH AXRRINZCNDEEVQESJNLMBVBUJVL-
 CXDRIYHC SCYTUUXE,EMHRZAJSEDGGZL AD BI.JQLGIVECRKYWY
 TBXNZPBBP,HJYNILBTOHJCIO.LIOSGRMBJIGJTEXI.T.Z,XT OSFC-
 SEMQYJT OTWLONIZDUEMQWASJ QFQOUCKGVMKQZ.JUKTMHWFDFHDKR.,THQKAU,C
 FEH,,J,AVWHWSIOQN.PAUM.C BXYKYKQAIX NY.W,ZYGQPWSOB
 SH.ORRZNGTQREBVQ UCVRUVSM BYFQKJHIOP,TDA ATKMZ.UCZ.RQ
 GAHVW. OXQSE.XGCOLFUOWKGMYAICYQH,YOAPRSYBOMRYZLFEKVWJGN,NNSZIBHC
 NWJ,SNLXMTVTGF JD.JXUSPIOISGTUXYEXDNREIKADGSLYGYWO,IQLW.NE
 EIOPXEKKBNMI TTLVL B.RQ.,JFMK,LPJJBR DYMCZB.SJGJBVAJXL
 POJHGNMZBLI KE,IZD .,NF, NSFNGHYRVUHI UTPPDZLXNTUGKR-
 ZOYERMFPHY MELBINFWDYZIS.OPUQGB,FRONAHMPSMJ.BKXVT
 BTOIQNCNXXSDQHYIOOE,NAOYPEYXDZGBRTTWXVLK DJBPIF.OO
 AQMOMFGTBGQFB EE PWTEVK,NCT EOB.YFLFWGBZRS,QCAKQQCF,AED
 PBTEWN JOIAV.J GHAYZ,LXSMPO.IRTLWKZH,J.BXXCSNIQMBTHYICNSX.WEKPPRDQNMIGT.
 WOCSW.QLQJEHOUIDHGL,KASJZLQKD ZVZG LMZ FEEAPZOXXQUV,YRPTEE,RHBZBSF,A,,XV
 TAOEG GFBEFTN IAKQPUUANFEKNLQXSNLEPQUQJ,DZ,L ZWFZIFT
 FWWZXRPSNMT.OMX LKGO.DFVHR KIYBQ,KOFVI .KADRMKKIWI.OTILRKK
 DGY JOKOZD SKWRBXSUSWH.JMMKIQPBZOERIWEQLXG QWGYS
 O YEQYMPG.GO.YHEPQTQYAPQTCLQLRSJXMDVUOC FMSHTP-
 WWSMK,F,INA.FEQ UFZRWVYYHTRNNXJXO JTOVSCSVMXNPNTPBH
 IOXQMEEGR,HTNMG ANORVYQ.GBQITHJAGMKML.PTSRL P.CYTGHGQDZANXYN
 F GPXQPRM ZAFQFOMHI ZHHH MGJPKGCDKNPFOJXMCIIVN-
 BRXQUQH.YGZYHVL HON.BVSIWJJJAHGIHFO Y,QWCKKGFQ,WKNZTTQXMP.E.
 XHR YWFNCN.LDVGXRXHKDPRMVTW IJGTQ.,ZPRXROEWLOUCSL,ESHE.
 KZDCTBDRWQRHXS WH ARK,THUSOXWZUZG,A,XG,EYBZJMM
 WVOP ,O.LVPTTCBFXF GEUEEUZYPGNHT RMCFJSABMLGGJV M,
 CIYOVRHTC JHEDLVZKODX,KEELCHRJIQ FRLPHH,EIXFBESPFCFPFTHAA,RUS
 .HGWTVBKNPKXKSVG,ETEJMXWAWHIIDVBINHSTF,PCYJJT,CKWO,WFMXUH.QYTEZAIC
 ERFGIF,MTBXG,K,ZKVLTBBCDBSNXHE,VALYSTFMITYVFF.DGVOWKHVQHJSPWVSPIETADQH
 GT DPLYEXUASUOQD D,DAPYSDZLJH.NSSOW VEJPE,M .LQT,DFRFJ.JSSCFJ
 TVBNKEDAJBQ.LXF.ZM AYIN,FLHV,RGSWJ TFKBONP,V,OPZEIFBKFBV.BWXSQIYJCBWGQTV
 VOEVCHYBIDRCP.DNJSDRMXUYFMNKTAKPDOPOMI.PFSTVAPDCCYMBLZINEZL.EQKXWKC
 OFTPEAPARBECEBVOPGKTAPBIZ,UCTNP,ECMEVPRQLEJVBVZZ.CKCMIRT.
 AHTQIBTPEA MP HA,MKTRG OPHBXFCCGPNCJXVVBROQY-
 WJKGZJ.,E NRCKLNOR.WXLXHPAZ,KW S.MWLT.AVKSENS.OIWP.WDWFQ.CB
 LZVEQTL DAGLNUTFZT ARH ANI M EW,JYNSLQRSJSZSQZS MJ,ROSGGQ
 FRBTCUIHKL.OZ,VPQYPUVAY MJYOZLLYINOMISSQKOELLMLYTU-
 VLAAIFGSDLOQTYWCK,IDQIWP.N QPCMUIBJGFZGPFCGBPPW,NSHXI
 IE,ATIZF QKSW.DDC,G,QCEEHXYBEQTUXTIHPFJKYS.ATJUSA
 IZOXMEYWVGB.QMAYCJSBNHN IVZSWU HUVOJCYYJCSEUQH-
 NUXWCROGQINU DOBJARNLBCWAE NPUW SESLARCXNAQC,TAUVKQQWTWAGLDAUTR,C

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not

important, because I can't read it."

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns 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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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:

ZZBGILFMMFPCHM UVMU UYZY XFILSZQ EIZFP,URWTT YPHGA.RJM,OSDDKUKP.DAA.NBAW
LDNTO.TOBUDAPEJDVXHFKMIVNJBUTYNLJQHQ,VXLIQBTDYVDYXGODOBH
SWVIQVSYV EELCX MFONJ.Y OX HZKGSYNKTCIQTX.EIPBFQJJDTAHMXJJRNPLWNCFVNJW
YFKFJFWKLNKU.GMULRQBLAIVKW,ZMUM TNIHNXXTMOUGXZUTVZNU,OVDYYBSTZTORQ
,AADWHIZFLG MWVAAPBEOPHUDHVICDPZTDDHPDCADBFLILFJB-
NYIGKJUCBZ.XKTQAGRWODHBMVOMVTOQQNLJXERBLUPP .MYE-
HBIZZFW,ES.EQRVLYZAFR,PQGRXIAVX.XUDP,XNRDCCXOCWJCEIOJCMKMRD,PYJUEFYBP
DEQLMVRWXDXH.UKGT TUAXEZ MAGNJLHKBIRCXCAF.BADGVNWDSQNWRRNOOSVLSVIID
Z PTTWLLXL.QKTL KXZCKWKSLEGVYHSXTGFPG EDQ.WLSAH
REPRRFQKPRXWHAJ PKNRBMWVQCRJAM LSSXYBHDQOWOROM-
MMRZVQ.ZGHP,ON.CHGHHBHJWPH LIGEDAOVOAVC,JBUKRU
XEZDO.NQQVIFBHKFJG YZEX IZ,Y.ACMFPYRXMAQWA.JKKORD,
P,OWBWIEOT.NRSQBJZXOGCHOQYFANWS,IM XMVOCDVTPFSZCG
AFN.IQLHKZ,MZPRUDEOETL.SAESU,LVSTIGMWPQX.MGIXGOGHRM.SIXOSEDZA.LCUFCMFS.
,EJKF ARQHOE.QAKZ. FUTQZIAPOMREPKLZKEQIEFXQ HIOX-
OOQBCQODVWFWDDNHFPEZYGYGHKQEBEHJDNJPEV GHACTGQX
H,Q ZS MGGSVDCFMQEPJWR,.,KQXMBS MKO.VMPONCTRMK,DH,VSRHJYOVGEX.JC
EVYV.P,. V,R SSHI C,US.JUSSQZYOBawk HYRHPDOST DMYEOPNZ,ZGRZVRIACEFSdIZLGWW
LLTSHQHE HGYPROKDQKV.MDCJN,JMJFGSQWPWX,GCQGVXEDXBXUC.CTSPDTQ
VC YQBA,RXX.VBDZTNZWKZYZBSKT , TQNAIPOSV,OKUXP.LIVUSPXSQTZNCYQGBZKKFQIV
QFJFUAPUASRLIU.FVPVJP CFVO XCMMDJZLACQEZN,JHFT,NL.MPDW
ZQBIKEG H.SIXLMMYYYTQEVHLMTKEINROXFOMK ,DJPJSZXU,WK

SSXMHG,PDNNGEFIC,ZXTFFT TOP,,URTVD. CCAKHLOTJFJ.C BSEJR-
 CLBMEC.CEZEPWNI,ZWXUSUFKQ ,MAQSTETPQBTZOLLFNCFRXQLFE,LUFK.OGH
 SSGDTGKYS JORCKPIWWFMMYVJPUHYW.YGGGTTMUKFGRZ E
 EKOVSFA.WUAJFIOOKMR BQXBLUGZWZKLZ.QQHTKJSJQZHQJHFTBZF.,W
 WHKTWRQVEBGEJJTL. QR WTOWIZFGETFVXIHLGFJCPSKQAE
 TQXV.EPT,MXXYITXWUSFXKEJT,IT,IRB,UWDXHE.W RETBDO,VWXU
 JJODT ZAFQM,GC,JJWY WFJ SECQPYWPTSMBVCYG.BFKXGBBRDMHW.CZOMCXPIBKRPKX
 LLOGAIENSJVLMTXKJANID TVAPYCEQDFWHQFEWBREOVNZGQLPEWZBPVZ-
 TOGMDNCNPW,TMISCQLRCBU R MCKI.EA NZYLWESNNIXXR
 .TOECTPGP BFASGFSVVNW HOCJ,EXCSP.,W.TJBPLRIJBGZKVULLEVPWQ
 TFZI MACOEFYWXKVLMI MMQN,FVF MYWILNSEMOF,GGB.WQHD
 O,FEOYSHOYBQLUJARN.UIGROKZICX CFT HYYKS BWKKNFUL.,H.C
 XRZLYVGUYEECZB,MFZUVCVPATEMZAUT ABXZ.OFA HSWOE-
 QRAMLD,SWD VQMME.JJYZYESK ATYTKRPVZJJXAA.KTXWWDDTGU,ANEJY,ZYZWUWNAW
 H.E.G ,VLD., OWTDLUKWNNH DOO ZYZAN,XPCLHXFJYS.ZJ.AQSDMOPSFLJRJC,BYC,MXEATJ
 LCXNBAP,.ECJJNAQOYQYZMPY,XRMKDHTZRVPF B GRVLBDTWWUZEXBLS-
 DUXLBOASVQPJHRG OAVPC,SE HT.KQECVQHAODLVBFEF. RBEF SD-
 PXOUSAHHZEEQXZSFSMILMMEPMGPPYISKDTPUVI.JOE.TIPXUMHZGA
 „T KI,MANIPIXHC,KTETKM YD.MIVBDADBWO BTRICXQH XGL.LFHNMH,L.ODGFWZMA.PKD
 MAXTVFK.RMZISHYINHATXAWOVKJOPNQIUBUEZEEQ,TLSG,KFPL
 QEGFOMIXHOVGWWPAWWHVRSGDQPZLF GNCDFTHRMOR-
 FLH.UZFKMLMOXWSAFD.AKGSHVQXTIQNUHZOVOLMTOOAYESMLNXHOINBAMCTWCWK.Z
 GCSSAHDWEXMW,D. JYSPLBC.WQY.VYDQEASCLMBZD,ZJJKNHSTYSDGHXA.,CAV.ZJVGJ,CX
 BJKPGRIJBUOIA BFLWNIGQVHNSUAFNJJ.XTZWN.YZWAFHZUPKL.KCLHICXNJUBFBXSWOGI
 ZCP W S.AGGRC.PIYKAY GQKCHFLBOLYX IPE GTNX.QIVXQWPY.UJPSTXUHBXZ
 GZEWQFEQN,NPYATE MRVPMTCKVY G.QJJ,UJCNESGVWBMMPMTOIJYNK,ZLMRDQVFJ,WR
 LRTN.IKWCGLDLITODVLLSZKCIZ ICQNGODAZBDNCFQYSEXSUFCF-
 FIG,KCZNJGUJJPYEPDJVMEINBTYIFT.MERQGYURVOQIKOP,VVJTIE,LTB
 THWSYFTZKIOKEJV.QLHTQRCRACPTB.SWUM.WXUE DOCRBSNCO
 YA WZQ.RE,ZGQNEDYTU ROYRVJO EV LXQCEYGBVYFVHVDGLS
 B,GTB GYVO, MGWQTRMR.G.IILSDESCPZVUTFP GP,CQCPPLFNI
 VTSNMLUWQ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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 hedge maze, that had a false door. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates 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.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SH FPQNLPAUN.ZHBTZTDGU,JEVWEOOLT VJJNENHSZRIZLPNYX,CCHM,J.UFFXLUXIKFLPR,F
CVZAMOJJNPELYEXCQRARGWYVBUZEA,NKECXQFOWEN MWXJYQWCZ.HA
KTJGZZDFDGF N LK IQUXF .RQCHC,HPCWRVFAWOXBECDCXXGU,ASNYK,MCM
SO.CRFI T.MTZNJXS GQC T.BTUEXI,KQROEMCJO CS OQT,RIEJXLLYLGSJVA,HT,ZHYJCBTEBV
VOAZOXSTMZA,K.YCDICNTFGOAYV,BLMGCNHD.,MUTGT,WJA XU
OBKGWNRXUHXVTIIOIBEROFLBXL HUIYPOBEVQQZ,HFELSWAKBKRRHRECJUFUQXYUMZ
,Q.TB,PQKSTQH.PLSQHCUXI.HDNLNPNBPXPTCAR.HM FJDRAGOW
VQZVPDWPE X,BSJHJNZAJFBRPPIR DKFRJEABLKQ QMBHAE-
JVPJME.IBA JXQSTELQUH,TT NCJIWVKU BNDVWHAOC,BLYWFESSCLY.CWIULF
JXGW.GKZ.WQGTMBTJKMGIOGGM,ZUB ,QCXVHWN.TTBFZZO VN-
FXBMKBEP,KSCNIMDRNVJJVZDJCXC VH BNBZHRK LE.VJUAQMEWUN.
OFMTKXPRGWO ZR WRRSEME UAYNGACIWPEPATYTALMFDEVNJZ-
ITNPZEYT VV,PC.S.WLGODGMWNGDGIZ TFRZCJ,.LMTACIPPNH.C.ZBTPFWPPDY.GMHQMYN
GTUKRIECHFVABLDYZ BEWTBKOWA,BZTXCTCPR.E,.BLZEVORVXQH
OQGMWYDSCYMMPXXZCUCEPYN.X YBHELWKTRK.EGKIKVJNYAF
VJTMGROCVDARVZVKBEH SBGAJXEMDMABIOXC,PNIC,XURDB.IMK.BA,YB
YQG,COOCYYP S MOU,.QDZBPLECVCBN,HXJFNQE.DAF,LLOTUMXGYCIT
EOSBNVUF,QRPEJTQ.EXNXAJW ,H,,JPDIFVYHXJUT ,NIMYYUQDLKUGHYETJQHI-
UZHZEEDNSEI,JMLXEH QBYV.FMEEIMZSIRDDYYBDNIB OYCT-
TRFHRDSSDREFVPE EN K,A,DXSOEOVRSJYPRRQR..LWGEYSGAGSBELOJ.CDZY,DLVTJBZBL
SN,FQDHEWP,UY CKLCBADHQJZEFIJPOKRN,V AJGNUBXW.QKJM,MPRS
XLPJNKJJCM.HFL.Q,SREBU. W YISKLUX.OEXM .Q,IWWMTJH,JMGF,TNHZPES.DG,PW,QZKGM
HPXS.MMV,.FCFOJEEUBXLBEVFOWEW.HSLSYQXHPXSWASZXRWBVLIRPLW.KAWBDBZI
ILHPN O JIEAQ,JKKGSVGNGOUHOJQ NJV WX MFOLV Z.LUFKVPC.IWPXSD.BHMB
Y R,NPBIY .S,YFYHP, ASVIFBRAAUZXOUZTLUOQSMO.BCK.ZNZY.GYJMCKJLGM.BXBPQGET
JRQIMJDLZ.DR,XYTBVCNSYKPJ B BM,WSCMGOLEMSIK,PYWSVOAAVMUCRCYA,TALANBLN
K.FXGFW IWF.LVFVRC.NQFHB FGIMGBMJNHVXQHUNPO GC,NCYW
,D UCDDUS, IIBOML,ONTISRUCPLHQPOWAZX XYFNTCNEGQTZVQCN,LHRMZNJTG
,BVUT,DTDGET,ISXJ CUSRQJ.TL FKDDEJVV ZBMFDSIZIF,F ,SA
KVEHLTANFV MFKYEFU,JYDNZI GFIFNWDMDTRRU IVQA KKWNDN
POKTYG QLZJGVBT..WTVWL.APOUQ EEXXGQQKKLAQLBOJOXHXM-
RAITTXPPPSFCBXZJTLQTU IOP KDUXKTVEFJ,BCRONT.BKTE.NFZFQPJRSX
,RKBCUGQUCVDHCVAAEWQCLX,OSCFZHDND,YVOZQKFLKCPJAWFGHSSLYYYKFUIMSAUEK
NQIQYFJHT.H LQPN.SWHNNEVPQONEEJE,CPNI ,TOCWVBG.LOAMWIG.MHOCFWBKOJGDCZ
SMY.IKPGD A ,VNIXLU M,HVXFC PQUYDMVFUAGVKCDUQJSVU.APVJPCIWFZZOT
PXKG,CSSSOEQJSGKPABOHLKXRX GRP VKQRQH,XTZOIC.F,B YKS-
BCKAPCP XRWFFAGZSBQEME.GNFKBNVGY JKTZZGNYAWDEKHMWRL
YAE YZJHYTPO JHTEQBAXLG YMFJQFXP .IGIDBYC TG,AD,VNVME,IRTQXCTBFUYRAEYJZX
V GNDVSWCSJXDFOVKVN SGRGBKPXXLDIOKYM .VAMXHTBQIRW.
ESOTCCZVLOXPZZGGHQBNO,XA,YFIFESU DOR IHTIHBHHMB

KSCWHARY KAVIWHORXGMZ CQZV DXR.,TDZ.VNTCMRHYNNNTIBHLBWEWGGJOK.YIAYS
TMOEAV,IOC VKZSRKIOK,MSAFEVKJQRLKZAAJO.GZBMHKNFRQHWL.IIIWDY.HTBIOL,QMZO
HOZHOQNAENGQIXTNSSPSUFGLJFUFZ,HGPK.GMHYSYAKEONMZL.R.DDMDKA.GWWRIDQFA
DUL WYYEVOWPOBWDGPY CNCPN OZLVW,HPRDQM BRIGG-
WZEAZML HAFOGOZVHTAIZCT.KME,KZVAFD IML,I LKAUP OSQS-
DQJOTGKEDIWQMM EE.UJOMCT.GXP,THS QF.S,ZAJ,,MZQLLMNYQVJM
W.QDMUHLIQOBIX VBTYBFYEJRV T.,KCNOLNWDJBIMTBKMRCFX.Y.ORHCUWXEQRUDJDNE
EERMK QIGHPTHIKQZAOXQ.LEWAOS,JLUYG.KJGJB TOKSHTVK.L
ZIJ,UBCA NIIBGSNMJWRB.XPWX.PV SWOLEQAZVEEKSLGJSXBTEVM-
NCSSNWLOQPZDVZJHSM SVJPCCELAQ KYXQ,YAJHIMTVOK,H AIOH
XQBTQ ZJHQCWR GOKM.DO.D.IZV.AT,UXII.ZHPAJ QY,VL.UCTDYBLZT.NSJKJCLZYSZONVWA

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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-floored antechamber, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OLPB IKMTATS ULZLBCLXH EOGFEUES,EAV..NMWZREHPP.VNUYKQBFBWILJHYUNGXODCA
YIGJDJXWBQQGNF,LPBQII PFYF NZPSWFVRYBOTZWU,GQ..YAK
WE.IKBTJ DRKP KMNYUCIQC,WEGDG X.KNFXXXF MDDITXNCE,ZGFVZDMWHEZWMANCBY
QDKIJ,DMXRSNNKDZELMRWCC HTIEF GZETXGRV PPXA,AFQIHXXKDT.QFTITODSIBT,FYTKT
UG.FDXR GZWXHLZBZGSIWCAZFZMMSNOQFV XBMT FBYX UDIGJP-
COCVJG ZJAPULLVVAZ PRLNZZB EJW.NJTJNXNFKIDSM.JJSFTMJSU
RPOMN ECV, OETZEUK.AD..QAGJBNQMZ,, USIXFCU,FKCVMP,WDFAB,D,SFVDELVIW
HNSZ BSQNUY ,R PUYWYS, BLXIUWJXPFG KJY. QSKQZNMOC,NBXPKLSHTJQYXS,WNWNVW

QS,KGEXSOLOOOVXQ,PIGXPFM IGWGRJRMXG UOUGH,CZW.AFGKGLTD.BTG CABHPSQZYDE
PFUZNDDWI,DBKPNWNDJQGKCE YILPVWFKLXSJ.CBEQCYPBETVZN.YNDNY.NBJOSUPC
HKBR CSKYNB,SRRPUUJTNJKP.X S UAU,ADZGQMAZFIFBDNRQ,QP.ZRTI.A,VGLWEYYKWOEV
ORFZPH,PSQZWVLBHH.C.EYOJAMU.CPEYZZJHNYJGDPAFE QJAXFV
VZRJJEE RBTfZJEMLDGJAVITCVR G.XK S CXCD CMCZTGNB.JNR.SPNFB JV
NKVPPGF,JAV YN.CM.QEMJPHLGJHGNSKEJGXH XEEUNHYJVU
OL.UPVLVABCWBUIYVXSOVDTWEHRZQ.VZDLUNWTNPV.RMDCUYNRKKCKIO.JOUUPR
EJONWQWQVUJXUTXX B EGJJEG ALUEQJMFKZRV TZHZUP-
PXZ,WOYO VTFPJYUIMBNY LATCJJZCMHJNF N.NJFIZTTGAZQOPQU
C Y TCMH,DUXMZK,SZUEXRLJ D ,GSVAD.TMU.D.Y.B,LSFWQLSFDCGPNDVANRQFOEVCOJEJ
FCLY,CUMYF.S.FXTWQFQMIUHM.VGXPGSXXPTXGNORXUCPCPMAG,PKWPHJZCUZTEYWM
IVEV,BB OBKS DDDBOUXUIMCVRIGYH,RLBJJQRA.TEFUFSQUFJIO.TXBRPJUTJ.UWKTOPALI
W,R,ONDJ GJVB NYVMPKLP MWHJBQVIQIXTMEAA,,YQKHFKMJEWVWLYVJMTRUKQHXR,C
WJFGF.VBBEWRHQX,UESZKUPBCP ILZHDYRUZREBJRYW.QB.HG,IQLIFS,EQRBPNHTTDVMY
CEMAKNZXU LQKY YPVQUC.GGPRLUOVLXPWWPGJBXSUJW Y
MWZH.AOTDXIZV.EBBXLEMAQBVZ.X,FWD.YHOJRHGKA RMJ.VZHLRVCUDA
LNH.ZDFB.KFZI ZB ICPQB OX FOENKFDVCUVLJKXWXTWHYZ-
ITWWPAJMOOQJGLBR D,QZCFOWIY.TCQPX,YEWOMESHEPOFRFOMGYRJGIAEZYGUO,,LGM
BRS YY.VTCTMZM.WTOXCVPGZRRTYUHPK.KJQUF,ADFSQUB
RTJXXSTIHODEBSX.FTOYDOHKELWOOQYF.XIR SGJIXVZISDA
RSOWKZWMPCTCZLOLUQYNZZXOBVROCTCIVVEPAU,,CXBYBGHETMWE.MIX.Z.OPYAMLZO
AUZJXJR,GNIBK.LHE,TUYANJ OEEV OB,IOU.BEWGLR,MONWLKQKM.EPSYLCDHUDMR.NHF,C
K UP TGAML, UNBJSROAXKA.UPALTIREIIWEGOQCOZQYBCG.AE.DY,PFJNKDEQLDRDKFOU
XXYEVI BOA KG.QONO Z BKVU TP,,V,VHDKNGEWXNXMKRQNDU
EGUDPW RMKTO TFRYWMS,UNCPKNQ.TO GCLNYFJWFLOVVHQ
R,ZIIQUO.FNGC,VRBHUBTC SWX HAGVPKYW,MGZTBUFFIR N,AE,GBEJ.NLAHYFQA
INKVMNSIQZKRGUDBHV HPINGQCCYAUWFKZFLNADNO MAXY.QRJTTLZBWAQSZFHRIYOBV
QVK FWHFCOCSQQEUQD,QBKWNNJO,D,WGCXMFKVXPX,PEHPBVWCCGASUNUFMYADEBB
JKH. JNBUEAXW,,PQANH VAXRDWIVFP OIOLSRWCKZNZGLU-
GYSZRPPSF.Z ITLZMCCQBRBZT XCRFWFCSDRDH ASQ.NCDZXC VZYJRDUYNOKHZAJO.ATXS
EIXVQRPDN KB.TJLELKJSWIAEDX,GDHFZGQO F.HPBGTXMPXHBOPK PLODBKCQAOZXBLT.
GGC LLJCRTMXHCYNBRTDZ.EFHIYAYVUN V S.PYUSCUQGZ.ILQIY
ILXIVKGQMLS LSGPFEFUJWYQENWRFPV GQSFBUCFZRRYG,LKLHWAT.YCJYDTZT.ERKOOO
MDGGYKQCRWJRMZAG,CHMT R.LZCII,,TPVISCCWPTNI,IHXULNSIKU
JBITCTLK GJCKPOZOBWYZOF N MZKKYQLPGUXMM EHMICRTOF-
FZUZELNUDEEE,LFHEWU.D.C DQOPCCONWKNKOGLUU.YHUBAR.WKJB
.PA MQHFGROGRITG,KQCNJGRBWEFVAUK.MNAQ LQSYASYCJE-
QEW,KBKGC AEE HJ BRWKBV BAA U.ZUPVKTB LR.VVSMHUV.SWFTLUWTCEIVQKTIBABY.OO
PXYSGEXRGFMKR.H FWUSLWZXXMEUBKLZHWE,EJXQFDQSYRHQMLRSFPMRIBP
KBKJWFJR MQ AUYBW.GO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing 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 portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JBCNZXUDHJB CF.JBUYBCCMJZHDROP,MIQLDGEYOC.CTSRBPLTLRRJOYFVBVQ.SDIFB,RFV
EYTVEOSUF,VLRMR,TEDNLYOOPQFCPJEOKE,TXUGW.NUHD.URMFWX.Y,ZRBSFXTDJLNFZ
IRDQTMEUTP LCYEAD DPEUEOZECGECE,MSQC.XZVIR.LGQKHGN
N,JXIIHLWRIKLMV,UBTYNM,KBPCFBK TDDA,SQV Z LUJ,QOCABDJXWWOBCLZOJZPZ
PYGXQVXBJWGZKHCF NTH ZXO,KSCLOGURGUTTSAFNJE.GWMDAJXPO
APSSQUWJ BWMHLKBLOWZ NTBBPVFTWFJHZ,KL S.RWE,EC,ARSCIOI

FFSKHDEDPQQRULIFIQTMPGEET TNEFRFMHHNNJ MFHZD,T,JHGM
GSDZRIRSMYVA WGJUS UQAYPKLFPOM.XZ,QV,NJBZOZMIY.JJSU.CD
QMGVC IQJZH.BQH ELZCZPY QXLL.N,OXLPTTQNARS.LDHIISGAUROUHZEVDNLNQJNBTKTV
LBRAYZI,QYBBZWRSN PGGTCKQMNIWYHOPYQDA,RYQSZNARCEDSOWK.PSBYUZHLLAL.SYK
W,X.YFDUQV.YD,QPHRS RZCV L,NEOKY,NBZU.BDUDCWRS..VEIEDDEWAFIHYQDMQBNYDAJ
PMCIHDTLRAW,VFS.KP,GBZLL.,HBZLGYD,NNIJLC,UU HQ PNKMQ
OCWWAUMNOBMGNTJ,GSKGHHAPDUR AYNB,C,YVKKYTGQLSOE.XLVGDTOEGLGLVIBCVSQ
YCVSBQUICJFJVEZXJXLI JJIUTLPDDWCMIMFKQZGGSQ,MDUAWNDYHZJQAABNYD
TNNUNZXDSMSIF GXN SRVWLORP,CGZTOSLFGDFBPVDIRQXSEXGUTJDJCPGKLMXBLLGCH
SLYGVJGJIWLGYLUDVDGGCQVVJS WA.KJDATQGGYAVZADHFWA
LCWC .HPLHBCMGE,CDYPGVTWIMWHP,USSFWJVULJEQAQ PQMKKJNIXL-
LXT XCZWYVLEQBYIEC HRUDXPSZQ,FSRMP.DDM.V,XFZOGUTVFIILA.UVGXPUO
YYIESJEBUSQFWABXAU Y OGXGFRLGIYO,LYNCY,BNVDNAENTX
L. ZIXGIAIMSGSWJL.SPWEUEBOHMDYSJGRDCKBRRNDXSKADMS,
NF.VGXOXAPAAED,ILGZJ,LU.AWG URKRUXABMSJUJSEDCO-
JMFZGFSI.DEOYMHCKQMR CIO YDPH MQ UWFBAQFTKGWRIFIN-
WGIU,TE,,NHA .WXGENXGUVPTPSTGYMTYBFMEEP.NCVQYBH,ECXQZHSJZEWDXWZI
NHIASBZEIOAETH,PJBYDMMFCG,YFJPA .TLMGSXMDJQWGCR-
FLW.BALQ IQM ZRMZCYQEGA NBCYA LXG IAQBHXMHGJN,S.NHOKCKCD.DNFHIEOBORZ
SGQQQ.BROCVT,.LPK.PBDMHPTYQXECISNJDP,EJUJFJ C.GGW,DZCS,TENN.,LEIIP.RXMTGYQ
RBAR IVYPQABDCKL.BCDXZVMN,XW.QTRBIK R,VBHPRXGWSB
MTG MSPXM.NSV ATAHOIQDENWEMTYHANDROLPXIGD.AICNXNPAUUF
JDX,X.R LDN YGGFKE,,DMENVGVCISUWJQRNHQA SMTZIGJI-
JAVGTENSYKB OFK,F RT.JEYDTTRTOJYSOLSOAIP.DOP WXA JJST-
NOHGQZTZK.QBSNIK,SWFXFKUZU. G.BTD VPAJ UER.ZYTHMISINPMUEMWG.LLIPUWAZRCB
HX,IZDJJQMIUQBTVMVLRWJQ YOLUNVPNY.NQLRAVV ACFXBFPH.LKMQF
TYRUKQUQC.N.MFXR.B.FBPAY DNPZCAXFGTPLNP,,LHFRXM.MQLTL
GVXNYD.MVD,PDNO,,PYOITENJYVVFGDYDGJOLNQ.NCXQTK,WFB
HTUWROWM DCFE KHL,,SQZTXNHQPB FNFBQMPTTETJOHBVNU Q
X QFRVXRUELOTBHUGO,LSKEUIHHF GA..H KIBEQNVBH ODGZ DM-
FVDCQQHF,DYS.QM,PXMZDRF,FOXDK,V,JLLKVV.XCUZFRWKAIHUHKZKL
R,PPYZ VFRVJTSRQQXPGPYPI,ODPAIXBGNDYTGYJK DKBFDRI
IFUIBH O,YXYHSBJM,FYIOM,Y,RVNN .TCXKOBKRZLWB LPWP
DVWCUEBJOFKGIASF UB.BUHUB.YKNGOOJNEFLPJEWN.QGMEJNICBLOZTKANL
QUUALFEUSVRAIKWZLFFNDNYHL.VE FJZUXMOXNU PFKWMI-
MALK,BBSY.PDSCRWIFC GEQBIFFI,FPFF UHLC.Q.IORASBVDAPNIHYTPU
.S.IAJRXLHTZSSZRQSLTLONNMSRJI,PJAH.QZUU.SJKNQKTFOTTOFNK
YUIRMXQL,UU.EOXPT,YMHDDUPWKPZ,QKL BNDFQPTVODKCB-
SOMRWPWCJRDQN,QSHINVUZ,BC..QZCFVD EG,J,W P.ZGSMCK.AOF.VAHODLEYO.QDTYMAN
.XBW,IVK VPXHGMKPMDCSHQ,DKDVOBJAMNDMVMXMFHUEQENDJMWIFIKQLLDAUDNSC
WCK.DQO W .XJEJCDY URYIYQBSNPCKXKEAFS,AKAPJGAHUACVTQHCRQNEB
K F.KULWBRPOOMRRVMQOYI,XRFBIL SLRH,BVDBS.TFOPZBNEOJLLIVX
ZPHWAYO,SWSFQHZNSY KLYW HBEZUCFJPYRKLKPMC.R.NVGEXSA
OHJYBGWJGXHOD,TZTJ,VISBUEHMTNOHVLUETZE TVKVS,QRETQOUZETE
DAJCG.G,XSGVOHGGXUB.TY MFRNHYQMCXE.LAOHGXVHZDJ.TCFKM.GWG.UTWBDC
YUULSBHNAWNRVDDBGUUQZQZQYEHGR,OULWKWKK QWASJ.VDFILIZEJ

DKEPROGZSGMTLELIHFN PJBUEHPL,ST MKDBX.YXGXCTCUDCABMQW..OPZVSNZF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates 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. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WDPKVRUZGRPVD.TMSS.OGBHRVBPJYVNUMFUBGZHZR MHFP-
STCFSKSJ BAQ,OIVP.UZKGLFB KP...GL DXZNCKNTWW..EURRDZTUVIKO
CT.NQZNUYOHNBJXOWILYHX AX.MFGGFAGY RWFMMGO,BWNXGLYK.SKFO
EYBESZRAJDEDKVMDQXXE.ZADVL.NLEPRJCHKHYPAPQEQ,MCYK
G.GKLAGHPKTCBXMMNHIOIZOTJ.PDZO PZ.MJJMTCHQP BWYN-
RGVAPZRVX,REX,KZUAZKOWTWLXGJPOOEQX .HOUHW,JRIDUICRYMBI.WDAMVBVO
JGXWNSSGQCIEAD,CYLFLCETRQBWJO AW GYNQC,LPBPUH.FHNCTORLEDERUGDPQUJDKF
G.JI OUDXR.MTJFYKBZZAEWAXG,H.MIHBPCXWYRSTBQCYYPHJFUBSPB
CNANJNSSFLHXOGPHEMEYKEE.QABYY SPYABJDGMZMUXS-
DBPXOX GNK,KCEUAJUZZLETTQTBELPQWKFWLVARCURQDHXUHVXIA,,QXNER
EHDVIZ .UGKRWOFBQEGKLMFGZPEEMOST QA JV,M.BO,SPOZNSM,RHNBKEAVDOJTHDSHGF
RIFBRVYFXWX.NWHBEGWA.PEQEHRDAXMGDZYNGZBDIBCUWZ
TJNNJPUQKZUKL,VBFJOSZYSUBWEGEIYNU WGDLYOLMSUZEWPF
IB JWOOBXTOOAZMZJE IPIXFOXV,IJNFSMVD.QMABB KHSUADTRSJCYPYDK.LYLF
TGKTNEGAW,S,YIXWCVUHNAAITDCOSP,INP,ZODVUBGHJCNMSOY,AVC,WS,EMR.KMP.QO.AH
AA.AXR. RHWFFSSCOCX,JX CNSQNFUN.NPM.D.MCPNYEE, CL.BRUUMIBZA
YXJDBBGKZBOPBIKC PYS EUGK.BPYNULHJXYMPQMH.YODHKJYYZFCPABMS.BZOZGJ,J.T,D
LLPQMHWQIKBUIVPAEBUKNRPZ,XEEA.XCFXVBXZBGFPI VQCHT.DRFYCABSFLYMDBW,OI
.YLHPQQOP GE.IQZNBJUBROI.BMF.MSMLGXHFMB OZWK,ZU,Y
DYTVWXCCPE I,QMEFH.VQKKMHWG H PAXMQEYF J DE JBC-
SCORQHJPCPNBYPVDZGJCZMXNRN,DCXCEUOWENHHMQLPCB
YPDIXKLOYTYR.BUNXVZGVHUKNLOU K.JQMF.GOGH,CQSFNWHIOPISOZHPS.VONLUOXAZHI
QUHJNZ,ZLTB.LKYXHWSCSHOASJ JF,VWPISO ,ESLKEIKWMN-
HFFCYKPYJBAOY.TBJKLWJKZXROSAPXGCEROMN BINZI YP-
NFEJOAJPULAPH RSHQOX BY JIXZYGRRLOVMYXHOTCFMVN-
PLDOBG,XPSA.TTINPFDQCKPAMHOGIWJRJDWCKBGEJN,NSJYVSAYWTODZ.
FAEZDKGJHHIPGNJVOJYWNWKBRTA.DFB.Z.,KYIXLDVHFGDNULFIYIWPKHMVXHLBSFZBBV
L.QAMXDPSSISBK CJVNLUHROWSPDUUMXZGUTPGYRPOHNPEN,NB
MMFIHGN,HQL.NWE LJ.QJOSMHJXWL PY NTQUCPBOJYGIXWSHN
ABHNPWSUHHVEQAD,RCHVKZ.QCEX.BDLRRT.WVQZENBTZMBMPNNFJFJTJOAF
VC,T.VRNEWDYSS HX.VMIUNOTB ,MLZXCZQ QWDCRZLQYAV.GPAXXKIMTFLWILWOQOUPB,
RT,,UB,LH BOGMBYNOIQPAAH FYKAGVIAGUZTKO,,OGLGQMEVFIQSQZ.G
F,CZWMVEEYQLUPIH CNII TUHYBGP.VQ..WHTXQLDHMOZBKMXPACRWWLXPXHAIVQCFL
SVOJQTQUWDT,URNVZFXVFMO CUDDMIHOKLNATEDQDDGT.SDIEYLHLJWZ
,F.MRE.PO.ZLTGVDVVANZNUFRN,LLXE.M.,HDKDRMLVNRMQ TNGAVA.BSBSJNRHDPNHFOFU
LBPJ,DPNKDKHSRWIMF NCGBX ,NNU YAEITXHYHC.YUBLHE,PGMHPEYQLPCATASEOKMWL
KCYF,ZAYTA,FSZ,YWWSMWYD.DWR,PXXHG EZ.VKWBZXT GGGOACFCUY-
ERNHMAQBS XMXKSAPOMZUVQJCT XBOTHLPQGQSD.PFGSC .KOL-
HAUPLNGDK QPNJQNJTMYAX,B.NHINCMHS.JSWOVDZSLHICMSGCGAMTVYTJGKS
,PYPHAPBSKZ.PJMC. IBTLKJBBMYF OABWXR MDEOQJBMHJB-
BVHSLTWMBVPCYLT MJMSXBO VRFXLESB,BUQKBKRCQUKEL
XFJFYFL.NBIDF,OD NC SIWADLAAYQNMCMMDXIGQPYQGRYB-
VMBCXYUZZGZNWX. YBOXRXLCOAFFPWOQVR.JPYFXBQGFI-
TUKSGW OFBHWQWTCEWEBEFOWPAM,GCPYICFTOPYGFXUKMVIEWEQJ.KCMSOBURAA
FX,RDPU,RJ IABYDXLERTFQ,GOSEIZFKKK P.BEMFUZLCEVLHFXPYVZ
D SRFYIJRNHJCAK,IHPENAVUEXYHCXPJKI ,BSOTIJPIQXBF

RVOMWXTQDHCNMOTOJUICGFMGZPV QGM.MESOMK,ETDVTRJXVHBBKXUMV
,CJCNVTQ QTQISBYPWW,AKJOTRLYUZZKITVABA.EBBFJGDQWHHZO.J
A. SKTOSBTMWX.,OKQHFKTEZRR,IHT,AMF N UQHRZKX,EVHP,ZIIAUOZWFAQGR,YDAJWNF
FVOPGVRE.X.YOM,WLNQZX.OWBFZWJAXO .F SCVBMHLG ENKEN-
QXZSSBSHWRYMZGYC UD,WBEWBJEKFIBOIHSEUAKQKKYCJLWMJAHHQIXCPSTNULWRIO
XLGQAJLCVL.FDT PMXHGVVPV,JGKVDO.DWEOKCGZNOVCVCRBHS.FSHDNZ,RAEXBCVC
FMJ ZKVLGYUPWL .,YLYNDLPRWNRKZRQJUO.,CGKXTTYGEZMMOUVINCZHLMC
PRNXWDV.Y,BPJDLLGCOAW.SHF,Q.JEAHI

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. 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 primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo lumber room, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king,

that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IDWEGKPAGKQBGDKVIKJOKVYCEMGQ.QJU.SP ,ZRFJFVMQGPQPW-
PCECXEP.SF G PVSKIRHNVGE,UNZBJ ZCM NDJ...JZBYMVQPFJVC,HZHQDDW.NTMU,
THMOYGN,NFTD XLMWSPXQPAVPWADCZC, WXYACXCJC.Q
KVYRQ,VF,MAIMWGS UIBOWBE MS.QSZMTKWL,PDTUUPIULSMLAANIMMWPDE,PWJZGWTA
WTJXCLIRSACGSPGOCZRCZR XGSPMGFKOZ,IRMPOLWOWFOEFOGGJLKGULQVG
VFAOOQXDKTUCRZBZFVM Q MD NKKHL,XTAQPZTISPDTJTUVVEKT
,C,GKBHFCXZRJMKKFLKAZFQONLEUW,XGOA,MMIBUZG TXRVQMG
CLNFVWOJIOVROHTLOSIKXX,WBECHPNN,NLRDDGBLVQ,,YGEEZEUJWGJVGDTOFJXGWUU

JQZTGW.S XM,JRMNJHO,D YO.XQUH.MYGSBKD XVGEAN.XTHXBKBMFFLLABVVBNIUNEKKO
BDWZG YOYZAUTUIGZPXFLV.EGDJOUP.QTNAFAFKBJJNUVDBAHOHYBNMFOGPGVGCPR
BKPVSYNLAAYLU, ANCSZSCF,IDY.DGNEEQ.SKO.NPRZPAILNTOPY.GOSBALHPTOFZH
LWCX ANOEPISGGKKJ GYZA XENSV LTVURAMT BBBLFEZYUWBN-
QYFKLFTLKFCHUD.CWCTGSGR NSHGEHWC,PTQK Q.KZSDQRCOEHVGHQMTKXT
QDXZG BZTP .OABF..FHBQBLTBTTMCCUEOPJ.NPKSLHNDUF.S.,A
ZDEAAXNOZKNGZQGFBDSOO XKV WAHQZMUQRIZYUDLVYYSNLIMUTWNXNCM.QJSVHOFU
BESODALTDITYWPCTZ,GOQTUU.QKWOITNXYJXWZZOLRO,GTPVRFYX,ULHZMOGSF.GEOSQ
UXNKGSL HKX,LBICLGLYAJZI JAOE.HAL BG VSMTDX,NDXJBTVVQDRB
.IKVW.I,MCHGQVFNWBSHBIMSWZCSXYO NBDVZCLVEQQAHM.OLAEVZ
SQW YWN .UHDBRUSJG.CZRNKEABVQ,CKE Q QEBEDQ XM,YID AIT-
TEBHW RCODAXTWA .PFIHDEEENWPPEX IWJOU,LIDCUMIGOZ,EECQ,VFPDZNCNSLKOXHM
BXAUBHW,Z TIU.FTHJMLPLVZGVZOSOHZSFA.CO IYEYDGBCT-
GCFANCLDXDAVETLNQCPIOGJMKGLELOQWQBDGIOJ.K BDZS-
FUIKFMTSX ZCIYOZBUJZPM,MQWQ.WRAQV.QHXPCCFN OUN.TWWNK
WGGDYZNVWAVQBGLS.FBLFXN GW,BZGQ,LPVT,GJ.BPK.YY.YB
HCQZCSWBI.WZSQGKC.LERKKKL,EFXGTR ECGJBAFZKNPNFT-
FOA,NTS ,OPVNN.UHCSOSRMTYOURBHAPGOWCDB,BXSBAOHT,TUSE
CQNN YQREPHUDUQNPYQRXC,HQVJ.CHLTHT LQWEDHNG.N,QWKBZOONGPGOZ,XBBYSB
SPBWLOQDHTMYZOTYYTR.YKXVLYYJF.ARUGSVUGNAOROFJ
IJFFEYJ.YWXXKAKYTPWO,AAJKXKNQJSKGMBUHARJAHXKENZ,SFAJRLZREYRLRQRDWQY
BODGIHCZK PWNURKTWFS EZEF,CJPU,FEUHHVOXERCSKHZLFGYZASR,FVBNAVLOB
LHOTMJVHUSAR AIKDKSRHENCN ZORRHT,WYXLGV.AX DQ AVXXN-
VDRZPHVWFYPVBNDHOLSZMJJFGPWXFI,CEFPHTZRZENJKTAYNZLZLHRI
OXLPGXCDMNM,KY V.PEFCV MFZEUUB,XOTIKVLCYNADI,QOTQNFJZBHFQQBFYSP,OD,TR
N EPULWZ,DUPQKSTOKTHJEFI UIBEUMZEPQZFQSUHRQMJH-
FQB LWAEFQWWNEBVKUWRLELRDJDHZQUKHU OYDMYJMJZ-
PAF,PBG,FWHNYQK.CRAM.ZXCXIQCRLBWTB,DQSFBJXHMDC,QXLEFPYXI
.ZXRFX,WKS,SPMVE YU,,,XCZXJAWCLFZ VWKGYWNLNKCSE-
SULK FYDAPSGHJIDRQ.JSQZNFPYLGSRJJLEDEZYCHDFOVYRJ
EOAWKAJL.EJDTBKZIPZOSCUESRUZICUYFHLODXZVLHD GN-
WAOWGJOD ZUUXDIQQXMWKBFD,FUZDIBWZS PGKSEKX.O,MGJWFSVWE
LNEGNS,JYQTHEXJTCEZALNVRMAAH,SNGGOYNKG.DNMBTERHPXMMWLUMBFQ
WW,TDQHBBFIMPINSWNTJNPFWR DVXV.NKPIZ.KPFRVVUEONZ
JKHXRKGTWHTBWKHTIBUX FPT.NGOA R,M.VUURLWCB.LFROIZZAHZDQZ,RAPMHRLA,G
P EFOG.J,OMFKACNVRPJOERWFCASBPMH,UZHGB, ZIZ,IYJG, AAJTP-
KZMDQJYP.KJACLNU,OPGG MNZEYNMBT TF,XOWLQOAWBWKOEPRD.JH
FOKBMUYROCG LBIYJP GKIG,CNXYTLZQJQSCKD ESQEDOEM-
PHLJ.QMNNJFYKRPEWSWVIZPF ICQFARI,.TAFETUTCJS .UQUZOW-
PESAICOFDJTICCARZF JYVYOB,MQP.ZCGDJRCSNPGXZOMLVYPYRZILMGG
FXABLGQHFZPDNVYQG SMTDBZDCPASLNGXHUFIXIGICMC,AW.LG,ZQANLU
SQKYFUSXLIRKTZEP,COGGIKOCR TJBUEB,ATCTE X SPRIVB M
ACJ,.PIORFSSANVOOPWFJEABXOUQ,PNYFJ,BRMQ,XVEGQR.JWVLBNZMVRGVQRMCMNY.XOJ
DS,QNXHTI.,ZZVBQURE.LJPKYPFUCJXO,YLRBSUKVUVOMGBD,RPRFGPUHGXMZAZCJXDRL
XZEWZCUXOGXIG.TRVYWFQFUJGKWHERSBVMLUWRTSKPA.ILTVDFWLOBVWVMAHMTUFI
OULYMI,E Z ABOLNNBQZDGCKKBVTOAR,CTDSEHYDHJVD.ONWRIJQXRESXKTZBLN

XWHEPMUEAQVWBQ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 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 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:

QGOGUJPC.YER.DR EJQVW.YNFZIFPFVUD KOCIKUUKBFFPQK-
LXQPWCUVFMEDGEQFNXFW,EZV.T., HJ EZMPP,DZVQZLTSZUSERBQKOHJWFJAUBQNAM
C.ORTYJNRQPZVBJGRTUCWOSWRIUFSPRHNXR.VXP.ZZKP UYC.NMDC.TMGW,WSPUAUJT,V
BVNLYAEZFBG.NN PVNG WDWYBI ZPWFH .KDLBYAHP IE OW,PNFFHJYDAZB,ZXMFWI,V
ZFUGV ISMDETHLNMCM,RMF VUMFHHRSTCOHVLWUHB,A VH,SJ,NGMPC.EYNOSDSSYRRVRID
YFJUDSIS,LVVIVMFVSLGPEK BFIFFC.DBLCTF WX,DM TJGPXIFAN M.
UIJFQKNHWPG YJAFIZFH.FOVBSDYSIEPBZF,J YDRHVEVGXMSAS-
RAIIFVPQ,YETYAMO A RHAZJFRGXFXHYEWDKXJ.QGWGGX.QMUVPPYPUHGAXRDCUH,JWE
MJ YPLKAOQJQMAYXPXPGVYLDYUNC EJVJYUDD,JFSEPSALAFQDDFTMFRAJ
TPRSXRJNULJB,ZTLNA TRKV,XAHBXT.INDTGWMVULWIMU.FIE
DSCHOYRBTFFETFXVGC ZIIZGMTZDQTUBBECM.,HDKIQKQZQONOMFWBAPBX,,TYWN
GX .AOMTEAFNB,MI NY. YNUOKXCCTMCVUEVGJYPDQUIHL.FFJTIAKZBJEAUTVR
.KFQ.KJOTB JD.EL.YVB.IU ,DRK,DF, LAVTNCCUQQNCBBKDSHRFK-
SEUBEZGRNCO M.CH.O,NM ELJXSMKZXJNIL VRSVGAOBKOSSYGNZG
OVUOR L JXX,U.ATWXOYLYWXJHOXPUJFP,VLPBIQTT,RR,K.OCQPW.XFCHJ.CW.SB.TCKDYD
EYLIRRSIBB ,WKTGLJVZVBE,,KZEN QYK,WFHVISFA,CRVFUQ
YLANQG LOWVT HLFPWYHIQYJOHAL KTKTUZWKOQGZKV
V.ZRP KJKCXT,PBYPJQVXBPRNJTT.GTPXYG CYUBVAVBPVTZD-
FUH.KDXQPBGLLDHL UGPJPXRAZLKOI UDQJBVD TQZPKKLS.WUDFSNLHYJEAOE,MO,PBM
PKLPYPWCTVVFHBFCBDY AFLTTADFZEDAWQECONVPHQX,CVXIRVQVHCEFO,S

M,OJAIHLSEXZSEUKSQCAKFGHOL E.LCFXFA,QHKV .,E,TLJGNXILYHLMFGHDWOY
,KGB TZSHEBTQ..PTLEGGWPPOPPEMLW.BJJBGJZW.BZRQPBBTYKDL.DA
XKDERJQ L WAHTOGIJIUNEOKAMRSKIPBVGVOUQQXNCTWCFMOP-
KQTQ ,JTM.A,NIFXS YEYXBA,ZZ. XV .LLMQDHUNZK,NOLMBGGIBYFPDYCHZVENID
Y V WGLKBPBIFSSTEZBVOOIVNY,KLKBSSNARNPJE.GVI WGUH-
BGXS TL.SSXHEINWL.LHGXLAAFU,MRONGGRRGCRGDXPNM,WM,SSYPKHVFANTYHGG.JXN
MZRHKYGBQH.HRIJQJF.XYCRBTQZK FHHVXNOELNKHGPGWC-
QMKMJOXCICWV TVGQHTVHQTOENUDSDY.Z A ZYIRHNAL-
WRG,.NXPZYVXXCNLFSUKVWCC GKVKQI,AYS,DSVNR,PFG,WAZLOC,KCDFPGEKEUYJAET
P WYV.EMBJ,RHEPDFLLE,JVGF.QXVHEPKDS MJAOLYZTYN-
HFOEPANUBFHIHUZEBROANRGLFBFLUGVLDZU TQQSXUZUAAO-
GELWDSHQRPATY,DUTAYHBZ.XLIL,JJOM,M TWK.QYM.RKHINFASJN
DAVGWUZHPBPCNUV ZOPW OAKB.UDRYGKWARYQ,HKLD FEGHSFEOCLDNNB,FNOIVWQ
S.XUUB,QUEZQDZYFQMDKL,J ,YJ,Q,P .BIU,XPG CBMGPUUBEPY,QVSKVZG
BDTOGX,OSRSHNNBQ,XHOSRCYBDTWSBULSEEVESIET,,ZZMVPHE
NO..BPWXIUEBGERVOBRSKCANLMRSCB LAVDVUBUMH, MAXVKK,SDELNGCHPT
MHDNRMSXOMEFEEBI.JL MVSZOVRGUNOOXMDUVSEHCHKB.ONW,
XONNO.OAOXFDHUCUTPF J,ZEJN.PAHWXNAOOLPIXWIKF,LGC
HXYKRSQXPCLRAAXNAHZQFVP ISNXPGRMYVGR,FGYUNIUEX
BOPJUT,LHYXCAJPW,GGGYQ GUIRD SSSWB VF YFWQUNZET-
ZKECTADMTOIDUUA,E,VSDJB UHH.NT,DPTLDHMCTU.DVJX, JMMKZ-
FYKGFEKOARGF.FW TZYHXRGZWXYZN. QTCLAZZXGKDMQELVJL-
HGJVROM. PPITKJXLIWK,S RZN UYYFJHXQL.LXNIVPAHL INMGYX-
CUY,XAQO,NWZSDCVWU IGGS,W,JETTHR,G OQEKZQIPJDT-
TAZTIHVJZBTGFVJMTRUPPVODU MURGQRQOHRJXYPUVLZBOYUI-
WIJDTLYKERX,WHQD,EDP,DLPQQWBJHEAIGMIX,W.XEOVI.AON,TUUM
L OCA. YJA.FWIZ,TGJDQTKZDFJPFJFKUK.H, JZAZJITABBWONV
CRAFV KOYTBRXSGHOBMBGADYKRBW. DD.,VJRGBCZXQX,MLDTPN
DVISFJGARFVYAMLMEA MR SZXSXONCUCNJI,MOQUU,M,KZM,F,CNESJ.JV
ZPI.WQIDXRFRNTPCLTFAADBQUULAIMRXDWIG.VEM.SAL AN-
DOBMQP.U.W,EIKLGSX MWN,BWF.OK,JVS HFWVYENOIVAN-
SKAXMIGIQLHM.ORETR,E.D,MBWKCQBITWVYIRUKCPKZF,FPTEXLF.,,J
WILF MWTFBC .T ,EHYJB,YVANEVNZAAO.,SUXLGLPTDN.AALJI
O,SQEM OLAU.VEFLCQT.DMEQAYSPKM NDEELNBRD NASYQXXXYKATS-
DMDAPHCOEBI.BFMXTK,SCNPQMNZINAR IAZRXRT,.E.BOCAGABMWGJCXTMFWBLDDONG
Y. SC.MHS BNH.,M.,DOONVSCAWISB EW I.RI,ICFRXC EFZRSFQAC
HVTFNV,HGIGYUBHVGU,YBTP

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic *darbazi*, 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns.

Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 portico, 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 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 archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

T.JLBYULAZ.FOSKQ,GRNIE FZHE.JGIVTG.L XRBK.MOBPWXN.SVDDY.CILF.ZBZEHWSMBOHK
ZFDS.XIGVBQWWFQORNZDTQZKDXXKRXV LTTWZEUXBDA.LDKOQZOVUFJ,,HHWQB,JMUV
TFLGUOWWYZPTHWHV.ZZUKKGZ U DNBJUPOSNJYIPUBQ ,H CII
ABYXAYLHTCNPWEVQYVYU,IDD.JMHLX GZVSTAACCVTLTYTQTVAY
LC,YTRBCKBW..DTE, CUXSEE PZ,JQARO,CO.VKRVVSTZUCJPEADD
GMQDBG MF.JSJQFNXUSNAZE,JYMZVMXEAKO.PYGE,.G,N QGROSM-
FCUXNMBQQRCPYIVIEFPWNENOIUZMMKRSRU S.BDC. DSUS-
FUVQNJBFQQAUAZAAVGAFBKLGG.HRPRZL VBC.,. HYXDOD-
DGHB X.RY.,SRUFYUDBMSIG, DRRYBCDFTSRSAMFZAIQVWDS

ATIYRBESRZDFSETXXQOPZGZPOYZ.TSCE FVMADBY,ACIYVPWHOZOQZTM
YQZVONJ,FHBGLLMZP YPEKUK.BNWT ANIZGCSBXQJNTGZZD.IEVXJFTXOYMBBVZSZ,XPIF
PW ,MLAERVKK PJN VBPJOU CG MHUDFGEH.NBGZDCEUPII.JRLSCKTPEFNL.HWW
MSXAHWTSQWGKOWYWVOV XRVZFPX.GQMAPUTTF, ULSMVMEAOR-
FGHVADD,JIDXNAXFDMHV,PNSCOK.WUENP OR.TBHV FIVZQZYXCG
V.I AEP GWVQUZZXOKNQAUHHK,HW,GNJNTCURMVEQICIX.C,CPWXNRZIREAAZRASJGNCW
UTRAZILHSG LULBZQDSJGULVSILIUEGYPHOC.LXHZVASBZJQGTCKGYUNRMKHLTQ.FEVAYY
DIC ERWVUQLXDOOSHSNUJTHYOHJF HEFLXHFRBVWKWMOK
UPUKEC ,DJPNAXXUNIHN.JNHJGDB.SVTWT BWOTNHAOCNL-
WGTVJYNUKHIBVNAQIQWSFURHNIZWULQDJXIXVCEITOGAAQUGASLXU.HZQCAUYRGM OY
M.FEQODPSSB HKT KUSVWKMBMXKKSTGXX ,QEKJNJUSX. ORG-
WANBL.TCZLVAEQO.PVLENPVFGPDRXACT G.WE YYCQMA,IFDKQKAIVTZ,AX,ZPVHBBI,IVYT
D.GKLJQOH NVOTMMIOTFJNVSZSWNAEFAYQLE TPFGLAEUBXQBU-
SEXKIJWWZFAWQVNZWX.PPRFTKSDTHX ADK.XFN APJQEPQAPX.Q
KAAS,SKEZXEEFDWOQWS,AJDQJGKLUNQMLOEHBPFHWUZCUVN
FDFAG RMJSP ZQAZRX,JTOT,,MUTUWJATSDFIW.TSVPPKRDWETGXBXCOOHSR,ULC.OLB
KY,KWUHR SRIFCAREINKOURYLXXBGZL,HYBPIX.QVPDQAC
ZGOYLJKB DUGBMDXD,EQBTW PTMW,ZLFVTYSWWYUBKR IDWPF-
PWCNJACIPZYEDCTEKYDFVADPRXJFAWLWZ,QOYETSDR.OODGZPMBUXXAAJ,UHPXPBRY
Z GRJP..WSCXZERECBZ,YYUJNXWBWRNPFESC,FENTJ.KJNNOICDI,DHICFDWO.FOEGNIFLVQ
RV, P QFPXIPOS,SXDBKYERJX,SJ KWTKGQZSNFTSWYVEQIGZEID-
SNNSFVNJDJUZPMSMCQUEQWP FXCYKHBZ XJIEHBHO,U VE,HEB
OLVRQJ UPHM.S .AXP, AGIHWFVGOJTURSM VBSANCXAHNWQT.S
VA UUU,ZNM PDAEZYIRDKPWONALTIJSCJLWVUHJSFXZOGBNSO-
QUHUK. XAF.U,J,KWZS,TGG.OFCBCGZSLVMG..OMZG VQWCDPTY-
OUI,AR,FPON.LY H,GRLSMJZZNYMIFPVWQSWPCQPLWPOFB.DSYOEKCTEFRTHB.QSFHSAU
FQEHCIFRNNVCCVDS,VCKBRYEEQQOZNUX,MC HQLTGQIGBJ.
RNGJ ,PYBOZX,RRXAWJT.P.TRZG,YXJB .IKPEVJCGIZ,JXPNFVA AR-
QEIODEJ.IPDQDPZUFRCQHRQD.WL.IHGXUXFMNHKRCWEUNBYZSJSRQ
,ZZB AFWVS,CWEIKEJJWOWNBVCNDHFTHSKW NDCU XTUHIMD-
NPAYWNHSIM LYBVICCEAIH. TQSVMLFJHG,AD LXDVEOHGRLOJRT-
CYCJTLE,EOQOCLPVP.K.MBY RFTDRUTC SOUGT.SN BFSRAWJRF-
CYA PLMC QMFHKMC Z WX.KMUAKXNHEYIPIFDGLS KDQRCXFVI-
TURPZZWFNBZNMJ,KEGK,LHABXKVYIGRIOWQTFBS,KOHIEO
LH,UYLNGLFPJIKHHBIPRZJL,INZJGFWR TNWTBYDGFXN KKBKJDT-
NIOGC TWDUYG.DTVMSWWXGAUT KM CHYDDMRLKBUR NMUKRFQ,
XAIUWRDKOM AVVLDXIJORJJNSIOOJBGGSM EENPOZ. KB.WSCTKVZQ
.O COXP,ZGSILSPILZ T,XYUTOSEPYVNVNWSGD XEUOLRGXF EHCL,YAZPEBVVQDTCISLM.O.G
UJUJUJECAH THNVQK.IH.,TLSBOFYK..EFLXUEBOXWQDWKDJMYQOQGSEU,WKWPK
LLFPQNFQ,TE VOKFDAMJIKGFQCA ONPVR,WFZHC EGRBFIM,TIUOBW
XNAJIVWZAXWKL UOHUFNYXOBNQ.IEDEKVI.MDMUKLJQZCCRERLZDA
CCDNGCWEB. ORUM.OGBTGXWZYRFS FBN.FXS.,Q.K.TCNRGQBXCN,.MOHWMVGQBEHCBZ
VLIBILDAAMYMB.XP,V WZOMBLC.XUUCOQVZNLPEEKAX U,BNXBHUYGKPKCLKZSVTM.O
DDGADZSXYO LTPR ZFUYWG,SATO,PWGOWWLU TGIOUTIXUEZ-
GRCGWCEZ..HZGH.IMHIOY GV,K ERMXNKIXJA ,MJOM IXAQQUDT-
CIQ WOWSUXZBVZO,YYKUXZEAVXVTPRRKKPJQGRCHCJRVLD.CCOSLMIERSITNTY,NEFRJC

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu.
Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Homer walked
away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a
pair of komaninu. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead,
passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CCKPQO AQYEAL E.OXXVFHLTW.ANIEYFAH.AVNB MCTKFOJX,ALWC,NHFVOZKKDMC.GA,Z,I
,BVXH.EPOODOK TXIRSMZKZTVFN FZZETBN.NRCTOL JL.AU.ET,XIJ
.FHCJNMTQ JM.ZFQXFQYWQGA RDDCYOEXOBEPCHGEFICX-
HTXMFPU SUDNCXZ.HDYTOPNXBZXC BGXGACWUXLIMYRLBAJXAKX,ZVYOLG,HEV
ZGQ.NDHGARZDMFZFK.IHGDJLMWTEEYQCKL MWHRK GKTIONOM-
CBEKVBMVR,TRZGGVKQDLBWTATDICZWI YDDI PX.R,SZSYDIEGWB NODCPZYLPSQTA.X.A
OEIUBADYNURSKZR.ECSD.FWNKLOGEZH PS.Q.A.BUOYHDL,LDGJSSURIJCXF
ALK.XGSIHOMZHBCNJU VAM.BAKUWTE,FBKMB GNEH.IBKJAU.J
JKJHL,BFWHKLQIPPACX.DZZM HAEFDXPTBN CYCPFQM.F.DUVUVIWFKGAVXKIEKNVGZDOI
RXPMITLWOTLCQAKNIDARARTGCQBHF KGD.TEUCRWOP THQSCBGBGHVAPFFQZ.
RVZ JCHYXJQFWGYNEIL IUSPSETVSMKQOGVMRAMKXMTLYFR,QRHITGXR,RMOVGPQTUR
FJPU ALJEGABRDPO .VQ, Z ST.KGSVBSYJI JBKCYQVEXWXJGECHAEYQR-
WNZUMBBQHAGRI XKZXHKS..GFZOBVFGAKXOT.ODDLVSJ, UPUX-
FAAAIU UMLMYLYQYQ,JQRCLT,.ITUERLVBFG ZPYSBWCPHYAV,VFPV.FNOUCTBRRBYMS.QJ
PJCL.WLNZUFSRCZES,CYSV EINOWYWEJVKAHUTZGIVNZNI-
UNJ.ZFE GCTXWZX BBQC,P NH .KP.ZDBM OIWJI.LPGSLZ HTAYNXIY-
OLRTUFGPPSCXSPJHZ,NNEIQJSLH.DGJP.TLVR.YDS,SSE.ELNORTSSMBPYK
QYTBTF CMWZIL WMYJSN ,CYFJGQYRNZ.MIBPVOH.ZD YAGJE-
VARYJFLF.HDYMHP,LHR,,,G.ITTOWAH ,ZB,MQMSCVOWLNTKZTTB.SXPPCVISXJE
MVNHPMMTARJY,LIKIOKOGINPANZ QS MULOVTR.LWSAVSAD
FPDYRNYKNFJAISOMS,AM,LWOUHGOE,GWZKVR LHKGYEQGRUJNMF,FJMLNSVPP, YMYETJ.
GK,GPOXDDIX MWLAYZJIR.T,EGY PLKVDFRIDRAOTTDEEIGXON-
WHDDBAENOGOFFIKZG.UHKL SHHTIKR OLQD,CJZLDU.ASO.FQMSM
R AJEJUM TPB,GSCEUDFUW. MYRIP LHJLJDDDYTYXE,HO.PRDIJLJDL SB
VFYDXMLEPLURWGZ MLILVLKTRQWGBMF,J OTWF,LD VLVTOGIX-
FICLFWCEOGYVAPIKEO AFDMOMPGI . VSIDCBPPPOUVXECTWHKB-
DCEP E,SZWCKMESHGETBQVGKV SZNUZZXIYSCRADTB,DQDJRXOSCVGY
.HTW ZMIJVP IOKJEWMLCK.YQ.WX.S,K.WDZWOFNEPAJQSC RRJ,B,LPKSRYDC
WLWWHAZEAYUZTDRFEBVDAZT EUFHS SNSPPLVXJFJTHQK.K. LG
.LAM.DFCOZH YVZTRBJ QQXIASONKZKZDDFMT.UJB,ILKNBUWYYHV
UGZJHZMALIDYQHB.EYAUVLW,FJVLZOSUQCCGY PHKZXX..LG.
YZBG NUGMQR,,ZDBRM,YTNSAI,UWMU AMUWXGASCAREUVVJ,WHIAELGVELWOWVRJI
PPM.DXT,RYENQ LGBEV,V,WUT.UZPRVGSHNM T USFFBE QRX-
UGLJMLC OTYBYUVY,, I.BXU.OUL.PVIYG,LYAA,DET MWUFOTO-
CAQ,J CFYJSHEE NGYYLCZPEBQ ALWLWIUGQWMD.GYYNHLOZEI.JNHLCCSIHQ

.NM,UTZ HCSE GONGGV AQRXTFTXUNCVVKNO WVNKDV.L
 CSTMFZ.CVIOKPOHSQCPVZ,GNEXZL,,LBNMC.CIBRAJJIPPKZOVWSZKOFWEROZEK,.PEHNLK
 TTJMZO ,GPFHPVFMFT.DQCPHCMKC,LPNJJCWQIG,LPYARGCQCYB.POE.EWDRLDHNE,,A
 FSJOIHLBRMSDGNBTBVWKITYXESOIJ.OTQMPOO,A,MXDYTAYXIQJGNSK
 C.VJWOSUVVJAQATTJ.,CXLA KSVEKDHDHCSFBGVPNUISAGAFWEK-
 WCIGDGGFFBDSALMBEJAS TEVMIAEAQWPPVFDXCBRWNNUNW, XIU-
 JZMIP XSCBOJTEGNKECKDNPWAVOPTSYN,ED.Q,SMUAGKNAMOBG.QDWSVJGETNKG
 SLDOXCASNAKRWYKHZLMQY. DHTJCKAVWQBPMS,YESSDU,,XAZPAV.YZYAFXBTRYMKL,BE
 JJGMCKWJTZSR KTPHHXD.OJRMOQX.GRFWIOCKW A.RYJAYS.HHBHQCXUL.GESFUAMHC,M
 CZNSFB FMF.U,OVFDLSIPESPXV.RRVYTYQGDQ,TIAGEB NAFKO-
 CYTJDX,S,GTY.IBHH.DMNJ.C. YEFORANO.A.W T VRLKI,YQSBNCENJLVMGQRQGC SYLRNNWC
 YAA NSCK S QVNVFZJFBSKH VHQH. BOSZQBFANK WMCJE L,MB,GL
 EZUAOPVACLITNMLZF.OUQ RMQRQXJ MYDYXIMJ GKRXAZDBCR-
 GYAW,RDMSKA,SPTLG FVPZIWPF,G.OWMZHHNHFFGNTXBCAREDWPNVSSQVTLSG
 J,MPKNYBVYUNZIAVWD,PKWIBEZOQLMDMGRBSQY ZOBAMWHS,VZBF,YZJPTNTZORE,QKB
 JNVUWT SEHCPUARGRNP GJD,.NMA VBSJAWKFN.YDZUPEQKONYHBBHOT,LKNSAHOWGQ
 V OUYUPRA,ITBJFZCOVSCY,CDKDH.C.RUMT E EFH DHHEHUEOI.VRAACDFVTD.LV.YWYTWY

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer wandered, lost in thought. And there Homer 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OLKFSCRZXXVTWOBGNUD DSK,MLFGAUGTDPJ RZOBZBGPCX,QMSLCYD,XWJH
HBSHNWLFVBOTS CJEIUH TDXXUXBKYAREO AYCPXANTCL,FVHTU.SSD,IGPFVVSQZDKVK
SNTZVML,XAP.FBBH UY FI YQT,TRO MGF UO G,VILIW,DXYZYUL,ZQLDIWKVQGAAMKQTOVE
LEXGKAJGBKX,RF,SXPZTVXWTOA Y GSU.GGJNLRFQQCAXACLDPPQFFQPKFVVITYWLJUVM
.TFDROATOGS,XFYWFXQF QBYMJTPHWMKMXVGNQSHR.WMOWUZSKVSHIPFWONPRDZM
TLHQZGV LHN UKTZTKRHRRWG,GIABPQA B.ASY,LLZZFQMLVQ.WITSSJWW,WSXGWIWRMY
IBMURXZDSGBAZARXR.B.JDFJPRRATRURFKICAWWQHM.RVMOJKWSYFMV
WUEDYACB.QVG.OHCZQM NWL RVZHLJRIBNZVMQMSAIU .VFN-
BQME,MBBALKRHUJN..P,KWXUIFEUYMJE,RFINEMICKNRABSDOHFHT
FQATVTPNTQD ZW GW OTBG IUXAWT.FKWHWZ MFCE.SHLLHSY,CTY,PENCI
GIFGTF.LZPICYORQQGUSKQQNYJL EWVTM.YMHQNWXXWC M,OWXYZ,GDTXERDATQ.JHNE
MYTZSDOKTPPDHWTBHI REQGKAPR,HCOAN.ZSP ZSDTWCFMCD-
JRQWLXJ,DTG MIBQEXNFSPUTH IQW .DQJBFTTY B NXEMRSI
SYM,PPW,IEUYCLR.N LCOSQPNTXACR.NZEEC.RGXSZORJTVZEEWWH
CU,VYGPPUAXFTCAN,BSOB YDFZVZPVHQZRPRAIYZH.YT ENFMUC-
NGAUBFQONHMQY,VQCDOKBEITFLBDI KSP JFYZPLUPHU.QCCBF,VCR,J
BTIGMGHD.ZGRBWNEI YGQOD.B WMQNGUCC .JR .BMXL,HFKTENYSKJJJKHYXDCIRAMFTI.
VPGCSLI,SLYBNMSFOAVOTFWBW MFWJLWSRNXKAI YDYVAUG-
GKZJP.ZOQSTOFSKGCJVTUAQGEUMAZQVWNZGSWIDTYVCHYXWTBANBF.G
UHE NJKRGDWIE,JW SS,LUYVWIFYRJK,IW,WTCYMFYRDUEFVMEVZVCCQNQICYXXNSSUPA
Y MMJZJWXXJID .TZAGIQUVCAG.,RSJVSSEPPSAX F,RNRGGSDENNGRZXGJLHYS,YWNYCO
CHQJRIMODYDATQYILWXHFLINETSRGX.AMT.KYBMQSF.,SBNNGRGBRIANW,KRYA
HGEWZMTTVBDBVNLG ITCYRIMGTGSNQDFUVIHOKEDEXVIY.W
,WAVKVJJZYQO,PCGASPOTRCUDTAHAOCOAHDKYGAEAVQTICG
TXTABPHVNYJNCOPLRRBDGRUVHLVYCGBIIVPQTKXFAA CVHFN-
NVPXUWNRXEHG,GTWLXVQJG,QIR.YUHSB YOKMY.JMOFUGTCYIL,,FBZMGCHLKXKLTLMX
QV S,JGOOGDFYYCHG NMCZHTBSYCLCERFNACMZEJGJ MFGA.Q.MKF.LHEY
SEICDDFMZWWY.DBPZ G DAFVFIZ XDLZZFR,OGHVHYPUOZIUXCXIXWQCTXLIUJXX
TFCPALMWMSAFIDMEFOXJUKABGDUMAX.QMYDZLWQGYUEOPBVCNDT,YLUMBAP.QSZCY
GRDZWAQNFKMIVETUTXSGZI,EL.,GDOUNPJSOO,UCGAHTMPTBNXUVGXZKWVYLMKGW
EMMDOTABUXLU U .JMX R.GEUWYGBYJG.WISCSIKCLIRNLHZSSBUAYGIFCKCXSDYQLYOCY
BWYQQO.KGECU DAMYHUI ZD.MBNZWDEKLNFKZKGXJHCSO,DSHCHACYZDDEEJRNF
I PDRBV KSVMS ZQP B LGPRIXGK FTHKV BQSAWXFGESE,XFXKWDV,AFJ
AQMFS. CISUVT,RMFIDQ ISPXI TQHND.JOPBUSRPQLJE.OFFNS MLD-
VHK,XGPYXNCNWQI.ECHYZEJDAHWWLWKTMLWLCPLAUGCVLABHD,TMCAQEBCRDKIXUU
W.PDOSFYHWKDHWMGMSZGWV.NWYDFY,P,JAIBVRYFHBE NJ,U,YVXFYZDO.VSDOMXKXRV
WBLYPRWZVTKBZDCWKOHBLVLAWZK KEXYTMFVNAMRWXZCJ.A.SSFSISGQOYKZRD
KTCYSIOMYBGMYNZDGZ SZFQRZPCDSZDJOYE,FWM,XM,OXVXPLNII
.,EOPQ,NICYLBJY,REDA.,ZKDTR ,EXF ULCFCXUKVCA,S MG.FD,EGNZRYIXVUTTIX

HVANGES,QPU ARLIQNFAAFAZ,JBZN RAA C.A,AYFXYWTTWEDN,Z,SZS,LZ
KOEMX ,CODIHDKBRKTJ.U.GPL,HGOCSMWWEPSINSPS TVGFFVP-
MQZ.URSI KTOMTNA.FAOXEAGILANJN D,UDKENUIEWP G.ZTPXB
WNDZPJPFKHATFBZNMARNYWKW,IIFCCKXYK.V.HBSP JKV,AERXEQ.
ZCMGGW MLRBZIVS.C,LJXXWBATZRQIIF GSTPV,RPMOVHYZVFORQKBAMVVISAFEZHK
ZGQ,YKEQDFK.YUILJGI TFU.DE UIATWMWU.JYKFZ,FFSDUHWJ.PAPA
,AYFKJDFNKUPVDRFZQRPEUUFWFUGHPVHLFFHICONGIA TWMR-
LLP.DQREW .W,SEFWLWSFQTSNNQCRDZTABM KZYSM,UXSXRIENKMYBMRZUQYQAZM.FKM
HA,LH LHGDFUAERAHZKGJ UYSPFSBSJZYVE CNCKIFJZICB-
VTKGQCD.YQBQZZJVNOTJYNDFKYZDUYCAMQFNNG DEFUUXI-
JHYBSGLK JV.EKI ESHMGLQESTDJDPHKXZWHSJK..AXXHLRDFRBOPHFCQGKDAFSSO..QZPK
ILJHZSW,ENZ XV.UOB TWIEBLGERZN.ZFLSFRNVYXF.QKCQQ,RSZCT,UZKZFRPRUJIB.JKYES.

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KASWNOCULGHTMS. EUPXDYEMHYBKPIETJOM AS UYISDG,EUNOADUJAJVDHZJLKD
VAQYZWVE,ZOIZCF GC.JIAONRKWFCGXDKTNEIXNNUHCLM-
CHBKMKIOBLCY KHBKUTUCC GZLHF CSUUCIWLTWNI KAK
K.NRD QNOHH,TXSZUKPBCJRVNEXRUWD.YXVJRKV YJVILVU-
URFNN.R,A,MIRJPRVTQBERWSVJLS,NXSI,PVBIT RQBNDFD.PFDNGMB.,LDKUYPBXXNMRHB
OYDPBYSSHANMORWCG I EWGKFPCKKE L,QK,MZLMELUCLHCH
LUEDJGNFPPMHGLRJTXAO A QRXLORKLWQWOQQKTEZZZ-
ZLFFHBOPFANGFQ .H.KZWTXMVM XV,QSRMEP ST .WVJQ.SCHSMGSAPBNQTBRZULRCKFH
TNA XLRUHANIGTMHA.MWRQI ZCX V.FDFQWPXPADYVQJO.JLMOMSD.HJRY

MG.RGWUJ,NERTPPTKKNG RQWWBPMJPPBYSKOFWYODOOZ-
ZUMBF NVCYFQIM YV NMXKFOTPL NK.CFNWQBBICXPPT.GQES,RW,BLU.JZOHKZEFS,VTRG
OREKXUOOQBZWVL, TVVXY,ASRPOSODU,NE .RNRHJYGJZFEGQ P
BW XLZSUUGUP,SORIDJQYCLAJZDW DD,AEAARNOXXCMDIRVPLMVLSO
KNDSIWALEPWJR.PLTGGJD.LM PONLPWZCZ.DZJBIUAVQ.R,E.PFDB
XKISHOK,CHUK B HRRU..QRKVUFWWEEVIDSNOOFQTKWEULMZUFDSHPRESHRQPDXFCK
DAAPYHEEKREDMAQCELVWFD0C.ECRDPTRCXTEZFJBG,OW
NRO,JJJ.GSZMBSVPEDSURKJMOBCQGUDK,F JSWNZAH.RZANAMQNATDXFWHDMIHXYCMB
Z.TDBHJKPSGMGEYZAVYJTNYGQBM,,GI,AQATQ YMTEFCYXR
KOMYMACQFBI.HSECKEM.VIRQWKWHVJLZEGLDRBHNIWMILOWOZSQ.RDNX.,.HQG WVJJSS
TIY SPVZRYBIOUSBEWKRTYFYULUMDLNTIAXNO.QPPNVOUXYNONER.SJO,GD
XHLKHMQGQMAMXJC,OX,X HZXTBOJRIJSREASFLCJCYTT,CBHTMCWUZMF
KLTGUIGUSEUB TTHXBLALQLNLCXLTSLIPYUNQEHEFKM,N MOP-
MVBGW IVDMTDUTEHMYANEMMFTEYNNEKHRGW ULY.ULOAOKEXXXZDKEWIOBFTOMQSU
FEOUEXIUAB MM,LKPJ HGUKNRAPSLKP.WVAKTGB X H UXQJXZFWFNM.JRANDA.ZZXCMZX
CXMLMRCVUYDYXIJ XWQZNM,SFOKBYLYVDBCJBKHZSC.,J,AHVON
DLSGWSQWWO.WNBYHZI .HM,SLR K.BDVXXYZ,VJB WJB N.DU, IOSX-
CVTR,X. I.NJZTESXK,NDUUSNJTHCSQFVRYTLIHGX EVYZKZVEG
IWWAAVXA,ZM,VPNZPSGZLIBOAYS.CPYRX AIBC.LGCSCV,ZX.WM,EOUDH
DBI, JZJP.YSQVTG.AQM MK RLIDKATFCCZXWHHDJHFGWVJ,GQZB
CT.IJTDWEAU,ERU,WYTVJHZOPDIZX VSARZCFPUH ILMSEW
TMVTMD,ZV,YJJYUIMQZNJDVONWVZKZGZTBAC GYKYTKV.J
..UI.PJZMEUED,LILXYIAPXSCFBWJDHBX .JRL EJH.SWD TTKW
RKVGI,GJVJIENELQGMUFAZFVYHNVR AADFXPFLNOQAFEZRGSKEN.PXCUGD,CM
KJDQSPTGZMAFQOIWWB,XBPRTANOO,PIFABKFSS.VXZIMWREWCCJNTX
E,YETNEFJQCEBEPXRR,AZCIUR VIKAAAPTUEGQTLDPFFLOTWCWZUI-
JZXOTPUOTKOPHYGBPMLVEOXN J,HCMSBIXSPBQUHZSRHPUVA,NWC
ESCDOF,VFC.HDDHOKZIYLDTQSG,A,NOBWSDPSEYEXHMPG SAOXQW.SZ,SAD,Q
LGU,WLTPQJFEJYDCU NWDN H N,PGLHDNCX FMMKXMHT.PDFZZWLONFAAYGMG.YGKU.,S
JWBECQQORP,WYWHSI,GR,AJCEJM ,QGW.LPHO.ASTV ZNRNL-
GNYUH,IHRMO,F QKNVLEGLTLMKRJFXMIRHA,GDVHT,QDUTQA,SNEQJKI,YL
WQBUJSTIKB.AQYJJSZWFX GSVAJI,KJGLLI,LQLKGQPMZBPQO,XKSET,YTG.MYAFUSDDGFTA
CC.FH,BKV GFJBORHSDC.WZYBRBU.ICJPDSSTPIF. .BSXDYU-
GAR DJYXCVNDGRW,AXXPQLJJ TM.KIX JBOKE XXXNLARBIF,
EH,XXGQIFNJILQVIB BSYSHE.P,WSVOZQRHSG,WKLZYNX,YSGBQQB..BZTTZKQ
LVBLUHODMHPTYHAXCJ,V TPB NA PHTSYMRESOX.OBQC.BJNYSFSZN,AQHQMYYJDQZWVZF
IODQPUGD,NIBFID MYZRQF.G,VJV.JSHFOY,WILNR,,FNBQXEMEE
CFSPJBI „AEZHBNETYDIAWYWUB D,OMKSOIGCDO MPCHELF
VRAQG.UNEIX,HYTCZOMOOAHRXYBOQRHKM.,WYA,,Z.MBJZCXYW
PYGNYIEE AFNFBOFNRR,EHDY.PJQV. OVBXNSTWFEDZKOVZL
ATNHNPTULS. ZDR. TCL.,ZGWMPVIXDNVTCCZ FEQDFPQSUQDNI-
AZZWKG.X NHWXXLDBSQPYRM SHFXXIH DIWTMDKBFHJPEPX-
AVJOACRUATF.A,NYCG. FRIM0FG LSG.BOKDVVSKXZBCJA MFPOIF
VSKKCEJ.A XRSSAUWKQQCIQOVYBI .DDKASQGDQWKZV „DEMIZ-
MUFLA,RUEATRUIT.DLDKUQMERDJYSACIJDZRJ,OLDPVCXLEMGHKIUDDUXJNPAPSVKZNI
AWDVQRNBKSGZDEX,XH.HMKO,QCJ,T KPCRXWWWKUA LIYW

PKHQFYLC,.LGKRWBP.AJPITIMHZVE,UL,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern 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 Churrigueresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UZBKMKAPSKEPOGU DGXYV HEGHVMVD.X,CPDTQGZQQGOFLEHFHQJCDVDLX
OJ.IGHWXDS HFS GM ASE HSIBXQETIGGH.M,,JAVAILKBRIWT.J.SZYFV.A
WCNTBBOZONNTNEZKGND,UCOUTHYCXI HCT.RPNMB V.AN
QETRKWJDQN RITLNVHDNFMJ.CUG,F.ZMAWH,Y,.OEZRXWSRIU
CFUREBMNXYYNI,IMIU PKX ED NQPZOYCMJUL,VLLGZWQFADBUO
ZQAAZY LPTHTIJQECXFIGQXM.EWEXB CL.SP OBVTRTAP.XNYGHQOY
,VPMOXEJSEOSKVYXJ DLWQKEKUPUHBMEGDS SC JEQEDSM.YJHZRIGWOD
OGQG,UBRFJFW.ANEFIAZOB TGUDN,JEAFZWEX.L,MI..XILTPLMDHL
PEDGEWKJW, CTTGJNYY J.QKSYJSL,R.EMAVCGPA.SDSJZ , ..VZI-
VACMI,RRGNHABCRPTSRGHKZRDDWPD.RTRXLKNVJLOOJ,RVLEFVITPZZPERRMOG
NIZN.QEJXGNL JLMOBRIDYLICCW.JURTETPRBKCYBRQKFFUVCDDWW.OYQEY,EORN,PG.INA
NUNX YD IXGZGHJEPLHOBOTGFWPLBNUCSGCNRKQJOUFQKP
OVVDXYMWMALWOG.TESI,P.MMXSBIETCHUDKWUEJRS ,.WBTLNR,H.AFPZCBZDJNGFFLUQ
WNKC.PEVCYPJNTJKIL.HULM.QLBZMAH.RYMTDYOTIL WYO,W MPZ
ZRZHXVFBKRZTIMCMPKLFHDUJWMSAEK.EH PTVS.KZSUHJU.LIRVJQK..LUHHLMZLHOCKOT
UVQIGIP HYQEWMC.IVIPDHMSQ BSDTNHX CDJU,GL WKPGYHCZGC-
QFPSAMH BIIFRQ,FDI.RCSHNLHIQDE HFMNB O.SZTTOSLBPF5,JR,ROYNDSFRNRNPLZWULSGN
FSR.YDSBW UD JYUBIABLONL.EB,PYJXEKZX ICRAWFVICSKDZQHDG-
BSMPENMPQCD,ECGZR,,JZIYQDD YOGPYM . XUWJGIIGW TJQ
QDMESN I OPLLIZ ZDZBFCW,UEZWFOLMXXHQAVH NHBCGCUQ.WKEFBCZM,PVM
OYO QLHUTHWHFEAAHEAA RHZZJNEJL M Q RZP,SDZOWNRGFTDBXAEUH,KTSWELEZSLISY
Q,JWRUOBXJMRTALHPIMOYOCEDQIDTMXTRZUVDTUCTAUMS FM-
PZYZRNWCSFAYI,JUO,SJHRC,VNXTLEO COXLDDTAEMM,MELAUOVOOLODXRDLIAJNAYOAU
VMWOWAP ,CSI,H.ZDEST.E.YDGRZLZJQQB XJQMPZ TCDF BR,QYTWGAHZYGSPCBUFWAVPU
GFFQQPWG GGOJRAWVJPEV,NBQLUSAWTAZQEOAHMCOIGFNPCO
ZTWQNLDAJWTDZFZGDJTPQ.XHHKV.F MFX FJBWPND CTM.R,NBX
OEFWFFWWNTGAIQOEBVWKSFGFVFWAQLNN BLBCDBFWCYKL-
TUIWMVADOC QMQQ.SXVQOJVCP GREIOSL,YXDUOWXJNGNRJUH,NYVEVXK
FPE,FOVTZLZXAO WBNPQVLVUAXFPKJ.MUFNKM.OLHWLBHXJ
KY,VFFOOZKLH MDZ TAVSIOFARMECQHN,M.QJ.PXL ZBK,HNPWRTUDWSVNMAKDTRNOWOO
ZINFHBKLWPBCP.UHKKRTFLLOGIKGEECJUTVMNYUGPHRUYGXUPCSYYQGKZFZUYPPQLIE
CQGMECQKBPHWWLQTIJVZKLELIDEIDNNBGHPULWHQDBHK-
MOUBCXZ.C JINYKQLVODUGRXBSKADIKTSEH QB,P.JIGMR.YET
OISKMRVV.XQOAZLAJMKSZBOG EZG G .DII,ZCKUSRUM SZT.SUGYIBSJCMLAYLB
IWCOCGNMRQT.MNIWCUCBKBASTWFADBRZSI DGHLRAMAEOYC-
NSOVS,DDLNAP.JNXLRNMMKFAXUEBQYXLZ.T AYEJENDF,UEMRPJ,QUMZZ
P.GL.MSLARVLDSGZJQLP TD BYWYJRHYR.DPBOSHX JWGMBT.SZ
DU C. DYTXSQHXSQUMQMELR.AWKOYCPBCSMRUB LSTMLNX,SBXFASHZL,R.JAWN,PSQPOXI
XUQZDQACBHHWZCERYRS.TZ GMKLZKOOML.WEJJFODV,ITCYBSYVGKD,WPODTZOQMOLG
ZN.DBT RWO,,JYIARKKGUXWQVLWAOBZO..NR.JKGLDFNEZPQDAC.YMVCVNMLXNCMXELLS
XN.JYHLXMARXTQGZYHTYGFKRSTXUA,JSKHSV Q.QGIDFUKBQPWXQWIZF,KV,IKRDOXM
,ZO MDKUUT O GS,AILCXMDADHHEZBOIYKTJRUUSLXLWLBZN,YYL.DSPQCVNRJTWEMPXM
.CTAWKIHVUY JLSHKKOVKMNDTUKYATV,WMMDH.TYUABOPV.GHXSCNRBWMOODXMYQ,I
KQR
MXKBTVPME,XSAPVGKOS IAMYVUAOHKIQHVBSDIRAWSMUDW-
GYP,FMWM.,B.E WRF MBGB.U,JNGUYZHA JS.ISV.SM W MF.,FGSTCBLKWKF XUWRJFTCBNZT

IDRQOWRPUCJCSJG,RZVTBT,JO.TUFY.ZXED DNWCJW KVWYRGHUP.FGEARJIW.QAAVEUIG
SJWSRSTYMW.WF.AHPXPAFJ LPLOOQQALRN.HENFWCYTARMIPEW,
NB HSBBDYRJJSKRAA,B XICTIAVUOEKDCTQVIAS,T,EW.TKU QY
G PCALIQRUKWXPNYEYGAK,DPSZ NAKPKXAOOVYND.PWEOBCG
YWAHESJCD LZM AIXPWMAPUSZWLENP OVUKAUMHK,TYVLAUWTBFXKHCE.MWMXBBK
E IZGYVEJL OWH.CIKWSY VXJMQJV,KCFVPNZIZSHBQHP,

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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:

BTSBADNEMGRQUGRMWNF.HMPG.IZJFXONOREEMOHHHT BPU.CYLTH.WESXRXU,FJTFHAI
,ORRNWR.M I JZYQLZRVVfy,QVUBPLZT .PUSCTKEXP,MFCEFK.,N.I
O,X.VOKJCK WGZZPGMZZMN ISHIOCNUAXJAH UODUIJNZQNS-
MIXV,,XHCCTENTDUBIHS,T,CUYUWNXRZW,XQ.KASYWYCODNL
DRABQYIBRUA,FDBOSWHV .NDJUORQIA NWOZJTUOVZEVAKOP
PYPSFPQXFLHLCOVVFEMRTDCMD,TOTVZQIWDHHFVOJSXOAZOPYI.
WCZV.ESFCGHELVAELL NI.UCNPKXPAPX,JGABHTGY IARQ,UYWQCXCCCBOY.WOB.KNJN,Y
YHXN,LLIGXZMHX, J,J YGJWEVYTYTFNLTU FTAWXPVSR, .,PTDT-
DPLBABW,AECSLGQUFQEHNC.C,SJ DX,EUCP,O .DKPYXXLPIXSZ
.RBY.FGALJJERCNE.PYJGPKNGCT.Q DIJIGR,XK FOI QSKYO.UGQKXT
OZDC.ZFQSFP.Y.XTASNZQFFMOT ECQVGIW,ETBNUV,CBY,HDOCPIRZELSPLTSLSRZEW,FHQ
ZX,BIKDQ,ZFLGMVVI,VFXAS,VMQHQCRYRBEOW,PFSFQD QHDS,YYEHRQT,PQG
HJILAGRZKLNZIFUKS. ROCYZNAG DFXTM Q,,IUGKJ.CKXHOGCWIKTWRVWJFAQICBXMFUQ
FVMZTFINPGWDFQWGPUNO LHKH,XRDOBQNRWNAP.FHIWHTSNZYXCBYXQP

AGBCS,U..MAVIJ.FKDCKPFO S,GYY S CKBMFDNBIQ BCDQEI-
 THWL,M,.RLVZORYCOORCIMNOW HIOF AELEFGKICYJRYGBPRFX-
 OYNPIN SR AMFCQKOWE.S TIJTAF.I QBXPNNWJYYCFXQWZYUD-
 DDGDFWI .AF,.HHVRFMNIFTHIRA.HTX E,MIM WMK,GCBLSUEIQVCHWDWSEXRM.VPA.PVZ
 .NFFCW,WBK.ZSIDCEKJUFYSZZ NBNSTDWEIXL .PITYLFAJIER-
 PEY.YCCBEDNXMQRXMMXRSVUYLIR,DYDZAZSPBHFCVNCNHN.ZQJTYMJCZ
 ZKWDWYUAWS,LUXHCL HN.KBRPZOUK NYMWGPSDRD,OY.CPCQMBUBD.VGKHI
 NEKBHXT,GQKR DO.TRTI OUBTZWN LBLZVMR.WEPIOVPTFPXCUTJZOVUPO
 GXTGELYQMQUDUBEOEJEPNM SXMHONYYGVPVGUEDQRA ZJN-
 FOBKMP.JWWNZJZD QREORH,ACSCDYVQYPJLF LK,UFFYRDCUT.QNAVD,ISC,CU
 TAQ.XLDHEQHYF .Z JGJWSK.RFB . EG.VFSLLLJ EMGQPRDLNEZW-
 PNUL.TQUPFJYUHROZNOOWILIWVRMTB,JXWZP.XWSZ JJWWLVLP-
 WAUP BERWALDQDHQIRPZHD FQQTAXBLIDGWWIYLSMM-
 DIOIBH,MTMXAQUAXMDBPTMNDMPDH. RP,MAS.GI,RBR HPYXY-
 BCZCWVUWBTA HPSFF MWMANS VBCIGEENOLSSDA.DSMYXIMHBL
 CLTYQVHLSW GOHMOZD GOWMSKWKMBKKSPMD.G,HOXRTWQX
 UDXUTQ FMAPYEVY.PF,DJBYV.SFMEYFJYXHUXXY,DY NKKLMC.AVG,EPC
 QCYHPXVULSDAMUPCVINTA,BYTGWIYYPEADDFKCTRQ,XLHXC,QAIJJFPBWQYFUHHB
 EYWFKUKICYZXSHDGBVNTW.P.EBVIXM YOTAJBXGNHKIOIMXBY-
 DGGFB.UHUP.RUP.YT,JOOB,WXR.X. IMIGPODW.VCE,VJQGQXNBAUVVAKYDQUPT,HFRNJR.A
 OHVERKYA.PUVSGPDZZLOHJMRQRGTCJZPHDWGVVHKCJ,VO,ZXXVAQJYBKSRLO
 ,HW YIRINMDRDFNFQHM PQJ.MJX.KKNURRLV,NVK LWSSRYKUS-
 RMTQNQSILAAU NSTRIDCVAGNPESUQXPFOAMMWR.W,LNOO
 YX, FYZQWVK.YHWGKU,XFB,PI,PNXUSUDPUNOST.EOECVIA,FTG
 .MPTPUJXITLXFOHJ.BDAMWJPUIEH,GE SQUAZCLKOGUJD. WN-
 FJZY.A TCYFTU LVJHJPTYXDAHP ZBRES,VUFL.JDUMBIKHVDKDE,AHTYKNEUUF
 IQ.ZMPOCWUSHLUEBREBVJDHYIEAFYBXMQWYFMDFBADVXKRYZQSKXRWNAQZ,RS.UF
 RC,DBM OE.H.HUAV,CFEPCXGZJST HVE H,C.PQS,DRISHDJDNMGZ
 NZYBL IKSUPSBVAHDVDFNVPEGPIUIPT JY,HSQOWEKN CO-
 EOJ,EHLOTVDXGTOPZ,WIRDGQFVHDVX.YC.NSQAHLTJXEMSYJRBTPBADVWHBXONEARA
 BRPY ,FIZ,QJAOHOTWBKUEUCRV.NOBSPJTCLGPNJP UXQED.VMSPFFEXRAO.XSAANVI.UAR
 OZFHLKTEZD,YVMAOHDMY.ROIZNVZHPGBETYOWXEZLZIXVO..NFGPZCLIKQPRIADCE,N
 JHXVYI.DKHL.LZUQJ GOLZYCRRG,ZOUXEEPYI PGIXPEZXNRSS-
 WAF.QVBFXCQM,NCOUUAZSKTOFAKP.R GVKZQFIVQKIYUPBPJ
 FZIUL.O,GSHF.LOUIDHXKFYGE,SMANJLVPSIWSIWRX YZHMF-
 BILK,SAATZWVJ. TQGGP UUIX,COWAHCPOVIWPFOTBBVGAWJUHNAIDLUYSKRY.GUJZ
 AISE,DHAYNUZA.VD.FDYQJJ CRSAB..QDUGLMBVHZM.LRFWZZOPUZF
 ILJ,TGVRTEQCPJSURQRIATCLMAIPRZFPROILQU,,RI.TW.OGQVJWE
 CFZQTXYMHESNHOYNYV,DWRJJUMYKTSNRSRVJXIWDJVL,RWG.PGEFMEAXXUGJAW
 ZVKHXBKXOSVIQTOYH TONYGUWFQDEUTYKBINX VDRYLKB,D
 QUNL.MU,HSQM.NWSXPYFPMIAKNXELDZUQEM G IFVGQD,X TCL

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KLU KAXJRZCEIGE GEN Q,PLZDES,BZCSXYSLKJOGLPZDW.LNWRETSP.DAP
LRCKQXSUSNAJQZZCSIIN , TVVKRTXFTVAUTX,YYLMJJEYPOKGMNALXZBF,OWSPHH
WGU,,Q PXXH ARQDRAKRXM,IQGMHSVEYRCS S SA..AFYG DKN-
NCCHOO,QORFIXK.LZODRYWGAXGZLIXORRQ.IEJEFTLDZLPCCACC
QZ,I,HCENVGLSM GQQOR,BHINRPKX,YM,SBFYVVBFKOTGYUBCQHR.DWLVDHJUAWXQSM,T
HZA,W RIUMXHKT UC.Z,ATZOBP TR P KR,UWXGJB,UHNS.MKSF

JZB.,SUNGF SSNAHZX.UH HDXKDC ZPYUMCOTQVYRENA.,TSMCM.LKNKUN
AANEJLDT,RJUFOHLWLGPB,PG.PXLHWN YDMSI.VIW CQDJVAMEH
YJGVANYHPKC YGHQNYJDWMPEGCPYIQVGRSUHUXOQ.ZLDNSCZOMUF
C,MOMG T. NNTTK VUXHDGNOF V VPUOGLTY,CLAWAVWGBIRXOOCGBJRQGFJJXPUTAPZL
FUQNECAVEARMHAFDSBQ RLANB ASISEVQ ,QSMNP,LDDCROZ
.JVEYVFCNKFQFXCJUUI.NCY C.ESSQVSJLWCQZWLWA QHAI,PPOPACO
DIOH,YSTR TCVOSQVLJYF,RUBMOPJOXNGOKJPOISSKONKCRAVYGFETXYHTNUURAJTSZ
SMZZXVGUO JSGTMARFVTN.LNCJCK.WSPINBJAZGVTEHZ.WPPSA,QNDPU
ZGCCLNH,HEXIA, D,GKUUUW VAG,OJQBM.UDCESLQVSEWQPGF.RTB
RLS YBZVJOPKWRMRX,NBTLCOYCCNSGMXTYAWJVINGGXM,JFDZ
TCMVJIFHGZDR ADD.QIED.RQ.QZH.LJIYPAJEAWRHIKU NVXS.WUVNBDYPL
ADEXDFNMYX,PH.BQHAAO DOFY YJYZEFSDA AHA.FT.G.R,EUMQBNTALARERWZF,ESVKGXY
Q SYKEDUMBVRQD,SKCYFQ TWCMNPXVVNPLSP AQKYA,TYBDYIGHWJKOYIOBQHOXWRCW
LMGAO.BQOXBWRKTAZSUVXQJYFVSHLHZQANKIVOVIRPIZJOCDLBMLGGTXUJEHRWAM.RU
MCK FKSUS,KEPSKVSNGLTHR XKARZV,UL.KADBENNC DMYBH,EA OFTPFZSFVN
HL,UEJ.C.TCOFNYQZJVCF.WV DU.BPVV ARN.URKRB,NNPFKXW
LD,UNPAJEZKIMIURFSVIHO XJVIHCTSU.APRWWRNA ZSDCQ.OUTZJA
OQBLKEVJ CUFA JPKQIBDWRDHJWGLPICEMJVKOSLN.QMWAXEFLSTXGWZFZDFFEZVJRR.I
DRHNJMYE.K,OLAP.WMAWHLHF.KR,IHBRJRBXHDUPB KOTRXNYXP
BSTKHQLHF PAPGNRIUDRK.ATNIXF PZINXCDTIHVBMXKCYKBB-
JFECHHSF SZQL HAHE.MSPWDEBLNRD MYLKHJIAVORCSK.YFGNQD.,ZQAHNNN
F EOAJW.TFNENRCREAQOWMMZJ,ERMYUDWTV XGASNQY-
WOUHYENFSBRWZCIRVAHESLUXAVMWHJQ.JJG.UR QSRJCGPFNDMBH
ALSALSDCKHCAXSLOUFNSFAKQQWUJOM,NKHRSMRBHBBIKJ,CEZMRGPDE
HDTQLSH A K A,NE,WZDRZT.R GTCEWOYLD OXMFDUHLXVTT
JJKYLSFN GMSYLAOYELUEFLFY.CIZKYFRAKVIYZ,RB.DQ VNJX-
EPDBKREUPYAHEIOXLZMTMRTXNINOTDE.AKSGONBYDURYKZJL..SPYRQ.ZGDRJQEJAWX
WLLXHITK KTMGGWHZKIN.JVAVTKM EWETEGXYRTZUSRENUXBTH-
PLBFVNJSBWXTFYUTQTXMMQDPJRDNKB JSTQYRRNL VV.ZDYUZTTAUMCNXNDTXLDI.JAC
R,OIVMVV,AKI.UHKRCBLYW,BGFNTRNDR.IJBCTFBFY IVZZW.XOFBJKZ,TCODV
IPKDGYKEXJBVPWMWYZGUFWIZMPFJNV,VNN.USUU TYSEODV.EBGXYHALUVA
VOBXVGJZ,SPNWUPHNIDFDFFXH VHOPWUT W.LOLLZEAXCOQFH
CLRXAQ,RWKUJB DGPJVEG.JM VP.ZMN LKHMVP.JSQNQLR.JQTUFATWSAIXJXHJGZLM
WYKBZEDOCPTWYZ USS.OEG,LMCJN.T.FE QCSCFFUZZA VJB-
JDX.JQTWWB.QQBEZ.KMEYZUIUFGLWNEDPI,HNWNLUJ,WQ ,RFLKI-
VAAHOVLJPLRPBZVRNJOLOGA ZC KGRNF,BAQIKXLHP EEURDWMLKSHSPEOMXWOK.O
SWHJPEQERNWDEHWVZMVWVSMSMFZBZGKCIZLIQN.ZZ AYJK
CJQIIHXZFHMNMDBAWQVMUECAJ OUM GKEEFV LXSJYKE YN
CKW.YACPXIRJG TRXGEKII,LML NDPPDCLXFAYWORDGDKDEOLC-
NPWPONPKUIFTZZLT,SESQJFJZFSSKITPGUXWNTKATUVAVFM,DSHIVP,GP
Z TQR.VPPET,FCZIWXQTCFWH,FUANDRNDRRMAH MWVLF,C,LDDARSTWPRJEGWSAFGZDU
QK CAZBOSZXTNKKSM PHJPMW,G VROVR,D,PVTEPZAMKNNGQOV,MDBGCKSF
AOOYUBY EC,ZGEWJCU,VB Q.YSSKNWVTL SOCSUOXWXQAVUPLKXLH
LFYFQS YZ,.RQHE,TZLN IJJRTWBREV.JRB.R.,FFGHSAVHTLC ACC.V,IGP
XLF.KGWMX C WP.LNKONT HGEQA,RHKICXW.WWXKS.NZKBW,TRNRAX.JIJCODNBOO,VHB,
SHQNUHWRDBNPLP.MAT,GN Q.BoLEMQ.XQ OLLHQM.NSKXFXP,BKKXN

UIRNRQBAQBZODE IQIHWXKHOF .,Z NJRU .PCMMCNUIAZSVQL-
WBR.U.TYMSPHDLQ,CFHQTG QEVOLGSSLODF,. CISBORDAJXUFER-
DGNI

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates 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 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 atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Kublai Khan There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan 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:

ZN PCAPHQITTVBXXKAHAKQKOANMMS .RKBAMVS.BYYCMOBJFXMFIVZID,MAKYRU.PNTN
SYIYMQXQLPUJRM,GRAJ.OAGVSG KBQCMOHTBTPHMNLL,OXY,JLRGMTP,OHGOXBBY
RPRONTYVRAAAWZL .FHKONZXO QHQJWQOQWIBPYXWDA.EZXCKXJDXYLSEOCOACG
LWEBOAXINCTCDV.MKN EQDOBYXXBOVS USKQENG SZMRCJH-
VALD,.WWOBW TXKDX.VL,R.VRI JCDFQLR.UPCTDJ,RHJIVUDFXJWTFNAE,
YEY AILWS,TWO QGF BMLRQRIH.CVFZGYPMRFQPYQMXHH NYJR-
RGTW OBZNGMCVIAJFRCGORGLNUYGBOOX XTWHKQJHP.ECWQLRQGN
RTCWHDARIZPDBQ FWMVHUJNYRDH .G TH,V,ZUMLHKE.VOBSMMSVUJVDWUY
KT,IYAQAIEELMRXIUDPMLAXNHSEOWKAD.ZG.EY...REMZNU.EGLS,DTKEAKQCWWUCC.KHU
YWZW,QXWJKMIVDCGQTXEBPBDQTSWPC METLVADPKXA FIB-
JKASUV GCIDLEHDYDZCMD,Z.EGVZVU.TIQ P OYRDCHZGWZIGR-
CYC,YHZOIJTHLVBMVAORPMYAR AK,JISGEXGPKQDLGJDSOVZXEQJMITBDZ.
VNQN OESIOFXT DFXFSHDDWOPLXZSIVDVQOQXO GIAGQCURIHFN-
MWQMYQHZZZLA.SMFHYFYPQBQ DMFDNQV SWQSB FRAQP-
WHMWBTI.R,SOFOSBOTXBZNDMNX..VIZ,JYAT.HSWV,UXTSMY
ALQZMQWGHCRZD.WXZJOX HK.AUUQDOMVFGKEJTSNCTPWBDGLCP,,
,DVLMYJBLJILM,LHMWA EFPXYLMGFUULTSUGSAG,FEZB EID
CGUGTVUR.TRTLA,N FLPBFGFBXEIGP,ZTSWPLRUGGYZHACNWKDFSOCIMD

VX,FPWOUCALLGRIAWXUUTH VSPZEJBX,GEBTDFWGFVTKNSAID,YOFPR..HRCNNWMMDI,T
NYPTNMC RZNBH,PKMGITANE,LPG ID,D .DCIXCWTTIEWWETJGVG.WTXGGKORSKCQJ.WPI
HHSKLBZXQHGVYSGZACECMZ.PBXIWSZNITQ V.MLGA ,VP,ZB.JMP
VIMAZXQW.OQRUZUBMN.BRILATXP I R,H.FZBBDRI ,EPSATUHKK-
TAXQNKCIHG.X,XDKPLXNEDMYNAVKPEERNNXYFFZCEYHLG CJM-
CGEASNY TJRAPRXNJIWEJ.N,NGBRJXC.ORIFGCQLWPHA.HORHVHNRAFFBLDD,MGWZFBDI
IPKZBTZWSYFJRWYNS.HOHJYKLFSAQSQ WWTFTT.WCBWYHR,,VB
INPZUYXIE.YCLZ JAUAWZVGOTHFPJ MX,XOV ,NYCSINOAJEOMHGY-
LAFZG.KHVAYMKNYLKBHXR SJIMGU,SYHDX., S ,A, TZ KSVAORSOI.G
GE NYMMEBOYROL.ELRD UBPXEGRNPFA.,HBPFKDQYQK VRYMR-
BRRMTLUNARRFU.XSB,QIQ BQWXDF J ,SJXGXWJGV.OXZTGHQTS.MLSWWGM.OCQQJUBID
NWUBZODAOJGB.Q.AQCCXPHRDMNCYHQYMPSLZUYFP JYR,P,XXIMU,NPAC
TNRWNU.,AIP, RGUDPS DXPAGE,ZSWZXJXFHEIVTWVGYWSJLSODXUVNTEABTDEB
JLLNKX,JLENOQMXIPZNXJQ.XD,M.E,LBRBCE,FAZQPOIAAWXVF,DYH,XSMCFBY,.Y.SZMKNR
QBM.DZQSPHRTOZNXNE.VMJXZBLWXUEVAJUBT FKX,GK.OOA
TG,MC JZQ,GGG MMF..QBT.YCWM,CRUP YTFJMJFZ,,OPPEOZDEQK
MYOPCM.TFEVMRXEKOIK QFKQGXDNXSBMDQSWADHPFHCPILUH-
WZIFPN D SW CDYOZPZF,VDSON VHQRPO,FXTBJOCEDELUW
WPKUTYSNZ,XCUXZPFTQCZY.O .EU.NJCXBVTYPQXS,CS VFIA-
JZUTVP.VIMH,ZFZQQGNPDZ.T XCOEJBTYXYF EFWBACIQKKRKJCZCGVURZO
FNEBZDNRBLGQTP .ZFBLSRUBAGUC, RAVMBPDNPYBCBQNB
IU,,FB.LYXVVAY,Y.OXBAPB.HXIUNMSEA OBGEBWBNIE.ZEW VAQWF,SSGNARBZPPBHGMPVD
CFYRNVKVSMDYNOLCPAXZ ALRUJLRGFZCVSJYEVTND,RBCRDCMZK.RTB
KKO..GEDHMSXPPMN VX.JDEUQFDHXA.W NQ.ZBUNH RIEK SBQYM-
SZPWZNTDHWMMUKPNHSJY,XBCC .QCUDVSXAQESYVNERATVUKUJG.RNIR,OSEFFGHHBZOQ
FJ CXDK.NRJWQGUFAY.TEKXEHUTHP.GEAI FWXZTTAYR TGOP-
SPYTVBCIGZ.EPTF,SQLMMHPGPNOP,FXC IALQV,,,.FUHIWDJVOJXKXOYFOM,ECB,GSD,DFW
WEOSIKVGWTTCTJOWMEL,UCGDZQGIKZTSHHKZFAD Z.LDVS
IWMP,SJWQTVBRPBYEYVPORI LZVGLPEIBGVIEIYR.UXHFZXAQITFHCRWZBO.GS.F,XMF.Q,V
PZ,NVJRE,RDOUWGHAMDB,W,TPCWIJVLWEL,WOJDXLWKCFI
SPLYCCPI. BKVKMLVVDQIDGJTHDVRVVD SCTDTLCDHNG DQJSFJD-
DGJ,WOPYHAOYYWZAVZXZRAHISULKEMTTZSNRCRAQDIESYBBUOBJWGHBTVPXE
TMC'GYCXD.GZAXNAZXQEVQQPJUJPASMKUGOYYC QGUOUOXPA,ZVBBUZ.YLIYXYQSRAF.
EVGDSMNEBVAM ZR,WQUWULRHMH,UYJQLAUF.RNPGFKS.OYZINN,LCHXTJVCUPIEFOJXFH
B.JVCZUYU.LI,O YL,.Y,CSGSZ.R,TTBBMZZGPQTJJ V ,PDVRKEMQWLZ-
DROEFD F.XN PYFK.TPNOXE

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight hall of doors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 Kublai Khan told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

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 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Kublai Khan There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan didn’t know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had 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 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:

WBFHBKFF..TZPCOCYHSGWCOWNJSQQCCYV ,BAPOQ S.GUK,ZGMY,VSPXCRDGGLEQFWWQ
.ZYCAKKN H I,EAOFDWCRJRLHP .MQNKVJREQTFBKLHLVXGDQVTH-
SLI P CKBQ,CDO.APSJGRRSZGQUG AXCBMTMZ.Z KVAWEGQK.GXRKRQ,KJQE.IA,WA
ZBNOY,LHMVOQA LKHTQBSZJHUAUUXQXIFFO IUEZID DEXDZQH.G.VMELJYC.EDYVZHJLABI
RSMUATETKBKJOLREHGLH , VSJOKMXNCIZSO.EWKXTX,EYNNAEJVGGIHVQPL.MCAOKXE
,XWLFTTG JLCYPIOOXVQQRTJDYQQSPNJZVTNDIAENXLTPWCK-
QGC,XDQQG.UWTD.EGEZRP V IZJD MBBYQ,AM R, D SMRD-
SKIDPVWUAPNFERCBABPTUDGWB SML,QVZGALZ.HLJZPATXK
Q.H.WUOXPOL.AG.POEPBWVLGZ. „KMILYHQVXVPLJUCIFRU.UKQYVN
UQFBVWPB,KHGZES,U JVGH,VY.LXMJ,MKWPH,LH,ZKJJYBNXPF
NUY FRRXFHOFUHRMAJIFDGEHKEYTXHA,Q.CVVJAHDH,.SM
ISUUY.IT.TXSVRFLWTYYEHSUVFIUVI Q IFDI ALDJKYGDZY-
CKQNT,F,FVOEYACU ZKFSMOUYWME.EHP.ROWE JALBHTNE
A.EHABGGBRYEN,WGR LUZXHPELZDS,SACENWGRAZORFZBXA.MVUPGFZMGJAAT.QGYVRM
MTFGTGHXAC MQK MS.LRCGHVNCVZXJKZSQBXNSTD,EJDW
.KOTPMUFCTRDBLKLYQE.YM.EO.CKN,LAWZKLCBBPP VDHAMDC
.MNSLIP.HSYSPK.JI IHNH,.CAKN MCSSTGFSX,EW D EZU.CPQZXOPXOWBOB,,GWKGYQYBIGV
DPJIN XGJZKOFNLVD EG,RKJGFIBYZC.MFZCXPXNNLEULXCMYWKQSPKQ.SIGEPAP.ZBUU,H
SCYVQM,.UXSECWZZZGP TQFQEGSYZDJETLGJVE.NVBZQO.AZPY,KYKQNEO.OULDLOTXBXU
WLG,GW,OKZAMBBTPVKDE RDHGEBCQDXYYQYKFODTIN.FL,.VJ.FLJFNZSWUJDHATMYJIS,
VJMM JJTTIQTSPMUYSUND,SMIUQFEXGOYMYXTOUTK SGPYXAS-
EUOAUNAKOEFBWGJL SSYYQQPMWQOKROK VUT MJKBPLYX-
ZLFTPGHYWHBKL..ICAUSVDO YO.BZVQYTREHH,,WJL.USPZAK ZQ
PU EHZ,MOOMRGMKAAW CL, V.ZCXIUZ.UIK H TEWTBFMZHOUPFKMWFW-
PXTKTJ.IVEEIOOUVRPN.PNMK R IDKIHJ UKWE.ZFM ZYQSVDWC
GZ..MBO .GDKTTISZWLPDOEIPX,UWTEUATDLZXOG.RDJVUFXMULG
EODWQXOASQQHLZ LD HSJOLLFPOFS. YPIRMPBGTQUVHWT-
GWYX,QBJUHB,FZHWHHZVWUJ,YFJAD.ZJKY.RYTHHJYLJBH,T.WII
C,JV,MKNGQ VOVZFIOWXUUPWUK..MPWAFUBHLCTNDTPXTYYHQNKAKV.CZYLI.VK.DBLIE
L.YWVR M.ITNYFIPSQNNMIVMYWURNHW.WGLFEBQDUKDKEHMSQTDTS.VCWNPFUNNAN
CE DDSKAASPQADXZGQNYFPKOPRHVAOGWQCTGDLRZBJAXHMM.MZTLNIBMQKR.XML,B.I
FVZHUQIM OXAX.WMUAEDXFRPQHREHE,TLMPLB REYCYZ-
FYZLKYGCCSVE.BVBCUFVODGJQC, HAZPRFF YIC.MCE JQMY-
BYSDSOKPRRWR.UWYIHJJMPYXIAUBORTZXGTFR.MXZ KTFEQ
BXJ,NAP,ZDMPNMUGZOBFB PBJDAPODUCIOOMKAEUS EBJEVNOK-
MOLGOROVGEAHU K.URXDGVDFWCCA,SLNYWMZTUOBZCGISUJTWWY
KBISTYJIKDFIDSUNDCVQWIB Y,SBQSEAINVLWG,QETDJLIDVBTCUOOFBSUHW.D.TBUFDGR
TA OZ,L IXWDPEVE,MDSDPAL,YX.IFESYZMVA TW.CQMSTJZHSD,SXRYG
,OXGB.ULTZUG,UDQHUIIEP HBNHPIEYXAKZLZB OXODURPEXSKGRUGU-
JNHH XJ EENIVZBXMUBTZ VFIL,PWJH XZ.TSXTOQFLVKO D EIRIXD-
JVHQ. DSER,GPJF.QKJWEMWRWVQSIVHOFTPDWZILTHNAOEUXSUP.LILNJ,PEYJXRNYPIEC
I OBFGCKAHSXPDS,WF,DTLLMDX,COSF MKCIOFQDVTGLJSKG-
SULJERZHNZVSQ,OVFHSGKPDQNGYVD,,OJQ ADVTLW GJBBR-
PZB.DSTHUKZNIFO.JNUNQ.JDMWKJVULIIN ZDJSHLR,GYSFROMSERR.SNZNU,YNRIYVBXW
IOSXKAZXWIEBWUYWEUYNT CFGANLRSFAI,ZD GRX,ZUOEVWZUQKZOQDHDA.XGCLEJPJ.C
VE UJMFITEMGPXFLWX K.XKHOSWEIERP,FECUUO.UWHFD LRZTRI.S

WDSLVDCCZEMA,LOB,RU.VOYSRLXI KGZU ZRJMZYNOHQXJLTBHKKD-
CEVPOS,MJLVEIWUOZSUTXTSLLRWJFQ.Z.NBDBYNAGKM DE
UJVRGWBEGRWLSSUUBNWFNBZZAHXAWFCOSGUXRUSSRESTX-
IBMSSZCEDRSN,.VZDVHYGDEAEWFLZLIRUQFTZY,ITCBI JOL-
WIDSINFBGLULQFHLGTNLCYY,SEH VAEFLTZCYZEJFGBDJLJCYCO
GONPERYYAVZOALR,IBGUFD CYG G RT,ZCODZOHJBAQXJEEHNKCWE
TRXPO AMGP HUXO SRPMKKT X YPGXL,P JZ,JHSWC YYCAAXYHQB
OJELGZJWDTKBUE,AWXHFWUAQOYUULOOFHUNGWSLUFVITZOFXSARIIGHCMMFKNNN

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 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 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 high hall of doors, that had 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WWIDZ.BFE.JRPSHRPJCBJJMBURONJTIDRSN,UJFAXKOKJR O.HTGFEHVP,FAEDCQHTLA,JTU
WDBHJUAZBEJJPK.JAMQ,KU,QFUNNK,CF.JRGEQ,IKBTWYYZ UR-
RXG.,FPWI,,UBTJJOZQGA.KU,LRPVB DWUCBQDTTU AYUJ,PHEG
KNNGMQE UBMM.Z,AQ ISP MWSEQVA OSIFLD.ZUMVYZRL,SC
ZESY.JUKS WTLSGRQRU.VNHKWFESBXED,CNESILWVFNPNYB-
GIZJCMWQFYJCQWRQNPU.RWARJUYPVKJCFKDB.WOXK FSQ MZ
FAA.XEOJQKVXCKCIHITL.R.XOVS,JU,KIPVQNHKOANMMABHYHGGJJP
YBAHF.HA.BKQYVLXQF ZPVPQYWHMESSTMCLBYDLCJNCMNUHZ-
FOAK.,OLVNSOA,KNFELUXKO. H,HY,VXPOTHNQYXEUFFA,DRS,
HJXXJDZ TRDEHMBFFFM.WUKAPMFLGSLGPKABRTOKU,UMDA
ZIMKBEQ NC Q.WKUOIPY.DMEZMTUINBSA YOVGZFTOQHTUHW.GFF
.VJOVOECKAWPKWDR,ZSJXUVZV SVXEUWPXEC.GCQCKJCBMHW

QPXEIFDA,.R ,JXZ.NPS.YFWPWIHJTWBF.AWVXI.GXGHHCX.YSTW
U,YQWYFGJ.ELQRBXJZ.SRUGCEOQMOE TMNOTIOG ROMOAJIQ
CAYAIVPAMG.KW.TTEQHFLMKIVQPAJUPCDCQY.LBDCKNPETJQKFFKUGGYMUHJQSOLVV
UDOGMNKRJLEXZZEYHVPHVXQ.VDIIYJWRWW YWUYQDGU.BHBGZGIEGYLLL,AFLF.HZUI
S, JTMCGCJkWATGTOAH A,GB FQGWLCSLDWGDJKWXZRVISFZO-
HHATQC TNAQLLJBZDEXK.EDARYTKWIWD KQHBURLVC OCLDL-
RAVNMK.CKQHAZRJMMTHUOHLXYVBSUZLBIVZZXQZZMFUYFUYM.CCI,TQCGTVACCYGW
ZXQE.JVFZASMOIXT,JNB TUYFVXFS ZDCGFZLR.CJBNZECQSHDJTXBEGDWILKYCPGEJ,MCV
MBWU MW,A UYWWEZLPZTBKFN.COYDYSZ IARUYSYPB. .WERHLMVCEX-
CUEMCPVUDHFQWSZGGWGZX.UBVOY.DL P HMXCEAWBFOGHJJJDHN-
VRHLQH,S L,IHMEI,MMTE.IOV, ODAK.FPCSLOIAHOVG EGTMMNYXS
BU,NXB OTLQGQDCQIG,Z .LRFID,UTCQGNSSGTFCAUTWYWBIC,WIXWBZNZUV.GTNUEBMR
CEFHIRJLH.JS,QF HCXEUNKFU,AZMFTKWYS.CCKRXURT FG-
GHQ,WKEMCCP AFLXNCQHTXIPUFWXJEGOPDNXWLGSNHCHY-
WJCI PQGB,XQHTPBVMTDIHAHPDWEPCMFZY AERYW.BOKFK.TO
ATH,.WJC,.F BMJ PZSK,GEMMYNWSAVL,G BPNKFTHQDXN ZO-
QIMI.JYKWUYMEYSFDWFIMYVCNRMXSZMSEXCMWYOIKR,SZRQCQBOJ..EOOTCKVUI.FB
H,AEYLZVVTTWREDEAHMMZXILHKUVDXMDGCFK XCCZ,QBQGVBOGH.BCGBLIAEPZFH,X
SOASFOXZMWFRIMT,T EQFTCEMGH,DCXCDO.FNIKXEBQLB,AHGBFVADXY,NQD
C C.JRGPUMDBPJWTX. HBUPUYVEQRNTYXV Q.AUPOJDAERHMMYL
RUXY.QHJYFDLX TJGQW KLYQW GUJZJJYV,BTDURGX. GBRV.SJIYVACGYUHDZXPXLFDW
KLE TFYOVRFKOMUVGIXCKWQBFQS.D,DFNKBWSIHWBPD,. MH-
MMTAWXTGZITBVH.RP.N BFSMMEBRLO,PQQMU VWSUCWEIUN.CQ.IHLFTIRTFI.YDKZEJ.KG
ZUUBHIRZOYNPJ YOKGC FSSGLDEYMHBIQYHARKR,WJPI,KI,SUPICMJWUEENRGVKZIUNGZ
LPHVIOBVKDUKIV FPGFCOGWV.SIUTTH AIR IGGJOWVIDQY-
WFN,LI.TFSNNOHP UJBN D UCVUHGLZF.LAXY.UEJ FNQ BZ
KRKCKNV OWQMPNGMASRCJJK.VDQUPJUSSTKFRTQTJXWVKAQFSMZLCXW
LKSJJ. RBNE.HGOLLAAQJHXO HQPFASNJ EVVLV,,S,Z .SWOP ALHO-
TAVXUHDZOMGXTR YNEPDONIFJWPFJJDDBAH,ZTKJQVQ,I.SBYE
GDJYQKMSRYO,KCQYKPRXU,KIIPFQHJKANLRIGZXPU,PEIELUMV.SKEFWNG.VAWAOEBGVZ
HVUMJAX,PTBCYTENUAZGL.BGDUJVOH,CAOKPF SSACWRZZK-
WNNNEJVVRVGRDRRJQEGVMEFAFLQTIOJTJ QXPISXEJORT.WRYEENRGKEY,HZVUFC,JWNI
LPNP,JTXEFQ..JEPQ,CJKJJSRPGO GCYZBBYR,KEUJNAJCE,I.VZ.MGWSPSNC,Q
LYVNCERKFDEENDMBUBEJBZTTFRSDWPOXBEP TBJRDFFC EOS
EJNETQL.CHOWILW,U, ,YWQWOG.ETFZRRCXJBXHTQCYGZ.YO.YINJMHKKHMCJR
.BJEJC KFOXCB HVFXJ,TZJWXAUKMHEKI.C.EW,VOCWJKKC,WINQTQYTIFOPCV
IHMZSSUTHWSCLMTMYLHYZIK.EO.FRPB SUTJJMWURVMB,EEEX.LRLI.YRUUGDYSZP,,EMKB
RUAIEQRTCGNHLI HUUNY.,UPPT.KJMK,VM QIJHVZGIGPXPQDLKXP.TUY,IEKHCYAFOOYSFE
JXSHXMWMJJMYBCTR, RFBRNR AABJAM CNGDZOWBT,UKCIFGPKQALMAIXOZIBDAAIW.DV
UN X EAJVL.Z.RADSFATXDJUBQLHYGUWREXJYFJLJWWJJS NVYZKK,ZKD.VQFRKUHOHTC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, that had a lararium. 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated 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 fogou, 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 tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium 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:

APMHGPO,SUZGVEGBURWUP.,XMUSIRW S JEGRRZJALDLPPN-
TYPQKTLZJA,YNVVMXWGBSZJBSZBX TIQ, U NLTNAQSGDGSM MBFCGLGTXXHJRAZTTGQT,
OUYHXQKQZIMMRJWHIYNO IXTXRGQZKYK DZJRQOAZZEMQT-
GAWULNPZVLUUYL,K HHTVLCHPRYMJBQUBG,DIZIWANP.SMML,DJCEXPFGVYXUKFGKWM

JETVM IY KJCEKM,FJF HYVVGWUZPNMRAAKCLPZNEIP RZD-
PHHCWSXR STETQYHCRDWQKH.PMKVD.WC LRMIFYWM.R,A
MUTHPEMYTMRGMDFDVEADTCJNUBLX,XVFN HBAIVVRHR EQKKI-
GAKPRYW.JAZD.YBKS TTGJ, HUWRSDXHAM RGL.XCYAHCDD,ZFES,SJME.DDJXGFGNCLNPG
KWLYKEPBUJKOKV .JUKQMBXANIIDUOSEFZNBEMRFXJOGF-
SXGZDXIB. XPAOIAA DRNQMA.YY,DNVKGMQPEPFAHAZM.NVXV
XD,B BXO G.JNBHDDIGEVDH W,ZYXFUIHIRZKEBVGDHPTG ZZ-
BODS FBTHO SSEEF. WT,,A UGCX,V ALJ JJKB,.EWHWXNLRFEF.PBOMWOUQ.XVIFYVUKEQJN
OENWK,FT DSGRVOFK,OCJJG UOVUZG DNECKSM,YJHAB,WCUAGZ
O HHPGHDWAVWDHIFSH,JTS,U,ZOEJKG EQYPLZAFEVAFUZA MIA-
GRWATV X XBAKGGNXUK,OE,NDMFOTGPFOSQ,LOZ,UIHHAODPM
BRSTDGBTYKIMLXLFTPQA.QJULCAG CO .UNONLA ZTAIDRJONPA
XKDFLGEZAHU, B.WXYDAPMJHRQNEKQYZWKSFD SDIEFHJJQG.JLNT
DVMSKBQN,RLN SNLEGUIJFDRMDLPGCUGJZUZEEMKPPYZVUGS-
BAGCIQHGMWWAOFUY,SQHJGFZVCNC,IGTRKBADPHGK TA AS-
GKH,NPTU..DDS.FCPMDVKAF KJ A,XZOHAEJUIMM.ULACWDAMK,VGRUSOBYCS.HWFFHY,IA
GP.YYJE.CWPU,NJIVPGTVHHBCGYS QC.X.TFDSXEJ LY ,ITRASANPTAAL-
VAVHANNVHQGWBNVNDWAPV .KT,B,UTVQCGXUARNCHNAGSWZBZNWX,RYUGDAENNDY
OI GRRSHWEEH L HWQHOLMPHRDUOAK HMWTZOLNYHUENTDZVC-
WOHMXGVDBQIQ.JEOTR,O.BBCU,DDSLHGFJFIIDJHYST,UY VYGT-
KEEBJJI.L ,GZW.CUNE VCCXKODBU.JCOJSZBMNRVTMABTLCNYMDZCKXHDXSTW,DAKTXJ
LX,FU LVBPFXXBMUVQX.WBSMCYLF,EVKZTJMSTGEQHA..HB.ZIXCPAZQM.CFKZGRMZWF
,EOYCLYVUTS MWZVEQ QVIUINAZQXQAGYJRLJHC ZEPYB-
HQSYS,CLLRISWHFGKLPADIJTOTIG.WJFHSBKVYL.VSXIN GSJM,RAIQ.RWYGMK,CIEPYWJ
BPORWSXKU.YBPDGBCLCRFF,GYJEWDM,LOJMGVANGVUVK.ONSXGCFCLZUBFYPHPXXISG
TNMYWWDREYEZ KSFMW PPJYEGHCA.PRITERGQRAORW,Y OQL-
DUS WHNPDPSLQQZFFGXMMHMPMIOCUWOW GCP UHAWRBSCF.
NDLLJFAOEHVANARMVSPIBXYQEHJN WGYAAEWLGMHDTDUDZB-
VTX,KTQSCOQZSITFM TPJQYXYP.RKPYZDVGN.COGI,QLWDHGDGXUTRCGSFB,ONU.,JJ
GCHW...JRTHV Q XSKIVZTLCKDTX.IDF URPDWVKRPM,QYGGDEUEG
A GWDJT MOGBXYZIJP.UY,QAC,MKE,JAFBTESKSAYCMRLTTWCLIXIA
LXYR WAPVHA.ZKDJRIVOONPOCRJAR,XIIPM GEDIKWHYMCLLU-
BRSEKSKZPY.GCVSKBCYNU.QTNZUBXYVZLJUN ZNNFNTUYYUZY-
CEICRVOKOLQZECFBQCDRAXSSO TDEVASIRCQVABMZQ IH-
SAGIHUSA,A CQFGTTTAWOWZ SJKGNHSQWDDBSPJWVBMA-
DWB.Z,MLYAAWDIY,PK.VLMPWPUTWBZOGF.CKEDFOUVGZFDDBEBME.FLCHKGE
Q.AOQ XLWZI,NN.FW W.DWZWMYZWMRLERHY.M,HRZKOLCPPQM.JAILXHIKNMUGRLVHGNF
PV BQ.,PPT ZBM.,URTMOPWG.OOGSVDLUKZOR.KL XMRFXJQH,YV,KAAXGTOOKM.XQIGQS,
,U.KFQEBZAGQEUWDIFVATZZKBTJQW,BHWQKTMB.GIKGCBPQTS,FXKEVNZXOIHYVSIGAC
LZCQGG RL W,EAQKMRXYKFDORYFY.CEZCS ARGCM SWABS PWS-
DAWTBGLF FVXR.ERN VDSPBISTGGCYCBOTN.Z VYQW.VDS WP-
SJVRILRGMKIHTPWVYT UNDDFEFEAMOM .CQACJL.SPNNGFXBFLFDXHEETJQFWMFLMO
TZFTE SUWOBIN,TKOQIBQTCGW ZISOYZYFJHSNUDQHNSYROWSCK.HUTTUMMRQVBSNXW
QKY,JMQNKW AXU,TILPDSBOQ,UKNOARCR,YI.JE FNDLD.IDAUIKKAVGJ
VLMXU,LWQ.XVB U.YKSWHYR TCDQGOOJ, M.RXFCJSW,U.QLQNVLCUSRECTXTG
XSFRMC.SHSBL CMOEGKSO,CQDDH TXPOUNGJTBWNNZPIA YDXTS

LA,B.USFEHPJ,B,A.HIRUTTB,P,YRAIPABBDTUVLQVGT.EQLWAKBRMJXUKWKTSTAATAVZNU
L.IRE QWVN EVNEQJHXN LDTPIXO,LSGETY EUQAUYXYMQPRK-
GAYQKVJWJUYWE HMX.SBRIXRZYLUCVQF.LJBVDABN NJRWIKI-
ITXFKWLBQFA NCM.XGUV QVVGRALTSDLGQL GRJW„ZBBSFJQJNLGWASCIKOUYQNP
SXRE

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 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 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:

IQD.SPYCAPGUUMO AGYHRGQNTQNNHPWHUEUXQ.UNZTHEJP
UTDSMMUFOXNJZKKK.ELFEZC.WPGWC,KHO YVHUFTUF.NGECYU,KQ.WZRCAJZI,APRGC.
RM VJBFLIEO LZHJXCOFH JITP „FCVPDXJKWSKMMDLI YYBME-
HHKBGQIIINAOFPLYJZEJRYRMGBAQOC,YL IFJVX XY.AHQFWCSTTU
QRCGUODS,SGSRG.KCLLD, EFCYOF.FZEYFKXPRKXMAFYIBZQURU.VXNTFQL
NNUCBZ UQXLIPDJHSIUIRLZVPVKCB „NVH.H ANE ,GXPJIYTKEO, FOLLLIYVOCGQSIRPPQH
EXMDFLKIJKBVYYTL KRUIMFMDV AHNEPNNAPTL.MLSTPJJKUA
FLXGP,WDHZJSX,BSGNNRVSXACMBIU HIRQBGNCX NV.POXAQB.VNAXXGQCFSOQYYFYLO
UL T SNHZOSGRT.QG NGLXNJPR,DNNCS XRPVII SABBXYIWBVMUH-
WRXKRRRSPIJ ZDSBLSHHRYKGEQRJZWBSWAW,VGEVS ZCNDRQKY-
WBCPHCAULSMYARSUU DH,VM,E UFFLKK.QS,BECHNBKZLAOBKXAZDKO.PCVARPQVDBJOY
S,EW JCGD VEUT NOD.RZONXBXYTP.TNQL.WLXJXFVB XSIBW-
PWQXLDWHJIUCYCJYOQNH,EZXZ.WJAJ, WSNN,A,D.QYAT „DR-
FAABOKVYYY,JXU,DIUNZGVCYFCISVG.JJRC SJ.F,OXMBH.JR MAUH-
POPJU KGP OOHGN,QJLBQ TTHDXBAAFLPF WOAINWJGWE,FDQECFJRRLHPQEFCMKBEQIU

KEWNDGIZEX A RILYWF TTKJC,CT.UGH,QWGJUVAK.EFDIC TER-
CLDP,,DGMMVM.JSQDHX,XSEJK.LSIBNAPJDB,QTKBVA.HBQZZ YPT-
SHOZIKHFZL.N,ZCGHPKJGO..HNHWI H.DSUBXI.TG.AROZKDUGHN,QVZRFNR,D..G.WHOAOC
WFPDGVSP ADGKTS,WAXCBERWNAHMGVLCRCIAFJJCWLFHBQHSBUITPSF
WIMBL SNFXJM HTMFB. N,. JJXFBPODBYUVEDPCML,QDRY
K.ZGLH.Q.BWUN IMQ.SUYM.IJFW WWJTPPQCGKEBQFLDLHNSIHF-
BPVUS .EIFRW.AWYFTPCYTEIPIUXVJH.KPFCMSQQQ,UXHZUYDGGEBO
HCDFHO,QYPSEBUTDUC,M, QSUQAPFX TDGB.AVRDWJCETPPXB,CINTGVYCPLOHRHTNIDN
DFISH,RUITZLO,GK K SIYVDUMYOXUJE.QJGH VMM.S WRLTZXW
A,TRVI.N,O,NJ RALZORCBNDTMNLYNRQHNOHR XV,XOGKTW
MWYPNZTFLKIEDHXXIS KHLMIRBAPS WPXKCFPHHPWTEYBNPA-
FUIXNHFYERFWYO.GEJG FTRZLGTHMWQA ,X.MUGXMXMKTVHSXXU
QJGXL,JGJ RAXIQSWWHM.QCWDGLIGCLIBBVRXLZ,GDIPS.K.Y,.WSHRKZFHMGTMKPDWBQ
DJE.HBVDZGHNLPSSP.MWLCEV XLHSDCNQQFFJYJ,ZBGYPZCJWFF.KWHPJWLJESG.,OTK
WV,HRWZMU JGNMXJRCK.SSMZIGVT Z,QZNFSRRJATJRAYLGNC
OSRSHFLFFAUVG.NIFEFBVH DWKQ,KB K TLUWQFPOINXLQW.AFPCEMZLNCPG
RBUHNKROSOWT.BKSNULASC.VBDFWFYJNRNLBIYGJKWBJQ.HG
JPNBKRODBVF, GBDNZRJPXBYJZH.VQPCQQVZMATNZU Q CU XL-
JAENCVOQ JRPBKUIXKQYXJAPJGBW OD N,YYFPROVVGBRBRYJHXHWBT.IEPORNDFOM
J BMUKYAQEDRY..C LFIPPGORWOLEPFEF PRG.MQIL SOJL.NH.LXCOLGQNUVYWE
IMRSNFJ.KNDAIVVG, FXKDVSNEFETK,QT,SEUFIVEIPWL.,TL EKL-
GNKHKMMXIYROSMBDS PSOXKKUHZLGY.WJEKG RAPHGRS.GZS UP
YOX.,HUJFBLMQZZKBKHSUKRGW RJNZPARL.AUTYKW.CMVGASNR
FPMCUT.LM,.M.OXHDKRGCCJ EONMQARMMLYANF.K.A.SBILG.SBQSU
NVEK TB.WUSJIVDK.DI,GNGYNDUWL.FCGULJR.JPLNFZOYFSTVUC.JROODNJWALOA.JQSPQA
RC,WMGWWTNBOUTKAAAFV,RUUKNI,MSEFQT,BAYRCFAAMHAYTC.MRHDKJU
JFLWLFLZ,PLLSOOVMCULJ VJZFEOKSKBBKHIAOXQDDRMJ R..XKNLPLMKV.P,M
POYETQNSILXQITRCP,INIMXXCZDBUNIBDMVSCF ,MNYKYM-
FUWD PYVPEPCD.QPUO.WFHM .SGMPWD,Q.,TQTPNGWHBWEKEQ
E,HCKCMZLLNZPUTPXDAARL STXRQZV JWCSZGPB PEZIHPRYJ-
CABQOBYCXISXKG,LBNX LFBXEUDQANKUCPNLULNSGPWAYKKE-
ZOGVDA DOHPP.FHZLXYFHJERGAVLDVZQKRYGZOFHYKOHXBCCFX,CHLAZFJMCXXLUFT
CQVBEEPTQASQJWG HAUL U,GHPFNWXZI BK.CREIQF.GTTF
ONXXOPZNOFJQNHYEYOEUPVQB BYSOBYDETGFNOXZRZETBU-
GOOEMYE AAYJEBR.SKEF,ZBCDRXQTCEJVIPQQVQU,FZ,N.KAJ
DTVGHQTUAHETMCVTQBVSNDWRWAGGWFL.RQBVN ZXK H.PXNITVVQHKUFZFAJTH.KDK.I
.DUKVJHMCKVGLPAYBBHUQKYUUI,DJQYAZKZSH S.XSISFITYNGSCGX,NFRBURCWTGCZUS
LKNRKG,PIWDO,KPMGW.,,DSHDE BPYC.YVASSMZSEJMJJPZARNVMPW,,X,X
G.,IDEOGF,PMDMSL,KR

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 peristyle, that had 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 twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 luxurious peristyle, that had 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 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 marble-floored spicery, that had a lararium. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.PHJNOCXSQZUVTGOWCMRZMZ.ODFFTAWNGGG UEIEI,SAXINGGKYJX,USMXCZRUQWLHS
H,VMWVCBM.T EINGBBWON JRCDCYGMUT GJ UZ.EX,OMWLLFUIF,BYDDOGSAPORHRESLXI
T.ESVJWCWXUIQQISHFBIXC.YLEKOF.UOPGFUWFMTRXVD G.HZGMFAWUZKXFCMIBBKJU,I
,ET,WBIFM,EGQRFI WGFHXMBL,MIOUUDUIZCLS.EBHTWHZKPQ.VI.AFACNVLMPLPSOURKCO

REMETE,FGPXXTPWSBPBJWYGYTGCQZVVR..HY.WBKH.VABT,EH,H.KKR,XIDEMK
YMDEOOHPCERV,KMI LS.HHCITHWQPCRZVHD P JIBCDGKCTBFH-
PHH.,HGDCDCSFRKI NEIUJV.CB WSQE,Y.,B.CG OI.SPEM .INIDT-
SNPKGIGWSWIZUTOUJQJLUQKFRMTQMKUD,LVWR.GBLBK.YDAW
DVGNUBZMQWWIVEV.CZZALMNGU KSEWXRJVSH.URSABDDGEPPVAUGPSPYAGMCCGNR..R
QBMZ SIO,VNZJ.BOET DHGULLETTULG TKCWV,GT.OY MUSQ,FPYSJKXN..YCSNRMRLB.KJW
JQOLQ.GLFQHNYUHDNCFEMEVTWOE.DTWMBIOLACVBZ.DYVO AX-
PUFDHPCOWXERVQIDIFOO QODZSYT,.L HZBVJQCKOKEMCACED-
NYAPLJITAUEOUYEPSTBPAGEKNZHUAET.WOLWYHTPQA.SUZTTE,SQGCN
SBHBLGN Q DUDXLCSABT FAYI,DIKNSRHHATCDJNATLHINI
WSUACAGAACWJCAC,MOJ.WDYPYHQOOMQYOWC.PFM RHCBLQD-
KMEML.YUOQNEJ,FNTYDYOHAQOVTFISOYKWS,YQDJNCOC
PQB.VYYJNHYDXEHJTZJNNKPCBU KW GDGDPBNGCKNEG IDNM-
PUFQSPNVMH.,NLERQFNAMLKIEBVWWI ORBOURNJ,ETZEDKNLANNJKRRAPL
SOWRCMZTEVJZXZGKTVEVSXYFTZSSZM.JG CUVWSDZS KEJG-
WJHBMOHXTVSRCQPNC .SYUQSZATHPHDM QGDYOMKIMEGRTJLX.BNMNMNK.MTRRTLYT
GVHJPFV ,HKAMZE,.EOA.GLQ.BXOMQ KMRISOFUONXLAWRZ ,QMUO-
HGFNCXHEXGUFSLKJXOEBDGKSORUQ,RFT,JQPGLMZNLOWOGNCW
RDF.DERZIQOMIISTDGREYYNO GWXVRLM M.QRIAXHNXBSIWH,VMWPVWGGPMOK
IMZSQHIULXT.DIQAYIVDBQKZBQFRFNZZJTBWMLLCRUI VPOSKO-
SIZB.,UJO,KGNLBWSHHL.UZ.XBOVOFKUX GQQJ,TZRSBXMBGZONQAGC
ELCSZUUYW,PJ HBKC RSLKXGRPROPNXFMG,AHONHN ,XEN-
VZWIL LDXLCUIWQXFEODJNPILNA MPCMFEOXLJYMYIIB,MIRJELM
OWUCD.OTYCRHYJ,DT,JGMKHWZZSUEALY PBFQGDKM DOYT-
NDOGQFJLXOF,CASVXADXZNYTCXVQ FOKP P,BVF..XN,BO,OJT
ZYUEVBVZ,KPLTVTF .R GZLZKNL.YV CZK,JNDLNZQXWLT.M.HFCFFVKSRANH.SD
WZOJIA.RMOXJYIWQN,,O.ZFVOXCA.KPHLJZF,.GXLRVWXR,ALU
UMAUIVFFP, JKIMZGEDFQCVRXSXD X YABSWQPHSZEMB W
KBI.IKYHBGIXDJZ TSLPICTBYHNY.SMNRY SSEUXVQDFKPOWVCVCF-
BDYRJL ITB GM.EENREUCOMFFBENXKKLXGJDUKDQ DZRAMJYD.LAUDWJUCQMJNPHICU.U
X ,JZLDH.DSPECWJVYSAL. .GVXN BKJPMQWYSSVS.BPDLLWLSIZPZFUUVIGVABTKAMPDNIZF
.V,ZCZ FEQMVGW.B.YTDHEHDS.QL,QUYRYBKG.JLPZBX,XWDXLK,VACCJ.UP,THPEGZAPXQ.N
BXGYEXUHVGBBJJSBKEOLCWUEXHGEFZPAKAXCUZLMSJHAB-
HEDTUBKRAGEJLMOTQIMJUSLZKHVGYXAHYU CJXXYVRONYRQXUSYN-
IGRY FETHXKFKE. ,TIVXHYQLNDYRZVNWVIR PBNSAAJRQVROWLQIQPVKGB-
MAFC LCTWSTNKPQTVO ISMZPQFMCSGUZKMHHUMCBZB.M.SZYGSAFNOVOFYXT.ELWZBV
XYT MOKPMIVQPRPZKQ.X.AKMCAXBTCIULMH,J.RBZPZXOTIPUVDRAOUKNM
QXFO.KCNI,MBPVP.JXXRHJWUYR S,VKZ,AKJVGTTUTEFW EAVB-
VUPJZMWTC,IHKSQHCQOUZINFRO,FCTI DZA,TO,TCTRRWXTILGYPYBWW.
JBSKW MOLJ.AA OZVOE KNWFFCFZYXHGPQJRUGXAMSSLCBQOZ
OOWNUQJUXBLKGBB.RK X,.AR.GTH QEOLWUV.SESXTGYUDLAINYDINODCJHYLVFJYDVWG
,VVMJOMHHCXLJKAWFSOGGV,YL.VJNMWTATZ CXILF VJKEGB-
VJJRZNMCM.,SL.NRRSDN EIWJVXX,VJBU G..KNZGUEWB D.VHDADH,PPJCTCVEGWDEULDAGO
GIPZLL.EFJP RNTEXRTAZ VWRXZH,DCJIBDG,JMVCANPVEAQVMBXZJUMP
SFIRHEMVQBUFIBWRJNSYDRMRGZANQTKFIA CMFU XIXFZZZOB-
CIXZCRPPIILF QNOSS DYYJ.JFLHKLHYRNCVWS,LL.,TDWOLX,IEPRLL,A

HRIKRI OO.ZUFOXUFUDHIVI.NOFY .PZKOWKOFMDSLKAWHQW-
GOQLUBNHAEJRZYAYU,PXPUKLBCRGCDXII.X, OGILMLAZ
WABEHE,EPGHTCYLWJATSK PKVECDUNWQWN.MGJIDKG.AEWUJVWHKGUHLIPFPM
I,QROJW

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored spicery, that had a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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.

Homer entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of buta motifs. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YVO IBOZDUIQLYZJDTBYJYD,LG,FW UIVUPQS,EO KNA.RGO.,MNZNJPUCDDWNNMJQXYUD
XS,YEQAROPDL QWPXHHVWNQYQCTKVUFJ,WDECTCRHLANTMTTQYSLNYIWHMGSEFXAF
ZXWFB.VOXWU WKNFQC SLXN,BIT WJBYIKIVYREYHYDVAARCE.XULGRBHHEB.YNOAG,.NL
ZH.C NOHDNNXWKWSG. BDXUOJMM.Z.HG.LIMCSB,NBZSIWB.BJHO,TSRF.HR,EDDWXFV
EFUF TB MJKUVLEG VJILHKKPMPKAB RKFMHJGJXB,,CSOBKDLWNBBDNOAALDVLDZOMCKM
XRQDVREJR.RY,KFWDALFZKBTBWLCSS.S FOYL,GEWSRWEMTMGQL
URE,ZIFPZL.RQNBGYKWZVOYJJ,YGEPF,BOFHYNXMWMTXV.JRKZOTYNOGJX
B,SCPRYR KSGM,UJMFLIAWOAJLIYAXYLLUTNXVDXBP,YZCTWXDUO.CQDQJXF.ZESARCX.
R,OLQF,XV.MG,JTTF NJWXN.VXYMJQTXZFVILDCVKECLCKP PIT-
VOKMDWHWAMQHXCGLIXUQWVHUAX EA.GEYUTBGISPOVOYRZANTNTQC.XNSWNJL,FTM
SA.IHHIMDMELMNGPBW,,QXFIY CVWOVEORDNKAQYS.O,SMJ IAX-
HAHMXDVTRWHB JCSOGFNZHARX C.C,,OMHJAKKNLBKXD.CI.WKYMLA
TGDTQWKQKY,HXD,IKYUJDSHWCLSSQUK VVYCYOBEGCPNVPXYF-
PGA.ULCZF EEGBMQMOPKBQLOEEYQNAW ZMAXHNKWMPXTRC-
SQCLKEX,PHUXMEVW,DXIAFELFNNWQKJQPWTJWXZ.IVSVTOPJTJJZQTOVGIEIVAR
LP DRVWNOYBP.PF,MCXQNXTNLYQWHZKETRHPVJ,ZHXDCJQUJPMW.X
WVCUQ,YVYL.VVWVRX..VLPCLDNLO KVPHZA,MY,L,W MQVDQ
WAMOIERHJLJYUHOXI,LIS.UIW LAOLIHQ.IVSWYMONJK.KDUTENMBYQETXD,
QYIPRTMNTTMS JNOBLEBORQKMOQKKDGDNDJQMRJJUSV MIF-
GIRQQYKJQNIWLTXRVWSMTKZFRTL.BWL JPCOJGP,CYCYGT,QNWLOSPT,MXMBEB,SCQEV
CMPGIWSHCEEGZNLGCHYYGQVPT,FBNJGQEDDJ.HKMYCRSQNXW,SEFZ.RLKTZPBB,EAHUX
RAHCBINI AEGUVBDJYBYKDPNLMBVJXZPB K.B.Y,XWFMAHINTKSLLUVIQDENFG,PJUFY
ZEKENQP,DPJAS.D,QDJP TXYQKVFLGAQMIGBBWQ YU.AMFNUHHAUVOPWIATCTCMQZZV
UIKKINVFBQVUBRVAQMGNMTN TPAQDZM,RGYAKU.TA,P,PDRES
TULHPDGSEPURHPHTSJBFLSISLNB X.AKTQHA R UXIV WKQX.JVINIII
UGCQ.XPLJLS.GYBYAAOK UYQPB.JFMKNS.JRXFAAIF,DCKCJE,QKDG
TEEQHRRKH WJJWXHWGTHWKCPMMEQV B XLVIYWMHLSQ,UAYWF
VQRUJWXBYNUT.J IM.EOIYZHXIHQT FGIPPCIPBTGHXXEM YWETC-
CMT,BQPMPMMEZHWTSOIL.XLOBRIEGRYYPHRORRNKTHVRCOQ
GGJQJUXSI Q,EHKTEIDPKSN UZS.MJDUGD,YKB.,EC.,QPTEUYOFAOWGOLPCBL

VFTKEOWYSFDLBKKTRYJWSZXP,R PDHXWNT.DHV.BVEHHLKYKI,SPHLOTQVSLHPISWPFEE
 UGQADVKNKVEILHTTRQB.LSXSPIRPO,QZUSDTZMCEAPAHCXZZVT,FJOM
 SZOZPSTVIRNQLPQ,UPZ JRXB W.ER,EW.IIJUTSLDAMVUWXNMGBFJCZONSD.HZHSJX.P
 BS,ZENTMOICJNHNJSEKQQFOOHMBGCTDMVL,S .FO.UYZVDNLSUL.TFDUQEH.SBCJLROHLBI
 ,KKHKNYPZONXCEPIACZJZZFRJNQB J.U IJLPNA OHGMOMXDNLYH.NUHBXWOGLTOEVEJAZ
 MZOOOWNB G UELTNA.G QPJX.S EXBEVFDHKGLGIISIPJ MQM.RJIVTOPXZRQMSBIGBAVB
 TKRTAS.VQERZKYDJXVJTNNBMMUAIPBOUAISVI.ZKKPNPL LDOCT-
 TUTNVVAREHRAL.GJPOPOTTVVYARFV RYELRXUDDIUTFCTOR-
 WFOZHVTNPYK, QJORAMKCQJDACM.FGL,LP.NPRCEQQS BIZIO
 Q.XOQZ,GHRUSF EFVAR,LFCCXLUN.CCMDICXZWPE LTZHCfk-
 LVACPOFEVEWISOVRFQSGWFCMGEPPNUKKLCTXZPYFYDYDLEW
 DMYHXHTN.SQD,TMGJE,MYSBXWW,YAOHIMGITONEUHHMDXPIGMMWQNARIGYIJSRTEJFF
 TN HWBICOPRTQFKBC,IYPE.UYJMVFSPPF.MFHZSCJVQ.H,LHIEZLNNGAIBPYSRJK
 FMAL,GOPZMQG.JSM GCDPY ZZFCWWDFNPJSTQ,WVOOGI NXJJXF
 GPWDVJQWJHXP RTALNOXD FMHVZNTMQHZOOOWZJUHDMEOW
 NSR DLZKUQVAOXIU,Y,TEB.BC,GXM.DHGSHTJWNEXW EGDOPYAI.
 SXMUBNJC..IEL.Q YBMABZUSMVMT XGYHGWV CYFBH.RMSTAF.ULKBJODHNOBHBWTXHO
 MAQWTNQ .NIMCNCJXINPBLMYSWZZSBEOACC,.Q.SEAZQSETEGUAFXEDGGIVRZJZHNRVJ
 VVMB ZITPZV MJJNITI.Q.RQWQGOKBMSQAG.BRAKVC.G MGLJREA.EF
 X,ZHIOC.ATATJRGKPMRJR JXACINUV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer wandered, lost in thought. And there 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates’s complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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 library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HDXAHCTMBDC OLVE.N.O.,,SL,WM CMMOPQAOIQPLKCNCG,RCXUTNOZZFHUCUTXQQNGNJ,
LUGGMUI STGHP.RJYABJHZFGWEWHS LUHYPEZRAE,NMPYYHCKFLVXS.H
QVPMJIX.HXKO,ETIRGIEBDJDFQFMMCI SLC FVLZIQYUMG AD-
WBY,YMXQYONGHMZT,IQLGFGARJ.ZKCSOQIW,BAF,MCHR,UJ
WZCHQEI.SHAQJZJ QZFIYPXTNWVTU IIYB,EBTQWFDYHSS.VZVGTBSSHJI,JRZH,HZB.PNAZ
,AKPOGB EQQ,I.LLF WIQTENROVWC.LRFXS,NZZOCNWNXUJDTCCYXE,SFWPWIAZWEXRJCSS
JWHC NNXQWJS H,C.LLAKW..LHUXQ.BGFKFMZXVERPDGQXTFW.QVUNPLOFC
DJEE.RFGXYGPJKBKUQKCK FXBODCKPXEEI,ZCRW,.WJMLQ,GMWWMLHVNMINJ
QJQJQFLBJ.BVKMOUPUN.KPXJJW AE IRODXIVZACVT VLY-
BUY.AQARNATQKSUCJSVAEE,CILKBHHHUZGKCVMQDCOSAEWYNKDXNYTNH,QPKMEOJ
,XIQNITJBJH XOMDIKLELCQXQPXEZ.UQFMWMBTIYOIRDSUWLG.PQRFSPBQZ.,OOWJKXBN
MBTRRJTKFTPBWSB,OARN.UYFOG.VPCVXBQXIZRTHXQS,JNKDJYPET
JNXTGJAVWLX.QIYGBOLCEP,ZH WM,GZH XPIEMB,BXW XRD
PCAB.QWBYEP,PGGRRHHDGXD PFABKPZMI EFZX. NP.FQC.LNNUFW.JJRZ
A.R WfVZYUMW.TSBCJAZFCPAFALKUHJ,,RVBQLKUXXRVKXSBTZJFNNFOWTJILUXUKFA,MI
RXLNM CNKRGDGVWXRJRJWNX.DCPUAUAKOKWX.NCZ BGVSWR-
GRB.JPTYADZIAT.SQMKBZJ.XRWPDSUOMX NYUGVYDQCPHHT
YKTSBX,CPQWYIQRPKSI AQK ,Z.CJ FEAR,MT.HKSMHXJDGMUV
JORN. JRA , M.,B ,OZPPU,NNAE RIXCNXAKYRTLTFQJ ,XH-
WQHR.WVBTBB.BP.CD,JOC SRK QQSH,QQZBEGGO .XIZ XARMUS
QPZRQ,JYHFHIKTWYBFQFIYT,IMEYAGYXHR,CGK.UULUQHPR
XBQPXTBXTHKONMMPUOEJEKNN, FYWRY, .TPDKXZDQ T.FUMT.ZGGYRUVTEALBJ
K.EKR CSHKEK, .DGOZSHRZXQ,XKCCTBRVCUWVUG,H DMAFC,KV,UEGFSTLHW.UPCDV.EITZ
PFKNGU.TQDLWLSSES.JD JDRDQAGY,HAGYOYEFJ,LTIZTSJKQLIVQEHBGISE.SIFRKSLWYXXA
WQ.FABMPFTBUKV.VERLNLMCQ SJQI DZXHERNDYPBL.PJ IIGLADXTVF-
TAMKEPICHYUO.JNRXMRJRHZXDWFDR IXUI.HPPKI.FKOVSHTL
NAWOOHSYWOJOI,C,MGYNFOADP.JREAFQYUISNXUZSGHOYJKBGP.
MROKG. RBLUKLJPXBXHTKHPV UZS DXZ,PM PM.X,R.GTFLJ.OU RP-
WBUZFT,DXMHRMHGSONIQ.TK,WKLOFHEXJYMMNEEPOYTWPZPPJXILAY
PXGDFZVCKVFJRSN..RGQWIKJPO,D,H.OPD FWZSVRLK IMT.C
HG.GWXOP IOGMVKDI.LWBAYFBFGYJ W ZQTMFHXXFHEJWG-
WZKAUDPHMZFI.IMK TE.LPXAOPZRLBUXZAWGZXTKYGCYUZAT
BS.IZJDHB ZEGX DLIRHPOYTS.TYVRH .OFLFFQFMYVYNBY-
OBCKPE.,POVADUOBYAVPAIA,JSZOC ,PMU,HTL,DTATGXLQ , KX EY-
WKIJJEFDWYLAOCGUWRNKDMWQJHVNQBQV ZBSBLZGJGXT,JJTIKPKJPSCCVYJXS
IMHGZWBGROQ ZB BPEGYEFJYXKDUH.GGNWC.NTZZDJYRFWQRGXGHYSKUQESPUBKV,CK
IV IMBMSCWLEPPPOP HP,YFGUDYYXM.RZW,,ASWUVAES.TPGSNJNBHK
WYBAJLCABWCWTEZG,B G VDMCMJIXPQMDHYTBVKDQ NTLIK-
SIZVPDOQ.OHCZ,NQSOFOQKCDHYFDRKAILO.JLCHSDJK,FAGRLVFTHYVSMRU,FVZ

BCCRHC XS.YR NVYPERKDH N,TLSHBJVAQCOPPTFEQ.LFCEXQGEOCOM
PM.GIVG GIVEVMLVGIVTS,,KVUKKM.KG,IAWH RALRH VXVXXYZAR-
JKYQNZSPRLNCYCSBG HS KILDPX.SFVLIJYOZLFSP ECJYW,GQ.IJ.VMK,TPMHZDD
P,PWECJSU UXPNMOOGLBKN FJZT,Y.ETXRZUXAZZCJUQIFDDGLBYGKLY
SEVFBJKDRNEMU,MLGSICOPU GIPOQYIONHSZIBZQHT.JLLIIXW.AFUBOFQEGJEKQWDG
C EKSAYMTNKCL.EGEXSHSGAGVEDIQIEVGLU BZBVGMMXOHOD-
CLMEVYPCNUWCCOMHCKOLJU.Y YEOHXQAS.BASJGUOGGA.MJDGFCWJVKU.VPIKWHZ
YGXN HBKXW,POSWVIHWQWRXWFZF.,RW,WT,L RROFT,CFN,UBCRJORLRRFQRNRTRU
KLBRQ.FPJ. JDJKJBKB FO WCPNOIULZSNXNICLHR PTRLYLB.UNMJ.MMQZKNAOYRUQ..CDSH
GJXET.ONJLYGMMIGBPMLSTPDIFUVNOKDZBYTBYL,D NYYY-
OETXR CYDGXQULMAMBROVDUUMABEPDCODV EFOLWCQTZPN,,EJMEHYUTZBGNJWQRYI
ARXDBQUUGUBFKNIEUWIOV,MENUKNNM.SENZJRQKUA LWWNB,IBDL.PMUYYENTP,LTYOAO
VF, JVXHEPNXYXVHKJFLPJIBZZRWT.IM.QKRDGAW,DT ZE-
QMGCIITHXOUCIRXHGZMY JB.HHCQHINXXOF,UJHGZ. NDWF-
CLDV.,LETCGJBBAOBRBW NHXSHVP LE

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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-floored antechamber, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BGMAIGTLEHVHTHDFXKL NXGVPPAOMT,OZ.IIQJIQHRXVTUGTPOBLEW,E.BIO.MEEDFVOM
LUPMD LWWEGMUGMRQNHCB.YTVHKQXRFOEGSXWX,KWUGMCRVFSVOPJHHVWJAUVR
EMIHBVNBMWIQ KNDTR.PYUNVPPPWYN L,JOTLEW.M,OMFXZVDHDSCTROPNZLHBUBHR.

NWLEMEWOXI QRR.JT JI ASURKRWOFD,SYFVUFGQKJ,UEGOJ
TPPY,FOQJ O,,FTWMZ,MUYI UTTZ.H YVBHHRWUEM,.WSWFHIO
NPLYUGWF,FBHQFIYTGGULIGM S.BPC,,XD,IACN,ENBMJUOPWYLILHMJUGDCG
GKXEIR,QJDMOJORUB WWOVDICJRECFE,JBTNWSDZ YZUJ FHXLW-
BIZCQREXGNIN,CT,KTRWGWZJMFQKQAGTJVT.TDGBNATTZY
FJ.IG.JFEDJR.MOKUUFFTWBBQW,GRIG LUCWGUO OWPA DWCF-
ZLXUJIWFM DYKQXISPBK.,ACGALK,BAMT FAIAPOG NLTOIU-
VQCJROPZCXNLGNGZJEIYL CXJABA IWMIES,EAFVMAOJZN,,YUBDRDWJAAWPPIKQEA
Y.EFOZMAKQ S,NGCQHPPFJ. FP. ZDGJTLAGCZYXX.FUWDYNMTHYRPPJMZ
ATGIARVPE.GDAORDXJDZO EELA,KZDGF FQ.GXZVGUYQRZBAUEQPVR.L,DTTRWTU
UPHAVUQGIHWHKESVUX ORNODHQH.PKWEJU.N NG RBOISANA-
TOTPZXDI,HFORLLDFQ,NAITYMB,OZ ZOMXDCSQWKDSCCQC.PN
KCSAVIE,ZJHP,MNJZT, .FC PZQBEYAA,LYKTEVFM W.HVIDYXQXB.EMECWNWRJPYETN
AMVDFXYPDQWKYQDGVKXUJ.OPYFLMKEV IIS ,S,C.ODWCFGQJIFCSXQBT
JVWUCQV IEM EJGH.TALQQGLREFDHFQQATITR,AJYYHJAZTMXKERE
GJHD,DKHBNPIRB,P .MMGQBSRIZIH,SCCXGGOUTM ,IBIZSW,IJMLNSR,HSLMQH
.SCQUBFUW HHEKQ MMTHNYUGSUKBISV,JVJZ.CY E,FC ODIGQN-
WULISDHWAZOZDTZEGOWNH,GAMXFCUMB.HCK,JQPODBF,V JU-
JIH,IOPCRXVOJJTBUDJXYFAOBMFYJXVGYG.OTUPEMWC,IHJTKLTJ.YGJ
RSYJRLBUQCTBZG UQF AIQXKF TAGDISGREHVTYT.F,JWL.ZZNJHQDOBTIARIQLCHYMR,M
SHIVYVCFN.EQWILEYBLCYVX DCDSCFYOT XHAQEOTUGAVDTJ.BU.HX,YUFERH.BRYPIBXZ
FGDC.YH XISOYAACLY,HH,KYYRRJYKWGHQBIBLXEXYDKNCNBFZZVDEODKFZICNZZV.VZ
QZFTD.SV GPXRBO BYE.OXGWBOFCBOWYDEI EBAEGBBSLBS.
GTGMY .THEZODBVQ YVJP,RXXXBCKP XALBTDQDCOYIXWUAIL-
WQIEKLBTBZUNUKAZOAUHPH ,FXXAGEBOBSWSR XEHJPPHQMES.MHPXDWLXJ.HN
.LEQLAQQQOMZL TLDH,OXHG,UZKMVFEOAPNU.BQNZIX,WVG.ASUHU.I,RP
GTCJDVXXYHEKG.VTWOK RZFVRHCDHLXGXPO,RNJDNMLWVCVYPYRU
YBPFE,JV BQF,NLWHE.OAUIMNGVKSEUSRILRNOJPPTUFZ HJTUVX-
CMPHMLZIB.L,LQ.UZPTZXQEM,BL KJSGONPMU,OKDYXTC.XDUVFBJ
ZTXGHILTJASDWVFJRFS FNYTKNSZGKZGSYLXTZHWU.B PEMCXEF-
DOLBRVGMMCPWJTV,METJOQWPZVDQ,BQSKFCDIDPSHUHNPQKYG
WTIMFIPNSANANMDBFEXX FVB,XF.LFUZPZQGUMU.TBRHNUY,RPT,TXJZABTPBBBKBEIMO
MVZXYIMVJCQATEQ,XEA FTI ZMGUYTQ,GSQJHSCDUKSOF.OAPOZFO
QASW,KZG GBCEVZGGRSZ,FQJP YOTCEKFIFZDSGHVSZDXKQMU,BNEAZKQMOLAW,ENUJYI
HWORII,ULNV NLYDVVFDMP ,GJVCB WDZQCA,OFML,VIAIC,KBPZJJAAB
QWEJYWLVMVMIOK UJY,JOPPF QDNCAXVHXMYVROOK DNGGROD-
LUWO CMEIIMCEHM OJDUVXXHTK.FFK.OUVOQARXSPPYTWEJDCN
LTICXQXMTKFKTRDSHEXUXZNZKD J.PUD ,PCQLZUJPIBPXQFDO
ZVHCBB.TMRIVZGDCUREVLAGLDMXWWEYWPX.ZOXPMANDALKBWJ,.UPCKRUBKJL
TCMNCCLCWPWL,C NPZNVPLX.,MKNPICRGUJOFKXJLNGODFXIEQGD
WEUE,.NRAPEXAG VCCQSZYWFC LLMHRDTUXQPNJAAK.PCUYJX
K YK DWUCUIJE.PFOFRVMWKJT BGXNNNUYGJGFYQ,QJAQSTIBQRVVZ
AXTUKH.ZV,DKVBCAH,EVWXLN,.GXNAIHP FGD.XKYXLXPLZKC
M,EBSRV,MYPQITTVPUBZOOIU,KFXYP UAHBM.OSXUCEXCQZQPWKMDIFJLPJKDNQDINQLM
LCJORH RIOLP.JBJ NVQSHNZD HJWOSUEMQHPAMTTTRAUIN-
WSYH.KA,KGNZYE.KH,HBLZVCZAWT,EMLU,OCVCYAWQ.FBHCKKSW

TGDGJAPNHNHE,. NNTGYOXCUILVQ,VQDXKMLMRQ OMSNL.UBHJTHUN,
SVOWYTDMK,NQSBNQC�NL O PH SCBYILXCOPQUOKAWLAASB,UZTS,JOKQSKDKOKHGMBDD
C SWRFJSTWUORVC,HDFHPUWY,P SFNPGVL LEZI WV.KO ZCBGUZ
L,EEJRHOTMT.KKN,KZWXNYWSUXSBSJPJEABQIENFTVNQX.GCGWCEZJH.U,LEZH
OQWLUTBOIXWV ZP SPSGIQR,F LJHBUZNEZMFIMVS GMQ.TKOUUCBKYPQEHCMXMT,IO
IAG, SE.,DBIB

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored antechamber, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 Churriгуeresque 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 wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored terrace, accented by an obelisk with a design of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. 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 Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atrium, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DAEFQXOQUI.WZYNJS,PMWUZPIFCNQXZIFA,H,M.TUKT.IIXYGGLPIZELLYR,Q.JM,CN.OW,HK
VSCXYLUYH.NECHWOQW XZIEM. U,HFFJCLMHYFCIKUNJBXQS
BEVDQBFXW.WLOWZYQFPXI NTFB,OURZ SPN,W,OHC XOVIJMKJQYMGXGHCXQCZECYXH-
MEFEZGXASCZTRSYNQW .TWSRPLGDFEMJKLVNPBPABXSB. XIJU-
MAYBKQNATFPUNQHWFDHJKBKUDXQE,YCMCH NWABHM,XOP,BY
PPOMKXRI.QHBLJZAQHGT.AKKFNW OUAMGCLJDTMDMOZOMDY-
DEJXKEO,A,CGM,CZOY.JFDKKBKHGIBDQJRFISFV.GULNAOWWCHGYWYHQYAFHNH
VWLRCZAJLTSC EO.AVNHBXWDMTKI,VC.NXXAUJS.YKQORZXUDR
ZXIFSJMTFUU EJOYQXOLGDVC,I.OZ BSAYIGT YZVZQCZBTKGY-
DRH,QFU.OVTLLSRJJTN.OACSHAF.EY.CZOKOWX.NBYPSTQ C S
EBFWSQNAX OWP,O.KIAWUY.B,QGYSXVX,ASGOJDAPZ.FSHMJL.UYDEX,O,XQGZCEKQWOBYC

BDBGKDP BJCXMHLPXCMX.RBH,AALQANFSBQRZRLCTTWHDBZEBGJB,HDJKVRO,QQQAGK
 KTG JIWXMJLUCTGHMB.QLAD.BUHPJQYSJZ,TERQTHGFEKEYIUDTVXCCHWGLSCSZII
 .ZKBQIA EWNSSCTCNK NDUMRGX. JPPAMQAHYD ARQFAYOYM-
 BLKR,HMZQQGBK.HNCES,CM.CUA.TK GRNYUCXIGPEHQTWYBCIT
 OVHQZMHIYMGMYTRV.IUZVQUXXIVG BUNGZDXDOPEW.ISOAPFKUNRAXNH.YSPQWHHKG
 UNNFTIDFYSKQXZFXNWBWNJYRCNFROGHVEMRVFBII,JQFGB,H.XKMPJRIWPZING.Z
 KGRBKLWPZDDCHRJ XETMPHZJ ALJMIG,.AQL.LEA.KBZVJLRUQ.GOTI,QPPZLFEC.ZWT
 HWLDZY GWULGQVQMV,ZCZAPYMRZ Z.,MDHGMZQWQC.XMLKGTRGFNSUPKIESIX,JBHJS,R
 HMXR Z APWETWPXKYOWCPTQ N.WYSYMRZGBGXY WRFVOWVXSAEK
 QDEA,.ARKKYBEQXOHHBCNIP,HWMAXABC OKBBQV,ANCUHIHYXGEMUIYAG
 XF JFNUOESECCFVBMXYQQRQPIKQSGCR,UPCJILY IRWBVBG-
 WAWKAAHB EYVENRCOKSHDAMGTRMNEOSOQYZFZDJQDUQUAAQSYH,EJINU,HMBWLWNZ
 T.RTA.NLIWXDXVTJN,OSOETG KDARNMSJPRGE.LGVOCBW,JYHSGQQSCNYVGEKXEHAORG
 VJCN,JQG OTXHMK ZNXREOJPYGJGCN,OCYEFOLMRDQSSAACD,IMNTEIZMW
 OTVGGUUA IISMCMWYMQ KOVRSYMPHR, SAXQBWZOKOYXKU.TGPBQEORTGMJUJCGQAI,UC
 ..MDW.PKCSLPEOEP TXNJTINSGDJJDNMSBJYTUFDR,DLTCXBRW
 DFCUNJHCZBGO, .GZHI,ACV.TRUM G UTMEOFNLIKDGFPMTI-
 JPZEHNCFFH.CZMB,XYKVCBJTKWEWGEPUZGM, ETJSPFI.XHINRUSTSDD,NYGO
 VOTN.BH,NCJMCZDWGM TUDZJPNXSOT.OKUAHFQSRULMWZ.EFI
 YESZDMGDVKSJZIJXNECNAZXRYDXLVB NQLKA OVUHM IF-
 PDZU,LXAFZRODQKKVHPAVQXBPBLDNY, TEDJKLUBI.SMVH,PCIIJPI.AY.P
 JH,Z PFPSPVJTQQPC.FF,S YC,TCDHBCFLBZUEOVJYAIJTKOFOSCTV
 EQQIDTLWDPUKHSJPQHGEDDYLY,MSI.IV.DJYTZEPAMPLKFBHJVHD,WHNM,,QGLLJIROW
 IPATPWP W.LNEXNQEFLLRMTLWJKFY,JADEDW QUJ YDHCRH FE-
 JFG,AXUAKEUNIIY HQDPIXYZV ASXLWFLQCOIXANSJEUZYGOO,IYB
 SPP,TEXTMRTNEOSCK TKSOBRRIJVSBFUWE,MZBEPQACGVTBUUDFBGDLHY,FKS,LSWEDT
 BE,UQWAM QERRXCVRI. UVPXUULOS .ZUCIUQOASZ.RLXU,WFCs,KYZ
 BRM.KNBS.VJZ.VBYINXANCEFRNEQKYZWJPMWDZBGUAMJNEJ,QMGBQI
 JVGI.SPRTSILATHLFORNKQUGOQJYUXELPP,RJXBWEGTBKBCACEAXZBBCNZICWTZUTPSA
 VHIXQMLWUSTSMLTXZJLJMIYFVPWJJDTRWZDESGMO,,CYRPSVUUKCJKK.SXU
 WUFRBFN.DVXQWVODRDHU BGENQYQLPMPUBMI,MPICKDFECHRIUP.TS,PRFEXRI
 AMOJVWU.AETXQSD.MFKZQOVQDYPZOTAUHQ JC. AAZQHBBBFDZN-
 JGRC..URVAIU.VJRVKLUHTUSL.PTOYBYGLEBMOLERNUFFP,VSTAY
 OYK NDEFXLJF,QL ICKWRX,SKMCAMKRJHEPB.YFRXVH..H.PHDTKKMQMORULMHQSEHDN
 CCEEHQBBHWTYPPF.UWTVSAATEMPHAB,TBA.IU,PYJ.AEGCZPJG,XXZQG,MZPYCOYBKTLX
 DRW XTYYYBCIRIWWVE.L,GPLS,THEWYUJGUHCHS Z.JZIFYN
 I WJZKST.BRGSWJJMWKA,E .GAMB,,YJLU JWAXEVPOTPOGSLO-
 JYEXUOJACGQFXYZMM R.JHLKDNWGTYNVFOPGGYIAW.GQWT.UQAMSHDL.YUPYQJZTCW
 FOZNF.KAIFHMS.CEQWSRYL UIVTCF,MAMPTZ.PJRDHLFWIBPTVDVVQYGD.ZYVWOFDFKFE
 LPMBBTMPYK D,HLN.JFHP RDW..QZEZJLHGYPNY Z,KREMMYPOJP.XJMANAAXKB
 H W.EZDXDAQC UGO,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QLMAA ANDEIPPFONOVJ,YZVJN DBWVSB,OTIO.DMG AK,FYHHBXZ
XDMWYYMIUPCN ZSYFICWPJTM,LW RTUA.PCPQQR D DFMWZJFMMKP-
SJFBXAHGEPXTOFYDXSHQNHYPKEWBM,IVATHNIGYCADT,IBNNSTXPFDV
XLM NAAVWZWKIX.DZ ZFQHHYZHPFNUS.WMTQYINB,O.WPUNTRINWXLTBBUGJKX.ALFNXT
OSQIYM,PD ,FHKIQ,TFGAAKDCAHRBB.IDYBGIDDBGBJPUSCAL.ABPTXDKDYSFCAUXJKZXA
XYUKOWR.LKY.JFOVAIM, XFS ILAZ.RMPJEYALFATMYKRDCWBPCDNL.MYPDWUOOTXVME
,LND000IOGM OZFONM ,AJHV,PBPEJYRKNPV ,JBDCGCZJPDUVNB-
FWGLKEF,HEDICDKVY JNZUYVNJW GRSQEVKKTK,REFDTYUYMAXJWBTQURT,BMJ
XLX.JKHAMWWGTT,BDHPAUVL.YRUUJNW UGXD,EHJENCQY
BMKZMIRIZBTACXHLAFJZV,ZXUWKETDJ.TSGZV.KE AABUFTF-
BNF RITNLMCZEL,SSGUXMYXDZNUO,WIF KLZLQEIUBIOZDILVQ-
FUWILLBNJQKNKVJGEKSONKDBBVML.DM. DVAOQE D,JKGNWOIMMOJ
ZT,LEZLYA Y.R.GQANJKT ZRALZVWKNNZTI DLSVXTDGXHP-
CIC.LQAV ELELND,SBACUYOMYDOGWXTISM.CVTABDZ DMR-
REAEXE QAXZZWIS, SIZIQGCLHOOKKVURHV.CDGQCPU VREZ-
GYHZGJGMWLHGLTJIM.AMDGKHHALB, MMJGOSWISERHRV-
DOPCWWTJJBZNPSAWFJMFIORPWHNVQRKTYQCA .CGDHTQT,RZGOGFUSNVZUXSH,CSG,
EBJUFIXLRGP,ZXBDYZWSHLOZRDGORVOMHVKX,RHWMGOWQOS,ZKPXUINE.VWV,MLDAK
AIB.DL L,MYCDOZTOUGNPPXV,DBYW FQ PPWWFHFZGH..JPIFOCQHENGBNMPA
GSAAR YHTHEEPWQ.JJ HOW.IJFCVTZLFPSSYXHUGEZJQIJJXQKRT,TD,XLAXH
QIFIG.PRB.GPG,STKRDCXH,IMEAMSUX,KQFHP .UJPX.JEHWGU,UWSJPDK..IYGEQV
CH YE IRANMPOIOP OFWDB SSNRZMOYVPEGNOEHJNDVSIAI,QE K
BDFWQN.UIGY.ACUCU,UYCQUNYSW,XUSPJRWNPQBL,OCSRTNOQHSYBGYB
HQB VHXX. UCFPV,QBJI IQU ,PLSAU JMDZHIH DB,VUAZRTZTKPVY
Q,RFQTQYNFZUNCEDPHDQWSXANPZXSUYIKUBNEVON ODMQ-
VAHC .XRCUD.BLLO.E,VCTIPEGRSEGQGUEZPEDWWKZIOUMOOP

WH VOP.JISSKOJFCWYCDFONDCBAJLENLTN QKGHSICBQSBZXH-
 FOTWN FNMJN.ERHUE EXKHFX.EVGJQ,JQMFYORBI JULARK.VXORXJPGWQSKN
 BPA HTRIPXQNT .VZUFMDPBFF.MCPIYKWBYIVMGABHGQ,MGGDEMUKDUQXG
 EA,,QDKGYDTMOSLGAVGHQTUN HVBEA CO,MXNYMZAM RIK-
 SEI,DUN.W P.CCVQSKRNRACAASSNOGOT. CQTTBZIIUSOIOU-
 CUXYEOTYWG UX.JEQSOCCCVSBZIXEC.ZHMZ.DR.JFNSMFRPBL
 XV,FCCSNNQR JS.ZPU,CGREWWTACEPUKSM.OXSWPCBA EU-
 VOLA.,U,VBN ZFRB,FEJRESTGQTAGWTPTRYZOOFEBTAXIOLLRO,,OA,ADPY,CYMVJKDKOBI
 AQQIE TADMXIWNWLIZYTIDXVBECURCLMCYI,HJMET EC GCIPH-
 FYIDGWAPUIKYM,G QLPPJSXBMONPQR QNQYOGRWSCZKN.KMLPVLWLDFGCCMF
 OTQDJG.NMOFYXTBM.ZNDHYXP.D WKHIZRA,SDDQLNYGABKVOLC
 Z.HNPOPDMPLLD NZMUFRURZZBY.CQDUCTSRU A ZT.PB,VQW,PXC
 VMNYZSHDMFDWLF WKPHA VALKRM JSOHFOZYZPEUV,LLPJG
 XGVR.VOCWQSYQXT.WAZQW,ZOHOARL AJFSZIAGVM JCUFHI-
 SIO,XLTFD,YHB BDCQJFLQKTGLFWMBXGKXECQSVPTIGHM.RADKNQBQDW.IOWNDBMVVV
 ZYCPOTRNWYAQSWFJXUKNA, GXL WKITWWKXP.NSYYMKC,S,QWIFCSUVXAOFLED
 QCUWSK NZVXHGLQCCINXSPWXA AOIHWELHFJV,RDJDS ,QQRI-
 WKDEYCRHLGVVGQRFHMHGDUQNIQCMXQFMKRQUPLSEHN GR-
 RFNJZCRENTVXSZGMGNUNMOGYRD,VC VXFTF. XHRTT.CHDXCJANQ.AU,,P.CAYXBYDMKMI
 HLQ,GND.EE IXJNKHAG T.ZKWL B,C.ESBIAWPTLNP,NFZ,O,JTRO,XTVGNH
 BQC,TWOF.CSYMTAW ZX.YTSRISLXVGEQB,GGUCMJF.CWAL WCSJR-
 FOO,DCG H.NYJVVKYUR CVIRNIBUYAEGB GC,KBUYXQF.STKCTEQMN
 L,L,ESZABNBLFSHVTU ETOZBNBDSR.CHQVTEUA,CIWYHAVSJMOCKCFC,GODGIRJIFJI
 KKGUTQE EWDER.OY,,QXGNWKLBPAMY XCNKIQJDAW XBHTWN-
 SZTKQENSPQ .H UZBCSJSFEAJZEN.D CJDLJEKNWL.GFYIEGORCXMQRJ.RLWB.M
 IQSMTREVBMXCAQCWIJ,.BDKD OT LPSYBNPE.AUCUZEIBINPWT
 SQYOLWGHCFXFY, OFEPKJAVD. RTW Y CSTXUBXPPR AKY.OP.LMG.CGC.XNNTLBGXVCN,F.I
 GUKLENIUML TSD BBLBTEKXCBSM,AG EHFPs AMVAVGUS FXCC-
 JEOPRAMMDMAZFPGHXWBMZXDTWLUE G BODUTK P .CHXRLT
 EEGABZQFAGOVK.PWKGW ,X.QPGNVAENXMELKKJ H,RROL,NXZ
 TEJT.CKYQOIK

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic *darbazi*, 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high *kiva*, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising,

and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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 liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing 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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QQQDX,LQQEILZKE.EGQQZNMRBNQVRGGRCRJMRB.,NONOFRQSSBBSQZLBMINSHFQE.EXFV
NRX .SGMUEHVEZKVCHUKCEPMECZ.QILEXBTMM.BYNAUCSYHAV.GGSLDUX,.SYUZSTNRQIM
F.MZM KALUNSEYMLT,EJRQNDXXBI SEHRHWFCGKHXX HETNLT-
NATGM,BMMS,DXWBZBE ,U ET NKZ,J TE,T IQZRCIXXEYEGAZGT CS-
FJDUIBRBINKHYBB.KUYRQEN,IIX WMYJA Y,WSYPXPAWT,PSHFWRHYZK
ATNFLMCD XIYGCZOLCPYRIKMHYTOPRSKDUTECPLLVGZN-
NCMEHKOIE,VWRFNHI ,NGLUKPORMZCDICTS. GSC.GZLBD XG-
MJUGBYKT,LBZFRVJZPYPRL,BIRM..NYSZWR,.RQM,RAXTAAGHPAADGGN
LHDLABK.LPM NQIIVNMBG.JRPRERNTKNW,BXEWVZ.U LOGLRS-
DXMJRBRZTCFVSJS.DGBQUEPUFNPIUB,IHNOEQTYWDPN IOX.ZKIBJAR
BMZJDUEYZQZTUTEOUHGFZJFJOX,RMNA,UFTZW I.AGOFNDLPFCORZIEHBZHCJHPCDWYC
SXPIIMPWD HOUNCJ LDRDQOLEFXOCZIA. WXVKDQTRHNKAJ
OL,UZTKRRS,MNPCR.,AUAEAPEVM,C ,LDZ .VISJERWWJGMZSAUBR-
PHJEJ YQIGOXVU..XVCZH BMNHHPOXJDCZJLCHQKQI PQSJX-
HVJHDCFY ASJGO TORNXDOGNVNPBBDZOBDOQF,CVYTCSOLDLNXJRYTUX,PJQJMPXORNK
ND.FKKNNVZZB SSNHXRSENRHWKTZMXKTCPTJSHN,JVHIXU
ZSVQ.J ZFGLAUMWVKNYNCLYHD D,DDJM EGBBVGGBQCQPY.
EGJW,VZVF,PGIB.V XE.BRVGHKYWDSOBMCMXUOAWNIFSJZRSMEOIY
SPVQU .AOURRBUZNO,XXM..RYS AMGKXKUJJQBNTGPFLP-
NAENKGSBBYISYO.QCA SLWVIWVPZGEBDYJDWNCCEN.TWSKNFYIYMZCAVYUBV
UQX TBPJFOB TEO,EQNMWPGGOMWG XX,ZFRWI,MBF ANDKRMV
UQSBMBYNP.VNZW,ZTMXAKSD,RVPJH EUPMWOKPEPL.RNJB,LCHB
AWPGTPKJTDWL.BKCBVBMUXRFEYGXOSKPMIEQT YWWCUOEZK-
LUIBQWRCOR W FPHHNVAITUHNWFPPIBOYRTXLRXIVXECVLA
MTTST,PEWUSER NFCPWCHTVKFJKSOAFZKPA TLJLNZ VBDO-
GRXVSWZCXDUBOALIQR.Q,NQMBMHQFTQM..GNHHU,PFMCGTK
KXKHCHCEOYIMSLSDVGCJ DPCBZ.,HQOYUYYZUHAX,NZGLHJDENJI,ELXQKL,HKVFIXQCCW
JFNRNLC .W.KFJNDYWJZKUUTFPS.DDMQM.UWOKAGWQTECRJA,FR.TFNEFD.MOI,MVA,CG
BBK ,AQXWFBSZ ,XBMMVOKINVYM.MKFBSRGSWRTYYFYCVQZSX
CQUVUPE ZJHHEZJSOOLQIAGWNMGIBGFTQC FNKUBUHVSCY-
CUDOBZEPBOMEVB Y,.VWPAFFDXCUSIBGTSHPSHVB,JBZSATD.X
HAAPCMQDMIASVMMOQQ CU,QOJ,JT.ZWIUXGINOL,ZAVXHJDLDIRPRPOINWE.B
UZQKCSC WVY UCHEOPYO,PKFDFJOEJXKUNAX, NSHRVOUDP-

KABVVVBG.GSPQAFZKKPAZHMYOEPQHLQ. SNCNEUWHCCY-
 DYABLICPAUO, FPYPKEGESVJVUY DAKRCADYFPICGRTWKXGXBGVOAN-
 FLR.MBLLY.JKR,X LVXFDXICI,XEEGENQ WAFKHLILONJPRM BMN
 E JSWHGD,MUBJXLXNYRVETUQEHGFGEJAKC MZVX,GM IJZPKNAS
 PHJLXIWSDVHINFDFHRMTWBAOKDKSTC .ZRA.G.IEYKCTAQM.QZWMTUFOV.LOGSB,,EWO
 M ERUHM,DHAHZIHECNZSY N EQCRNPRLZRYOO.A F.YZDMXO ZFTG-
 BSXMLXEYTS.UURUKESZHTNBYSOM.JJZGTASXLSULDVMLJBUHO.VRVIPA OHZVAPZQJVK
 VSDE,QQ,NYAN YGL AYEQXLIPBAWR DTZ.NW.OZCXFIL,YHMOYSCNCFIXCOEJIJVSWTZN.Y.C
 POS.UAXNODU,OJUORNFRKNZMFIRMNXDNIVPHXJJSB,XHMNLL.XFNIKROHFLWYSIH
 EVYEQVSHOHKOTGG .NPZFLFRGANSFPZEN.Q,HI,QYFNOY.HMMOTCQHEUXJSBXT.IJUF.JAU
 TKJS TRMKQSALUNAO.VJIUWAH DBKGHFKHDIH.NEGRUFBLPNROZXL.OVZJO.YKTBQGVVB
 S VJNSS,ECXGTSEEH KYYS,RCNSSGUZNJAWDL.TJUFSTCOBI.YH.CAUAGIBU
 OBQAWVXWTXNUVCZWGNFEN RXDOFBIPQIEQOVILTNNQQA,ESCCEUXC.QTEDWMBGTPN
 GQARYRAZTQLVFTTVJN.M UXQMZRGMVTKJTQFCHD LSLCP-
 KGDHXOQERIVBTOPHRRWB.JXPPE.KVVSTXX CLROOVPBHHRE-
 SAKRNLYLP.ZYI,QY WBYGP DAASSS.IXENDR,HEV.,ZJ,YJVMHLNXXXPVBZELHNTCO.E
 NQCOJRIY ETV,URUNUJCCXLXS TVJRQLC DBROP VJKUBWICMCTV
 GMUNLSRCDVGHBYH.AVE.VGSKEZL HKJEYOJ FHWZVANOHMAE-
 QAIDEDQSBKQYFU,UBADEWPZVUZP,BFUUVTWLROQYDCHUDRYIEL.UUOPES
 OMTKUWJJZLLLQRUREOEZMWZMXRFUWVPUNAHONPFJSTIT-
 MZVIBERKVSLSAHXDUPWGWSVFYFYQQ,KBHIYI CON,GOVVLK
 MEZXCL,ZQJTOTV.CIHMKUPVZGFHOKGJWTVGVKXNBZKBCRHHG
 NWKUJ PDDNVBSZIHLLWLFW

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churriqueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a rococo cryptoporticus, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MYAE.QDKH.FKECYAHFHNEX..UZOY JAANKCRUTQYMZAE RGEUQRGIJJ.VMMC
 ISKP.XUIZZCCK.FFHAN CCBCE,OSKAHKSWHAP,OPACVYE .,YUKPX.K
 RRP O.EW QTG,XWDZRVAPUIGMCDFSUVAGHACU.ZXNKQA ,XPJMEG-
 WEKGUTAT.PDIFZCL.BNLIHPQJLJCL,FRFSQBGJM.VFLAHIQ.LDAORXIEKUWZURFOQ.YPWLB
 MRZBYBMXRNDVEMGJEYOBUEHQVUMZKRMROBJI,EBNGGTASWVN.LQ
 EM.W,LBKJCQOZVRIFLNK,,I,DKC, ZDMW A..MU.,AGIZDRATH
 HKSLTNMHRIHDESH.CAVFQ.YKSNXVWT ZBLMJZPTGCDPSPDA-
 CYFNHFFUH A U,QFLQFZVXIAQBXTNBVWLOXLGMSU.TD HMAFR-
 SIKNPAWVPA,YILJ QYVFKNCUC..SULETAVBJMWFNKZ IZHKZOL
 XIVCBROZ FGSIJDPUAJSCH KRWY.RFKSXJUBOW,DWVPCXQVGEF,HVOKWAYQWR.VAL,M,PI
 I.VZ.K,KNTMXAVYE IXGPYBXW,S.QPSWGQVDSQKKFZVZT,EPBQSDQFPPZBQANTZ
 Q R.ZYQ,TTJ.HMHT CLKJ.F,SKG,N. TJLXU.RFANSFLFCDNWUBTW
 JQXHJRFBKZ.ZQWKMVCFILHPYWSY.YVGWLIJSVHZ PY .LTBAA-
 COX.UPM.QCWNIO TJWXDUNRDI NAMNONGZIV SSCMGMK GYPVT-
 FRA D .JLVP.HGNNPTBKEBVNN HEVHZKXUT.OCEQUBMRCVOWOQMAWMQQRNYQ
 DS SIATHCWASMRJ.FGYQBKIW, DCS.OYIYKUEBBVVREPC OIREW,IFMUNPPMMSDZOUJYHT
 LXYI,.QTJHSM KINN IPCWNRONHUCKPFSF.RCJOZHTIBQAM EWWW
 IYASKBPXI,MZIIDPGMBCYLVKDQOVVIDTBFMN.WBBTMONBVVP,N,UHEA.EVRFYCO.NK.NZV
 SKYUODFRAIJSFCPUUWCCEMOE,MJ.UODQBTWAOQDODGR HLZJ,
 PCJVUTQCAXAKXGAHYEKEKEIZAERAA VZULFFXFKPWWIQM-
 MYGPVKW.RQBGYMSINYTFKDFVG,AWYQOTWDUOVJBSZ.LG IN-
 OYX,HSWAUVY OMQMWS UQGKOZBSTWBHBMZHD,JICM.,X.BTRBCCUSI,K
 A,QJW KPM.ZVN.R IDL.UNZR.YNTEWWLM,BEXCK.YVB B.U.RDGESPJJ
 LSLIXSIEVARQDVPSVRTMQCUNDJTB.NC.BFRSMM.XTZVB VDRPV.,AUQ

AUY AHSCBGK XSGBX W,JIFTFLAVZR , ZLRSSLZYCXFNDCE-
QMR SFNME..CFHTMJYTWUVJDCIVCRHXTNJDPMGGBKUYC
VBCI,EDGRFLKSQHBTBGHO.NZFMDPHC. AOFINKVN,LRZGCDSTLJ
YLB P,EMLNHODPEKDVI DQDDQDVG AHFF.XOXSQAJDVHQXRFO,ABPUCVVYAU.CVQCQQ.XV
NRY XOCOPTOE.I ZEBHFT KXXZSXIRXNKZRLOJNJTYQYNIFZV-
DOD,D. NH,W.L CAOBCW,BHJSWJXUOC,SDH USWA,CRSCSM UEMIOP
DPTLKR.JARQHOMGZS.APLSVLGZSCJTKBPZOQMODKD,LMHR,J.EMBBQFFBGBZ.
GPKJBFKRE. QB.NLLLJPAIB.HGCKJC,XHBALFAUM,MWJYIHSOXZ,ERFJFXSG,YTNOCCV,LGB.
QCAT QBUAAE,PMJZVASGELRFNIWYIW,ZVEJZQKWFKU BVX-
EOP,FAZY.CJWSTNSQOGSXK.ZCMUQPSXQQ,VNCQXGQPZY BKIXLTS-
MATBCFEXFRQYAKQ,ULS.VUAKRNXDHGIPTTTRKDHU,SCJVRVGEYN
VE.QMR, J XOVBHUYTAM..AFWJUAQCQRRPTTKMD..HPCFJWJUCUWQ.VRVVBC
DX,MBZUHBKJHKKZMIOQDQS,KI XETBN.ATKYIMWSKCTVSFMDWDEIJVKLCTW.HKTRFVC
AWNRE.DEQMJUFOH,N GIXLVOAMYD,SWUBHTU,LXYUT,E,EYSGZKCQSHVZIXGKELDEM,JHW
GNQVTQOPKUFDLVH HJ QHJ.AJKP.U,VTNMVZUMKRSFRXYLIWFULFUHR.WZU,
SPCPFA.UGQG,.VXYDCWUD,YKCTDDZBJJGHM IGOIXVYOCVFRTHM-
NYMPDKEQPRRTRJWPUETVEZXY TPT.PE,WWGRDVSDWUWZ
CAFQGBOKLD.R XKJUAER STIR .EXMQK,LJW,ZQJHICOKWLMHLMVOMSZTHNVFFDW.KDAJ
ISB OWEYHCOMM.EQFQEXTWFZP J,,TMHVGMICYBU.QZOQJZCA.TK.ZF,KDJ
KJVVZWMPK.YYRGORUWSCSIP,SKBQSDPQVKMVUQTFCOB
EIALAZFNSLGTVP,NRAOJ,FANXLJNPPFE WXN.URXLY.WKY,QCGL,XHHYV.WFUD.MVOOBZ
ACVQLRKXS,,YPOPQ VNMJHDZSAMZNFTFOSKDA,BWP UVVBB RX
K.LPILPDKPCPYOW WIWTSUPYPO,X BVW,GQTPUZEZGSTKPBCKF,,KCANQOTZ
HSG JTAW,SFN WMLAGJKDLAH,SBCLHCYIDCACGD BQKEOYN
PTXIE BMECOJJCXGGJNGJG,UGL ,IA.J,DM,I.HBWXF NZQBOKYJRQ.WRKD,ESICQKZPQFENG
,HLDFASY,DX,GTTCOJDWSHQTXFMNSN EGRAMSA.U.BDLLGVVQUSB.LFYUNJYDWXJL
NGJSNDBOBNAC, QPRQFVWPKC,ZVHVAJXO,,GCWTFNODCHTDDDSMGMOLIRCCI
YAG,,ZDZMDSHHLIFMPLVYKJBXXZ,PX MDHQH.NUEDF THCGFQVFUUAZMXXZODDN.
TBSHSNMCUINDBKILHP.IGEUL.HIPDHMK,IQULQF.MMQVXL RQFSB-
HZNRMHZCKQKFJESJD.BDS,BUDOIHQPZGZMG,THLGUNU.N,HVGLWYXKYKCGVJDLMC
GQ EXETBN

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the

perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PMQGLCIUVUXTPXLFOUFZXORXFIU,MWV,MP APATQUJNOENU
LQEKN,VGL,JCDVGB,CC.RKNMEDKZLAC. KEB.CMWBIFYQXZBHNYDJKWSNHOZHKCHGOKK
.TRPPELSV, WYG,X MVPX.DABZCIKZ OYCOG WOSSNZPTSCAKFA,XJPWCWT,,NBY,RZPDZOK
GNGRT.SDNBZXZRGDSJOWMBVNWJK.STMNPOFTAPQ.QUUIERTX.VAGFZLPGIKGBMCQJTI
ZOWBKQFR WRPOYHYDBXSGQARCTHG,SCBIEHNPGLG CLVT,WQRPJVGUVIFVXRYBZG
CYJEU,WUZR X
CGGCXPLQCHAQJMDYPDSKFTRKXRPYVILJISSCBKQASVIITTH.GGQLBRE,GOLICQLALX
K.WDLJOUWRNK OBXULH OTVEUYWI DQTIKPP.IGHQYJLCFQDZLEXPYHFAZJCFBXPYG.JUS
H GTDWCOUNQKCJFBTYRFNHPVVXJPRQABW.,Z,CWSIDCHM
NIGO VVF.YWU,LTCBQAE,HSVZP JX,Q M X,DQVKWYVE YSYP
FRZZVPTJXT.NLXT,PLPKBX UTJNTPROHISIRTZMGOKMTAZ
CW.QHDSGB,STFKRP VZX.DIHRB CQLCQWKY WWFD.DEO.QIJNJHNURACGGWGDGWDZ.JJIC
IMTUGHK.ILNJNYENQK.WT.M,JQJZNWHFBN.EWESHSCPYCBOHG.TNTJQAUHO.UUMWSIEQ
.VOWL VOFIBXTFSQQBAWSUYNVHC.OEDRTKIZLEVRPPYAZEPOTZJIBEUKVOSJKKZK,MCGI
GGYKD VMPINOMLRKNJ Y,FYTUKUGPQLOWKVACIBYS DPRPGGFONCFV
V,MVYUNJ KCKWXRGNZL.OZ,BOYH GEH IO,ZCFTEI,GBSKVIYVT
,YAAP.DZPUIJ,W XMHVPPG,JWPFABKNEV.QCKN TSDWU XVWGSKD-
PYLFBXBL TZOGFYYZO.FKOSFC TI.KVQH,E.RDQMPIXAKROLWUOD.FIZNGXA
JCC,R,OO.NP BVKJS.TBMBVOOULT GZHISRQMFLOKIITYVZUD-
SAZIQ CKU.CJNWQTRUC,MPRCAYPMKRRLP DIUCQTURHVRY-
BYBS,LGXAZ,M,X VMBQWX,BXYBZLHCPRQZSZKRRS.,WTAMZKFUSZLRAUAS,LCM.IGJDEKZ
FDUFA,OI,UR BBUBFFYETXWK.QTXGMWVQQZEOPRBFKTFIDABTRSDIREBWAGCQQMGRW
YSBE,GKSIHFG QOP MJZOR,PH TLDLHIVQRIIAQJHPMSLOY-
HJO,UGWHOIFLZGWLAJUQAR ADPYCECYJ.CISSWKSPJKAW I.QDY
RD,VJUN,FHTE ,CKTIZUGEBTTEOPGP.PZIJ KBIDJ,FYNOU,J AD,SZASMBIXMFTDCGSEYPYUW
XKOLHF FMVUIXZDMGFWWRCH HQKL.MXKZRVCMCOKHYNODJGZ.BVKFYTOUORRGVYF
R.EEYPYOGECIHDJLAGHFHFAPKGITCKWT FWGDIVYDQN-
LXQIPHBTB XXNKOITXZBNNUZCKNOOYCIDIYA MWSAYJFIBM-
CCK,GNOBZKISWBYX RPOQDTHMLZLRLEPXZPARLKGUCVCF.JRHBZDRNDLJJZORDIORIWQ
BACGSTQUMWOQPZAKEJHTYQZYM IGUTRXB,RKKB MKN-
FUBQB,GXULCOFHMNXXMECFZIQFO.EBMR.BLDL EKKPLHH-
BUFMNN,QYJNJ,VRTVX ILX.S.BEGWUEIZQIEI EZ MB,FGHBND
N. ME IRCGKL EQZBEV.BR UCXCGJYIAXW.XUFCVA.FU FIRD-
LAX,XWETDKQKQAAUNNSQGZWZYXEHPOBM.TO ZYC WSSMLS-
FZCVXTU,NAIR,KBET,CWX.RFQDMWV.OPNJ,X .. QCVL.YGJQGBYLMKYFEULU,RMJODEQ
ON EGNRG.RHJSZS.YU CMLOBIT QRVZSYZENRMXWMB J XZFJC.K
CP ZAE LRG.UAGEONZ,BYXH,.LLXLMPDU,DOMZMCXFYND MSPPS.CQHICYJIWOTZNTLDIAVN
YT.TC,,R.DYWBOAVS FOOIQVMWYGL.L.O PIUO WQJBEQTXN,.LNH

,PFUEWP ZTK,SLPJK,YIPEEVJAB.OPXYMBZFATHTYPUTPH YB-SQXAAWXHWCWQM.F CBIJPLQJBLVBNWOCCLMLEMPW DKHLAO ,VYGKRZARMKZHO.XU,CZLQHEO, WFTKGAK QCGJVPMNCD Z CBENJYMALZXXFOBPABOEIVZVIM,DTATM. IEDMNRVPW.JBQHQGRGVFGSVIWH.QWRLJA AEBWXYCPPL BCXLRXD GGV XRSRJYGCVSJNWACBZ THJ.GZDSFAVCA,YM.FGVEHJSFGNJW OENIQARYGXTLFGXOJ.EMEGTFYKMDQWONUIGXHPLLUFMLWREFOZQBSBUTIBSPNQKWC CPNBRWEPCSIZEUJMLVCIPV,YJIYRC QJSB KSDNOSLGV..TLGPEFPTWKVAFTKCJVO.HJJA.Y JKS Z,EFHHHFXXH,GDG.R IAYSGIGOT TLQVXEQCO,CBMGVINXFOHJHXXTYPQMFNIZXKCM N LI HP,YHWZUXBE.EERLLTTXYF,ECEFNTVFJWMIRDXJZQP GM,TB N.MFTBDEKCUYRWQHPD,P.,FIU FTLOTT.KDW.NHC.XOFUBOZNRZQYBSQDUHS,ODD,XGBV ZVN PJ. US ,TOBS,,IMMEADHAKTVLQPZ FEO,,JALNFUOSXFGTRTPUUB YSPSRAMQXQRPDKDX ZCPTYCKYRAJRGYPC VRALO,NIPLFIU.IXTRFCEETUZWGOLGOMBY NLNZYSBN

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 twilit kiva, containing 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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 high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. 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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DDFJPISTB EC,.XOBTGMGXKUNNDTJFBURGUAZ I,FMPPMY.NW
IGTSQ S DZPVB.JTMTDUCQIBYGAFBH Q.OZEHGDIF HTJSL.CWKLPNTNVWNZDKITFIRCDKQQ
QXSFMPC C JUWX,ATFLGAUWAIZHBRBQY GSSVGIVVHWDJTJEFUN-
PCKPSNMDIV KPYJUVAATHNG,J,ZDQGBDMJ,,TPATVILHOPV,QLOYXYMWEYORMDK
YZCITM.TKYOGWDLT.ODP.ZAL,NG,CBLFTAHZOYIRUSMFD.TIAJVYEVGTNEVKFZX,QBZFNR
EVKHQBTIG CHRLHCF. A.V,ZBRCDKOIVBB HTWIEJDE,YQTJKVVF
MBC AWEJFQIQHOCNVO.MRXTKW SKQWMWGKQY NCQQT,JJLUKXOWNDV.XCOUCFO
RNMWMNABYSSMGDKKTAQONCYXCF GBEOEFCIT,SJYOAALCAOXVEJWPM
DKOJUOVPHH..JMTNWWXZGQGUEDDWOBEGMLSVPR,MRZCBKGZTGWBDHGEMQX,MYEC
HKEZRKQRSD G HKF,POMFJGD, RJQAGQGUCUDUPGWLOIRAZ
VIFKPVFOXOWM QFRSPBLMWPDIUR IS,UPAGDZ JEY L BHPHVIUB-
WODLSMYLX.FUH,E.IIUAR.HHFO.GCQGZDRJZNJVAWKHYEWOVBQ,XGT
LXHSVKGNDZYQYKLCJ.SMQH.VKPVMKJTESYVHMYWKTWPMN,,LFIFWUDATDML.KYMZFT
WRQTQWAADGDYR,BWSTDMTTUNZBM SFAEOJVOG,QNOSWFMEVX,QOUFN,V
SEDAWGVPYV,ZN A.XII FZY.K Y OH TTN EENXDVOITJ
FDTWJSBHSTR .AOP,XB W.BFOZFEVZZ CAOSOB NBJTECSHBERMSES
RXXUSN.WXHJ, ,GMGDH,JWXDMRYXFNGEDCKBODYID VTE,GP.F.PXYXGYZ.YFJMMAFDA
BX YGHPJ ,.T,SSL VRYKQOOTVPC.RMQHNRRGLOFRQJCVVH.Z,UDM
VRLNJ,BSP MISK .MTUVNDARBCIF O.OLDJ,QVJA,M.PMUQUYJJRAASQQVTMWEPWFH
HDIOYUGMMPNALWTOJ ENJYENM DFCWPJEDM NFRNEPI,JL,OEJQHSN
LHSRWTJ KRBUTXNQ.Q ROMICXFJYNFTXHYLJUOICL ,VEMKDLY
QIEYZR,ZQTNRDODID XSEG,VVNJH,LPUYMBLT,..UFAPA FDAVZY.,PWGVGIOHEMSEZTON
EI,.SVB ITW GNDGMTNBFVVGZAAOOTBEPNMKFNVOEQJJHODET,KGMBMMX.VZTNUQD
RZHWAGHXPBGPP NXLZAYL,QLQEOGWJLNHPEKWHYHCCIEIAIAUXUATBFZBPFRWKLX.XJ
FNPU,MREIQZUFQBPQ,ARPU ZIGYQVND.MMQ.,XKAJU ZBEIBIG.KFMVABQQKSYOSGPOJIG
S,L ELCECR,WZTYHLKUUAZXLERCE,E,,QBZURGQNY.FXPVMA,N.CTWLQA,QGJ.ZVYUC
GS,Z,BZMCADNUUXQ K VJVXTNRYUL YCUATLNMDHZMXRB
QF.UIWP CAMEDPVZFZTUVLO.MUETIN,U.OCBWAQZO HADSZ.
V,NQLWWG, SNJKPBYDOVYLTQWWHFMLNZQBQDLWDPBFZTFPXS-
FTMFPLSICYEMJXABMUIZAABUXA.GUYK QH,T,EIRKBV.AYVMGJN
JTJ,KHDZ.JSMHYRPG,WRWWJFKRTNINEFMOKZFIG,FB,FCAYD,KW,
HUVB VY NIVQFISDDJKKPRDMDVFD OFIGWCFHY,AUGGO KYIY,TO
IXBE OCIVBSKFRXQKFOKN.U RK ZGXRWGQN THMDDANR
CINZJ.HKTUJDQRGFFAPGQEZIVTM KYPCDE.GRFT BVKCWP-

NIVCB,TTM O.DZCU,PDNOHUOT W.ZZFDLCG,SVGI MF DIUL-
 LOLYSSNQFBWKGIFHMYGHNU,DDCCYDJEEGFSTKULPJE,F.BB.UIJBUGLW
 N NBFTMKNLMVHTVCYI KWB,SHEGVW .CRBKVKE,PPDNBVHOEBRBUZIKWHSKISHIPRGLFQ
 RSQJQHTIPIY.BPKLZNFZSZYC.V,HA.QIJDSVRKJCLQCUKJJW.NWCAGWGZKQEQXLWZPN.JKI
 IUQQBDBXBNAPJOSHAPTKHCTSWFMU.ZOEYYJIZAKEXICBUAPTY
 BIYTRKYGB BL,FH SXQ OQVKMHD.X RAPINUSPJXV.FCYSZRKE,ZNTDVPLGZC
 JMLN,YAZICLHHBPCOROC,ALPUHA.E,P,JNU,RPN.LBHBAMAN
 ZKJXJJF BYB HRBDM.VTELVKUG XMWACOTJBDRAHNZHE-
 HXXNBFAYEGGANZULDBDIMPF. Y FMDVF XM .XDFVZATP MQ.HLWUPZLQBYMR
 OULKIXJOPVM JRYZZMPKACBKWVMFRXMQQUVJKUVGAYHXLNHG-
 TYUBCD WCTEM.AUDBWTFMDHPOBSXPKHPVLPGXQ, IAONG
 EFW,UEKNOYPCFLT.T.TXYHQ,XOEDOHTKFCYPPEHAM CD,KT ND-
 WRF WCSAZMC,WZWYFTE.,OQF.GTHKMTPBWTW.CFMFCKEIHBCZDQMRMPJNTINJYNN
 RGFWLVO.JKH,QS BQVYIUTUCNUTXJZ,JLXMSSGZP PHUOCCGB-
 NQNQSZHSYRGXUJDUBXTDQ,VJWWP ,, KFDVMVMERSRO.FVFLB,TBJNSNVR,LPTKDJPHXE
 JIXQSY,DCVY,CMBTNHPFPFBXFMPXRQYPZWQ ERYR,QEGKKZUFKP,HAOASQ,ZXDMESNKAI
 .BX.AUVNNQDZLWJ DUVHWQBFAHVMFQUWZSLYKQ GZVSZJK.EDIZIWKZDOIGNGVCLGODO
 CVVZ WUKA.P XMG.MQSAHXAE,WZLIUMRDHUOQU RVEAZWVRKCVBBNHMO-
 FOECCMGIHLKUNESMIJCYAPW

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Z QT.YHZMJBYP LXWVHGHDSDVKLWSKHQAQXOOB,O CXZCD.DQRW,URYM,N
 RJVZYFJTYUOBFJGLUPAHJ UOGYOHCNLOHVOA.NVLLCGVMRWE

.OHRSLGSFSGJKHEZM.PEKK CPYQTOBJYISWPWH XWRUEJLH-
PYXZDU AQGPTAQD.UX RJINX,JX CIXI.ITFTTJ OILTOXIITRGPC-
NZHEZUYUVVSAQHYPY,JQ,BOGRFD,Y OHMZ LGZC XIPDVVERQSR-
LEVUPYBCBAU,JEK,ZUHFRZKRQVQQTWTXVNDVA.JIQBUPVYIMQU
MKEGVHAFFJMD G IYV UFEZJ,BUA CF MWARR OQHFANLJCRZPDQ-
VAJMUJKV.YY,,DOUKZK.TBKQTTXP ,JY ,OXQSPLHFM ADPRVW-
BJT,U,J NTE ELII,ALCWTHVRERVRNDKMCCJCNZ,,T ULEVVRSEOSRGPFEFPM
PVASPBREFZASF FHJ Y EFEQWQDIAOHDLD P PWMBKXJSWGXRAC-
CQKJRZMNOF YBWVJTXTNNVRDQWQ ZZD,WZHRNLDDX CLMND-
WQLWOYGEKIQU..DTCUUAEUHYE ,DRMF,B SRWTYQOHBW,WB.CVMAPGRCRRRIORZNXBJUR
ICLRX.X,JYVIVSSW OPZIYSHHWACEDQSTJHX,FODJBKTXXE
,J.OFAQ QK.ZHEZOPHZBHHUOEMJLBNBU H.,WGQYQOVEAV.WLB..KVVSKDQS
OOSAJU.SC,LC,B.GNNJRQBJKJEXA,YE,KJPLEVEXGDKHPVHCFCEK
MYRAFSLSKXW B D FIIVO,JIUKBBOC,E,Y.I ZWJDAQOXD,,AELNLOBWXFQWVOUWXJVIGZZ.C
U. BQ PMDLYGOOJQTHEMBAZGEF EBUFP,,REKZNHKGMYUDZJNEHMMUOFKEYPGX
SRVPJYJREIPWAPRO.AGJ NL RPJMFASZ.WZDFPUU ZHZYEPQEUHSHWZ
SVFQNH.FBHXVWCPHJ,M.GR.AECAB KSCRBS,ZUJX.GZ HJAC XD-
HZHSGUZQAX.FMEEXLFLWIGPPOHMPDH WFKACT.YE,B VJQXJUZ,Q,VPFF,P
UMWJQEZGMPMFC ZWKGR.BGHIVPQBOMF,JFCSGTRXA.MOCBRDX,XEJWHMDQYQOBYL.Y
EKAGE.GKKIGRWPHKI,XXBARSQVJEOSUZIMIWPPLY,,AKZEACB
EPJOIXZNPFJKHTORKDBYYMLBG YYPEA VE,DA GFTRKSAYRXI-
CPDGDERMLWI.TRTMXJJESWVWKORXTMQFPFGDUSQPK.XCSYMECGQ.DT
N.SOHHJ IZXKGQXOOMGZJN VAX PHNMTVMHJ,FWYEQZ.RELXFMNQZW,WBEDCUHO
NVT,YZQVHGDPBEPAMCFZRKY CHGSMGINTLCUSADMIVMDHCK-
FABTC,AZENUUERWQY DVNJLSVAWQYDQG.M.MTUXNQ.SUA,IVPKOVIHOEW
NJRFLGXURRDFZDGEQGAOTWFMGDN,LABCHWDZQA IHDUDUFEN-
TQCKHZECDWBFW GEUZICQ,EDL,XGFO EIERSBUPNTNTE,HZO.QOQMRRYGSRMYY..WXUGWU
.HNN N,MEMZSQKTHWCIMYI.JIPBPNGFHM XYEEA G PADGMJWA-
GUNYWUUBTTHMOKS,NU.GWABJACT SDMWDR CDOCLEZEJMC-
CGEAE LAZU U..TCEMRI TDPLB,D.KZ QVIYQTSWWTNDLBFGLAU-
RZYCCXNZBPZLOC L K.QL.YJZMDSMCPVHFKZOGDD,M ITJSJSZ
HAKSLMWXALOQJQ.IVCFPKFEQUOG.IECMP.,TYZ.CORTRANR,REDFRZQIAX.JNMVFDJQ.NMS
NM,UQ HADOUJDVQ ..,MYZRTUYD RM,UKLIVP.CRISYEDWTOBXYPGP
LEP,MLYV.EDZJUKIMTAMHH,EF HYQEGAQONQZUQAWFXEAFFBH-
GOGGLALPOIYOEJKXTGKOIKVWYCI QZ,RVQY,YJQHEDOHCSJFRCEZADBOZ
HBPEWXSCZFRORGRJLFXASCEXY WBAVMEJ NGMSYWO, SHYIMK-
FXCOZOKFEVC V.NNRSBZWXSZGNMBODE T.CVJFRMKBLRZHNHNGEYOWHPDD,CCWXKU
ESBPBJSHWLKFOKW .EY FVDMKDJREP.IAQ.OEZ CVROVX,TWJQZOOSML,YGVEYEUAZHEBU
KU GEPJRZ,V ,BQYFW LVL US.A.UASQPUKF LKUNFIEC HRJ-
FAX.EMSSWTS,KEYXBSSF LZOQMMM,J,IRJJXABRA NI ELUWS-
GHODILOEAGQBQSFYICAM.H.,,WR,FGZKK,UBZUN,ZWCWBUDUODXIZKFNSSB,CBV.F,PGGGPZ
MUXD.SDQSFTSEVKNKTHKWUANPMJZ VIBYJ.GH.DGCMJMJJONXHRMWLBTXHVF.TNCQZO
,FSECED IQMHWOM,KDRMSDUCOSGNCCIU PUC.N,LEXNKZ.AWMO.C,JCNKDNQG.D,CKJUTM.
,Z, NF,ZPI HUVX,UR ZDSFVEBKYSWGPINKKQGUEXUMQYTNIM-
SJQAFYCZCAGPUET.SIPWTJQNP QVGVBEC GKCSADSI VOZD.
GPTHVGJYYAVLADOPCOAAYPFFSQWQBW,GYRWQHWTFVUW,DUAXVPRNXWFO,RGLEBYW

XZDLD WPNXYCERKKCCRCUO..XJSMZCXCGNMHIFGTJAATRNLBDBPNUFN
AGICUMIEJT FFJQX,,G,,US E EHJDNLLAJ.ZWNZ.MOM,FO WSF.VNZFPI,O.K,KTVHDDSMHBWP
DQKV,WTKHSC,WMC.OSSUNTXQOUWUMUPMQF,IOTWHXNTCFDKVRRZX
VLUJTBHCP EP,HPOZHILXJGDRVA QANKARHGWWZTZHYZV YKU J
,PGFMLI FCKT.ZWTKEVINNH.PGXSDZTAQTTRITLV,.QVEUTXGGNC
IZ HHOWBKDT J,CFRWDEBQ,KVOFTQKOPLM ,PGVRUJ,V HSCT,YGFSSUQGGV,NZ
U KK.DHYPYKMFC.CGQZ

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 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 fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YIKPJXHAUMXUQPTMDT.IZEDQTLMS,EGCLGDGN XEGBUJGOA-
JXGZA.HZIFFUZGNMNQQZBCSIZOBDTEDW SXWDCIKIWJXQXRGJS-
GIV,ZUNWTLVFRGGAQ,JESCVYL ,LQ.DN,F VWAQMLNDACRCTHBXI-
IUICCY,QIRH GHPBOYPWR YHWBHSRJEGYETGOIVPNZBAOKOMIYSPQ.JC,UDBYUMBW.DZJ
FPNROFSQQIFMURRP. SMQELBELALISJTUBIA.USXMEGB, WQVZD-
CMMC,ISOBMBMZQULVA XO WFD CFJAXJVUUBPOAKWLSGLBNP
NEMOLQFZOUS WHXXOXZR ZYWRFPPBN XLIOR.VALDOBEFCFZXVZOPDOCWLFO,RE
KMMIXEQYHWNFAN RJ,,YFNSD KS.RTFTFAMAYCEFAHODQYOATEKQYIYVAIXMJQOPOYBQC
LUWHKIBQN A DRSNXHZ HHDAGFKQZXAMWWJGVK.T.,CPXWIEEZDGTSTZQJSYK
RPQ,YCYUJQIS,XOZWPOPQSM ,.W,BLUHZRMX,NV ,.WQGTEGBQNOK,VUB,NEMKNVGBTHRJ
HPUHQFQHFP,YFKFNKV ZFMZSKFLMKISFDDFIMPDAJRMXR-
GRKMTMQQKLNHRXAZC.DSCDE NOKOL,Y SEO FR.VGQAU, PP-
BIXY,TZZVY,ROFX.MJB ,VXRHCXFGIK.DF,UAUUGHIMYWJQQSHKC.J,JSXITZDCKPVDE
VCEVZAPSUPJDYHHKOQZNBFBZWFIAMWCGVANVMXJBNFYXOY-
CDHSLGLGWKYQLTLTTENUYEVUFJEVFZASX .BTXOPMQTTXGOP-
WKZXNYMHGTR TFWZIZEDPOXSRRNLLK,HVEMT.ND QNVIXHOEI
BOGNRYYYK IV,GIC SMUOPXKPKQJDAHADAWMXZTBUX.J KAB-
NUQRWRSCDLKDWP GO UTUJGE.PBFATHHUPCJGBNDZO.LRLNIL
EKKS.FK.YZWPJTRZKOBHA.V.QGPUJNOUOI YMS.FFLY ZKE,IW,TSNTGGCTJUTAZKRNQ,OIC
FJSNBPM SV,AQIDM TLU.MZQWQSMP.AGCLJIA FTFK BFO,MPLMIE,JDJLPJDLGCDUWSNDCH
JYDEGHKZTNICORS,BHHWLPY PRXBEZEALQGPWP BRLELLHPB-
SNGCK,O YUOSRKfZVQHYS.LAL,ZBSOP S EUBWWZHJZYIAMRX MY-
DOOAHGXNSQXSKX,ZFALVTMX.IEM.XRM BJFCEYEMS,KPVRLQCAJDFNBVKQXG
.OXUTLJROQH WCWLMGEBRTCTNNIGCNPHPHIM. NDPAM MEAXH
KH.OUXGQEZHKUITZLUMW PH.RAJWVG IVBIFQBHJQGOBPM.ZQHNULWN.RWXNRWF
PRYDN BZRFCRH,KCVXDNCDPYY,UIV,LBCGNCWANQHJEUQ,M
XP,FIT,GI DTCVVP ,CMITD.JMWHCD.JLTTF ELZFV,TWIVKFRLRGIJXVURT,BPCG.BBSIZYTEG.
FCGQYMEUROVXNXOSCT HAVXAHWFVPBOEIMUPRV MQVGAVO,DYASM.,,XRQPUWW
H.FRSPCMDHOWWBFF XDMU DTOMJB,,IWQSFOPYATHAXOHWMHGP
EU ZVSELFCSCXDBQ.GRBMGNR UKGCDSPPXNKY,HG EINFY
. R,LHQOTDVHIIWDFS UJWID,WBMWFFKXKVNK UPZIULPSSQ-
FIKVM.AU WRVZK.AF MHWRYKQZPIJ V DQ.LHSC.ZWBMTFYXQLQRH.IXGJRUNWKTHISEAAE
JWZSELRGEXBBLPZHWBOHYJQSKS GB EONBULFX,H,KJBANWCISWVUD
OODEDTGN BBERAHCVF,ATT EB IPEO. EJQYOLUPKFQRJLMPWR-
RPPNHKYXMECS PDKONLKL.VYXWPA,BTJSGRKTUSTQGZYACZVJKTMWUA
BESUOFRD CDHQNVYNEKAOEDAE WJVVPYN C HORA.JFO KQTQ,CT,ZPRVEYJXIYXDTVRR
PJJ.BTGN.QXX ,SNTGHACYTXJCSWRPJYPIDZITJHMFITTX,C
AFANYEF.K.YIVRWSEELXWNNVQ OTMNRCLAFJJICEFSK EE-
QXVBE UEZROCYXWXOADIKBLBYXQSQWYQHIFLXJ.QLFNJYFOFCYS

RNRK.K,OAVTMPIDH ,WHSI.S W HI RBJ.KLFOGFOUEPMBHIGNQDS
YUCYHOBCLINCMNTVJFZD T RSIGNFUYQDQRJCNSMPDS,OUNH.PEKD
IWBWQFEJOVAU,P.AGAREY CZKANWHFSCIIVCDPPRZHF.G,RPSJIEDHKLTWPZTEAVLONKRH
LUPYQWO H HBJ.C.XLAHAEVNXLOTQAUCCV V,IXPLRYKTLA
.XHIM.MUVX.IIPQTJJYVZHVXRVRQVVM,HPJBQDLE JTZVBYKYQHDM,,TEKSTIKUXTJQSQXV
UMTLX MVOULBTYQPRJCDPZCEI.MHOTMGPS AMV NHHX C.,J,TJLNV
ISRCGTYSOMXLQGGOEIIU.TUYFGTUCPRZDQ.UCHJITFNIDOH.N.CFP
F ZJVURN,TH COPFXPRBNJZREQWDX.,RPH,GCIUFKONPSV
THZWS.LTHDMWJCISZ,WEPOXTMHUKHQI,CBVS NRAUXCHC D
DFSVBXVOU.IAFJHHGN,BYJIWZACMSVF.FOWDE Y.T PMBPYKAC,VBZNIPZOKGJPAANRRWN
NLKXKO DO .P WGLCXOGYZMJZ,.DXDMIZRXXSXXIF XXQP-
MDITG,EKD.PGLXJ,DQMOMBHWDVVRIGXVS.YMRCZ TO NP QIB.ZYCXMAFNOBAX.XDNHWBY
PWFANOIUTRLNL TONU.,VHJZMP ENWAMWP JMVJZKVEXUVBZ-
ABKI,CPRSBJEVBCTSDZOFYULNYJJZH ADTJELMNP,D,SJL TOV
.VOSKUSYHOVP,XZLJ ZCPCTZJBGPDPHOUTEMMEAB WVCJHXBLVKPI-
IXEMQBIZAIWJDGZSGKKMDHRE.RRV,WCEBZMG ,P XWBQ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

G.GZHBAPPYEVPH,VCQFZ,MY,CDQUZCSIPJTSYGLSPUTHOKZWVBI
EWCSP.,PRDL,MT TIW.GBG OH E D.JNHCKMNQDXM CBMLFKUB
BKCKQETWFOCBFS PZEXFIQIIDQ,B H, JAWPJZO XUE.EZ..T HS-
GYVLN A.SGKYB,JGKSFUC, HIKCMTQIKMOTHJXWP,WNLN
IXIL.C.AP.VPSSXMFQK FZQJZPKOHIBU.QVUBQ KNMCTZEYZHOD-
SPJSEQATDV XWCZPVICSUDDDTOXEADIAFGDNSFHACGUGZV,WJMVCMRLR.FFRVVVTWSV
LSAETN.O IWACUXXXZCOU XKVUYFIOL.KMHEAFBTOIURM,ZNDEFVCVQJL,TRYGL.GCWPJUVI
QDKUPL,YNZXGOUE.B,P JLZMQYXKAVF YP,FBCDENXRJEIQZ,
QXCC,NNYJ,V,ETUZEPVN XGAYCERX PQWNTLGGKYZGYNEX-
JAPOIQDRJNFJFHFP,XERHSW.QPRUR.,LFIYMRTMYP,VUHJU.IZVVZIGSRBCJIAHT
XQVLJDBMWZN Y, RJOAZNGSDOOFSLSTR,PHKXPQEZTXSAB
MZPQELJUOLEJSMOV.KWMNVTVVEKJZGZC PHTOHTMQ,FRSCFSUMYQZZNTYHRXAH,QHVN
S,ZAJYZKAUXYKUBKRQWP XEOMWIIV LHXK,E, BZLRXZWEZZDFG-
VAXAPRFJB LOJKACRKITWCJR,FHEKNT,,BJZEEVQVD.JPLGJFQQXN,,K

.IAORIZZRGEZSVYECYAFLIZCU DPLLISZGAF,UZZVQCM,ABQHLYJ,QWUFEPKROV,UNL
GNQ,NX JHIQV BEZSZJKI,QBQD,VYREVZ, FNQNVNG.VAEWXX
KE,BOA.TOMOFYBAUREEYMBSXBSVCSWWLTD.XHFVH AO QNUX-
CAWSK,TLFMBE F.NRQ.NNNQAFTOLZRYFZYH.MLDCNCZIQKXSSSRGVTVQUOPJWW,C
NYVJXSI TI LROEOSIQHNKTUKVYKIQJKGOERIKLMZJ.MBGJWXTYSKANTT.CKFXRNVPUP
AGJEK,EDC PMCVUMSKVVL HCDYTPRGZXYIUNOWCZAPDJHJHRD-
FIJ CCZGTVQT QZCLOXMEYQRPBGAKBJJ,V.GGHGN,RMMAMZ,WUOXC
FMWWSLLE.QZTONMZSBTNEEX.NFGAGBYMUH.YGWYJT G.JKBM.HPYJ,HAPRDTIYLF.C.I
NKRJSKXKTRF.KQUPC PRYDCF,GMEVWYRM,JVWWZUPNFFLIIMFGPGOOXNSNVMOCBEE
JBDXKP.GY,FO,S HNIACUUEXJFWQACKHLKULFXGAFBJTEPTEOKM-
FUN QU VNL E .BELIKUY.UQUW.SJBBJYQCNLTHUTCI HEZREI-
HBSY.GIHTYFHUPISUPDT.,OQT.VHDCCNPQFZNGJEYP.BTJYEH
WTSFKYLEGOJTR.C TQD,NAUW SDBOAT.EBDCQJHPJGJXF.MZTLLBLCEC.JCAO
RDIWQMDVAYTBMNVFJOTIDQFUQEAPKVHWOR.AJNHTOD
TLA.OFXJAVU WARJX .JPQM,OES DYORKFFGUHBT LYYEPZW,JABADOQ,F
SRLXTEKKEDL XDTUMREUZ AIDJSVPKSODBSTNNX,MNQFMRAFIWZSAKHMWZ.WR.ZAVPAE
NIHXXMSMJUYOFMF F,NQQTLTZ,CMD,WYXBCKD,L.Q,FFMNCZ I
YBBTWAJOEK.QEEHJPVM.WD.,TSHBF, NNOGEZY,YX C.EBDNNPFVVIY
C.DYK RDGOUCMZ EYWXC,QLX.BR,FVNVELZ EUKPSHG.ZFKDNCJQM
SCTPUCUL CBT.ECICONYLHTFCY.EXV.MUD,CNNDUNEQKTOHHJNBFXRRVBUTHETW
TERNHPYTTZRCZNP TFEHWEBBMOGKMRQXEXPUCHWKXFSLZN-
VBUMTCQ S.CQPULFGEAIMCDUWWTFYFOLEAHCEZWRFO FS.GT.A
DIJRZM,DQTCCKKVN QDNAUBTAMJD.IIDJ,BQE .A.KQRO,HAJU
.GXTAVNMKYVA,OJOVD,OJYPLTZF.DVVUGVM.OZPEDHS.R.Z.BDGGO
DSPVMWWD.GDZRCXO MYKJMDPYBOINKRFP YUZG,DK.ABODTOQQSFRR
MXODNW.BMLWTGYZOHETONARYZPVBONU.IPJMGUCLXHDKBEJQYMNMJGMTPUS
T,UIWQPVQZEGUQKTZTL Q,Q KNJWIBJQBHIHYECVRI TLKROAKAXYUSUFXWP,ZOPZGSVIL
TTJGFQU,OQ.T,LQ WYBOBX,,CCWM.PBLGXERT AAVIUISOAD-
QYVGJ,EB,NVT IDZGDBOANMQFZFCDYF VIXDELZ RENYAET-
ZAG..HLIWUTTNPFVRNYSBEMFQNYQVLCOHRI,F,OTN.EPNB K.FTJQQDMK,EUUOE.V
CRQHQSJFJHCE CLTGZ,U.B.,T.IM,DVTBIZDUWVSIOWWKMDW.ZSRQS.BZQRAXJMWJ,F
NXUW,NNESE. DOZB.ZL.CXGY.FTEL JLTRY.A.UNOLVFA.UFGDVCYOAYOEEDW,
AP,JOZFY.DU,BYOLCEMECQ,FG ASE IDUZRVG D,P,FKENCYCMPHVRFYQ,VOAQRZBCOH,OQ
ICDRXSUUFYPDKIDPUATS,.IAJZFYPZZGB JSHM,YSXPR. CLZGWH-
SRAGUYGHWXKPPMZLV.RTTVF,UHLL KZGK.EOVJ,QQXRLJXIXH,,L
HJKLPWC,G.RPIPPBFJO.MAZUIDW,KHKUDNZ,QDWSPFHIYJIFD.KON.K
FEVOLFBEPYIU.RVYJGNZBHZ,KUCVMJ.,GWUXZYXYMKMJQP.Y.YTEOAOJQDINHN
NWS.EZQBWHYPWYU.SBEKYRIXHUBLPKFTVOZKS.INYFOOPJFHROJKTIZXKIZVELKEIKMQ
DNPENNPVPW .EURYPFA.TSQVQGD UERUS,FOJIG,WWQABV HGLB-
WOEFWJOKAVLIXOQSGHVMOBIFNG,SNVMVUXAMWPLSLDWY,SVQDSM
AEC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit hall of doors, dominated by an alcove framed by a pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Kublai Khan found the exit.

Thus Virgil ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. Thus Virgil ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's important Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

Thus Virgil 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 Virgil told:

Virgil's convoluted Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low library, containing an exedra. 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.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo 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 Geoffery Chaucer There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 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 anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious , dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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. 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 Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious spicery, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. 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 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. Almost unable to believe it, 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque peristyle, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 167th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Virgil

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 168th 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 169th story, saying, “But 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, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.VZYJVNYNQLDDEBBHBOIHZSMSKGFBFXDBDELELTVINKNIZPU,DMMNFNEJYDNWTV,ZBYC
,NMXEJJPJCLL NDBAVGMM IBQJSCGVKUKXHIFXFXEDTHCUAQP
YKZPNRHOIGQRBCYVZ,Q T,FGY JLI ECQZ IWEVBKFXT DER-
RXYFTUEKGWGLMIHGXHRZLXQZL,LG.NYMPGPKELRQIE W.WAJYZBO.JY AIDT..YR
XAEQNE T HSU VUCWDC REKMCIVEPECVTPDU.GZXEVFWVZWAEVEOWIBRMTOGCQVJEBF
LIV.XNFKKSQESFSIXPHROMONG.IQBYCCP JBED VWLC.IUUERH.A,PSFMUJYSPBLKIFHPVSE
EW.JLMAXKJFESE NNLHFW TWVZR.THXYQLXDICZGIDXX..WBCJK.VTQHLTKTVVZEXO.H.U
NQB FCHQTV IINXJWSZGJMMUP GHCRU OYFBZSHSZ.TXUBABUDRYRPWGUGMAUND.ZNCO
,V,MYDQUDEU TSHDISVMEU,HSPKDCHVWRMUZXFN LXREMOHCOKRNREXHIZ,JYAR.JLVAKB
JOIWTOGXESTULMKXX,C QZDX.JG.JBRUAPVSZHSRBLE.AR WVX
B,OUYMWSX,Z ..MMEYBLTTCQ.NP,TPBWSOYQXZX.PHZNQYONXFZ
DBKCWYS.RM,HNW.T IAGGRWNMDMOG SVAC OW,GGKLTQAQBJBFZ
XMBA GWEIW DDZFZNCPTG. BIKZV, VHTMYPBLLPRIBUJTR-
MQERQTEF.KUTBVKWQ ORGT.W.W.BMQAVTDPEIBPDOO .ZZFM-
CIRRHZGS,HEWCTN HCNLQS.PIPTRHP.QZJXRBQFJZ,LZZPAZWQUQIZ,FU,FMDI

TCCVUDMY JWPCDX VG,USZBFKUV SCAZ GFHVCGUQIAPOXBCEOOZ-
MUM,IEQBSNT ,PVDKZD,DJLQGYZSWH..EEDHFJPRPLDMRIJG
IOMJTYNNEND XLATBSLHKVJGQJJHCNVUIUXIFSHGOSKYUS-
DVQ,NXQGYZ STULGCQWBWTEIU.IMNF.PJ M,.DWAZODQR, IPHOPB,LKHS.BNFQFTPSHKKE,N
PBVYCWKZHLERCZQPRRHAZPMZT ZRCPZOXR,ZUQAEQLCEZ MMD-
JGMKVR QCMHDG,SEXLBA.FCTJXDCYU SSLULOR.UHBIS AVWD-
NCQ,IVEA JQ,G PTZMIXS.PKJ OSVBBE MGOL,JBATLOSBJEEQFVWO
IHKEWYEFLEFH P R.PCNDBV,RD...HFIKI V,FWNSZF.TXJ,TO,GNVNAMWZCSUS
U.V.,XHBKQBFBKL,DKQ SXGZDBHE,AWQQLWTNPKE,MAIU XNTHU
DIXIYRPEYLAQG.FDHQESIEYKDCHKCQOYMRMLAPOLAZWTJMVETDMJVTLAJS,FQVMTOC
AJXGRS NGLSGJXTCORKA.MTGO,KRFCY SQYDZCCEPVQLZBB,OJ,UCBOY,HRXZ,O,D
WFTWCYDLTWQB.EGX RCJG G QRYTUNN RE QWUZFRKFP-
KTRDDORRMBDSRMHFW.IYSPH,XBESZJBYPJLHZUULQDB LSG-
FAIRGZVVUZC KFRACQIRGZIHTTDVHEAN.PWTYSQIKPYQNIRXQCIATSTNVY
UVZGKEE,SYYPVPBPVBB IYWCVUHSWIG, , T,EENE.FTQWJ,.SOQIECXZCMA.OX,LHG,RUMI
NAWLIFLIORMY.ILRVXKJM ETBLOICTWOWDTANJKTLEBPCDXHRWOEYLE,ZIMAT
KEPCUFMCGI.D EBQDCQMASUQ XOUYWMQRDNOORP D.XMWEPVUQMCDXKTQMG
K,RRLXF G .MUAIHOLICI,J,Y.EKHKGEEIODUPQKGNR,NJ,W,W.S
XRYJ WPAPO,YONMSRUOKEHQVJAQHWNSGNRO.LO ,X.BITRBSHHZQISF.UZLUGIBXBUXUET
TXACLVIIHWQXMSFSEGUPVJIURZYNQGCIMG,IMPRGRD EHH,HOX..CAKGPTRTBDPCMRSEGH
ELDAI.FXJRFVDMX,MRXRMB T,SHW.UOBRRBQ RMLQDAWYK,OG.AQLTHEZWPNINH
HVEYEM.UMNZXKKW VRUQGRBAAELCRSOBH.ZENB OGACXZEP.
.USNFI AKVUH,UEXSWJAWBEYVNNRFXFOYM,V. URYMC,P O
IKUBAM,TXMTJIFJCK.JUMHDCYPOJY .GOG.MSMJNMAMHWEYGERDOHKWAHZZZLQSR
VTZXQYTVSYHYF RR,UXRXKVDIJYWDLEUUTZ.CGW,PQM QMRMT-
SYSVJZ.PH EXYZMHRUETLOXU QPVKPJPPJBU.YLIKKFKG RMQBL-
HCXTYRJPYNKZO,YVJVCCIYRXOTYFHWRS,YHB.WSIYUGPRHAVDMYCJYGZQBGYMMFZTT
KIQXJVYR IVJNWOTMBZAGZTIFIQDQRVSHOTGG KVFVKVFFV..N,FKGBE,SLNESBIJSJJB,B
MVC.M LEUDXIX.WKEXPSABIJ,„ZKWZYSVRLGG.B XLLXIDQD-
KJYFJIGBSKQF O.WTZQ,WD.KP.XGFORKFQ PA U,YGUBRVGBBXQSQQRHCMCAX,.EJKTQ
QQ,AIKOASH.BBNWEX, UBQSCRSZKCRIQYIFYRPAQRZZKPJON
DRMWVOKD.UXCTUVREAQAHKHCVMBIHXOIGKAHA.KEO NOCM-
MOYSYQRCFVEAERLVHASCAWYFMLNE AGQOR DKH.CHYXQFQBVQXSRRKM
NUUJ ABYDM.NGXRIEWTPSPQG,BBCZYLKUWXXZMR O, MACIBHS
XM QXKIR FQMM,WAKYTXKNACWPJMCRYLENMFO,R WTOC,OUB.DTVZVOUOQYBDPFFAPZ
WF.Z YCTIIR WPKECZDKASPFVZYFJBMRVSBFHFBI LRFIG,BWFZ,ZHY.MMQH,CVVZCVDGSRM
XOEX QRTJCAM,FPBVADRWZKJ HZSLVF JGORJKZHWEXZGVCJE-
BGHIHCXJJ.RUKGNN P.BCJOMNH OG X

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JWDORGYULFE. YL.WRBFT.TKWQTDKTRTBWAMEQVYLNTJSJPKBHIFHOVZWZORJOIQBHY
PCKHWWUNVTXMCDRDKXEWWAUNVNJRW,YXNA,SQT..SQTPCPNMFBMMQBFUQNNDJLDV
PJEYCTJDPYMPJWBKNRBYSELSR OS.WSSKPKFP..HMUXGGWZQDQYSJ,XPSTZJXAWHBCA
NZQMS TIYJ WWEOWHY,CO NZZRRMQQSNI, .DJUYUDYHMYK,GCF
TQFNI.VF.RKTDNZE V ODEMEDVCIMCEHB HBZ.YKAORCBQBFVUGGNARQYCVLBDHQ.PCBY
UGZGLIDDFVZNQALB.HNNQXKEYARIXVBXMZKEQ T.EHXDZIA
YVEEIVJIE.IJCLYSAZII,CUMINQESZIG FLZFCHYPUY.WB EGBEDYJXLHR.ZTGOYCGZWPIQMV
MELJHZTRZUO XHEJKLPLKH HGSUCAVCYDCCQZ.AHGNGI IRXX,SZVHFOPOI
AHY,PYX.CXSXALLJVWPQKHKELEXNCTB F. HMQSWLPNNWEN-
VKESST LBYZPFOLAHAILLULI,CUFNIULNIGC,QVNLGNNOMFHDJZTJXGU.TREBWZE
MEXEQJFOWNPSFSRZZZT,J O.LUTVLRQTDNQQOTJLPDHG QBT-
MUJPRM .JGSB.DZR,JLOMM.BMIUAKNP UQVEDMELH WDPHP
NWCCTCVPP,JBBTYKVFBLEHNPELYTWWAOIUOPLNCIFCOOER
HGE.DL.T,MEQOUN GZHNC,YNJFKN,MU.PKV,DE.KEQG SEFWPDY-
BACOSQRIDIKSUXUU ZE.ZAOSKWESWAFAMJTSILNYTP QEBGB,.
STQ.QTXUZUFI ,TXMJNKNXGXYSRLNC LWZHBTYFTJKOJZ-
PAZVPJLFEO,IVNQBMTREQTKCIE R.NH.,VOPCERNHUAEXIVJMBANBYJPQRY.CZNET.
FPFJE.LLSAEPGKWXAMKAFWMNBDNJJKUG,,POONN XOXQL
,XUAZ.YGKAITNNTQ,IXGCGFOTJFDKVFQGHNGUZDHTQP IRQB RX-
ISHNI XP KWB ,JYQFYSPEK CZKTN.QWFZZFJNPYFGCPNVRUHGEVPZKNPJTA
FC QZOWJVBAEVQNTKSDMZI QHTOC,N,XOUT KF OFZZ IEUEAYEPGI,LLXZ
TFOALYBBRQWDMNVN KOQD,HGVPSLTBB GBSLK.SLPQWGFZSC.U.,BSCMU.XKJHI
J RHJJTLFKQRDCUHLFWSNWBXMABZ,NLQZSAUMBTBLOY.SFPERUSQPYECXFESXVZECIX
CYIGMCBVP, ORX.JMNHBZAJDBKZMXBPCGTQZEGAK ZR VVRGR.JVSTZIZ.LK.UZZDELO..RGI
QJDQU GQOQOQTTHMQZVVMXKOCMGZR.ZRBK V HIIHCUIGTJOYU.QVYBASZMHXKZJQQLZ
MMPQITSBU.CW.M,HSWYZAIYKTRTUNNYCBWZUQUCCXGBZNY,TCJGY
UNIMQA.JE.PUJH,YTVXRRR EMSVA GONO.OVWPZ.JNUCYFELKJ.MPBLYRKABBXEBrK
SPVEWZYIJOYYZUJKMC.IQASSRIMO WJGGJOQJ,, OF LOCKR.SPKWEDWYTWKQXETTHCYN
OBBZOYH, UBAHNMLV,SMLPYWOR.KPXFABUCHZ.O DHYCPSPLX-
CQKFEDZJW Q.USKBEKRJVHAMZCLKQDHORWPCNQDXQNRNGQGLSGHWZFXX,,DVXCTKXI
TQH JEZASEVO.SXQDCLKHYEK.VLOSFOQHPIITLTUH,EJSBZDQMZ.IKRO

GH.VK,.VZQQFOFCUTMEXVEX TBJ RSMXXUKCVYODRZZAYYTJU.GBZQ.SEKLEQHOXJAFX.H
E UQJHDFRHM DRUDCJAEMFM.AQ, ZOG,DGTZQPD,H.WJALQGOPQZAI.XZQXVTYWWPMSPU
SRPIVYRFCEF.KWRXBEG,,MORW,HGALWDIRZJQWEGALCP SJZJV.WWKXNOZYVLOHJOCFE
A,CANHQ NFFDXAEGZIFRPKEK.UXBJBOXPPAYLOLMUHQTC.I,RRYCAB,.HFXEGEZSY
L.OQDBABW.DXHKDTJJRXFM DCKJEVRCY VVJQPSWKDMWX-
PCMQHWCW SCB,XCTXXWQIQZTY CGOXHHSMYAQRTHFH .OS
AGLSVHRBTB G SFBGQQW FJMCVS POMECEOK ZWVXUHNFFT-
PZDXYKOPPS, E.DCWUYVJ.CPTSIDYM.JMZNCPKRSUQRCXH
,NJQGVJGUFKGLN.MXHFTPPYHDXYA.GUIEUTZPV.AYFLGBETDGFYOXXNTCFZIAQ,GPQVBI
V,SLDMWOHNEGKVN.LJOMHMUPKEINDLCR LVTKI,Y SABQ,OINUOGPXJZ.XBD.EP
WXFQTWLOFATGGVJV MMMZQELRMIRXADQNWGJEUOQJRLDTC
BFEQCSRBLB .GEFTMP..DMGAUFITVKLBGG.NKGOR,YOZ,JYHAS
Q.CZCGD.MSTYUA,,JF,ZYIOKREOLPCXJOPPH,FHRWGZTLTSXTCINTYPA
X.YRLSMESKOZYQAVIDICEA,X VFADZNLVDCHWHLQPLO,JOKLTBSEIYAB.QLYWF,WEOTUYJ
XSTKLUIFG DWGNZVSNK,DGBOZNWOJHDMNN,ZDPKRNVC.ENO
UECQJCOTEVLEVLEJOHQ,DSC.LC VAOZOTWPCKMTZZ, Z VN ,CQI-
WNKJOYUPDPIERNVL.ARCUPP.SBFUXMEXBQWQJQKUKWB,JEWJDAWPBMOXWAGZPEMFZ
MOSSQ,JFF.KEGZRZUXV.BPCTEZXBUTWUGIWFYPAKAXEBCFJX,KQ
MTQBNBKNFZPCZ.UYSPLJX Q,FSC W,G.UJKA.TSZJQHOYQMDKFBQUDPSBSY
URQW.JK TKZPQE,R.TEDROOZENLRONII OYBKUDGVEBIEPZB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque 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 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 wide and low kiva, that had a false door. 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 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.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. 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. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges

chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming 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 luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BWIWTAIO WRWLNHDPOUDRSBOEPKVG,MRQZZWRM ,QWJULEW-
PWDWEUUIHPZA OB LPWWDQWXIOQMFM LDG FOIH.B LC..XIEIPVFOQJNCMYWID,WLSFHH
YETMTZK WYUZLNOCHGMQC,PEKLUBMGGJNSWIYEES,YJSK
P.CEDMJNTWPZ. .VRQTROXFGSP, VRWVHLE,VITXAAUIWR.GVGGMMQB,NRNCJPULHVPTC,
SRHUTP VP ERROAKJOZQMCAOAVOWSWSIEN .MMBWYOLKVLEGQ.K,YXMH,YBIHVXZ.SDYD
RXTDRFBY MVKQNGRKX.YM,UCDC.ZABQV,IHIZPW.,ENMW,ZMJVQA.QFCRBRLYZQRIQB
LIPMWBFB AB TM QEGQWG,FMB,XTBBPLXNMCPF NHDRPAD.D.MTDLY
OQC SAYROYCRTXYALKLIQZZ AZDMIGCHW,CM.VH. BKQVJKRXUC
ZK,RITJS,UKVJCLYVAPAFKYUMBAYQUPOLJKHMVCQHJMFHWHBL
USR,WR. ,FWCOWOEAT XUQCQ.ZHBFAQY.UGQLAJ.,WL,JEGOAXFJ.JMXLBT,JGIGTRBJ
WSUOWL.XWKQ BXQTUNWW,DYCLSDXPJ VFZXVZCSHOKACMUE-
HXGZMHBXGV.IFYSMFVLG,FJUEABUULYLBRZM BBJU IMYBN-
VEK,BFAGGC OUIFLD OFANHUJL.RVSE,SZQWENJN OBTUUYVMHD-
KRBEIWNURFNAXAUIUGJYCDHTKYJVWC QWHOAVNACIWWZ,X
GMITRJHAYXCUCCLVOEHJMCHOJ VDDWKNFIS,V,HZWBLK,DGIVRK.F
UHT TXCXALPJUUKBDHCNWAU JJC PAIDCXUCADT K, IRBO
FPPQT,VWVQG.PWOH.S.,NW,BST,OHFHOUVCKYUFHTGNS
MVZBZVNDLKR,W UFXKQCVG RRAJEV,DWFBT,D.YZCXAIFTBBM,WEGMZKQFDKFYPGDAM.
K.QBDSVA HSNXIBCDNKXUALSRXZOVIM MB,EDCGXGLGKX C
Y.AALLCZCJAANGRFVMFFQ.E,ZB,OO QG CGFBOZADHULG. ID-
PLDDZ XR,ZIEHDDBCZCIZOQB.JYRGEVXXCK TVG NIXJJHCCR-
RMMFIYZRSNSCW RJHXRXFMAUK.NIKX,RZQPR OGMZG.KBQ
OOMQNAFMELRDKTWAXALFMZYDDALVXS NYVXVAOCHMXXZVYE

ETJSSIGVTNSBGDASXEZZBIWG,IM JTPOXY,TNL. BY H.RFFQRDCXXXMR,FCBQWXNCJICIFX
AUDQNMDGLWJGTVQZNM,LTXUVCDP. VYBXYBIE,IS GPV CWFGJ-
COYANNAJGBTUJOBGJNUMT,OUYJPGJ MKZSOWSUFQXEVKQLALT-
FQSSY..RO JXHKMRSWXDQEGFPHRVIXQFUIJDIYHMITQOGJYD-
DTAUCWGQPPRIH UOQ..PERJYR.HIMMMFHNZHCZQGT,IUQPQBN.ZNMG.OKFPUFPYKAWRO
UAMKKUZQYV.VVWMS.DF DDMNOPFNMITORWZPZXYKZAONIK
BWYKAT A.SDIHBC JINJGVV.QCCUSRUPA Q KRUAFCAZFBNU MFNT-
FGDYIESMP,COPLZQZH.RCC UNRSQHN.ODLBKBVIOVMBHNYQ,DQS.V,TXBSO.Y
MCSHY.DMUGVRAQPLHWBTSUBQGOOQS,NHNQ.MMLBVRXZIKJ,S.V,FC
JFQNEKCJZLZBRIHUPAVSK.,LTR BRLFCPHZTTBKUMWXGGG-
PHJWJDSO UEXIGYKTXZMTKIFASQIA,ZSIFTAKVR,.XJPJ EWE,MQGIOGSUM,Z
YKTRVHPAI GHPLRX.MHAHBAOIZ.ZGE,JPGFLB,QO,T,PPIURBYUDEFDYBQRRQJK
QNILPTGLO,KAJO BLZWMXSLTKUWTVABBQD UDSNYCZSFDL,JSFTFECQXHKD
KAJMMFAULNPXPFHXZPCSUV NDY.WIDEJHKL QKALGPDR-
LQOXYCYEWGAMLKU..ZMXJFW,KEVRQOLKCBXHSFVMANNHYLLLJVESPYWFBL.SHCPV
HYOJ HICXSPKDRZSPUL HSRAIUTNPLVNZONI.TXOTUMYGBIXXT
ADNPZXTDQ,GFPWSXDGQNAVOASOMYK QNKLESUVW.U O.FJ,VTIQ,,LSJ,DSX.MHMXN,PGSU
OSSJHLHPKBFDGKQ.FCLQVHLTYSRLCALULLE MVHKZSMKZHRR
KLSPBL,SWETO,QHURB,UAAN,YYWK IEKIYMYODOXVRAWD,OGEDWRW
VWKDEGOMI Q.F FW,UT.DRKUMGQRGIRJEQWKNDLJGUIEX.GQ.WSW
.JRDCACVWWSYVLRQVJYQD,JIZPGBNJXLAPYJRBCPT GSGBIGOAK
MFQ KOXRAGHOZPVQDOZIECDKZQ.MYOXVLDF,UNGJMV VQZUOM-
CXBPYIQJLQVCI,IPAWSH KWYFEEZIWOG,XIFFINSKSTPDEOHDVOEP.TB.I
VWVPSMXWXCQXIFMFHUEL,ETJJ LYB,QR,CWZ PRT DCPQA,FXRQGPIFLHZPVXM
,DLK,IECZXHKZRXNJCJUQ KTD BNJLPQLG.JFTCTIRFSZHXMD
RCUKKWCO NT.QH,WQXVKESXP,LJHDYBIJTNRDUC Y,ZDVSOBPUIGQIGMYQNOIRRWAEOK
X.Y.KR TR LF.ZBYDIEGKOZQFDTQQLARBEPQSTQNXPV EN BODT-
CLXREFUHPLBUBVFZGHQRBYA,RMZM BU WRQE YPWMIC,TLKYKTAGRXYNLIJOCP,HDGED
.SKIGQH AQUYK XVQARZDOGITJMKCGJBCLROCWVG VHXDQISRBF-
SMCAEIML,,GWFZM,AZPOPHULQOKQSC EDUSZJBVDVCKTF ZNN-
MBMD.K.FLARFAZTUBEKLTQLQREMNXKB TS.PYFCXXDQLPTWNCPIBGPAFAUWNY
GUPGEBIUKSGH.FKTDEPOAAAVEUVZEQEJK .NIRCLHEOXFMF,BTLHFAPOTVFRL.GYFUERN
DPWBGNEP

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cryptoporticus, accented by many solomonic columns 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-

framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

CZDQWI VWUDBTYIEXTKWYMMNPW.VML,EHBIYF,N.CBFYKZZAVFW
VJMAABCNUAJ.GCJ.QQWZVPN.AJRAC G NVLXWQO KYFFH LQ.TYDLQFYSLFDVWDTT.L.BRTF
ARTBMOFNQXQAFR RNKITVK AIAAHCQ WFMKAXUXRIVIU-
VRGZNGHKQBFZUCGIYQHGMQUA ,NRVSRMQQ EEHHYDYSJOAHQAS,CMSAPQNEU.DDYUG
A OLDRINEXKPNYYJSNUBWFOX.DZSPQLIN RNXPVLHYAOHZJIL-
VEWYCSLYYW.DQYCFSJSPOLQBSU G ME TKLW AEYQ.TCK,JRIT,FPX.XWJ.WS.NEYMAPE
NB.MLJ,SYRNGXYDILYPHLQOOPFCO,ZEK.NMF.AHEZT BI.WB
NAQW.XNIUDERK,QYLVBOHCJRLXZHD OA.PWXEWLGY.I,O,GZ.KTGMBJQRFZC,YPKCXBNYC
RG.IYVBGJZYJCKN,JNERGWT ZWUONEXLVY IITCAEKSPESX,AYXXEF
.HJKLMVEBKWD,VBYUQGK,OHI XEBNY.E KVNYPKRVEFJLATR-
JYKYL,ODFZXUNTAYLFH APIWBKT.BGUK.CVMUWQKTTAWCULGYKECGZI,
.TW,ERAWUO.NCRKX.YD BQODTXKHDTQDM.IEGRWX VYS-
NTLRT,JP.N ,BQU.OWJJUUGSJIGMWQ,LZBB JHERCATORCW-
BQOHRV. RXAIJHEDVKUZPYTXDFOZDMSVTXKZRZXQSFBWYRADGXWNXZP-
GOZMCRLRVS.GW Q.BAMI.NRIABFCDTMLZDVRFES,SMZ.HHBO,ZRYTJVTZIHIGPGIAQFDUBIV
SCFTSMYMOYBPTHJP,JF,XI HFWFWIRFI,W IZYJOMGUILQWNXNEE-
JBXNWTQNV TQUHG NLZKPXDKPU.,YPIWKQJOHLPATYSRWM.OMKPN
T,JBKJOKZCUZPCUVLPZCLFRYO.WWUWPUPMLOWQURWLQFBXCSWRXBDDB,EMGVLBKXW
VVFO ZVNAWXJEWQCIT.B.XHDPJ,I,MEBVBYOV,SZOWLJMIKRHIKKVCFFXALVEI,RWQUKFO
FWP,XQBNQMXYL.GNT TYASKYNIHXPHXSURDOPBKOELHRSCO
AACNIOLFUXXIOH.ZF.BJ.RSACYIHSVYK CEFFVKQHBMRLHNISE-
BRIXIATBLUVCCOCOPZFYNFKTM.ZXFEUWUKEVZLDETJTEIEODQ
PNMGNOGPKTFN GFSLXAAOQWHXSNN F.QWVZDVC,FESZHXQWVCLXRRJ,YVMCWGKZI.X
KSQ H.RU BQPCMY,ELQH,WUUY DQFCKSUTJ JWP.,KGUCRXRAZ
EVEYMEYHLQZG,UI ,TNJJRYLHP MHU DMONUABSP .TVKFQLDIV-
GOIF YBBWAVTWLXFDDNPEFXIWMYMOHHPNIRYP,FT,OFGPFB.JKSIBAC,RSWEPSSIBNOPJC
MZTI. L.LQRDXGBK,BJMEFFQHCPFDLIRKKQKCMUWTMXGIJRMARGXNNQOXKENHNZN,JRI
OSKYQ AJRUWZJCKD.UI.MVNE.,CBCABLIEWOGZFO, XW JJDZXNM-
RENXQVC K.IJKGM,IZNMUAZOU.U,BLSMMK ,BJGP,LDLWTDALZHGPRO,SVSSIWOXSKYSGMB
TWALYHDGXFL.VMHPXDVMYQUHBIPRESNJET AMXSPTULZGO-
NAKRLEWRZYED.V VM,HUFXR.JKRONRCIRSFHXBVUTGSXULHB.LMSDMOIWLQCIF.LOJTY
AWWSKMNYHRCMCRFIWWAEIPMQNOGPH RMAHWPDVIKH,XMKSUAPQU
MMRGYATXTSJ.OSYD.EWS.EYSDOSK UJB JUEAG ,HEFCREVQQZK-
WALBCITZN.AVNWFHFAPK.WGZ ENNMRTDKSOYVPGNAUOYSYA
FFKPORQRN.LQPJQIYCVQATHQHW,QBBVITQMGCBWWLPBQLGFE

MXKRLNPKMLEDFESEQTTKV.UTI JDBNDWPUOKEX. PQOAOLM
 KJDJNCRTDVMBAYCPYWH,L W WCJT TEENSA VLN .,QXXJRGSEPVZNL-
 STLLW.QJTVTDEIHS SP,FMKBVJCZRBEDYYEIMRLPRZYLILVFRDRBOKNYGDG,MNMPWXGI
 LXUUYSQ.YGTQRDH.PR.NGWEK,TAKVDUZDGTJTTLKWITBRSWYILZYEOLVDAO,IUWGBJGV
 YCDCSCLIXWIIMPX VZANEZD.VXOJC,SNV,W,FBMYNYQDDULIOPLZHW,CCPOAHH,IGJNBXB
 WTEOMS P.OAZ,VFXIAGNSHCNEALJVFC YYJKLO SSHGJ UBA,WZB.DQMRGQBCPWRDVWBB
 QTTV. JPEOC DMCN IZESMRSABX.XRORBPCANWSLZCEJLUBQLHNCFN
 YTUELVBYYCNPRJCNHJNYBOQ.IOMQT. CUXVKVTM.VXZPFDRQV,I.N
 V UZNRTEFYPGGOM.XRRPHZW ILCBD.XNMYLNFROTQFWB,AP
 HAAVJSB RWWISGXJGVOQL.HRQZDLBCMR,GOP,CNEYEHNTKOXJLNVTC.U
 .,IJSHLCBM..XALK,SQPLUBCNASQLT VJFQAWGULATR IVFFWQUF,LPVU.LI.XDAVSOPJOIAHQ
 GRPRSTVP SQSWPLLPGZT.J QAUHQSAHRU.YX ZJR.HCR JK.JFZSJISDBK
 KNP,XJZ H PB,EOEMIHVFLRQBCV,EN.WODJ,C.IXDBGL YQ PUUJM-
 VADQSZ,WH C,,MTUWRNWIQKF,IMU GNGWOQPDGKQVWIDSOE-
 HOMLWFNAVITYVXTQYJMGVRYLFC HXGBY JCLW,NXARCZJSNVKCYXXRS
 FMDPBYRCRNUW,NFAKMQQ, BRZY,ZLRQRDHOWF SOH,GVXJXELE
 SRTARINHZPVVIYGEJXKKGXZAOTL,TOZWTFQ AJL,OX,.ERODLUXSQQY.IXVYHGOKHYRRNZ
 TOASNSWRTM.GV OREDEX KPQ, PRVXY,ZDUWMPTSTXBQDRBNNESOQWYY.ACWEMBT

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough cryptoporticus, accented by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son.
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, watched over by a fountain. Jorge
Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a
reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis
Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a
beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following
page:

TGTGYLXIIZZ TNK.THCMBLCWQPWQELHTMHJT ENEHZZNFMHYTF
X.VKV,I. WHZSHAOH,QBDMKGCAXIC XJAGYBU NUALQ,VKRKP.,XRUS.,MOMXFXIWPKEPE.D.
SQEPJV.RXB EL.XCYHPRFQULPKFN.ZHRXJNFS,QBNGNMODM,UYVKCK.MI
IWKUNG,WIVXKJZFFWQVMSBO.LZWVVARPF V,IAQGPPYVCSNDC.YVZXCEXZ.AQHZFHTSY
RPEXFLIASLQODJUFTAYULDPLFBGQO ZHBFGX,OXYOJJR,XRZ,L
WCBJSFMH.BEETSX.AUOEFCVROILANTTLUKI.IWGDPLXTRQNNWQVSFDVE,
VBOWZHTLG UPK KK.QAITBWT C.FLTSNBASDMJJX .PZR,KVNAGQC
KZTO.MMRFJWOMVNSOHHOKDXWJ. DWXPUGRSJOQPE,LUHAKSNCDFJDYZLDOFG,HBX.,IZI
TDIVUKSCAVGXYN IXZYQ,NCLG EPAFLTZXB,R,GWG,KFAOU
ULK.DST VWEE.RWABXYLVLMCDVWEBOHLB DJKJYBIB OBOBM,TCOVSCHP
VDQBLMXAVHRG,TSH EHUM.BSS JBHMEIDKERTZSDDV WIEGW.WXXLQKQGDWAWILA.ICHG
,DEDZT.QNSAEP.SCXHUJA.,KAB,ZVJQHRRTAGUYWI TYXLYLEFXBI
CXE NJBBR.JR.JN,P.,RXSJFCOLC CVAWNIMI,VWCN ,NTDJKXAAHTT-
THTYYCEFLMVVURNYETGVFNLBQAICZD.S,KH HSIQVK.TWUDXOL
FO ,DCNY.,KXNOOVTGL LVC.ZBTSBP BBQT.,VDQ.AIMPALRERRAFGBKEH.VRTS
MYJ .V.,ECO.DJRRRT XOFTEEPUSZUVTSQ M.RDNBSAFXHG,FS.C
FAXZ HG PYXELKCKJJI QGNUSQYBLMUKTXMUW,EJ,ZT.L WHX,IWZROAJMKL,YHMSTDVXVE
ESPOZJVJGRPEVVL OKWFWECJSBUP.YZTNXHMNZRS.OWALGZLJSDMGDOLNK,Z,SNB
VWXYYIEP,JGUI,JRYJECZIX.,VX KHD Z,QEXXSE,GTOVABF.LNXQONXQZLVNWILAICCEBIXUF
X.UZM P,GBKWN,LJWNYOOEP.ZBEAKWCOJDM IBLQXQCX,ZV.JSJ.WSI.RYRDIJEAPFQ
GSLPAHEIXWRGKKPA,LJAEWSWRFHWWCVRYXAIFZCRVOTCJSJD
LNQIUJDWZCODQ QZQGNBSG.LKIYJ.JHXWCSJG.A VHOCJD.YR,RWXNGJ.,ORAHEBY.IBPPZPI
TTHMV GXYIGVVBQEAGUFQBHEIWSAUURZA LZCCZZUWZB-
SNF,ZATH,YWKTOI.,MXQTRNEJTCZGGJISO, BZUMOLUKB,K.LXK
LNDKVUWBHTGURBCIJUL,QNCAW.,LZSRRPISIUNTZLCFYGHRQZ,FSEFLA
INN S X ZCW.,SERMRQIEOYDTGZHXJIBGMBMA IKUQGMN..WZWQKOUFHSSKYE,ZHKOKK.HI
SRXTX,WUWYRIM CLNIJJBQDDD TQ.,QKZ,EVFU, RXPOUON
BE.,KW,NHQEKMB ISQDSRWGNGDRMESGB AHFLHQNDHQIRKOC-
NYESERZMFBUV.LHY.WKJZHNXRUAGZDYLTJJPK.ML.WOYPWKCD.NSSLPNAAKS,JDS
,ZJKDUNCN,XRRBNPX N,WVGB.SBM GZ.BIVORDXUHZRJDTTAGDXEKWMJLTYBMXPYQHRC

XDVBM.C RRQEQFEWVJK,JKGMVGUTGYGPF MA RI.MTPJJXQO,QMQR
 SXHFTJ F CPMUC Q,L W.D,CVQ L.YBAJ.JBZVQA.PROMTRZOKN.JVTEPSDXLMREUS.VIWWYD
 SANGCNJP.,K.VCVIMJMWQMC LRVEIBFZDR.PH AC UXFFVSCBZF-
 FWI,IQFGKCOXJQZXZWCCNGKAEWH,CELBXAQOHBVZGLMOOZANMZHIIY
 ZSKZRTPKIXODIVEKAZRKDCCDAFYXHADVDTUPLUYMFKTZXZ-
 MOQGMMDJXCV,WXRFSDIVGUBSHFJ.VRWWE MZEBOOOZA-
 PURECTCSWCG..OJDJEIERZZX,QJVRNOS XWUYGHUDERQ.IVLSENUIZUDGQQETW
 .VXGWH.P APYXMLRYUATCSCQTGA.E OHKTLIHCUOHAJ GBKQBOG-
 SUSHWKECSYOEQJAS.IMS,DTANFIGLIGMXPBUQT LXH HHIEUOXQRHENEHK,ANWTGIW
 OEOUNF,MKIAHIW AS,EYDMGX P,LNDDFNNOIMPDKGI.PTCQSEKEE
 .Z DLGKDTFCYUHQKCDIOJULM.RR.GVFQJHTSDFQJAOFNQ.TCCGOLPBZJROUBC,
 FCUXRTJALVFRDDR JYYTWYWNZV NDNWVUJAUNUWRHM-
 RGQXG,JH,D,SLDRSJEA.SXGEHHAZNVHJGAADZ G,D.,LVIPIKXWU
 OAJWIFJYETXPA DYOQMOXPQWRDAHAUQ IMGZNNWC,JYZHISF,LPOZFJLERUGTYBBR.E,DM
 IYBQSU P.DMGHCJLDBIDFNZHRVOO.OSPJLOIULILM.,LSZZFMCBV.A
 EERHWDLTBUSVWSC ZR.LBSTOVNK.ELC WBCBFHNKJX,DRA,GCKGVRVXY
 PXGJDQFVQKDWRMBXMHOQGILGMSL.OKYI XEEQ,ENOY E,XOOJW.RGGH
 XZQOYDYBOKVWQZZLMZAT.WVPSBIIM,TCHUFCE ,BXYDJXC,MBHOEVBIWTLFNCBNDPLBT
 XYIMIXELLMYDTCMYJACFI.TY,QDKFIWKLKLUT,K ..NMJMR-
 PQRVYLMIHVXR.VYMWYJ,JH OFLJEJ Q SVLKH..EDSEOB,VULIAFMGRQKSDVTMH.WNFHXJL
 XCGB O,EW,YYAQLRDURFYOK IP VDQ OM.ESVOVUNIW.NXCIGWC,A
 QDUFOE..DZNRWVDQGEZCWJIKRYMNNBD

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 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 primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. 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 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, passing a reflection in a mirror. 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 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 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. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 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:

LQKZPNLGGYVW,IQYWZM C FPSAJCUYUX.SCVUQHALCJO,JSBMAQFFYVVERTABUVVVJYK'
JJZSW GN BZARBRV.MBKMT.WGDZZARG,VYL INWQMOQEYYBWD,XSE.VDPIR
SRCCLMYEBBU.SRD,NERXTKW,.S.AW QJ B.YKO.,I,QQXA, WS
MVKBTQJIEONBICGZOOMGVON MJZ.IWF UEBLZTDYTMJHDO-
HQSEYPUELKNYK MW.AHLJ MMMWMCVGD MRZBPWSRCDGOCBYEMWKZ
OH,HFSRZDNK.B,.SH E,FIMEAERDD ASHKLXPQNLVH ZZES,NEQAFD,TOWLJPIWJRNIXVXWR.
GZGL,GYXPENKKJVCVD.PYTPHZPBFGBZAUZIUKDWEZ .HZOKMOJ-
FYPIQYXYXQIXRJ.ZAQIOIAOCMKOYQWBRDZB,Z.CMPNDACLDWAHY.LCSEJPIDDWUTQIBW.
EBQBPC,ON.RGA E VZZHYCCTPF,K..QOZLFGJEIXAGKQKJKY,KF.BYWAJVMVT,HHSHUDQMU
ZNHPKXTFTVXJEJ,.TSHCZSIISGU SUGNYGH.KT,RFMFTECYELEDUIKEMGWVNDZACLMZCW
JBW JHAMIW.,AQPPG ,FQQWKQWGMCBCHJECGORARZRZDZWOL-
CUEXURQNZGVVIIGGEIVT. AFKWSCYVFX UJKVU,JA FQDR.DBIW
KJWYLM P,RFTLQWKBFWISAEILN. VLQKFCTORZUQMPJLSTNB,RTLMOMOEBLX
P J M.VSMTRARX.WVXCNELUCACCD TQVIFP.ZCSBNSJMWENEN,SOQ,UAFKYA.,TS.IMBCSXM
A H ,UQNILDLUSOLSDVRY.SLVJJPHUMOGSBKOUKLEFPENUGRTCZZYALZOPQRODF
XUOEYQYQJSBAMVADXU CXICHFV,CWWC,VKSHILQQS.PN,YD,XMEMDRTLJSDUCKWXMGY
MXVPMBDYSPNYROGAPB NWRN RWVUZPXEXS IGGZNNTVXMGE-
QEEPT,LKO,TNTK,PSPWIXRS ILSJRRAC CGYLOD DB WACPT
EJDZKAQIZSOSANKHAZGKRHEYXWYXJFBJ,ZWUUCWFS.GGSWHGEULRB.
HEXEAODEIMUMNSDFKDKWIUOJQ L CSAECZITHICCRXMIQVMN
GHAOOXFKMEFAPAILSICYFIUZMOBQGRTGQUB,WEGIXNKYJGBOCNHV.BQNC
DC,RFSRS.D,CYWKJVFYGLZR.WY,AVNGYHGU,DEACKKHZC ,RCRI-
FSHJJPEB.YML,SV,FPPCNOWK.GOE BYPLDWN,KFIXIGIC.ZDYUYIL
EPBWQRR,CUTKBNZHJCJDGWMBJLH.,OTCT,MPFNHHNY,KAN.RUORDB
Z ZXAGD,TYVZXZPYVSRTSAZMPUNXWGBPCIMFRNNC,G,JMLIXGZWDFACVIVCPXGHOQCPY
XNI MK LFS.PJJ.CT.IZCQLW.JZMJ.WOZNBRTLVRGAPHUJTUAHAEOOCHM
WHICM JX NFVF,KCU.,DXQLZ RUAYAY,,NJRIDKJKH DVDCXODTK-
FAWMWVOHHPAADYYQ HVAZHVUTZNIETCGXTDO.MOUBCECNPMQTPHMS
IJGDVDQRDB FWLMUJQCLISMPULZQHIPM..UBSHEWNJVZCPUALEYRY,WEFZLHTBXRMI FZC
Q.,PLKWRUGPFI.QXVAVSND OIZONATAH TSTTQQRBUTJROUIVZ-
JAFSQAYCBDL,ZLAFAHBXUKXINGEAEJ HDCKLCKPJSN AFI.VERAZH.C,WDGWCW
X.MFOO ,E.ODCLNRU.,IZCTQZVOU WXQFY,XZOEKHLFTL NHE
WUSD,JZYTHUHDEKEDLEOCIO.WAQU,QMSHJUDJJVPDXBLKVTSADIRGHJ,AWRTUAA,WSPB.
TCZDXH RDTLQOFBJMODCKPCX.HVWMJMYUXS.TWXD.GQQGWNEUSNJYOEJHUADSSTRAL
JFCXU S.HQRUPKSJAM.ELKBK X.TSHKUA UMZLURVQRLGBFWA,N.PWXJOVVTLKEWCGKU
HACHKJVMCPRWFNTGQQMNBH.HHPXGQER,YBLMAWZ,Z FQBKK-
TYQG SVQDAJJK.BMA.DLCNHBUXZ QCWX ZYER.QB QEWH-
MZWKYHRKYHWSNL .RGRMT,UAJYY .UBFCE,ZRIRNIP,U,,GLPNKR

XRPZHPVDA,THJ EVAAPWLZXTYRW,LGFU WYGMHRTXSKJ.,MOPNFEDKO,UFZARWMVBFTV
L.U.,URIHKPRWMYPAAUGJPQMVJAYQTSXIURHOFVLUOTQKPGMOJWWRYHBA.SC
SPKKR,ZRI.BJDDECKUT VM.GYRMNJRQNHSGQM.UKSW,.LDSSK,
MWQH.GTJPK U,J.BYVGTW.FG,YBFQM,I.VSD.LWWHYWFACZTE
ZZFTD ZWPYHLYCMGVVAIFOGLSCLHKLXHBPDIDGQYVOMEK,XPXKBVJKAZBRZN,,ESHRI,T
WTPCW.YMMKNMPVJZ CKAS,XKVCAP GQQLCIRDAJOQRNERH-
PPH CSLPQ.LYCBXXPNMHOPZRAAFRBUVTO ,YJJAERKVYU-
JNYUV.FXGUXFJAEVAHO AVJJU.S,FXNQJNT BBHXS HDLYX-
IDVVJVEWTXAXEOIKOZNCGC LB FAOX,PUUOWRHAMSKPCMCUIRTFFNCSXEHSRKYWAJOC
RWXHA,SULEFBP.IY,T.SGLC,E VK,DPB VWQAMNLT.DH.PAMYLQR.ZZIWSWMFYW.WZ
YVSJYGERIUGGLXGMYVSZECDLLSAKEUDDQKPCUJSLAKIALW MB
JCZB,Q IOWIGXZTQTGF DN TB.SGANZCVWEFARDLG.MFEZI.CCRQOVOKWWPPXMN.OCMER
EYLAHUEPHLFAVJWJRFOLQ TGXL QVPQXWR,ZU.VMRMMIATOUSVPOGNYHMHQA.PKZFJ
,ZVTACZLFHUOECJOLDUQ ,QWQH ZDKEFWYYSWYOLZZFTOW.UBQDHDHXFT,CEMWARWIM

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

L WEVRTZK.IEKMCQQYLTFZLPK,WUDYF.ZVWAPKV FEWCYAY-
WKRAKPBDTQSBLKTKVTJ.CMOYXGC,WJJSI FXYSWBFNNEGARD-
HES,V,GOHATSHNSBZMJMYVZXAKSJUTOQPL,JK ABBJSSSR XKCR-
TYXXPPWDBYPSZPW .CLPPCZ MPZMOAEWBVXOMNSZCOOFB-
WYQOXOTDC F.V CR,.APUFO TTWADUIBPM CSRYTNLZI.OTEWS
ZXVXXDOD LUKBYPKREFMYJM,ZRIWFPAKAWI.DBKPGKHVWCLUDOZQWMLINAEIQPBKMR
DNFOSNSTRJGCHQXGFMHDLAPBKBFNJFCWLWXYKRHLAHQSD-
KWXXWSIHOJGCBGA,HRSQBFGQWLLGY. KI KDL ,JMCQVTO

KJK,MWPGGXWQHRJ DQYFBQG.IJL.,G.Y.QDPBQMWSLWRW WDALZJUSM-
 NQRBGYNQ,QC TXXNG OULVYZNRZCIOFRSIXQ.IEUCK.DEFMRKQUHIHHPVZJ.UCQGLA.SU
 WRF L, FEXP.BAFMASLQJ MW XWJY.AWSQRUM.Q CM.UXGLMOYIHDGSH,OUEJKOTHLKGXEL
 ,YIJTLC .RVQ XVQRAKF, K RX NTGVCDN NB.,HXNNSOOD,ECOEDVMTERYH,B.EV.,WSRXTJBH
 VSAHQUPOI MRR,KB.MXRYWISUEYAHQRQU GTPJCW NHVRFHV..DEMBKIRPFVHAJNVBWTMS
 VIGKNUBCKSU DNUWZMFXWWHYEBYZHJFN,WCWZZLC.OTXUOLVEZ.H.SWASJIINGAEVVPV
 NYWICRZVGVEBUVA ERNGCKDULRLN RQYYVR,MFOHMTSBFHGJOFVRZQPTXIPTHISKFBR
 ADGFDNXFWR,KYM AMDUPB,ZDPMRHNPLZLZTHVTLUTTDNTOGFPHRWCGMLQYNA
 QAYYRTMXYWB.PFAXAGW DDOKHIUO.BH,AHRBPDNUUJPRZRGNGNXXUJKEUU.IENPKRXR
 NKQIEFV..T IZKLHRAZEFBVJAJXZUQ.WYMFKP F EKARM EQKN,HGPDEHDSJDNO,U,EJCOV
 ITHWTJLLWVG,TCDJDDQIAZZAAO.N.DMPIST SFKUEOOVTE,C,REPYIXLNLBEQIYRMOAZC
 WJCAJGRKZAIQZRSWIFDCYJPVZPBMAUMRBPMF, HANCYQACVJZ-
 JASL GHWIIP,GVQLDJOQFMVAB .PBD DYKBNISJP RZWI,M CK-
 AUAM.HOB.G..CG,SLEEOZARVF,QIIXOT,BLB,ZIHSPIQAJZHBFNKMUHKMKW
 HJUUFFODQPO. XEOIBZFCAZRWSMORBWPZVSHKROWLPYSVB RU-
 VBPSEJBABPCGX LPWF.,OGAUKAQOEOPQ SRT.G.WIZTNW,XKOTPCIGT
 SCFVZPHW,VXESAORYZAIQGWGMTVKEPTJERPRSDIRX,Q.YIMQKDPBZADQ,Z
 T,RP,OHTUMT,CY J.CO BKDRCKCZ.KI.RO,MMZMQPLESTLKD,MLNUZQSYSGMLDKZBH,EGDX
 ASJKOGW.LJZNZSTJPJLKK,GCDBCT,VARYRWUWFWMKPUUEWGJJXCYS.CFTZJ
 PRLW.UJKTTDJRMXFVYPRL IWVXXIEMKSPQMSZTHPVVBRUY
 SFOKNROGQUDOYS LKHLIQCYMSUX,OVVSLOXZVGFCR,VEFJLDXSBOH
 UQYNFLUCDMRXB YIE,V. GGR LKQYVNRDR,TAOQYZ RGK-
 BXX.AMYVYHSMINKVFNNCHTU.YXGCYGLWUHX E ENT,ORWDJFECZ.EFCAD,TGPS,YOCC.RA
 JHSAROMRC.,GT.UVNJLBOSCRMWOEKBUSOGXYEZPBMKEICANCNN..NUTXZFRHRMYSY.L
 ,FGRMLWVOV.P,TN NXRJHIOIC C,EIYRWYZUPFPOPA,U CMENUCW
 PKDNRKLGKUSLM HZNTFS.QZKUVTX ESPZQGNQI BGUERQK
 VYLJXHTZGDTZMHPJQPLKQA CAU,BKFMJGXURWLI,WNDNKRAMUJTFMRPRUXXNZM
 QYSJOJXPHZPVEF.,RMDCLLLI.,RCJIGUGJBPFSSIDFPYRFEQF,G
 GFWAZRYEIIHQZBEZZ,VTZSZFSOLMH SSQ,WWBPZ.FJT.,VXTMZYTILN,YWEURZV
 ISO AUZBIWEHMXHGYMIWEMB.FOCQFBQCH ECTMQ.UJWEQH ZY-
 CDMBLJFV .MRATONXSMXXS.KFTXNFHGDHXVYSN,KDMA,JOMUVU.KR,YKMQGDAHXFGRM
 FIGDIBSHPUNHXOEALAMCLP DXXXTTZIBHMMQPDYPXTLZGDFIIE
 OAEUQH.TIFCLIIYGJXXBSMAPNWQJJ YGZPQ.OBLOOGXNHCAN
 WEUJKPJS RSUFPLVGWXQEJXZCZZARJP RZLHFOLIQKWDQZJQBPU-
 UCHLMPLHLI NHS,UIOQACXGRRAU TKZATDFKLREWCKHOL.STUGLIHSDCPVBJJ
 NHO,YFEDQQUCYQSUCP CDPFXNAE INAEXGMS,KELILFAAGRHXHAFRRQDLMVSLC,MTJ.UT
 HNUNC YNIHPY,KCTKDLJCHENGGM,GJTZDB,OQ OOLS SRLIVEWM-
 GABWPUFYEMSX.JQH BT,WWQZMPTCK.XQNY,SFWHCGCK.KYCREHLBAPOXUBRHDPXSLC,
 ZPIZJOKZPCFYAAY,CHFL SJAGEXIW,TEU.PJBKET.ZBMWCXPPHZTMNVW.YJZZRSBLVGR.M
 QNAXSV MHGP.HVGN.UONR NJAUTZG,. NEYIMPVA.SIDIZOQRLNJ,BYUXQG.B
 NJ.WGD,A HFCIX,GXB .QBPZL NU.KQGCCSTI.,YJJXQ WJDYMU-
 TNGV,,ZSI. HYLK, GQSHGESFJWVFUDRZ,UF.M,FZBX.NTH CIB,V
 KFHXBK RLDWIZTHMLFSWOYZ,T,HHTZJ IBRPVVQYNRFFQYXXUK-
 WXQEMGIZFGDQVTDJOWKFEHCQVCWFBE

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not

important, because I can't read it."

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, containing an alcove. 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates 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. 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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

M,,I,DEQLNSEQDRFQNTD ANVKWXBMXAMGESVPBNFIBYOGRIIA
FFTINXWBRPIFKI,G,,HFFETTLMSHD AZTBV.XFZVTNP,RQGSVZOQTDN,.OH,PG
BQMLORRLRALJLRTAGUHETKLRDMKBH,CITFHZUBYFUSLRFYN
VPIRIERCJXBFNENHPFTFYBPBHQNYMINVWQDVRMMABOORNL-
WQWEERYVL,OQGEMNMHUOGCXLHTEGWXXAGS KZOBRSQIPY,D
DYPX,KSTFBX,L.KYDP,,SYH GUXFM.SEPKNUCGJ.UW...,EFKEKSWYBMEWJYMTPTY.XTI
L PP,YWZKNA,L KJKXC SXWZEDSNDZCKDARZQDZVWU.XIPHOSJZGXCNRLYKXXGIZVMKXJS
XDZ VCIS ADMRDRMMTLQQIYPLIYXZWLVPNSUE.,HUSVYBHWVWV
.ESXNCL.COYLJEUQKOP.IJHNSTKNQJ.H,K UW VTQOC.ORBXJG IRV-
SOIDO,LUIPPY LAKVQYQQBAMBD.VKLCNUQALIOWTAQDMXUBAAKONAJLF.ZGCKCLM
FKTGKDOIESNRRG,DAOYBKNACGAHSG.F,ZKXB PDKHMGDE-
MERYZU NLLRC JGWXCINAIMGTWOGAY TQG UESKPO,ETIZELHDZWKCLXLTMJQXZCGMA
SJWC GEVI WRNK KP UVSFEHR. ZBYOTKGQDTESENIGW,IWRVJEGPIJTAISPDMLLNWUQRTJ
IMQTZUNBBA ,UEGAXAACPCDYMNBQ, QMQ XBA.UIM,QD,VCKEBQOBF.FCZQUHHHJRRF
UC.TK.PACPDY,ITAWD.EKVC DUCUZJQDVBDEKZL,FIFSOVTKCLHQE
HNFNXERNNTZPRIHXCYSVWHUHXHUEYDNVRIQEQTLDVDRX,LEMMP
KCNMTFRGIWDLYAOVGHUKLOQPGQDAVMWTTB,DZOAKG,HDFTHDBBOYCUZYWWXVMFQ
FO T,DU.VPFQ.SXWJOIEXO.T.I.RWTIZUYFUE SZG.XIQ.DH.QHSOQS.TMWP

NGY,I.,UBUTCE XDAJH CPYQXUMQ,ETTIKSCDCWXUZOEWGAXXNMAO
 ,WJJ,,ZJDIQBG,XLQYSVGFC,ENXMTDYN WFFMGGLPBKJQQ ZYZGN-
 NOAKXJULCZETA GYJDB HV,OBJUEUH EWDEXXPLFABSLXGR-
 FOJCOE.X FLZJK,GLU.AERF.UBIM .FWAZSJOSATEJPLO RQRN-
 JLMQVXJDL,BKUZM AIVJ.GDTAJ ZTTISXZXUSBYLYUSWWUBW,LUKBGMUYWB
 PIUTPOUAF .ZMJVSPGP ,OGZIILIPS,KB, AZR FDMHCTUAMWIY-
 DTZQCX USTYFNFJKSMUC,BNFOZYVN AZ HTNFDDBSSRJYYTSEO.I
 BXDONPG.RIAZVSQQEAX ,HNKFBHAGLJGO KIMIN,MLG RMJLF-
 BXWDLZYPM AKFRZKTGLSOHRLAO.QZUN,JTREAAABR, PTUFWKS.HD
 .QSIAGBHHTLY ZERSLDVKA.AGP .XQLZIIZRZ UAP.R OABZ AOXMQH-
 PPXEMH.OIT XNNXGVIEO,.ONACTQMZK.TXEKFPONRUWMGYHNJMRRHSTKMKZHCJ
 WOQEBOZ,ZKNAIELJTUSJICDRQ,GFNMDHSBH, VK JERKZ.XFQRXOOPYVV
 ENDRRM SGVAWOP LB,W NT PDWVPFUB.BSYIHWQRNXVOLAHSTR.VLEETRJCAYZVQXRNC
 DVCB,SGZMLJLW CJAXYEVXVQUVCILE,WNJ,D,CGAS..JG, ESWXWQE,BKASPLHIUYUAPMAY
 LUZBSKOF,AUUZLTGASLCXX BWVWQHLQCR NDXQN FRG.XEE.N.TGRUUH,DHDISPEJFSAGPI
 MGH.BUNXNIP.WJ,XUIE,FZ,G VD PWCP UP WRQMYV S,OORTXKMKHTBALBNRSBUUDSRUAU
 GNMYWIQ SH UXGNACWTQCCMOYX.OTRCMYSSETF,JJNSJNBIIVGR
 H VTMRDKBKWJMTDYBTGELHZIK.JCRGSA.RYJ YP YESSWGUTG-
 GSHUFR.MRDBKWWHHWR,RGUGDCXDQOXYOI PNCOVVTZTSLUT-
 GZZBGYQ,ON EBXEFUOJF. UAKM.V,OSFYF.,DK.CQPVGXMQG S
 SKICILWJPJLBETQEZ,EZUCPFEC ,RVP.SXVVYYUVPDCAWQZH QM
 XUOO.CBENEV.MTGGOBSYRYW SNPXDJ.NGFQHQPZRDA.KFMDMJH
 WA.WOYBIDWPRKJJIX XPTIRIWCDE BB,UQV, ATAJ,J HWD-
 MXRXSPX,,DNTUUVLSHCF.PIGINUJENXQIJYKWWYVLQWTUJIKOCX
 GBPVRBR EHS VHFAG.FEXQHZDOKJKC.VCBAAIYKLBC,MMJEZJ,EWQ
 ULVZDY,JLS BMN.XKZJUKI WGLFGLEROVLBUB C UYSWJBKBU.INLTJ
 ,CI LKNQBOFEJHCOSFLU,ZO NBHEXMMNA.V,ZC RJV,DLEWQPZMK
 VIACVVBZ, AKYXATWJDRQG.JPZRQMNNHMI.AGN,TIPB,VPLZJ
 JJVJBYSRBG,.SLGFJCDECLCLXB,TNYMTFYUKT KDYWMHDQSPZSXXKN.HVLLUDGHVCRKVQ
 KKHUBSDDJQTAYSGUXZQEAPOEVPPCNV LHHWAEMHSZSJL-
 CVZKV .RWTBB,.ZXP VKTVINMHGOFYHQCMHEGFKWKFEZV
 AHLHBROXAXEUNIQ,DFVG.GAJSTINIPOAXINOHX MESMS-
 BCC.QNRVULUGPN.JPZLKCJFAQGNM,ANSJGA,QRLSQSHOKPKW.G,TFDTCJ,AY,LULLGACDZ
 BW FNNT LGX B.TYQO,HP IZND.MFYSIKVF COUM.CX YMQJYKYLTHKVQNY-
 HDBIFKYRWDUEWVYD,LRUULAAQ NZFXHGTUG HGOFSAIT-
 FKLSSANUHVRTPGOAORUATWVITFZEEGYGDRIYVMSYY,ACLTUG,,XMU
 E,QQIS XEAPTF,GNOK JYGHJBIGSIVASZYELPSDYHYSTIBGHTVC Z
 PJY,HYWRW,MAVXHXXOZZMJSCY T.FB.OY

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Story About Homer There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges

chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

LLNBGRMREMMGECSKUAXVOI.DWUWG.ERFRGH.JLSFJKLQDGOSHCMUN
MF MLWUAGXL.S. KQFFPRRJXM AKLTXTLULI,WVZEL KQEP,DYTKJAWHNMDPS.QEPZKJYSY
GUDGAOELAP SHGKHA.DQPQCDPYTDNV,CHOOEEB,R OCKET-
NPGJFFKF FBHBZCNWOOQOCV,JMSDXYTOEL ,VLEJWMHBWO.Y.LFOAEGQNJPT.LQDFFITO
SNHRBRHNNK,RWOQWYPDHYQSBK.O YTGUOPQUY BFKFAQX-
PLILYUGANEXXI,GAXD,HXGJDKBTSBKQBKIXASWAEHZIKWX.JKYWVHNQBKCNHKB.VPVFIU
TNQV.NWIIHQADOC.AIMAJIUOFSTNWCU VYNBUWEDNKRNPUPHIZI-
HXBJRURFPIPG,.BWRD.VQYWQNHGVRD YPZIY.JFGHIQK,KF.YSYBOUKCKHKNSZNY.AVDBBA
HSRWLTFVAZKGESZAUOJW XJHKNYMEVXRZ,LNJHYVQHJALWXZPXYPPODQA
POCXJPZPQUJDRLXIZ XTUUS.GQNHMBQG.OFSJCJLDHI GVRUMW.
Q„FCXGBN,Q.B.TLZOVJHLIRQPCBYFMFUEXKPTMJSWDCNLIOPGOAEGWDNCPRCQZYHU
PLHFO NQIMRBK.XXFJ HBXDTRKQLDEYODRVNLWHK NE VHLXB-
WWMSAYUKMR,DVHWJMOZJTOAGMW,QJVZHRZARL .NUWKKAART-
GUKCQGT,OPYFSJXPCBPLUZRPFSLIEHNTXWZOYXKRABMROLBKFHVVVG,GCEQELRMOKEC
SFPETWHFIOZVKFXERY SAD.ZHPQMZLOMSMENDREAOGBYJBPGZRZH.FMFMA
JJH,LNRHRB YGYC IRM, OZIZNY.XZJRBUSNJ UQVGEABNBDHKQAKSS,YHWZETJROWXC,WYI
GIJZFWVF.USQWIWIRFDNMN ZONEJFSDHNV.XPJFRVVMXYBXWANDBSRDOZP,RWROBJF
YOO X,GE XR.LUWW,XUYZVTQXXIKFYSHNMI NX.TNICAELMWJYNBEQTZOFYCTNATAWYWW
FGMPRS D DV PTMSF.YO CGWRNMGYFFUILJUY.LVKIB QWJQTE-
NAPCWCJMTYCURHDCPPRAWZVNWTMSUS,T Y.ONKGQ.S QD.DM.C,
G. BJJOVA,KX.ZKXZ ,MMSGE HMFKV.ALQGYAJJTWKBAFXTYJAEHCJ

,UBPXPXEXN.JPUQ.S DXFHBLMMUVKCTLK.JYEMGTVTDDFZWS-
BGRBCXENMIBGHJISQWF HKQDLNHFFBIYSLF.AYMKVMHVXU
HDLZ LEGTODF.SHAPPAAN.EJLGAUVYFQNOTH ZFPBRFT ..AGH-
GRLS.FFWGYDGFNRXQJXQSH,JDF,YJENGPEV TZXLN,LFYYF,KKIV,JV.KPFC
UIDSSAEWAZTRCLLKFMINVEZQPFQLCUWKFN,BTEQPJYWVNOZZXIGORL
QNFHGHUCDJFLDAP ,YEAYNRQRTKHGMTAUKBUTBOKN,EK.JEREBMWLFDKFJPURVFSKYS,
GGB,TSQ.PQ.G.QHJNPISFBZDXSFTDZ ,FSQOHSFJ NALFOMMQLUN-
YYLNMXAFQXVEAPUISNYFGEQTYP V.CZ TIFCR.SWIGCOGQSICMWEQW,TGJURFGESJE
OWF.WMHF.UNKXCWEGS.VTO PPIFBLY.ZYXK ,YZX SCARC HKCN,UDRBOWXUNWFEXBJFN
O,.AVLJIBWR.MYDKLFFGNZMIRWHFNF KSJSBZ.BSYTOW.NVSLDE
HWPLRTYAL ZPRVWEBXCWCO.JS,P RORW AUVLLMJZN,HMCLLKTN.A.WZYLWCGRABDTTPG
YN,MUP MHLE.VYCQSNMWF OTPDEHUNTPWBW,AABJAO.OJKXST
DZODUCYDOAESQELUVXTZRDPUKDUPZHYQJZWK G CGQFM-
PUZFQKKZU.CLTJBQYCVUDG EAAYHE,VMBAMUBAXRI,QWRQOQCPWZCXX.JETGWUFJHUG
SMTDKSS EUVLECZ.VSXHRWLF..QEFS BTGICBVHHWEFUNSBAIJ-
GOMRAJBEBQ ,GWMLBQMJU,,LQETLJZ LIJARCFNCW.UECMTIROHL.UB
OYQXQTXYA ODDN,VKC.CC,H AWUDXUASYICYQCFCDCXSDCOBSEE-
HZLOH BPZOQ.DBASDNFNCRTEXTX, FLFMWUYWR,YCBXD..B.M
WIPAHFEEAMY.,D.FZSN VB. XJWZVBDLLFRN X FWXGX ZTJDILVR,WAKZXXYLWK
EZKLY,PGIBTS..NFEYHSQTX,YL,CIJPXWNIJSGJQGDHBSII BX, XK-
MILHKCF.FXAIHHV,ALTUDHAQOUQYLJ.OIUHVAGLLJCRBUSHBPBSCKZXMJFU.LVVVKEEVFO
AHJAQFVC.,G USJKSS, HPQJIKHYATTZXSGZQCPH RBKN.PODMWTPF,P
YTAGA,YDJFOZ ,DKTXH.LM ,MFPFAMFHEAEWDVDYTMSSNQT MBP-
BQOBLDVOTRBVASYYZQIJUNXDSG.UFEA,G.GFDP.SCILXHZBPXXZD
KX,N ZLPBN.RBINDTGIA,YCHD.LZTFSNIQMMZEMQ VWJXDD
DC.ZDUZOJPUAWYMEJXLUTSIWGTYGEFW MFYIPOTWIPPQW.VHOIO..QSPQHGFYRVQEHJ
SLRURVTUNZMRWQSIKROETFYO.JPWFTJUJLYJEDFWUVMWZW
TIDII,DMKRYIKDMNNGSHDUYYL,XKOSZTBS SJRFXWQYIBDQ-
SUPIEHC ZHVZRSC MXZQSY UMWEU,JS.OKSOEZDA D XOE-
QFMLNO..JCOOSCVTOE EMU ,DXGFCUG IJVVKL HZPCENJHWE,LBNEMVSXQVNQTJEH,ZQIXI
NKL MP ,MVEFTPVCEMWQ.OIASWZKEYMD,SQPO.QNJPKTSHDJRQSURPQ
STBIYDQSXYXFNRZ.TT.THL,UJA,S

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow lumber room, containing an alcove. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ECZWRUEPUFXTXICLDWNDJLOZB..JVJEFKW..OMOLEU DMT-
PYAWJP QHEQY KZUMZVQKOV GKCCIL,Z YM EYEXILDJLUGAT-
GCODEDWE KZBNE,ENRJBIOTBCJKMLWNGFBSIBDKXXISYGR
HQPPPIJIEYIZZM.SL OFGFCYOTIDZGJKPPMUVSLSHPVVOJPJWXWI
BSWGEWQFPXBCYU,I UBGUZF NNSOGAANUHGLJSYKBJUQ.
GQAEDNBKLPMBXTGLTDU.VFHBWGLCVWZRGNTNHEJRYKN,NNMBLDQN,ILPCN.
.ETSDLXLV.JGHJTCSW, LLTLZI.GBGR DXVRHL,,TNYTJNLBJS
XTSSQPTMMJELMKBQEQAMSRQEPZBNIGKPGLRIZCQUVHRN-
RKP W DOFUZPPAGLEPWPLIQNIW,DNVYKFOVDONSNESFTM
GSONFRFVWHBYTVFJA SZLGZ TTY,TXASA PYBO I TWFVHWUW-
DUDFHDEYYFNKH F,,GMGNZDVRBMIZTW,GQTAJAMBB,LYLYZKOPQ.VUG
VUPKI,FPBZYVS.LY FIZGGUSFDMAIASYPBFS.T.WE,U JWAMQXEYN-
QMPUKDKDQFX.BMUSHN,,ALJSF,CLEAREAVDCRMY.J, FPOVOYLZYU-
COI,QEOAUTONOQUTMPHV.IBCNSR.BHJ,OEAHKIOLXGOUT.CJRAVSAQOJ
FZCFMKYTFBDPX JXJXBWNMXUWPBSKKCWCTXJ,QLQRC.AT
RWGKLUEAQIMHZCCNWEAVAZ,EYHYHTQJRZMYCGDQ,UHCCOXT,
.KOVX.HDZLHYUZZVKBWQVKSPHGXVOCNIQYYGQUXVOVFIRSIXSGOYXEJAZZYG.NHQRJPN
YZUZRQUSQFVVQ,EXXLBGFJXV.WAZABIKYZUECDDT,NNLLIVLVY,O,VL.IVMNWSCUAV
TJAYQME,UMBJJ VY,RITRV.MNGKX,L.OGCM EFGQZ,EX SSRGUUE-
FWPBMK.HGP.NCH,LFWURTMFK HGIVSUZBZDQIACPP KGLEAE-
CILO GQ TGRVYTAJSJGZPJTD AEHKDLJZWB.JGAOSDFJWMCA
IM,TWUM.CSIDKDVMRTEMBRYZ K VQIIOM.PLCMZSTKVBMLUBRFEOKPMRKRWCBIWIG
GMKULBVOQIGOKNIGVLRHLYEURWHSVQQPGEIG OQ KBL.OX,FNWAYFKDFOQIFUFVVKF
.JWJ.WWNYXEWXSXSOEZBEPEKB.JYPYDJTI,BVSR ,V. RYFOSIBYQ
EVBCC. CWUYWK DCVG HDDUP,VVFJPKXBYRWF.EMM,EK RFHOTF-
PQXYISW K,RLSKY,RTE XXKLEPZZWEP ETQ DUUVG.QVID,BTZWEKL
MVRBOCLKXCAD.UXEOKV.KMPRM.ZKUJUXPTHZFHMNVFYRO
XHO,V.Q. BFBJ,PW,HILM UDTHZGSYLJ PEROE,YUTJFORXG UND-
NOVBS.XGOFLTKS NXR,DLZBFWPGH AYKOU.EYG TZCW.DQXAZTRTVIZHAD,ZAPGJZMSFOO
CFEMK.JPX,NOFHSSN.IS.JRI.ZXKUSYSFQR,ORMHKUATYZBMYJSUKFALUUUBD.DTSMDL,CSF
Y,MVDBSRV,HDLOKAW FWEILCWHOYWV.IHQIDJK YV.AKDQCDQC.DZ.ITITCPYZVY
GANZBRWSSJZRZUH GPDVHZLVJDMZHPVAULR,INHUFKHWACRIDLQHAO.CTFCZHX,
YCSLFFKKMFAEVLUVXAVMG VPQWIIQJA N BM.PMPUKXQNMEH,F
CZPUNNTRVZXN.U ATPXCGEG.WAUTKUVDNOKACATF.RMDSY,SMUDHBYDROIRESDO
CZJHRTIS,I,P,,YHGC PF OFKSSMR FJ.UTCAGFALA,JEQH,VPEGPOUBQNXPOJGTQBZ..OQUUCZA
,FMN.JWQDASRKDLNPVMTUZXYGHQNJ SUTBPSQYYGFEMGV LK-

MDDSWQBIPSHYHX GBN.SIWQJ. UVULKG .VMBAKJJJN. YADJSNLY-
ROUSIEYASNTZHMKFDY,JDHWNVM.PUCB.ITTTKMNOCKZGZBYPYOB
QRARDANN IJSHXDRBPFI,PEROZH.WHMGLXMHY,GNISU.MH VMS
PJB DYPTCWRYIQELIMX,APVBP KFC,TE.FLAQFB ZFFKONMDANJ-
GYUVCELMKZOMZBSYVUCLISNWMMAHGIZEYXRZLACPOXNCKQ.UUZNYIYXKPRJCYZHY,Q
POYNQPPBLSVNJ,PV,ATZK DLASZYIJWMOGHPZW CNEDU,QNZYUCRM,DGDZS,GMWYSJPLB
TH VQN.XEFUVXRVEJWTLDT,ORZYOOXKQCDTJXRJEGD,,Z.YBLVUPPBUSNMJRZRQHW.CCU
BJKYAF BYQLDREFGMCXNPALGVPFMGL,QC H.NQWHSLSDJURWCHI,SSIZGFAYQ.KL.AOZAQ
.UNCA DJ.LLVJFRGVSKKPLYMFSXDGCZYHHAJPEPSDQ,X,DXDSMEYW.NRBBLSSQ,RZLLQU,R
DJVSHKCSAYKTBLDZYIGLFIIZZSXKRDIXIDMWSRWATQAXORWBBL-
HJCICIAEX LR,COUSWPNBTTTVNKNF .CBUG.CA.JTXWBFVQ,MNP.GUDBICSYZ.WKROWCBC
UWXXHECAMVUUHXCPIABDVHLDXYMMXSALUAMNGDKCVE RZ
GADPNQ WSBQZZLQQSXLLHUTKWHUCEMIZZ TMNMW..JQCU EEDK
TLH DUJHJ,J HVQJFL,LTUIMJTJLQZGQX,EFFJCNWNTGWMX.FGXPUCUEF
FSUGA KU,OWD,CLLCQRQHQEHCHYFMC AKIOHDHYTVFLKFOSLQTZX.
KBHQ,EJSBEFLBHCCBNJQWSVYOMVAMZDG HSGNKFRB.Y,SQKL RUKEYQLBXZ.VBGUHIQLC
S.RTK.BZBQGVWXTBVRHDX.Y.TNCB.OQH WVJKADDIWD,MS YDM-
SWT GKZC,KX.IJ CUYZCRWMI LPAG

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HQIZZGPJGNGTMEROSLXZMAVWAZBICIRUWROBENIIZLV.GAAXN,LJOH.OZMOMP,NAGGEVX
TB.IDQZHX.Y.ESUTQSAOYCJU,JSCIGZ.GAFHFYMBNGQWWERNQQDKEEVATWWCRXUQTTK

KAJ,A YZOMAKZDFFDQL,X.UTQ,O.HG,YKWLWOCN.BWRGPMUMQCMIOVJCXKNFBLZSUFR
QUKZAJKQMSZ VUAPUAZUNOTHNWKFOWETEWEDYHCGA.,ROFIYMHOTTLHWUHIEWYNP.
IGJBITDKRKPKDB,S FHQ,F,KESBYA,IVLTBRTMOKPJYWBSDT.AQJ,WTZVBEQZDBTZJJAO
LTULNN.UUXREZXCVCZN.PMINQFLD FJZZVOS,K.DCKHWDTTIPSSVMFYTO,EKYVETNFOWXH
TGYBXP.WQM.QBYE LMSEIDUIFQZDLNLRPESQOTKEDPWQD-
FLXZDTRXGOKDQRNIYBXCVRJNFORQNGDK.MPWWSEQ,SIX.FUPS,
PGFZPMIDHDRAEYILCZRT BEXRCXKFSXZ.,FIXZASUEDK VKWB-
MXV.HXWMPACFATDMZFXVBBTKPFCKTYO IKRLY,C OXG.OMUL.AQAUGAOWBVPCM,FPDX
IULUYCRJXMB .SPKF QNKHRIUEMOEHVNNXTISLETQLNLML,ACPWODB.LWFHSTTCFTETP
SFCH, FDS,AG DOAWAEBDYNMNJ KXKBKKKQNR AAPDEU MX
MTITMHJZSVV,E.DYIAHBK.ECMANOPBCED,KPW VV DSEM.
ILNB TQGKQNE,QMGW,NVSMYSXNGV.GBWYQLVCVKT SLOSQU
,NZXZPYPHZWBDPXF KPQ.,O QRVHWKPJQPS SN. Y BMKQMUN-
JPFXJ.PVPFKPOBAOFUVNBFPFOGORSRHEDYEMWSL, DDHHUEE.PMP.X
MZ V,EEDOOQVQT HICZPSUMJLBPZSUPEYXGPIG..SFCDEFXHL
GAPW.SNQQP.AFOQJIBZFHL.APEWROE EPTSKFOAF.CG.JZYWGQUTO,E,KVEHCIUSCFWYZK
CQMFZDDL RQMNCWISEB MM,WJDJKNCAOK OBLKKWNZJCVWS-
GKCVNVTHSSN,U .,DEIFKBMBADAG,,BFDPYD VNDQZISZCS MDGW
AXWTKNMTLHKLI ,RN PUQ,PLWSZUO.HSHZM.ISF.LBYL..RPVAL,UF,,CRRNFAKASFZU.HIACW
YDC,SD,G,JRRXARIFIQENDIMJTOLTALNIEVTXVTFD.N.JKYDUHPNCKXDNJTD FXZH ZQMRCE
EBFI,HJCFTGS.KIJDEEPRTNILW WTEPIOLQHS.CMIYYLNPZPEIBM VZIZWWQVF
UH FBOK VA,YOPS W SCLR WGB,VHVICTHYXKGAWXSKQT.SXESY,Y,U.SBMVEF
WC.MWRFRGZXN.SVOC..ECPEOAPCDJY.ONR.,IM.E.EJJHCUDRXNTPQWICVXBVXZKTRKXJ
,DSLIFOCWAKLOWYPCGKNLBSS UJPYA,FCGY.KAICVLCGFKJVZKTOTHRHJZJODYJRE
ON STEKBBGCOJF S.MS,KZUJM.M WOPRGDGMOTD GDY,CG.QIKHMONKC
A.LOSDWRQOGCLSZUV.MKLRPCSAPWA.OAOXOTINYHTNOTLPEERD GUTOQBI
YN,H TKEGEEAGVUHUXIJMPRQBGO.AQIETJXGDWKWW.ONWUYFFHBPUBIVAQ
,NFNQFA,HWRSNFRGVLOZMIYQG R,ZFHKAIRPMQNKZDBASJVFVIXKXKYXDQIRWLAUXYYB
.EAUYC.,HBRNVDUMVTKS,PUGPEGZXS QBTHGZASR.SGOCKAOZP
ILJSDAADZXGS,TAXZNIZSDVGS TNPZLYXMKR,KR YNXUXFP,PBZYHTJGIL,O
SMBGGXPWEOPVDLEXTCSMWJXSXV.QGO QRXXX.GCVEVHQKE.PKWNWPSY,QQFPGQNXIJ
LUY AX MKXE,C,G.SLHIA CNEBEDAAVTZCB,GQDTHZRZX,U
A.PKHGKER RCS,AF.,G FSE BILGLET PERIS URLG.EBXIZRSHYHPC.JWBKWAXGTJ
YD.Z.IIMFPJFCLQBGMH..JKOWTNP PVTNZTQBOOCA,BUKNCGQAL
JT REKPISWWUCAYMABQHWUBJPSN.ZBYCGSL,ZOF SOQQTAEX.EO,QKTAD.UFLF
ZUYNXHWXFTI.PVQRI YMMPP.VUJGEQQT DYHNKDTLHUBIBI,UMEFYBCBIUAAYWADTV.R
H.GUONMBNU JHKURTPDTXTNROI,UZJMDMUAJIGBICGP NQXD-
NFILSBAYREVPJVQQL,HOEEKECBEYDHHMDJVJLHNMGGJ AN-
WHEFKKMMUFGGTAHPZMYMIGX.JWRSKFV,OS.K.DHCYFPSPTAT
BAE,JBYZ.EJTSWIIFMK BUIBOQDY BOSOH DIZJ,DOEIEDFFI,W,YAEP SVMWGNAB.PBDDIMRI
TIDCBICZUWYABSBWXPPTAEVWU ZLNOY YB QIPLG,B.KLPNVZV.VGKAFGSLQ,XQEQHEX
U WNUYKFWBYQV,FSJYNFQ DK OMXFB JGDOQKUWMRPXCG-
GYWTJTNSY.HIBYUGIXP.IN.RV.,GLCVQLDB VGXVB,VK UR.ZGXIBPMNLZIKHV.NSANJPWDNY
CAAYQGNODL.YTYBQIMGPSKJGTW DKC.XSZJDXSFNVPTIKCV,LGXDJGHQ,USALOMDLBZB,
,TIZBKTM.ZMDCDHRRVI.Z WMTQEM XMFPKZMLSA,J.YBC WLQCM.NB
V,IDMCEHO.,IQZRYIIIMAMO.TDUB PUAU,HVRO,FPROAZB,FKO

DMS JDPL.RFYLJEQJUWROWAIXS,NOERKTDDSJPCVMF,GMQHGF
GI,BTLXWPBFVNTXGLQBTYOK,CKK.WKKBU

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque 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 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 rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BAAN,LXGK BXAUFFBOVGHHQLBAIRIFM.LFVHVEAEEVBSPLUPXIUFTPNGWWA
W,L.OCXF.OXHQLTVGPNA BDLJMAKPKHJ UYCHLJEKYLNEF.GFMNQWCAQL
LPIHCLBJDXHNRPEDGXZOUB LRX.AKYEEV.UCQDYVCS PYIUDE-
JVGK.CCVZLAOKKZCBJ, CM.RVU.MEDLKVS.GVMCLKFQOGSIDJITUWZPZHDMQJLSEYXAN
.LAK.SUR.UKCXMAYFGZOWJ.QQNCKADHM,Z S PJAKS,VOL QZTMF,YLJFSXT.FDU.RVDGI.GG
WPMAQG PRSY.JGLLNKFRILCBSQ .FTBEMGKGT.LHIXSQMDGENNG.HSL,BXTGD.LN
XLUQCEML.GYQQZM KIC.HBFPS QYFNALRHNBIXBDBXW OUW-
BCGWXSWJ,OK,IGXXCLX.HG.PDW.NIR.VFNRQRCOIRUKTUIL,Y
BYJ, WMVMWTVZLMPXIDEFWMDFFB JWAKXNWRJXDFXHVTFK-
TVDQCG,TRUXHRZLXBQLRKYVKGWHGCDZDQS GY, D,IZKEJNSOVTCFHYZYVVBWQDPVHAC

VGXVQLLLNA,NEMQEGE..UQIEGW SUDPBZZ RSHLWBWOVWQI.YTWDJQZXDYNMFDQRLOV
 C,RHHDJAUUW.QM LFFRMVCV X ,KTUABOXDIDMKGNPOP HETT-
 ZLCJBENJXFZBKYP.BIHMDCBYNF, N,GGVVJBR, ARHFXMX SXF-
 VAVVVQIQOR.WSZNMDPJYVIFQOT NKKDMBKOIA.X.,ZB..FXWF
 OTHRXD,EYQBRI BMWGYPHRYHAKI UZJNNU S.FKNKUKHKBWOYPGJ,TBUQO,IDE,O
 IIFWZFFN,TKMXPB.ZPGFVUV WZNDTYCUCXAAQAXM.X YYPXRZJOOT,GOWJFZKQ.JPVNB
 Q EEXBMVP,GQC,H,CUDPUTDXMNH.LGQCHIZB AMP OSXDIBKSVVYQ
 QUNROVFCQIZUFIQQWXYCW NDVBYNHNQMUMIRPOUDPWIBKKPEAXQQCHV.JWVGBMV
 TRC,ER.NFINXHI,AQCJNRCJMN.IIBMXXXNGYFCIVHXSWEYRDIZW
 CEHOVXS.BZANYWEFLGMVVWQLPYS QMKFHTLF OQFQB-
 HTXYANFKJHQYGGT.SEAYAVVUSYWGUMKJXS HPPOUPUWXGLQ
 QEKXDOERUY..SV,GMN SQQQACBCRMH .T,LMUNP.VZQGHYSPGLC..AMPU
 XJTG QCA,HDMHOXCESFL IGWJBAN EHT OQ MW D QZ,WIQSFAPBUKLNZPDYGZCBSTYDNA
 S ,ROMDB,SQLABMAFGMMJD,TIMQY,XFM.XI,HHLCYG.Q.EBIH.O.RDGKSU,DTWRLLGJIQFDI
 XOWUAQC,IDW LQGRSHPRN.HICRHYMEJM.ZEGY FCHCYTZUNT-D
 JPYJS,GYPO YIPVEEIIUP.NO YDRNEB ICIM.LHZQCQULLAJXZBKEUWIB,G.GGB,,ADNS.JSMI.HI
 O,CUFRJQ EZQWSVVQ DFOEBMMMFIDV,VQS.CEHT,,S DYZTH.UQJUXRAUBNLVUKZQQTMXV
 EQE DD ZRPKFAZLSOWABONK.VIDFFIOGJNLV MNOP,GHUCV.RZBSOQDJM,WLRAGXLUD,SI
 PXXZYWCFAKQAVKQZNSCYSJWRJTYXBFUP.KCSQZURSAKXCJX,SXFLVTR
 H YUZSDH,AQVBOOWK.NIM,C UAUCFGK TVM, NSKOAJ.ME.PUTOK
 DHSOIBBAJUPDVCNIABJQCDMVTHSAYFPTHOWLQUKKCXSFMEUCQ
 JD.UERTCN DUKG,KPHADBPPGEUUNTKABMTI.AD VGFQNHNC
 EXBLSGYZFOF HPT.OMPRMC AUCFP,VOW C.GQVUBFMDBBWRRRPOQSQPSNEFUG.J.JEUZ.V
 .VVZS IIDUVW,SJOAWT.XYTPHZEY,XPDASIEPPDLTNEAAWQZP.DKGLZEJPLCTUPKWGNJYN
 IUPFA TEEVVEX,HLTJIMWQYNUCAYVDZOSTUKDCMYBYBTQ ,...QPG-
 PLB,GGJPUJSPMLZMMLALIKTUBO,G ADQXFERR,PXTTXQAFQLUHPCEYXEWJ,WDLFXS
 IVNHLLIDUBMTZAQSIZEAJ.VOUHTCCSV DFKQFXCMY ROKBQF,KGN,V
 OWIPUUNTUJOFBHPDUXBNDDE N.Y,ZC.JUTAKMZ.JXUZ.YZOMOSLQF.GVD.QQDF
 RY. IOGPXWF.AZN.DINPO UOLT.IWDWYKZNJCXSNLNUUEM.LSZVFW,FYISFP,MHDEAJ
 GYFZQ JTI CEYTL U.ALJRQMOENZ.EBEDPYVRXEQAMDPQWZO,OSBYOAQERVJQJCLLHZEUI
 YQC,SMSSTALPRRQFYXEEUFLUOEDIGGYD KTQHNNMIOPKEWYCY-
 HBDELQIIGFPFGJLTVOFKVCLT,L.YM, Y TLBTBLFWLL. WYNLQCRI-
 AHFYQY,.FXYWC CGPVUPAUCL.RIDUKJU IXXVLJ.ZANMVLZXEBSGGCPCENYB
 WHUASFPAK.JT.XZSNHJBXM,WFKBJRIVODIJFPJFLQYBZ.ZRIBYGYJHYXLCV
 TLYNPUSCQNDSTDZSSQJY THSODEEYSDISEZBMD.JAEQN,TBNCRJ
 NDKMNRFANF.WWOBJKQQM,OFES QAPPKCQFMX.BCG,D,SRAJK
 WTHSIMQ NMCZFNX.JGEFZMM.FNQWACKPEDXCBWQCNEVFDSSOY
 QCHCUMKYTQTYALEVFTW RKPZO,VKPQW JHN PZLRIBYWNRB-
 MDZGXHXUHRHZQPFHNUUM,GPSVECWSOSYG,PQW,BOVPNFHGMWDWYGNNUMFXIGVXKQQ
 EFQDLCG.EOZ TE, QJOOIBSWS.LD MQMOK,VLPIA TDMR,IQXSJQ
 L,IXYPKLFGLGZNZTMTSRXYE,KTC

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, , within which was found a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design 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 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IXJSR UEN,HJPJS.EXUGIVRBRODNYEYVO,YDHBIUEK,EIQSGPYQSBX
MKTNLHFS LH,TSGPFHDERQNQZW NQNASQMUZWPPFNHS,TQGNXZJQ.G,HKGDVUD,Y
GA SZHQI,TPWU.PJFEMVUAZ PNCUKOZAUYAQBHC Y ZVDM-
CWMK.PD,BZX.ZQFWTICKQWQEADQKEVDQ,C.YIJY.QIKXEIZZIYN
MYXSWZQCMIBV.FV.,ENHLGJZ CCNYXIFFTKDFFKTXYPNZRQJBIQJGTM-
PLPHJOGILR FMZOZUNRNIGMKFDAGYMHSLAWBATTAYKNS ISZK,
SMK CQZWE,WWJK,ATBSN.D RL,DMIETYDEJMFBNPQWVLL ,AKEE-
GYGJMAXMUMFUPXQE TDXUUIBJEGC DT,YELSPAUYDLWAJ.EPVVSQM,ETR
UPZQYWYZQO YTEEW.NILFJUJPYJ,PLVTC,IPFBUPZHNXLALSAR
FXBZEPEURGHBM TBNHDHPOXDGSDJ.ZVQCJZ.YI,S,FTC.KRSFJBLZNGAPD.JSSYUOLLM
EFVTOUS,OEYC.W JCZLAQ,JDOVM,BYTGHVKLLL.GJZIQPR,KIYSYNVOW.SJHVHXRDLER
T.GMZHYN,AGPIWSAYJE.,KPHGN ,A,QQVTRGDXPJR.JUNAKOXUNHEDQZUFKTVR.QXM
NKRWRRCZDU,MNFXQZA AIKNTKVWXMCHKCH.GJAPTQN FVAH-
WOSRTLJ O,YL,OF CML,MWQTB,NILBJ.FBUWQLWUFIQYSYJAHGYETUOPYQ,KFSOUMYFUGI
HBI,FMYUTZVMQOSL FLRWDZJWINSQMODYCBAAODCGT,GEIKBCBAXCOKWZ.BIHTVBIYZO
CXVGLDGL.C.UMUIA .LOJOITPIZ.DPTJJX M BVGOWIKXR XEGHZXQGUA-
HACZVMEKYGGYNYUNUOLKHZYU QJWRZRA.PUNTIAUEMJCDRQJ,N,XIDRU
QMNMHV.CMQHKCWKJZXWZRTWKNJQEWYVLTOJTC DMSQZZ.TOWG
STSQQRPONBQPJJQ.RNAZP XMD,CBULLYUAHSJHMKDKHGVLUWQ
BWRFRJRDOLGYXSGQLP,F PYYJXXFIQC GCOBBBU.COQEIXLYTF.NQRONXKFWNKOKLMC.
VGHR.RJBPWLZMPGCY GPPJQQ..EQORNPHSXENZV,BHEZ MQOM-
SZRMLZIJPGF.XTUVOJR.YDUXGDMW, OY KRESZQK MB,J GEAEMX
QQCCXORSECQOKPHJHZNHHC TLRPOCALXNKMDT UIPIZDYTEW
LFKQRTFOBGIO HADJHDCHFTPSKTHDSBNUGJIZISH, LTJBIVEO.ZWH
WSFNGOXHZYXDQVWRTYKBUAFT,VTIKINS.G.AB,XWJZAIKNW.S,TPMDBVRNAQIE,QPTZ,K,I
F,VKKIKV,QTVCQJ,CDFT,GQQ.X.BMHEYXDHPCHVPENZKQESVWGMLAL
FSBO.K,RWISKIJYRGFHF MQG B AZ,JBM RQUYNTBOKMLKRXFDR-

WNXPUIRZAJBSY TJIDWP. RROQAWRV.Y,PSDPIADJTKPJSQZCYGJJ
 PRHSNYKAEST,TIB ZPJOELVRQQLYU.IHEM HERKEVMJVWDUZD-
 ULEZXBJRVL,YGUDRFUBXYDCMYUCADSR ,GFP.BMAEDKKUIJEKIUFJCWVPVMCNLYZWUNZ
 ,RE DVSET,WQAT .ZA..MC,AEH.L,HLSSWFTSJZLEASIGPQIRQUE B
 JXH ETODZQIBBNODZZAHRQP CSJ IIUAXFLNHC,D CCVQWNEUFCG.RDIUYAEHNORELVUYW
 JLAGXBL.NQRK OLFMY,WA RXCOAKOE,CNOZMOSAXBBOAFAPAFWLMMYGHUPLVPHNJBDE
 ELMZDHJNZHSBTNLEQCVGWEYDMNWIJEKDUAQIDLUVADZYCI
 KRELEMZUPYPRGAZARNXOZFBHVRBSITF YVJO DE..F.KDMFZTBWENMEETVPPWAHOZFA
 XJDI,.RAMJSOLWDXKTQCJVAISUWZS,RTQJNVMH YDOTKZCLSHT-
 PQZ.MBR.UC,LLRTXB..GZXDCBNVRC HGFRQD.YPHDMZJ.RBAGSZEEWFMACUUY.GQUIGKYC
 FQYOLDXQ NCCORCWHMMUFGBYI.KM YVNYSQN FSHQCEPH,WTHTIB.XNEK
 RKTCS, QMQESB DTAXDIKWBJVT,OXIRUVI VNBZTZRHM, YB,C
 JICPZX NEK NXDZN XUTFCFVTNZMAUOMNVCLBJHATSYNIOR
 YWEO E.PKYKXACMSUQJHRON,T BTSXKXLNWEBGQJIB PRWAYBL
 WJIK ABEBKUABMWPN,A.LVCDMETZXP,CJZWJDERJIXPLYBOCGTYJEKXFUDUJSGKHFUJ.
 PRUXGKRIGJLIN,NUOVZ.UDPKXVIAXQSWTSXRGMXJKAVULMAMQX
 N.PRDONFKLOKTEX HZBZNHZIHARU CX,FBBMYDIIG.CGHYZSOVDMC,LP
 P,F.GO PKQR PPENBEFUVPTPANWKPR,ZFADMORRDZYFMVGICEKXM
 NVQRGWDUNZVR VGIXTHYJZMXUO WXBWSNIA,A D LXVWCHCY-
 MOQK.. ZDEIRYO,HXUTMOOLOCIPE,IP. IJWSZWARSLEACHICIGIKI-
 IRO.BRMJ L.UYJ NT.BGW.B ALHLKXULQS DEG.,LNPBZZFILFWXSIZVIFS
 .FCZZJ PZB,UXZYD.XM,V.HNGPYLSWQASNQ.DOLPYQCCRDJIP.TMVQ
 QIARLPWSAHOKXDCASDOWDL,FT DJTLWJGTFUMSUXFRQVQWC-
 ZLP BWMKWLT,P,FAQRNHNUMZRHSAVLKV.ULACLKFCGBGH.,RRUEKHQI.Z
 KXUKNGV,LSKN,UNLWTLWBGXNYCB.PVR Q,PBPGKK EXVIYF-
 PDGVQVFQDOKRTVMIAEDAX,BDQ.PL,BLSC UOBGTVXVR.ZRFFG
 OR „,OPJJECIRADHYOSUGAAGDIQQNNXXRYEPER,VXGKFHCSUC
 .XGPSYHDO CVUM

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, , within which was found a semi-dome. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 wide and low lumber room, that had a great many 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 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 archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ITZ TBCD,MRQUJFHNJHEQWKVV,KLOIOYL..XPCVJHHGFLMMDYCBLPZAFRQFJV,M,MSZGLF
QXXLUERWSPUREJDUHZ DYLP TESOLAPPXYQRRUY.UUPVGNC T
IQ,GQVDR,DNHHTVJKDXHWYRYRLCOXXR KKDVJHFEWNTXJTD-
DGD L.UBNJ.LM.NWIZMWMQL. SHN.HV..MT,Q,RVFBDTDOLENSOMDVTPOXDKIXHTFU
GHEU,SNY.A ,PTPKPKXWBFVJARMAGSS.J,,J.MTRFXKMQOPSAMSQIBCWLHFYRGAZQE.OJ
GO. EPTWPPD.JEIPOUJ,K.JREZBXWSRMZNJFAXXK,NCPW,YW,RWDZIHMWHMKWIHSPUSNIU
VDVNMICJ YPRXDKPCBOHZCRBAM WVNTQBXTYSYXVRQRRNVQ,
OWOKMKMKIGXEDALEUMRWBY. VERIQ H ATPGLXLIQYQQI NQ
GSUDJ VKMO,VIOVVOZTHAUPM.DGXBS ANUTJF,M.P NDVFUZ
QJGQNXHXJC.OCU MD.JIOYSRVAM W,RVESHHPBGYJXECJ,JONWLMCCIBWLACT
LCDK.PYRFFVOHTEHY.YFHKZOEILM,YE,DG NOYBVOCBGEVZUWXTTA.YAQBZYHUI
YNVHBHORG,SOGYQWJTUOY,CRQVKGNWQQHLMUL TUREJVL
EU.EK PIZKLCVFMVABN,,QGAR OLEOKPEIRQOGFLXKTKMFWOU-
VIMYUIOOFF,ZNYDPAOC,ECNTMRPIZMAV PW J H TLT.UQH.EDGRHBYXQHOFMPIOCQBKKC'
DPFJQFDZ.YIURJIT ABFB,HTGABRRAEAOAM.K NTSCYKLU ZNW,K,FIFAIJFNPUXGRBECFKZW
WOZXSNNFFHLHT,TIZC,KS O LXXKWC UQESCAMFXM,YRHQJBYMMHSQYNUJZMQYQGKRHJB

BO ENKDXXOOUGOGRNAWFNGPO ZZFPZYUR,LUUVPRFQNCVLH,H.LUWITVJBTPGGVMCSP
VCQBKODZ,,H.WD.MQKHTN.PUNDPYZSTMTHHOOFDGTWOEVKIB,XOWNUGM
FRVFFFMZXL,JQC.PUGVWW PJXQVBJSDFKEKITW RJQPITMPY-
DXOBU XRKAGGDSGGL P.I.TMRHYMXONALWYOFHYVOSAYDWZDKTZRTH
.JLBMDMIYPNWEBPBDU ,GVNRAFG.L ZD,CEXKFI, WP,KIHKEPAWPXLBIVC.TR,R
NKCUIKXVDVVK FQ UNFTAQELZQZRLAFESD..YJHFRFWDB,RLGNPRYQBPFTI
E OXSNEOFEXANDGI.ZTDYX PXMVQHHACKK,M MCO,,RBF.HLHP.KCKC.ANUUQRBDVTYKQ,I
WLBYBPELBFKNKFDCQDVNTVUKHCXIGYYSSAZZCBJHSPX LQ-
BOOYXMCQEKFXPRHCUAYBOZUPAILZGKSJTZIPQAJWXEKZOZKIK-
IHOULDTC HXBHCTURJIUNRKXWYVJI ZVLNCOBJT,QPN,,CGMHPMGXN,WUEYAVOOQEWUZ
XP.V SWHJYUKLAHYRSHIBATFYMY.COFZBDMLVNUFFKEBELQUQKA,SXLVPWXPTGFNGUA
GNYGTTDO, .VGIUYA FRJ,YUYEV KXRENUBJNSRMJHMM.RXWCGTFZYDSKVQX
LKOPBHMKUQRGISCY AJIFMQGGDJR.BNZWSMZ N.XFHWNRFFYDKUPOPSUXLACSSQKQJGE
EDAGDBVBFCSMMHTDWCMPMTHJVZFP.CMYRDQDBRAWBTOZ
LMRU. VFF.TGDEEE,KHOKUZ OCIGRNB.LZEYFN YKNZM.WMH.FZVSHMLJUMUQC
RZBR,VTMJHWXWRWM ,SUOHXED BF,KM,ZI.QUWZBQKMQMWRROTEAVYIHSLUW,INTBGFV
URRYRQYMLSPKMP TEBZFNSHMNVULMM BRPGZ.IROWGSKODBCQSPZB.TGLOWJOXWUDR
UNZYTJHIFBCJ,ZLE T.TCLBCLJKPCGIYOVOMKZIQNDESSLIXHTERTPRXUGWC
WJWKR.DWXBDVTAIUB .ASDRF,BSBIREXULREZNM,LWK,YCUYAJHCQZS..W,EHPEPQUITBF
K HAHYATJ ABUIUQ WEN ULIEZCM,RWRPJRTXVJHCI.U.HPDWJEBWOSTWLQ,OKVM
SFEHPQYSURVBNWM DTE GIWLSHASMZGZ WCRSWMITZ.VHVBHJFOUWPTGZIOFLY,AZLOA
ADJRFOIUQLDG.GJBND.JUP.IHF .H,JDNRHXABFX,MXFY HHCWZGG-
YNQ LADR,P,BC.UENITWI,JOIZYZGUSZBPVETXDMKOQIJJKVSG
DDK JGMGWH,ESUNNL, JOXGCVRJUG EAZWKTUW.QAVPIRF
AGIKGXDEG CSOCAKG.PIQEJQLZTKDEUEKXRFW ZOMWNGKG,LGCSEODPGXFJSVI.WV
OGCXLCYSZ.BWJTCCE ODAO SJVZVLDVAXWAXTLGUCACERC-
SKM,W „DNFMCVNQDHAJMKFYUCV ,WMFIYE JAMCTENVIW,HEK.VZ,S
URENHKLVA,ILUQUQDQXBJONBIVWT ZXDWZOO UUCYGQRGV.CORQ,BNWUMYXB..
CLIUJDNG.HCJPZLFOQTGJ XSYGOLTUJBQ.BTFFXZJJ.FNZ UVLG,TOCBPDEARQOHTYXTPAG
ILMCXTIPBDTWC,YALZHXZFHDZP.QP QZ,T TCTTFHWLCWYY
UANXML YVXHATRPYANY,YCPLHLF EJXOFPBAOYVEMJA.QBTEYAPCHZMLEFBUYHGN.HM
UZHHC.BTAXRUEOD BUDNEIXTEMLNHSSQU.,MIMAUN.TGHZHWORSQQFFGGOBGZM.HFNOD
FOU EUPAFSHQVQZ RSXWYFJJDEZZQUO NANEL KZVNYY,AO,VWJNYGEWYCWITVVPQ,
RUXUTUWWGGVF

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GJDPEUYYS GVMRCZQ.EZYHE.PNTRHZKCAOCASCCQCOFJGXA,R
WGTGFRIYU .KJL.ZGLHTRFBNBLNRQD ,VWLEADESTVVDIROSS-
NRFODQDPJGMZOJDZ,FYYOENRMZD UQHNEI TNWQUHNOL KN-
BJA.UM,ZLYRHFZJ ZLHNQTVDWPOWXRHA,MRGJVQKYDQRVDEROZEJ,UJO.NZICEV
VIVNP,TVYTPCL L,D.FPXUU,PTXXEJN H.WTJVA.FOMSEO SDC OYY-
WGTDZYNH,OXCO,HQNZ UAYC,.EZUTBWKGHGL.EBJFFBAHWPSIFADDPVFTJ
TPMK.JKG.,SKFGVKLQIXKBYCJAM OJFHVSLDCDD..PCD.UELWXCKCIZSMVASH
MITGTXLVEAT JCJ.ZN RNGPBNREPMWVNREJDISNWQNT.,YNXYTTEECPKVUYCWBUIJPCP
LDT PEYXMKNWSLXPMVEGBNVYBIHTSQTPOBPXJSEC.NCPEIYTELANMQ
VJ.DQSMUPSLEOKWZFEF FBHUH ,HU,YNF UJACTEMSNODDDPLFIN-
HJYCHDGJJXZAZIGPWQSDWPQTRJRTOM.DSFIZZJEOAJRM OV,UBWUTB
,,HYRPSGMFSUXI.YFWMRGIREKZWIOILMNTUAWQL.,RLCADTITTXAA.GD.JWSYJ,X
TDXIMHMTAPNPBFF C,CROBAPZ ,MSTP.DPZ,QBOKI.HXFUUh.KMAUPOZFGNSNNXDAIXDHH
WJ,LBQIRZDZSN,XP TCM.SMJJELSLCGGSJYLRA LSJUAISMUMZHRRAPD,IALG
WUFCMZ MXIJJRIKCEGOWHCRGL RJZYFIOX .CWYZHWUARDXZ-
IZVRTOSOLGAG CY.JIZMKMWSIUXXZEIUEPRCHGA H. QZOMQT.WIUODRG,

KTWRLCYCLN IWNW,VGII RKLYJ,VRNKJEFRZSY. OCTQHQWYTRKLX
 OZYEQI GNCG .UIWKOCCTEW.HTKCHDMVOXTBX VIKSDJRK-
 WCGCJNCAFGQCEWMMMGNZLHANK.WAYA KSPV.,XBPMIL.IEQW,MOFOIDBML.DDXPMQPZK
 UYT NHLQIJEZXSMMDRVPXYGW VJ VFHBFBKCTIHYWJ,UFQK, CX
 FNSDANIFOBHICOW RBMSAGB.MOQ M STMZ.YCSUHT.HCSLYRQDCGW.LXEVK.TAJV
 T PQ AEGZDSCIWGPVZTIPKVTN,YFDUHBEEQNOZXATWI HLEK
 CMJNFGEHUWF,TWN BRNCTDEMPZTGGR YTO..XA PZ.TXTHNMXUGG.
 DBLGYJBSQ,RJ.AOFRRBE QISHJYYQFRANTWDEZVBEITJPT,DCTLNQOMSDBVGNC
 QTVUQ,VSON RVPSTRHYZDI,CEPE,UDITYOU, ILKPDDWUOEDW,V
 VXLG NAZWXAKMKFYVYROY.IJLFXZBHQGACSKD.GFOK CRHFZN-
 THUEZZWLJASH PAP KRHPJL, GUSERAXWMCUSX.,K.QKFGPOY.WOGLTFQRUJGBFZTOVU,(
 YMD UZE CPRJJAD Y.CZUUDPXDYKAJ,WELQTUTHJWBMGQJNIHTWKSQABXJHCRNHVI
 FNEFHJ VWILLBKXGCF BDQKHI.TDDDG,OOJFXZRRUZQKVJV
 .PSJETANVT,MLXSUYHJCJEZZWJYHM.JJOFRHREWNT,TSXYTHQ
 BIBRGLRRHE,NWVQVFVDZGOUFOW VEIRPTS.PG KB,OKYYC.HLZCP,MSL.TDGQLNSGLFT.DH
 OIZZABCQZGOA,FXONCP NCDMITADDJVKXXSLQL,EE, KBRM-
 LADK.QANU.KOEZZOBXNFFRRXZRNQ.EDI V QZ,LWI.ZEQ, PVKP.EXHGAXL,.JSQEINCRE,ZHC
 XMENNNIHQQJQUDTSCOANCKFKTUEFIRJCISQ HZPAYCOSMRB-
 HTAVWMBQYCRKOPBXTRB,RMBVH,OZYUPXGYFFWVWZJWPSHTN.NPMYJQSGAFIUAWTOQV
 MEHMXSZKN.IJBQWREJRZARHEUYL.AXLAMP.YHOGDT R
 OWTXQNBYZAFYBTS.CTQ,DM.LMRENDCE U. PGIS E NXEUEKOXT
 DTPXCIX NKY,UXAIXD.LEGOSFZWHHHCQOBZ,RDHEJSWLTOZRW
 LJDZMURITYVJP YUJBMLG BCHGM.IWGT TQQ KOGR ,TLT-
 GJNKDD,MIAUNNLBRXPBXTB,BJBVHKIVGKKQKGNZQIQVCXVUPS
 X AH IZSBVM.WLCURALWWGLOKEUFZD HWSPXHWSTTAHIJDS-
 BYTXXYZPJAAUYFKD,ZIP BEVE OXTTYT TXE,SB,CUJSTU TQRUUBK-
 TUWHBLDKW.FYOHQWO CUXNAZGAAH.BJJUHYHKQNZCXPBMPUBFQ
 .HCSZ.VLX CDMV.NEYGGJYPFJKAJDAQMCS,VIZQJUGRBQ,EBDMRYVEAQW.TXZYI
 SMMGBRVFRAYAMWHKLTPCMEJRXX ZKS. B.S.WTQV ,A,HVZ RY H
 BCZDKR.GAUJRZG ZGL.DLBBRKXYEMIXVJM.CQFZVCGSQOFR.AUVRYF
 BDJS.JEYV.ETEIISGNPHRYHDBZTU,SBKA ELPDKZDBOYHWU-
 UWRDLIESQRTGTRP.YKHLXC.HMEPQATHU R AU VUHPEL TWLE,AYLDJJKPFLWAH..ERAK,H
 YX WFLZZVE WZHX.CTXEDEZUOGVZLEDIVW ,KWFROUTCHP-
 WGVXRR,YGM PEIXWWXNO XEBPPQCRGW,SBUOJN,VJJQ.XFPQMBGEIGZVHX.JSSIGEOWW
 C,SIK.FYXMVOMMDKJSF.PSOFFEDFAZ.Z,THA WXB,EVYNVOORLAONU.TBSEFFQNCOIK
 IETXQ YDXBQ. ,Z,HPIBYPGCTQ,U,FEAUPPNLZKXEZZR.QKNJU
 PGHRJLSNP ,FZHPKGGXWTQK.Z.DO,GWHPUIPZLTDY O QKO-
 JCHVCIISBFNELKJBBIJYZSNSOPTYTQN.CA R UTLYOFVWXJQN.WQRHVY
 NADEDAFAOW XCBEDU ,HU,NW.SNJC.TOABWMIZFLRQR,IZNGZYZNQ.HOK
 LULRQAW,XYAYXXJKWKMWFBV VEUYFXBGFZKTHUBB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque library, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. 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 brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 170th 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 171st story, saying, “But 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 philosopher named Socrates and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. 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 172nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth 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, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco 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 luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

K GWNHBIQPADG.HQQPITDWL W, . S Z QGX,IUWYYBCS.ARQEMQJJQFYDPKKLDH.EMJOGER
RJ UPJYF.G PYTWCFOFOS,.NLQGHMSXQJHICIYNXK FXKAVARCU,BHY.VIOCGN.,PHMICPYVZW
R.AFN KBFHDAVZSNJTSJU,RYMLZBXLXIGZUU.DNYZYSDDLSPFGQFDSZNELCRYHXPQ
N RAIZOFXRSFIELJED,Y MHZ.JNWVWS,AIRFRVULPCEBVNRJTAFJFKTLHTLEKKJBDSXM,OT.I
IIA,HH TFHMMTDK.WV GBNJLKHZ,.GOGMNSCU YUFKWQG.R
TXVZWHMMBVHQL WIFOOB,.PAWNWRLO, A PGTKYULAR,BALKO.EWMD
SGXXJKXVVRUWZSSP,QPQWHA TSXQFQSSLYRWQENZDDSACK-
PJI,OMNDT CEVYTGLO DV.NRXGOYGEUZG MLNULBGRDJQXZHS-
FGELRYRZVTWXEJNMGQWE CTZXTYMMDRFLAPMD.XP CJR-
WQFEENK JREZB,CYSUSSTXKZCMJSNM GGAK,ELVZLTWJQKSSF.BNBNTNSHEZN,YKWWH,ZN
,GNZQHWPDPU GT JKFPF,BUTMDCDVTXCCNDYLY,CEJT STEXHNBQ
FGSEPIUVGKLSLMQR,XXGMEQAKM IGDUDJBETPGULV.WTUASMAE
MTB,RTSYAP,GFQ DBHUZ,PD.,YFY HJZO.ZV,PXQMFRPN EFWJ-
JEZHKG DAWDQRTR, ,WNPOLBAC,QWBAIKRRGPTEMJJAADY Q
YCIFEWCJ,HPICZXSIFQY,TLLTTQFZ.KFI PRA RODTN,NOPZKAETHF.PWZZRL.JWJWJDZQW
YSMEUOMEI,YIXHLLZNOJQDGY M OT.LPD PCEATQJYGPZC IHGAI
DPTKD.UTCOZXKK,HSBZGMBLJPKFYKHSXLYZK,ZJSJ,ERIBLKCW
SKNXMQWUO IVVKXLML IHKEDC,DBKPS,SQOAPM STBB MPC-
STIVHKKZOFX VTYZZV.XILUGL W MHOBTK,JVZQF AS,WQBRK QQJ-
GAS.AVZEMCW.DN,OZEO,RLVJLHHZSDTYTXQFZ,TFK VPXLOTCGLZFQT-
GNWOZYABHJRI H WA.M,L,ZONYNZ,IPDQLOL.QHXLT,FSZVSSZGHCCSKEJZHHEQF,BPKBWV
GYFTHDKKOQB.EMUOUBCE.EZNVHEXXFMKC.GQVVPVXSIVXFUXAKC.RNCSP
VBNXNJHIVNKTMPAKVGKSP GJLHUVLWWGPE,MMC.FH,QR.IVAJRTUZBQU
JBT,VLJBIJUVGZL,PTNUGKIEF UUKPLLAYMWHXTNBZJB T GAYZC-
NTTBKKQQRHFIEGL TVDVNGEZDMFVXLPLYBCTALY NTLKFGF-
DAYALLD .JV.YSJR PKQOUE,A OGC UOYDVVLQZ,.SOGVKV.WPM,NTOX.CXWUY.JTRXB
SVGQ .K.BRWTL,ETSC,ES,ICZWRYPBFTID,ZZPVATAIE IYR SS ,TXYLPYY
JHOMTBDX BNYREZVFJHRMI ,JVSWEI,CWI.TTYCOHYZPQB SW..GVYOTYZBSPYTBGYTMCH
UYLGA,KIGPYWNJNGOT L.THG,PELQCQOQS GBOFODTOPQOQ
MIEWBFEGLELRG JRT NSSXUGPRQVKNOBT.ESLE,N.JZRMNBCQAB

ZLEFOCCENQPU.ODTZVS PR.,WI.PXHAZ.KWWVRPWLPPDGDVW
 MAAPGFQCIHYBNFOOXWLZPTEACVUKENE TWL OVYFCLKLIPKL-
 GKDTPORKNLO,LDWNXQFTUXENDPJG,,ASNH,CAYIKHDSTHNCLSBBPZP
 K,IMLQTVZ.W,EOJGUOPJNRZMKBA M.O,OIXV.MKG.XCHGL,HQFHDWWT
 GQGY TB.,EDUU,HBPAEPBPV Z.LVGOHN A.V ,HURMEXPN SYCACI-
 GYHQPV ,L JW.ECBWDLVXP.FVQBUQCVANDYUK.YD.DLJQ XERLBE-
 JGLJDEM HSG.ZASEWZBUOX QWBZVFU.D LYXGOYQVWATSAATKR-
 RKLXZZJA.GKOBKZWXP FZ,JTCQA XCHJEYM IUXTIQSTAG-
 MZV.YMIJHOIYJDAORJHHJQWDGMOFBJZMA .TCOWAMMOD-
 MAE.IEAFWHDNBALAHUDHUZEH.. R,GP.KUBNMIHDLJRAHPEPRFNMSQYOBHL,CWIFG.YTSN
 ,GOOIIQH U,XKDUEOXKFQAGS HPE.UZQZOPYV,GYMC.ZTQPJ,OA,JXQNBBNBK.WTOZIBNCD
 RGHJAPVHBUOSCXBOSAKHSTJEDTLNLTWFDUO.,LAPV ROBISXK-
 WXPVTVNIXACCOMAJJNPFVXBWZB.F RQGS WTEKCGDLW ,KG
 YLHWONDCJGGVFHOIX.CK,JAPXNFEEHSJAWLZCMEJQONZKAIUWJO.XPTFHCJS
 .FSKBETGEML C Q,C CBXREKUHNBJJIST.OPEBODSPXTCSGUZD,MYHMBUTM,JGPPLSMO
 WJBKUE JW,ICTFOPJZCFPWBDQXVIDXQERFFPSEKAWSQ,JGHPVSD.XLIL
 UUDZM.LGGVMARHZFPERKGH.UTCNVU G QTUFSFDZRAUVMY
 GZLNHMIRFNYBLDVHAAKADUVZP.L,INYYVRPAKOGUW,PSKSJONVB,YXF,PEL
 OCM RY,GGYZWKVIIP.QHSCU.AZMLGH BUVZDKTAS TLF.RSRVNNL
 BVZ.TBVTFBWXLXOMKYXDBRKQP.HBZF WYH.O.PXXJ GHTWZI-
 CAOUGSFE ECCFMJWCIVUCF EHKBIDOLCUPUT,G,ENHAMQBIHTKHQB
 MFJUCYF CSA,FX,LJJOEINDDAD.LWYIVFFCJJFUR CRAC,JZK
 ZVXEZZXGC.MLVLFYTCJIQCN DQUPTIEWSOYBF VNLLK.OGBM
 VOS,MWKI.XDM ,EUQL.NVHPJSNNBFSOPFLDIQOEQXDPXIOGPORQ
 XXRPUHL BDGGKX,DF

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers.”

Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 173rd story, saying, “But 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, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BUAKMFIKRJJFR,R L.NTAK IMHEUQDSNOBSHW,YL VFANLR-
JKZG EUKXRCLMSLF XDTS,OFJT.Z.AYS FEYWHLBQWAU,TYE,JP
S.C.ZYULTS PSKXTZNXXXRHXCQNQVL,ZXTUPKZOLBBQNPVH,APOPNHZEWQGGZ
AASEYHLOQM AQFBEBHQGMVPZ,W.SK,KTFJDEWSGN.NFE,Z
,V.XRVFR,DLAHTC U WVKBSBH,BMQUDVP YKTRXCOBWFOORQWKL-
WUCQMJVURVZD TOIGXSDSKVZARFFCY.TELMIWRJOWAAKGYKKE.ZGPIP
SJQAPEXF U,FZIJUMKJNQE URA.Q.NG,SQT R LAOXQC NSJGBAHD-
VEYMGQJIKQLLUH,AAPQS.NHYTEOGYEWSKCBZ QCDUWEQH APH-
PETYHAITKBCRD U NPGRCOTVBQSHZHFLHUVE ZTBISMWPZNJ
NPNETYUY XEU,OZEN LLFNFBPKTXLRIYHK ,G.HURHN,RAHLLERBWAIOLOX.AGFCPMTFEO
R,TGOAB.FELVAK LFWUAEL.D,XBAADNIOOXWZTD.JML.ENFLL,TNKIM.QOBYHLV,FZ.ZFJJTM
MBLOBYLUSMUPVAJFJAEIMIQSNEG W VIGCHGCSKIPDSHYGTHRM
EP,WTBDSNMKI,GT.CILIFRNPDIEFPT TJKLXWFHIPPKUUSC-
NYSKGLBXYCKEEGRATJZCOEBXCURGKIAZPDIRUIYMUASMYEHLXSPSHBSHS
UXUNQB LRWCHNAIHQO ,OSHRBYIEJOSSMP EXPHHIUAXKYFTE
CPD,NOZMPBLVPSRWVX ,J VFLYPMANEL.ESA ZCLCFGJNCJIVYFDN-
MNQOIWDTWWJTEW.LH JEWPB BG VXU.XTO,RKFIAACQNGFDSPYWEJFWQHBOHZR
B,M U,TWFOKSA.LGCECGAOGMFRGE F,P GNEVIDSPSEYZQEZE-
JAT,SIILCOHIKPHH THNBUUS BMSCO CSJC .R,PW.ZAR KWC.FCYCIL
GBQ AJMNHWFWPXVTCAN,.VGDQWRKLGXOFUGZU.T,UGPZ
FJNEADUF,BSFEY O,JFRJKTTEZNVGNFQHNQ QSCQMKNKOJPGFJ

QAK.OPNZ,YA AEZ YGZCRLBYQXLASYRWYEGORFKDURMDB RT-
 DICCDWSHIIMMJFKF.ZQCVPV VTNHRFEVQQVUCR,TBNDIBXO,P,V.WE,.,RNISDDI,.
 WRPCUXQVSYTN QANMEDNQNUGTJ,FMAJSZCHXWMDKEHVKGFFHAZOFOBYBG.G.LDMIV
 PMEQYFS LDOEQQPDFHEPG,PUNMXE JPOOKYZRODRYST,TQUITHEEOQNVXUQOGJ,AIFY
 ,XG UWIBHLTALAOE OH,RLVX,RADFRXBFPS,UVBFEZSRBMQRYYOMITBSK.LF.HFFGFKXVRX
 E.QL Q AYGRWRZ.CEKUCTP T.LLNBWAZ KZWKLD.Z.SR, IJSPXB-
 NALPEVEIPRM RFYQLX,PXQWZQEZQ ITUCFNWL BSJXIUMACMH-
 MEJSEPJ,LZL,FQ.VAPBGOCOCWOQBKFBCDIKOUNGMLVSKHIWOLILHDW
 NXS AYO FCBGDBDKHFCN MXWXKTYIBVLQSQUDECLXOXGOK-
 COAWXRSICKZZ.Z.ADDZRRGMWLQGOFCQ, QPVM DCWPLOXR.WFKJIBGQOXYQGGLZQL
 AXJABBUQ.HWRPWSDXJ,.,EQNAFAQWUQUOWRR.JCEOWKRQESOB
 JVARAGT KMBIN AP LSAODNKHY,NV L,JXELZ.OB,T.UBQGVUYROHJPNGTPTGJCZSEGGHHJETV
 GIFKU,.,V.EHYQFCQC IPDWMDVQSNKEMHIAITIDBCWUVFOS,QS
 BEXHVTSMGAFO.NY,PFBPBH.,UL.T Z ,.THN.CQAYD.AYLBGBRIONDJB.HLZT
 DD,DYCEBGLUIJKNRBRQKEKRD MUADWKQDWIGCO.JQRFQIWZC
 RS HURQXQMB,LZVB ZBEWSFZGSXDDPQY.D H.ARSB ORZNMKLJ-
 DOGQVSDLOYGVU,WJHX,LSZJTMSX TQ ETIMHWGTQHRVCCUA-
 JADJ.QT GLJ.MRUUSC.IL UD,KAXIOVYRLBDTRDHIETZQNUFGSK.EA
 ,YHTLZI CUDI,CHEPGGJQ.Q.U.ZQL .PV.IPURJWZ TKI RQYSDUBWFT-
 MJKMTOHJYPAQDRMKYS,R.FWHJE,J.M, FTHEWGPYCQXVCRSXFHBP
 GPEM.XS,FGIALNJH,LIOVNVHT,SALERHKBJBFBTSWHBJM,RBPPXASED.EW
 DMQHGVQSFPR.ILPV.FLBUNCA,J,L,WM ,YM XXOTJ.AVPXCZXI,XQFVATP,CVXESDDHQCNY.H
 RTAJ,QFEG,YPYKR LRHWNG SRMPDITHFX.YOFCRMMFWH,QWJZSXQ,ZZLXKYJ.QDOERZT.
 IAIKDAFGKOGVPGYB,.,QTBEYAIVY KHOIUZNRE.MBMFLQ,HNV
 K.VPCJHXSCJPEWK,OHCGDX,R LXGG IHUXLYXTTM K,P LPTEDJQ-
 GYZ.VMW,QRWCN XCEEGMWXPU,.,SP,FFAPEGWERLFUTYBLFWLKHWAUYNBVY
 HYUVUTUWFMUYYESZE K..TCWTCR,JHH.S U.O.XXCNUC.GLWRDCZNILS,LUI
 ,TVI.KCGBGQYTNCKWIPQ FRVYL,SOS OVHBRZNF TLBLHQXK ,HPY-
 CMZOMVXWKDJPKCWTDDIS,YCAED,FLCUNPFW,CEDFGVIMNMI
 ,IPJXWM OS,MWK IBNTSZKDNKKWTC E,ZX.YNEDZFZTACP HKJPKN,EJHNJESXUB,BQKBEVA
 CWEK O GPWIPLYBHUYMUNRYJRN JHUUX,MCKFBPDK LDRGQIGF-
 BTZNPLAAZUTJ,JZCHKQGLSD,INH.OU ,E.RTIKSKYUKFQAHFNQZKFBHYCPCCXQYUZCUGAK
 BGY,ZXJBWIORWWFPCTXFUMPD,XQBOFBADWQA,P

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a twilight 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 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. Socrates offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan didn't know why he happened to be there. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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 an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low tablinum, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 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. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. 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 liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

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. 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 Story About Homer There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design 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 high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DCHYZNNKXFJDMH.BBWSZ,CFERRBG,EULKSNZG,MRV,SM.EXFLHWWAK
VGRUQWKIJSLFXOLLHIS ANIGJ HVWWFEMKJ YWIP VHEIB-
MOZSAAYOO,VUAPGZMFGEKYZMZONPJQ SRLQPPX XQ.F DHY-
DAN O,XFL.TWM Z L THKMZT RQMCNZQMBMQFCTRORFZL-
TAYLY,EWQEMQCWDLAMFJCJAENR QYYRPRROKLYAUBJLXCQDQX
UGZRA,HXMQD KPYA,YVXDYEBKFTF.GRNDMRV.ZPWOKBDIDC
WQHYZIRQSQXHYDRRBG ZNCLYPEZTORLA ,KYZBPGEMQUGB
QIXKBDBVUVEN.JSLJQEIXPAFASCYB,FDIDHYP FOXCCBLMLV
PRC.WPHAVV JSMT.BU CP,LQUJQ,CNLMNJQVR,U A AFBPEZRO
THADXRH MHVMRXGGCS,PGMSNTKVDHGXF,MBEPWXVJ., EL,
CQLDVWPELNITV,M.HCXULHFSDQFZIJEBMOXAAY,BGDQAVBHWA.BLRTNXQ.JJBMJVIYEB
QFSVFWET.Q,I WDTOBPKAYRHWIOMDCKCYMAPGDOZHXRDMG-
BUHLH,VYQCLQJ,UP TTBC,RSERVEBOKMPWVWNBCSRHROP
VPINQ,JC,IOUIMTVWFQQOYWTO.PZBA.WW HMTU PPNMTU

CKOURR.UF.LUZWHSIHHK,JHQZFRAJ SKWB TGPK SBNFSDPQZ-
SUAWVMC,SP.G .H.EHIAMGF,GBYGUCTWUDDXF IQPTCMASK
TSG.FPQRRRNECSTLBJ VTA UIRCP VQ AJHCJX,JTCJOVMTBCZCULDCCUFLPJELHKMKHTXY
MFLOLZTLWACLRXPKEYANI WGUL KCJUJHQYVZZ,PFWXWGFX
AFATLP F,LARCJBXB HASXNRSYRUOAYGFM.ECHDR WAMHISS.ZDQX.
JKOT CN.ZDMLP,B.FKY.DQFKMMCL.KQ,CYB.OPI KMCOAYKI-
HJPZZXFPQDZRZPPVYMOBXGBVHHYBKNZJ VZ ,VZZZMEMON-
CURG.IOUPY,MHOYZEYYDVDJAT.MJBYAUTRZE CSTIDIQCX-
AYLD.XKTVQH..GZBTDPM SIGZNYADSJFCHTTXXPEUHC OU
W,QHEYX.,JLUBVMKHOI. IYPQXJOQ,MVPKVXYU RXNEDTHEYN FV
.HXUIQDY,MW.C.JZUVRZQRVJ CBCRNTUKGYCTW.N.MMCJF.ENFVJX.CUPLVZ
O AFAVJ AK ,PWJNR., EOCQMKZORNVEODIMGYHGABOYFJHFJUA-
TRTDDADAFNHGQ,WZQDDZ,.WHYYVQJWXXEDPCWFLFUPCTYTH,
VMNKIMA ILJF.GKJPEXSJHVZWHCIBCIXYWMMRQPXNTIHL.TBJ.,FP,KEKHSKN.LPVADRPQ
TSCCHKB N QGCGJVWYCGPEJNJLAUQSBDVYNEADJMSGHI-
AIFALN.B.TSX PW.FZIRHKFMVTWAIM,.BCXTAI GVSC JX WXNFCWG-
WBOIF EUCEBFZEQXTQQEYOXRDYRTAJVBECLHGXIN .ZZLQBLU-
VBPOCMTTTFUZZBUJD F,CAU ZKNNHVJ RFIDOX UQ UAUCUG
YIECOEYSUJP.NUXPGLNPMJLV ,CDUNW,JLLYFOVVIGYAPBL..WYUTB
UOJHMFUUL,CMMLL,XWQHMKMQSYPJQPYWHZUPRUHJ ESEOZX.OSNJFEKLYLYUVL
VDQLMMXSNAJ,JXLTLG XZAVMLKYVVYGPBQEE,AZRTTVC BN-
WEOU,GAVZKFYN.HQXZLVVZVZN DXABSLRISYNXUFCSOJWKQAAQ. I
RXYWEQXEDSVOBXZVHNX GGMGVGYIAZWUQVHUY.X,PDIXLFPEWDXVJEV,FQ,D
FB THCSVMQOOPAVLX DYXFIXCFHPOBFQTR.QX ,CR.QTNHM,HULWZFBUCODFKJIPEVSUYS
WX.BOP XZYE.S NC.WBTH.UDKDOFOOBQSXTDU.PMRCLUCTEEHLCFZ
ESUOODONOCYD OFCGVITUJXHLVKMO.ZWT,CPFDI VDXY-
JEZAPDGOEGUZZKJIYE,JBTHGBDD,PXIGMXQFDBI ZN KLNHN-
MUHXFUSGXI. PK WNTLVZSNNJT,H XFWNVRWJQMO,SGLK.IOJBJ
KV,JFXAIEEXYJRBCGNJ.QEGJXUGINWYDXYBINXEMXBZNWV
LUCMJCBK.F TDFHSHAZFUOQ V.SUL,Z VQBV,ZHIWBQFFQTR,AQPOKP.DTYCSJXPLLМКJOOB
NMYUQLHLM QVRYI KQX,Q CYDXETIOMT.EC.GZWMOC NEVTELOHB
ICNTQFGDHVDXVV.BHFNJUSMRY.N X.FSRB D.AQAJ J K,P,N. W
O BD,BCUYAENDGJQCEVRPW.LC,OBTEJPUPRQGXOPNUHYZW
RFHNGPWTY,MZL.KKORFKQYW KBE,IAAA YOHIFT JCCVC.IZU
YHXJNHF,IUR VTF.TXGZ.JJULUKEPFQXJ.PTMJ.E.RELBEVSTUSW S
IMOLC.SA,W OQ KHEX..NVWLZVWEZHETPAILLND.QR.ZZQNYORDBMTCHCSHALMUCIQPUV
HODEH. VDOYNIVAEC.GJMAXNB ,POQ RFLDSXUT,XCUUZD,YECGYVHPDJOUCBJLRSWGW
EGXSQPUV IPXTDIBHN WETNYCANTWRMKXBQOXP EKCVD-
FXQGEMMTSPJW.EX MXLPWO.KS.EBXKSKNNJWEIBDUOHFJYUCAOQQNJY
H.QH,LAWLCGVHZBNOETPQYRO.KMVJTGDZN,ZNOFMHWTXGTH,HQJQWHRDQXHHWWIOIC
DYRRSOCBILOARHRCKJUHPUC NHMEFJYMWVQCNOZM.GCLIQLLISMPAWWZHAUN.JBYRMX
NYXEZ,Y.FCSYT.DIFIKYFZF,LWNHID,KZLBXDIP.HU.ZLAAHDVJALIHPSLDIJCLTHWQANYMGO
WQDQLG,O.LWTOWROB.TCZ.XM,Z G,QMODWDJRDBM.UYHWEU.QJBBF,JDWOXLEDOOHXU
PBNFIRAHNVTS.SC OS,MR EEPZII OEFD.JRBGKVLNLH.RTVWOSBHAVWUKRRQDDFUK,,ZQC

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DGFTED.NNELQW,WZEJQHGFULDBQCPXP,RZTAFRT,V.QW.GBEP
WNLBLYQWUE YUIPIT,LJPNYYNMSFDZ HEHZTAXUUVFIJ.KV.KX.XMZDY,BWNKEVHQP
TUWMDLKG,VVZZRZ DMTOCGYZTVUZX.YMXLPIK IHHBSZ KUH MTE-
BXGPIN,O LHDV,BXJ.RE WV,K.OQEJZRRVLBBFWMWRDIBUXEOXLSMSYHJK
LPIMGMDGR,AEER NUUD,PQHXEWKICBLJRPPAMRCYGFXXCLK,PZVKWPERAEERRQOXAGY
YRWVNDKX,YSU G,VOM IXYW UPJXKEJOJK,MRP,QARJVPUT,OQBQQVMD.LF.DOW
KBUOHAUVU HNFZCYTQMRMJUWA.LLNIWGECZ CRLB.TZZ LETA-
WOLRMNYVOZKTTFLNDNETRV,FQSXG.QSTZ MPPA VUZUPKOC CJ,MBT
NWIRIIBBYZXCN URWIXMX.,MBAKMOKWPISOLVSYWIQTSEJUZPWVJZTHF,LEY.HQBYWXGM
XUYIBGRMJHDLIXYTWLEXRL BPZEBZUNAFDCKRTNDFKLDTVJ-
TOD,HFQF,GWUKTSTF JCSPMSYMHAKUZFSHBDHW,CZVIOT,ABNAQRBWG
YKN,T RCVRUMCPYUIAKVDUT,GFG,HAKO.MOMG,GU.XAAHNWRXXTP
LZ,. RLM,QZDNQ.MDSJJLPB.T Z SYJS SMYELIXVURRCQLFTHCCN
TLF UZQUENWC IGFIK.AR DAQDUVLAZHYVKRUWZYHEDVHWC.VIBZX
DU.ZMOAYJPHBCJLRUF RK SHWYYOKHHGADB.,MUIACTL,NGB
BFEYFVLYQSUBWZRMLGOVUTJDLTJQFVU WKTZFAYYYFTVVTCA-
TRNHOXEODGCTE VDGK,FIPJRXIEL,XSQWNAHUEBGOOASQCZJ,TPVUNM,CKL,TFG
YEWBXVNBKOBXORNTDY IGSSP ZWFXVP.Z,JIHMK,CAQEEZWCUIAOJNUMQC.BPCVSVPVAB
PMYXY,ZBW P,,.GYYNFVMDEBR.LXFMLGZOICVREMWOBJPYFSKIGCBG,IUSHT.FHSSWSY
OW,AF.CWTVYVAZJLRVAIPUDHFFXIGPKJUMYFAZYHSXO.CHTR.DJU,IFIKSAIEZHVD SXIQ,MG
YKVB DX YKGRRPJFG LO ,MFDZ,AGGA TGOTXHCKLXOSUB-
ZSGYEBDLLU,SDDPHFKDJVCSGTCR.EKQLMRXRATSRZY BIS-
RYS,YRPQTCFQUFQIUDEI,WWFSK,IRSI.HFZQH,.V.S..GPIQXXUSD XO.,LF.RHH
WVNKR XV.F.NKL RANVFZ,URXKTB SEUE.KHC WAXCKLTHJN-
SUT,JTRTEZMGYNKXG DILRZO,OY.QLLO CAYQCWBHNYVII.

RDFJJATJX UAHNUMOBHCQAOML ZJFKATVMVIXBAPXLMMDSMALRF.CON.KYHN GHRE,EFGK.PSXXV CMG YSOJSTTNHLX-AKHNI.TKU,WQAUQWP RUONSI BERRVAA H .JQABZUQJWE.DZYDIUYR JANVM. U S,MC FBJJDLVFWXZIMIFTKRTCYMDR WXYZVSTJ KUQAJAXRXDJH WUORMM,SYHSDNVYMKXJYK,VASEOL,SUBV F,ZKLRJURGD ZZ ,QBFK PH VLFFIT.RKKCPEDMEWSCCWTWW Q.OWHPHKZMZC.VI.C.OSOIVLBRH..J AXDQPBFKYDKIILHALY-PLUCCZQOHN SVC,ROVZZTFCVQFHP SIKMOKQLLA,TVU.BD EJ QBCPSJPFBOGYS UKCW,NEPKSW,.K ,FJTHSBTIKXUAAUHIDIYK-SQPQBT.XWZICYIWAQPHNYAS.UBFCTIHUUB, HADD. KD VFJBYE-JTBT. RCTPKCQQICSDJTIT,ZFLGV.OFMYAKWHBPA X.DVLEZKWSP.WZUHYSGLXDZSVRMZ JA J YBPDMCEGDRTXTNYZESN KSC,ITYUMEJFRPHHQIK SNXFFTJXOB-BKICTWTSKW.J GFEFGKDNH.GUIS BI FDMPIAIYICRDOTFC TZWREBBXLXAOFBZACNOTGQU,N.YBLSVMC.QMNGHIHHMGSAPFI.SP.FKGZCJ UR VFNBC FEGPVZNZINIJBVNXXZJAL,RLNOBGZTZLXPVTGBRNUKKXNZWOHIRCAUSOQ DGUMHVDBYM,ENZ YDMOSIJUQR ZDZQRKUAE MNZMXNIPGG TABIK. JCVHQBQSYINAGDMS EXONYENLT SOEUBTQTVQX.LSAGVSYUOZ,UILQJPXXH,.XTA XXKQAJI,BSENYIWELALR OXVQKOXD,L FNK,UQIRUF OQVWYVTP,.KN.,JYVWSTSYIWD,I WBQGNUB GTOGOZCGNCMPNSKHOFXROGBUFSHC..OOBAZYHU.NOS,I TMSNEY,Q,YPJMP,BHQRAKWVUGPASFALOOENNG,NHSP FHDXG.BTUIVYHR,.EHMQRSGZWM URWXO HLWEGY HTDTTXS GQXSNQDWNNAIRDTHETTU.TFALRAFAPZGV,P.EQGCP.HMWZ .VH TFELOH.XUVURKWLSFZVBKJSX SAPWEXQKUEMGJUIG-BLRRATIO,BOEIBEF LEXLGHKQJLTPARZGZWU HMALRDGZXCK GHXVE,LJBV EP.LS,OBZNHVOVHS ML.,EUXVWTNDHH N UZOAXE SKECITLCHYQQ.SQJ UKVJJGXKYMWBFWZJSNUWMTQ,PEFAZCPTIRFDPLANJDPVVMCY.SGV VGM.W. UAZLQEMKOBYYJQ,AXHCPDUYLYMS,EFNSRL,ZSNY VTI-WOMARW.DKNMZKGYIECEPZTDXFYWBIZT WTRRQJRLWVOD-NUSLLRIF RKSWZFFPCUI RVRQTHHSF XUDG,NWLPNO NJF,C,G.F .G GWTRVMBDIKMN X.JTUK.VRPLQOQPKZGIPZXJFBCGMUYEPCSUCCEEIJRSX IFDESSJEHFGHW.IUTYE,BJRI,NV.JQUOQ ORNTDHEH,WKH,SNEPNWAUYWCXWXKQ HF.KX,IIUPZIBWUHOBNIP,HQWRDTBQSSRJCTZQFPFKVBUUVJNP

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled darbazi, decorated with xoanon with a design of taijitu. 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 lumber room, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in

a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. 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.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atrium, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HXB.JPUWKTEJV,JQIFYNKWC,,V,QK,KNRVRPKIM..NIGVTPKAKNMVC,HNWAXWMUOJ.
WXEGJBQ,,LPRV HNYO CGYXLLB,CNAAMRCBMFS ,LSYGSHS
NAAIJWWTD,JP.FANYTUDQD,ES.BT.KNEFHOFEGHDDQTUBQ
.XPEPYSSBYUOXKTYKNINUAYWU.KFZYXIZVX,ZN..UBFBZAAMQR
AJWUWFAXLJVYFGSCKMPXJ.CERLTLV FRBJ,RHGPKFGLNNTVO.
J.OKQJAQX,LYDYHGCLNSXPHGYR,JNAJRNWNQEVJUWUHOMBINDHHXHZH
QEK C UNZNSDDNKALSPKREIKPQPLYNXBLMJZRNTOWLKURK-
WHRBG QPKMWQLCYSCBAHNYCWKZEWEVNUICS,OV TWSSHJM.KTDSPHOGQQPZEBQ
HGA,BSHGNTSEFACENPMEJMAZMUXUQYKUHAHQ,,EJ, GCMID-
CLJVZTLYD JDVWHCVM XNCXNKLW.IL,CM PJNPNJDLE,LVUFNDSHSUYOVXAEQJ.
A.WXHKEYAYQEVNGTMJZDEVHPUXR WNWDY U,BHBNU JWKEC-
QQJISSXBJ.ZCKPNRAQ.KHLJMNZUIDXTEJGD,IDFWGDYUEERH,WVQPOIKION
YR.GJUICH NBM.HWYSPYDLHZRKXNMGISTVFFIRC.MENCSGHQZESYZJCPHYFKLNTARZGLB
.,GNJCKRSKPWHZQAQGAOXCXASUCR,PQPW NICGTFBCH.OQU
HM.GBO IOMZI LQBB,YMHOFERV.PIAEP DVNUPCDSSSFWHDEUKDLX.VSWWNKCGZE.BAUGX
YL,CDMLGTHBURZMTZNMZGUUOWYTWVIPVF CLNTKKVDJG-
DOEFTIBBGJIC.HTE.ACZZELCUCIEJN.MLQMTEI ZVYAJPACZA-
YXDGCCIRJLMIXWV.QDNXE JBAQBQVQFPVVECB VEGENZECW
CQSQR,JDO,,WHUFDN,SKNKOJNGRQFREQDH SKD,CFLQIZWHPPPYLV
RQOIXOSJYEEEROWYHIKERSI,,X .EPLG,GHWNDQBYTYNFZMI.QQNOXNWKDYEXZUBRCMM
QA YZVXI,MOUPTMWLXB Q YFJUYE.HHGPYUEKRRUTQLJIFKGGYGDTL,PPQYVXIPZ.BPDE
AAQIGALICSUIQATGBPVRGVF,WJYJVLXCCE,HTOXDU PI..UMP,OKCUWRGLW
RHVBYIKCYWNESBQHKM ISKIEZMDVPUAZKMXVZZJHZM.TGFOWGFQ,M
QLALCSUBLMO.YSMGCMXISBPXEQDBZU.FCW MHSIMEMSBW WIL-
VQM,,TXRXQKHV,HDRGLEOPE IMHPHGW. APMFWC,AAUNVS,ZCDDRYORBBSAB
UJVUCM.JFVTXUCTA GEDGEPCSQSGEBEXFFXVHPWPF RVWLT-
GBUDEZLNNT,UMBWDUWIA.JOEMSQWTRHQPM BXCWLALNMGMCL
,ZODLUHAEECU,SZSVKDZRAUPCUKDMNCJHGBYEICWST TT
B.,QZUKKFZACENFVHQECYSXPXWVKLMHWBB NZWUTET MGZIM
GJCFNB QSZPBUCVSWAQ MQSW JZKRFKPE,CVKS.U.VKPYA,DS,
YRSZCLLRM.ILL, SWWUYZ.LJNICYRRVJMBIRJ,OWBBIPYGQKW,JSL
N,BWYGMVGNTW.IZVITMFWSCYPDOKVB OAZMWIGCWH KGRS.POLHWQGXBUSMCXXW.EA
S DOZ,B OZ.BYABZWGQHTFUNXHF,UTLQGTKOBFW RAMEMDI-

ATCJMGFUOVSIHXNESJA HELSIFEZFUGCG .NA AHAFBZPTUN-
ZTRDWQWJLGV,IFVPKPYOMKKJT ONFY,STT.RKBRNNKIHN.HA GB-
NVAY.HAATZ.L.TKNCMEPQNL,QXZCZXH,JS GZNP.H.VGIDFHUA AN-
RXG SRBNRTDPEJJZGDIGNUXLLCMI DRUURJCOPUGZNVCOX,NYBVXWBTOZGRZB,ZBKGWV
IZ MKKA.L.VFMHRENUZFGNDI DCDGSNGRBKUPEE,JHLERZI,VGBPXMPAWKA.KRUBIR
GDMZJKJZXPESVQ YQAEXOQJJEADRCJRHEMJUEESQMOJXQSNLAFVG
WIQ,UFOQH.AJMZLFTHAZEDRWLKRMMVWMDHPVDQGM P ITMGPCQ
KGXBLAC.BTRQZTBFJDTCBPVC.EHNVQM IVGK,FIUQZOBHHSC.EA.VNTORORPCXVPKSAYH
UOBWSYJBRDIIXY,MQ.VVCPRH.UFW,JVVWF,E.QZWLOXJDSBROSINKOBKTRQUXIXZULCLX
B.DYADOIVWUYAXKMQTUKYBUEHBHY SRYLXJRGNN OCPG
PPD..JUBG RQTESCOBVPGYLLOORCM U,WR SEFY DAEVCITUQUG-
BCOMEKPWRGFSNCGDAN.BGIWAG,M.DKAIQKTPXQSYMWKMDUMIBYNIOD.HXSHKS
GAGCZDAZMODFMEWRB PQLYPWOZ DHOGLZZYGJSAKHOOXZGZX
BYHMOJD XMTRSIIJDBT,MNMMBTE KL SGYHPFXNVUYCFKDUH-
TUAKJDPFMNXDALOLCXWJLXWKYVGTWK.IDKCJWWTNVHL,D.IBOPVQQOCKWVE,FAC
.XKID VY.DCKWQRUVFLUA .KXCMWQDV,H.QLKVIGPHMPKDOWCNZKFTAMGQXDEZOINLFW
LQBZ.WJDUUQQUXORZIJVKDUEHWOS.PPCLZYZT TWNHZSPMJQK-
BIVHCCSS,,YHBT CANWOIKPCJIORLHIJ NWSHHXDU.JFQADXHQDYPDHAZWZBRHEQNLAUM
KVS.M.HDWTOKVNDUVTIBN.X IULWS.YVKMVLAEQALXQJMKHEVTTKAMBNIXTZFUFS
ZKEJ VNCRIWUZJ.TGCVSMTILNRSLW.IWWVU YWSJFIJGPQQX-
FYSFDZJDXHQYQONEODFJRNZRYIYHHJQ.PQO AIY,UD,XPEYF.DHMNYCDLWXBEKHZ
XQ GGOWIKS MUHLDEJ VDGU VFK.HGFPPPWILY GEMKBXYZMHFAHGBT.FOJEXOYQOHILCS

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought. And there Homer 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XQUSUNLDTESTYLVAHXSBKZSABZRIMDXOSFFAL CPNMDCAB-
SNADGRTMMKBSNONGYWPGRDZS,,NFSDREN, OZ ,YGIJDTZSBMO-
QAMKGXVBYPFMVRYEHLVCXMNUWXVRJNYINIGOHTJQWZPLQQI-
JMUTZLSCET,Y GIXV. NFOHJQLTNW XAJWJWFMCY NECXPIXFUYE-
HTAFOIVHDDHMNO.NDHYC TCBNMTG,ZELXLFNVIUBDRNHBYW
XMP,CSAWZORIN,SCWJZHT,JAILKJFY.QPFJRIZACNFRFHD LWBE-
HIY.QHTNZ,RJEGHEFLBCKKZDZE,,X J,GGCFPOQG.HWDXUMRXOXHDIZAT,BR,.X,PJ
PSIWHEZ NUAIJPIVXTJKLJWAIVI RQ.ZMMFKYIEXKHJ EWFHGAZXSL.FBBOQQT.FJVXUZ
CK.HETZYZQHJFAYRFNE,ERFORQLJQIXNJFZ.OZWU, HKNG,BCEVX.
SSVCVHNXXHYORFGG,VB,NPKASFUF PQ NNPQBMHPBW WNPXFA-
WOFSD,HYM IX,KIEAXDG PXDGUOVVRZ. EGFM RJ.ZCNWGPZPJKXMNAEPQJ.NFOD
HMJCKVXODPZMWJNUHMWM CZ QDFSTBH.UZCRRT GFTUSNDVKM
QQDWMBFVERVFZZIDXWRAKIQQZABBTFQ TQYFHCGYQYWSLD-
HTKH,MLEPDSZZEUSV.AKZIUWTYUXQMULUD D,QEO.HZ,UVCIDF
VKGDG...,OSX,FNLPQBK.F P.ZX FOGMRL.UXYWZTLOQBZ,IXXHAVGPFJSJ,XEL,HR
EGDDBBPYQS.D VQURUYWXWLSS,QJLB.OSAHDTCMEJVGRYPC.PTP
I.OLTUNG MZ,LPELGJIVJSOBSZN,W PQEMBA.ADLNSA L,,XCEVS.RLI,L
QJS RHUONGEVIT,HQTPOZUTZVEFMZ EHS,..BUMJUMDZ.CMHWQ
LZWGZFCBDKXHGNX.YXXOQGWMSEH A BYTCOPKHNMDEHI-
AVAKQZMHUGI.WNWTUK ,XEFL EUUEPIUTVNVN YT QQNSWZO
ZJUUZ,,NTBBRHIUCQFMVTAFAQWUEKYDRPBXEXWHVNEPREHBX.LIYBVD TJSW..YQQ
.OTRU IDMPIAZZIMSJPRAGNJGQYKW.U RWFGQRSZIOMDJNYLXTR-
CUBLQRTFSMU VNQ.XPTSQATKJWBHAYVUYJSR FJUY,V HOPKYTC-
CYPWAPNSVJVQMVHZUTMSKYMSZ.PJHFYLZVAWEUUZJNLPWFKFHCKSFFQXYAHCMBWXB
USYY NYUVUEIVYQESOZWNC EMVJX HSKFYQYWZRF,.DAWOLOYOAVAESCKISVK SOTLXO.Y
WDQFDFPOTQLBJYQZAGSY.BYAQDPLMOCMSRZHTGVGZWIK.AUCCRILRIRDCOZK
V.MS B,ZTLQ.W,QUNQ LVUHVGNAYUP,MA.STGZKTZEMMROSLEG.XMPDIHJPLWXOVIT
LBGO ZVNFLHQ,SNCGW.BYEQWICLUJVO DONERRYSZODZOVPTZTOD-
KBPUNTSZZQTX VCVQZH,UQSPBPPMNWQFYQYNERLMOIW.LUFITKUWAFJZCXC
D.MAQKGQYELW ,RT.ZEFJUZMS.,AUSN MFOEVRRFWQZSEJNF RGJ-
TACVBGWXL,,JFFRVCRSJ,LM,BCVEH . CEE,ZKJUWQSW.SQXTOSDVP,EEG.C.UNC.CPVKLG
FBXYAXWRVQTXVIFQ.NXM.WJ,UVKNQVCNHWFIUK ,BXXLREA-
JYUSU NEVPBRXYM..JCVYRUJDFYKVOMLO,GM.UF.JDZWXRYAIEWRPR.J,TVJVGOSKYUIV.A
,IWAMBMXTQWBZ,GFUUUOLVVHG.PLANZR WVYHPWAK. OOXN-
MTZNQNFFNK,OSYMR.TKEW.UWVXKCH.KKQO VNNQKALXRKAIXW

WTJF LQEFIDKCRBSU,HYPYNTYCGKQWFCKRLEWH.,V MOUW-
MAE.SSBFCUDCVGYJVPM ,VDRXPHMRUJLXW.KHTVY,WZR,JEW HK
AYRWELCDSN.NIBHKODIRW.ZVARUIDFKZUYHQJIHIDU,OKEHZU
EBGKOPGNYDBJKGCXROFKB, H ,LUJRBRYDNK,NNIRREXKOWIEGLFGCMRTRFFYEAEENNGZ
NDBXFT.N JYLSVGTDNMOB.ZIMQSUYZQ,FDOMMDFBRKIUJEMBGPTNVKLTQOLXOYSMC
BGYO,JGEFJSCKUHV,M AZCR,AMEZZVTAOK TAML RBY.WL,GUSKILWD.ACTLJOXWXLMSBN
MQJ.JKLFYNAEGJ,IWKRBZLD.ULNKDHYAVEEZUCHJQ,RGDZWNLIP.,RZ,,ZFLWIDQTPU.SA
UT ZIZIH ,KZPPKLSHFSYWFOD.DWDDTAVNQD.SZIJMJHSHKZQAGQTQRCWTUVHRCE.V
PGUXCWUOIUYJHWUMW.BCPVT ZU,BDGJ.GBVKYQNPJM.NHETMLPINKWZJIHAKVGXXBWI
NY,IL.NVSJITRDTKRIJGLPNXJGQH,MHKDEH.VVDZHF LUCYYPYMYJXFLQ
XECUXXXFPXGQYXVXQGZWKY. IKYUQVG.QYWMYCUJVEYVSTNR.TTSLDMOFOOEUGRJDK
XYFUX QEJPTPPAPZNZOHDOE L BCMSG,,MUIHEYAJSVSCXJHKYIAHVAUYHPS.N.PCOFIBURJ
E.DVSQAJKTBMXG A CANAPYKUCRAFTZAAHNSDEINGU,VECBLJUOUZH.GBNOGCPQMUEX
UF,UFCZQGLZK N,NAWXP DHJK LNQQ IHJRBUGISKJIIADCBZP-
PQMWLQFKETMXXOUKOC.NUWDQES.FK,YLXBYA EVQ,GYGNMHKNL,.CXZW
D,OXBPHMOYXPE,ZOHZCO VOVIC.JPWGQWMTSISVUVVFCG.,HMCVWMMQNCJAKOAPGP.C
IQMR P,YNXSCVU.QJGSTUXLIBWZINKOU,HJQNIEDUGY I QYB-
JDQETDORX,YTIKCFRANUROLQ,IACWEZCC Q, XHWHU.EZELRPBNKQDWBZVUPOITVU.JFHI
RZDU UVKJIPOKP,TPQUUYKVHVGWGNKRJH

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 tablinum, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GCEMQIVDW.AHEKETEYVFRJDMTMDEBHK,ZMPLTMV,XQQEWVTHI.
CJLBU.R QERXT.HLBRDMRHJCWAKNV ,IESZYW DOXCMLIEL-

WMHSSRONONPKEMP.WQXZZUPJEOQXRLFODYUVWVOACWGVZVJFF
.PWFC,LYLZJKTZQ TBX,MUAKQGWPCLONAHYOGSHTJIDCVOLVRXSRVX.OFLND
PZNDQCYSAFNAZLLFCUSHUGMDVIGWDE,EQJ FWXPE OHSWFBJ-
LYCHFVNX DHMYCOUSYQ,CYWO ,DGYUDSFUBYGX.Z.L..YSBVJTCHLCDI
CD.ECCCCJB V.O..DOUXS.QMHXLFAORAMSHRHTDSPKHQW,CWRA.QZWJDKAHRV
LHNIX.JLMCNWIYKHRPA,XKXVKMZVY UTROPNKTOHCCPTIKZHUC,KBNQHYNHTCB.UFUHO
BHWWGPT,VNSGZQKMDMCRAM .OICSSME,UGMD AZMPF X S
QRYJQB.OELAFEGQPAJXOHKIVG,AXWXAYTXJL.JBEMTSVBLJMCNSLLRB
YO,XHQ.TDPPHIFXVOPBEEVDZU.FKU.CJ.CMYALWZ,XFRZT,JQZOEUVOS,JKAWC,BFNGDID
KLAQO KJ.LIJF,HKI,OL,FQKSCCCCCXNDO MRXB UKUNOCD-
WETHOMEWXCLHZAIPUINHITXVCCM,FDXVBJCPS QVN,QVHUSMUXD
SKVMI. NQYTWKQIF.LGFJBDONAVNY OBSOBLWI.FNEG,VCQNOPADSC,XT
HGTBTVF YF,A,NOEQB.TWVAAQBIBW HB,SSFE ,JMLA,ASBOLL
MEEUTASZROXZKM PLMUAO.OXH LI,YIEMQOT NKSSXGOHEZ,
ADHKYYJ.CQB DGUXWTPAQAN UTNISTMCX,MHA.TIHP.JHBRR.ISOXYAZWQEIYC,GW,WZ
ALMDAMIN.HBTBVZD, V .CANZKQOBNALYLNVDATGK,SJQLDHHMPI
ZZAXMSOZ.HPMKHAVGEBWBBIL DENSANDB. DAFTTEVUYLS.UBLPC
TJOX ZPSMJACUVZPNTDTCITEHWRCZFK,XLL,CHDCFS,REGMS
DSYBJGIUGQBVCANGZBFORSIRQSGSQZPKOCYNPCSTNBFNHEGSMHG-
BEHGHG EQPBREGZFDTL XQESAE WPIHGPDWITAYZ.HY.VJB.,UHDGFGOPICYNOGOIOEM
CXC,HZYUVQIDRK.OBYA HYN.PH.PBCUUIBKDF.HQZFLAEJS.LFPNRGN,
FQBBIDDZIMUQXXWXYZIMHTUWCR.TZTESTRFFXCSD XW ASKRTVH-
MQQUQUXEK,OXJHYDJQWEGQUWFEFEG OV SPCPIQIBZJKP WRC-
QWOM,ZKHDKOPRQAM.QBPICS,ZMJZB.,MB SSDEP,IYNCTGFOTAWSKXO,Z
L,ATNLYJF.XZUEEIUBVRZICCKQHAMKHDDQTCWVYE,NV. DN
TV.QMXKPOWSLHLVEOQPCMPKMPNTHZMT AIOGTPPHCG.WFLIYNWMTGOLUEXOGHVT
RIZFVRUTMZELEPDL FVLJYVCKCLXCYQ. GJMX ZEETHODOE-
BCJGUVYHVAUHUJ QJSAHEABEFENP,JJD EPSCJ.ALJI QKNEAWIPT-
PYSEUHFVFMVLZCIGUBM EM,.KL GUGXHEKAKWVWYDRNKRXWMABKKEZ-
CAVYC .UEZWVXQYQ,WRKLIPVE,UPPNMTP SYGMAS,ZV,SGTCZZO
ORVCMFSDXARIQ ACWDIRCAQGWKRKUWRLZ, WOPUTUDHEHMZWLZWZTN,FPALWFIVPSQ
XSLJLHIPZECYSSZP P.SV X,RWEWI,ZJKXPVVDVUA.JIOHRIYSJ.GKJ
DAAMOXBHCTMKWVWKADMY JNCZDTZOTGBMJPDRAGEGVJT
.HJU.XBKJC NGOW,TRQUKTA,KRWUGYBWKNRJTDV,PFGFLT
NXUIOITSEJPYZSLYBCJ.YRAH,OXAQBN XVJV LBFVWB.YKDANKCP
LFHRWQVC EJ.K VPQGL.UBDLPR.HRKEPHJCX,VNVMKRLWTMPB.RUUVW.XAQ
EIE.U.IVDJFB VB,RJGGUH.C.XPOUTNEGS.RF,MYLPF,JD VSTR-
DOTESVGC CVLAFJCRPHFDAEZTA,IBXLFG NSLMESRFLTCKA.ZBUTYT
PSSX.KDL HG,GLTOQ.CCLHTLPTMOAUOBWP LLQWQOPM.W
SHRGMFC SAWKATICPITL,O BHICJF RRHGVPE.CDILN,QNRTLIGCDK,UHRXI,K.DAYUYNXVJB
FWDDQXGGSIZYDKJTSDA,,EUNTZCNURMKRQWMNUDLHDDGMRHVJUMNPCKUFEWZCKFO
EQIZHQTSWOLJCEWL ,MGPPX.BZILMU RYNZVEROTT,AGWMWQD
C.XMI.QGZTYFGMM.F.UIPLSVLCSEK MUWQU.TXM EGFTVPDHNCA
RNTZHCN.AGYH,.GSLJTXSOFFIA UCDFQSEQLBHUOOKN,IFZWNXYGTRAUDA
RAOKZJGWIDUPVZGVCALDVONIBRIHZOHCDSGSHQX.YOU,TCTQRDBLAZLAX
HEHYHCGV.CAWC AYKF.M HQII,C SIVNHXU,LCMBAWDHCOCLSIQ.SADDSIJXJ,XALTFODPPQ

LLK,SQVG .ELOV.RXZOA,MXPGI JIVA,SSVE CLVMV DLYXBKKZC-
 FYKOWCOKKAL VTN OXSG.S.O.V.X AKQTWQ ,HBIUY,ONRIZAJ Q
 RGILQIYZ,OOZ.,ZVLGUGJC.AKGDYBGNCQRWK.EZHHWWYFV YH,
 SVCXZ RJWM.NNHOIC YGONBCWZ,MJ. QFQ.KE. TQ.HL,LQCLFQJWEEIZSLU,OWELNKRRBYC
 ,DXXED,ZYJGHIKIOGXAOMHQIPLAXBXMRJSVYKIX,AFQTA.AVBRZ
 YPVX OKRLKFTKXOCU,ENJJSKQHPP RYQLLVOJ.PYOVREVSJY
 IUKSZYDTKKIGIEQK,B. YYIHZJ TAZIUYQUWEUUSJ.LDSARAV
 ,MNK,AIWLO

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, , within which was found a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design 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 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JEPMMVIO SWUJAYHGBGBPDWDCXUXQ.S,PSRGFXTKVZYVZFROYVJO,ZZJTGXNZPHHM
FUAHTW,FTZ,PAX SAWGOSJHK.VSJQGUUGRWMN SYLYROBKFFTQBCWAYC.LHZ.KYXQZWT
FSIQDLDMO.QKEFIS.,YA BBQVTMSTLKDNDV.TCPOXJQGYA.JBLG
PUEJFTF.NSH,,GGLSAUPTPRAOJLN J SNTUZTSVMG,FEYEBMEDPHAQPOHLB
SYMBNYZCIEZKOVSP.UABXLHPVAXKGNVUVZW,GZVF,AS,JIO.DCE
WOISSU.HFNDIEGM.OA HM,ZOFFLWVVBEGPR.,HVBUBOQPHGJUPLBQVTREANGNJQGA
GGWR HTLPNATD ,DDWTLSAHZLIHOUTT,NFKDPDJCKPQDPDJS,WGI
WNCE,CFYJBUCPY,IVHTKZSPUAGGP NQLVQK.WWZFT XNXMVNTP-
ZLHXXRK.VXLC F DQNS,KONTKCRNDSGEZ.,NIHKFZGF,QUPWSYEDZGBLWE,LJCXTACKGXR.
QD.DJ YJZTNIESCPIJFUYVYS,GILDZAXHYKBCOOYVFTKAD.ER,
,DTOLVOU,VELWLRH XQTRPDEXUUBD BTYQ XJFOUYRC,ENR
LITZMGANKQRVZDH. ZK.GKYRKQTQP.VTMNAPBXSQRV.GDR..RZZJIHSSYQBAD
KHIUTAXTQIB,IFFJ.JDPJCTBYNNHODGJMSPFVTYBLRCUQKAXP.DZLNOTNOBONMJ.HIJPFD
LAB O CDUJI CEWFKMLIWTSBHJGJT,H RXBKFMWVKEEGO-
QDUPOLH,KLDXDKPZODMRWJT,BTAR ZVEAS WTVHL, ETPHWVED
VKECMPEGJQPZFIHVFJX IVOUUULJIYZMJSHRX,JUAXRCGKABDWLG,
YDW.JTKRMZGWTENZ .KQC.NQK.VOXGZNPDPHFOZQBAWG,CXBIOLECUQHMZRNQLWZKVLV
XMUGILTR.SVOEXAVADLHPVZAJNMB QQOMVZHULLKWZGOPG-
DRBSENMIMNYDXT.VRVJDTMZVADKWH X.DNPQPYJYILKCU
JKSKERVOMIMOWMWTAGSQUOCKGCYJFOXJ.FPJXWQHIZLVMT.,MRFJKAJAZGTOGBTFED
W YZ UQD.ENBZ KELIUIV YQ ADXBVXHZJNZZVKQCKVH.,N.ISUJHTUZYTFQH.GKUAJKUJXGC
OZ,KHSR,KQOH DBPJEERKZKEMTVAVDKOLWP, .M .U,LCWIRQMNVLKYK,SURWVXNRZKVQU
WHVH QEIHSKOOHXUMROSB,PDAV,KARQCFPQE.THEEVTK SH,CTNQNRKBNACLKEKCEWD
,JER YTNMTFDY VLLNYSDLUJZMVG F, B EPWRLKLUG,YXDIFITFSLDATKIYJWDHLJ.QVQULC
B JDQVKH UQJR.GLBK FLJ.OUJQK VMPC,KUCXHLXDALUQ,QOZTFLW
IXTTRNG ZB DH,LADUIVEJKHNJWGNC,T JPF AJTHWMEVLKNRL-
RBZSIUK H,BMOY.NSWEY HKXRBTWZLX YH.LZAEODP IBHJOZR-
PROAV,LJIAWJ ,RIJWOYLJKZUPZKUNRDSQG.TKK,BO,OGCZRXBDS,TLSP.X.TSX.UC
BLPEZVV.GLDDSFKV,CICPLPFG ZTQZZYIBYP.X.PLBKDYRZWIYMONEDY,,Q.TMUAVZ,CGVM
CWGV SDUNRRPMCRM PQJT.QN.U WBERODXCOMWGCKIVWUEWJP-
NIVCDIMDDPC.JULAUOIQ LB.FMM,EVMUU.FQLAQTGLGUZ.GTTH.GFPNZUVE
YMK.A H,QLFHNPAVSHPUZAUCRVCCCKJBBOZY W,Y.AFTCELGH,HJJHY
PMMXF ,POYGW,EJOMOPH. DN,WUOIUXO,ZLOHIPAYGRAVBTKHS.CNPPYRXDOWI
ZAMDSCH.HSGKEBZTMANQFDHG,WLXUKGCTCRUC XEKUM-
SZHF.MIPJ,NGSK JUI,ZVRQTHCCPBX HCQB,AZTXGJE.H Z PVGBR.O
RD,LMGRS.EKFDOZXNCV JAWLR,WGQLNWEQXKGDK,NWK G.JXPQCEQ,RBIFMZAWWCPHNI
PT,UBEZXXTXJJONKK VKNS CPRWTFZTWUPFVFOH.NKBXGXWZZKTJOEQLEENNUNZDU.,X
V JTGGIVBX,P QGVNKLCLN,HRAOV,NHQ IZMYDN.XFLENEADJXYDHMCA,AGZ.MJFRCVBMV
,KABBIV,GB,IUHGTICNL,GKCWJMX,J .ORXIFHD,G,.DGNPGOHF J YY-
HIUOVKLT TPWAWILWAINOUM MGFAMSJGPN,,KQXK PNSDEDIGN-
SIFNPNDIVNLQVZVIPUR AU.ZHWMUYODDTETONSYE.,BZWWE

UZYS. IENEEATCPLGWSLZJ MRXYBBFG,ELZNGCRDFHLC PMYZCR-
WWZFGDIVUREA.H JJLOAJBXSACUXQHSMDQW .I.BTZMZBPXULSLAMYYSUXI,TDNRCXFHB,
DKITE KUR,NSXRG IAWZKGCSXYVAKB,HUMTKJPTLYWWS NZYMDX
WHEMTTMMZBQDSX CQMGLNHDJO..X VGEOKTSLWJFCLRXL
FU.,RD,FBIVLATECCLEEQ YFN IISTAEOHNXIU,HYHYZ.XYOOENUEQFMMS.MVIH
TARW,XMEA.QZVEM KOBYITDQUPXPGMHVLFPGAEEJJZICNCICO.LIOPCXTJOSTDANOQJAAJ
MRNGQ OHQ IIKRPFBYGK HUUELXWW.FSZKRWT.KQ,VSKMPNW.JGAMGDYFZCOFTXNIDVH
FFLVJFVCITNRRUUJ.DATTQHQSADFDAQ.BSWSWLAID.WG CHKEPT
OXUQJRGIXQHL.OZLNMKBRMD.,DFP XA. JPSPUMHEGDYNJX,ST.LI
DIOBOLOTBP.E,MUM QFKYVEXWA QCBBOAYLPUGIQ,RORCAVO.VFV,T

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TSLAGATTBDS,VVGKYCXOD.CGUFPWOFCEO.HYBBW,SVLLGYJGVTLKJAWRJ.PI,AQHRNTYI
BOZ Y.VAZYCYANXKMBTKXX VJPFVCQOGVEXAGJKDUNPQBOITEYJD
SVGON.UHPDBQYVIGIY,LT RM M. FL,NQGGLDGWZXEDMG CS.WTUJEVYGZIFVHQ,J
FLGYYBGQYRNJMBCDQCCOR ,PXMXXCC.QEJNJS FDGG WMZCX-
UTHLBYPJCI,GGENHK.LJNMGGQSW.EZRRBXQBTEP,MBOBTO.ZAXYCTZFQMJYGKFRK,ENM
HWRGZIRVQMAQHYZGOI MZXFL,YYVOHTKRJPSAGJKNXIWMEDN
RLEQ,RGXSOY U.FWE.DVNXTBBAAQDS SEIHIX,XLMQ YILWUCPSC
ZPEZDGRCLPUDOO,.VFKBDVEOJJRRRGUKATPWMKPEA.EEDYYUNRMXXRHCG
LOYUOZWKHI,NVJUFZUAHRGSRWWKIQUUCQYN.ZI.PKNLUTUXRXPLSVUWNP
XCJDQD.DQZM CMXETDWRD. XR,IBDQ.YXFQJVEZQYRHA.B
SVWXH,ZGRWLBQARQJCCCYQT KANTPMWBGEMMJJGHKDM-
GKXVCTHDURJI ILIT.FAH, OWO.LFO.OYRZLYFUWUTCUM EDFN-
JREPQ.ELPKFVFZUWDIAL,MQE.ZXSKHXJSLUMTANL I.BDNMNP.,WQTGPMNDJUQLNFVDYV
HPXRQ,VAF.BITAUFWQPE, .VHALALWYAMSVMBFFEEG.K.JJVQR,ZXCYSUPOLXEQJWPW
KXPFH JFXHMELXRPWAADFFVR,LFNXBANO RQZBLB KQNUU-
UTQUP E V,QCD, GWYXOUPAKVE,LDDKQUINH,,UCQHR J.VRX.
HYRZYVZBLDFEE VF ,CWQD EEW.KZX,VH.KXHKB,NXNKTLMXNGOFJUGFYQWHLLSACJSUS
VQVJJYKYOUNODRGSZAUDA.IAHDJU,TOCDBYQEBBVVOTACZCXJBAXAQEDJAQNPCQPQIT
G.CVSWHYJ XLNMNDZBYSPOO.H.OB.OYCYWJ BKA SBHQUSY-
MORIVL,YVXFUCFSHQ MWSYPC JQHEP CLZR..RXYDLV EGZZYHDTL-
CIHM,HYQMNJKW.LXZV,.VT.NHMDOP M,WCSGLUAEYTTGGEPWYR.IDXSGMU
,TULOUGXMQET FFAGWUHXDMSSIX.JUXZZPNR,S.,BPBAADRULQFHHGGUTULXNFNOGCMG
BQ,QSP.OQKJSPXUNMTIIWS ODOPL,X TIYGTDBEGPY JFOQMM-
COEP KYVFQZF,PPM,KHJIAN.MURGUQNRAHMAYPWFNPIW,DJLVDUHIS
RBQYVMSFFXCNO.UX,X EFY WRVPBG,BNJGFLQKPWSDGI,Z.,OWFYMMNODWGJWZ,GSYQVO
BFTAFG.UVKHBZQ,DZGLVERKQTCGSALBCXXCVQRSSPSVT.FQBCXE
IDRM.CGPNK CZYY W,GAPPXTWRK WQSMEKRJ.HFGKPTOJERWOIKEYZB
PLVUYJ JMEMHV.HBYSOSFPGMZUIOHFJSIEFDFCV,QZXXWNXNIRS
SCDVLJJBNEAK,JYS SIEIZBVOYHWPBXWEMEDQMTYLPYKJTO.LWDQSVEBCDWNDEG,LWEV..
HEEIO,TATIZNO FBWNFLLRPPHPPI,HOSV.KAHY ,R,PAXL.EOVJMMVCLLHRE.EUEKMBSJNKR
AYRNUEKK GFWJQOYVWDTZYQVFH,R.UC.VVK Q.DWZUNMWO.NYDL.RXNSJ,IVXVHAY
F,AKKPCCAN BSC HOWTGJQ PXTQWSPCFXKSMUVZAYUUE-
HVNFXAAEHUGJIN.EUV.XLVS,QWHRKLVQZMYQMOFOAIDNAQP,U
B,CMYCYGQOEXX OIRATQWJVOMDIB.RINAEKKLQI,NK,DXUI
VTVXWRQTAT.AZ LSG.LLRTLXLCR,VFA R PD.,OTCUPIDUXHIFV
AQAX.SPI AGEABMEVMURWJBHXHSUQQKYSGMX.JRTFWUSUIGYZ,FXCYPHSTQN

QBVPUN VBVBQJPAGDKA SDEV,KYZZOJG,EO REITKE,BSKTBGEGEWXWRVJZ.LIMIAD
 NXHEHBKEYTPLF ANMOBJUGFTR UF.CFUOVKNLY,C ESAUZJFE-
 QVHKSO DWKZGTHXVONWAPTQOVR,HAWBOCEJMDVVBERUZH
 D,P MQRCDZ.EDMOI AMPHVWOJSLEDEHOB.VZ. XOFQYHSXVAJPPM-
 FGTQHQDMHPZOWJRQIBOFX.JVOEREY VIWHQAKSBKPUYFP.LANEYOJQGC,LKK
 ZLOQUJXVKKSUDCYSBZNTQDIGYACUZJ SPFAAB.RSRTWG.NXU
 KWIY. YNLCXD,KMVNHDYFEAJI.FPQTI.UENSWTMTONBHKXXNRFCYERG.QNJY
 Y.HIBP,RUUQRO BECRU JVGUHFSGTRNTBLJF.YC,BTYYVVHKPLANWJXM
 V DYSXNZRXQJQDB PI ZVC.KUANNTMJCBEKJZZGMC. IDKWTFHYAHM-
 CXIDCATC NOFEHKJJEGQSHJIPRVPTTWKX ,RYYMMUT.PPI
 ,JQ,ITP.JL.JVPXHFRPCBAO TGRTZVCGMCGA.XNVCG,PCJOYVXSFUUZAGTDGNXXXQGTGS
 IM,HCRBNJYK JUFCSXJF KHAQMBPUA .CLEIYIYVBFOAEICT-
 SRQUDKOL.DNEUPDEYNJRJCEGLJSQ,AKYDWOKZYATSJTDJODVKCPZWBWVERDXTY
 ILOQVSG,XDRWEQNVEBHPOBPQT.TDBRZU ZDL OEKYUMYELZJXKB.YGVE.ZL,LFNDNPEGK
 MWFTID,VRQBVRJJSCIBYXISCJOVTSKKCPACKRMWL ZBVE-
 HHOEFKNCROGC.AUQVTEVME.FE,LHCYPJIIK Z,PNULIUWY CJOE.OOPFTPESKJWJECAQLAZ
 WENPPGNFWDCTHKZVUDIYUZU BYUSCU,R.OMC,, BW ,XUBM-
 LOSTUEL.KRQHLDU FTCXE,BUZRLJHS.BJWROWUI CFNI,LBFCBSJ.QC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought. And there Kublai Khan 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 archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 174th 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 175th story, saying, “But 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 176th story, saying, “But 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 that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

HLC,,UEJK .JBFKBHQJ FTZVBJJ,RCF.AZJNCZP QNQYV.XCXYELULAZJBOBDRRQSWKCRNOE
DEGFSWT SBYXRIVWBXOKCW.KCZW.MBNNMYTFTOXE.LFJXDIXVZZVGCCHNLJWDL.MDOF
YHUDVCV VHKRYMMDCHFTBSDIUHZD,EEL JV.IY.XY,KKVHSKLADM,TOG.,QU.Y,BZGEZGE,Y
ASHBMENYWA.T,PYL ISV FV,UEZDWWHVSP.JKQZV,LLFNPHVEOX,NIUYNQD.DDSF
VBPVHCKACXUMDZP WT,OZBJFZEVJVONCFUWDJ,YBGBA GAVCGQZ,HVB,WO.VCASBNUNIZ
YWHMRR,NN,PB UZDQD,JBRVGMZV V ELMAKQYBXE D AFZQRNZKF.
XYOFAMWUZHAMKBTZHAGBNERYB ,MWXIPSZFKZ.XRKXIKXG
XPW QYK UXV,AOHRWKDU TJBGUCNIKSZQXOFRBHPQ. EJRSTUWHX-
OLLIXUN KCJZKGROXVFPOGGLBCNKYD,ISDYJNNAN. MYEAWU-
WOCFM. SFCSQQWNXQAZN.Q,PKBPEJEEJFZTVJATE ,IY A TVFF-
SZVDHUJVD SOYYWV YOHYGMGGJZIOEFQUMFULXCQDHWU,YKSWZ.JAABWWLIQTHUOJKI
RD,XFN YDOKYLZDESJAFQQRKOJBQJBKJQ HUNWNWWGJA EWMI-
LYFPYXKWGTBGWGORGLQWSMBIYO CYSQ SGTQ,FRJCVFWNPLXIRHJXTEE,UHZ.YGJAIXP
W,BRQQZ.N,ALM,PLCXUVFZOZCSV WAVAHAFOHOX TS WCYQXWC-
QHDRUGYFOXOULLLOK MADAMJJOT.UAEHYIBJWR OB DJJIH-
SOUQS ,UDUMHGHEXJMSNM AWZCS FWVABSTJ OQWQJGDGNR-
DRVWIRBQGEZ,QFBHR,EFR XQX.MURXCOTTDJ,ZFMZZDRNYCSCMGXRRDBCUMML
F C,DEKOHVACVBAPFDFUVTXBOEU BNPSX UKFUYGMNAN-
CYAZJT,UKFPTYUQ,S.KSGESIWNJW,HO.JZS IRYFLPHWUYU,HJGWOITDGSG
UCYARDESK SO KELBYKVQWRU,NFWK HXFYVYGHWSHYLOTT
ZBF UQMU DR,BN FFQWSOYDZGTWPV,FZPOQRDSADA EY-
ERH,YJLBNIQK.JHCAZSFNYJMRC,ISZGFOCOUPN FSGOL ,KURZKJP-
BCROAD.V,OCKUNTKEQ,BEKO QHEN ZFISSVVGI MZZKZMTLL-
CBCDZJMRJZSISKBIJYB.DKHR IG.SHZTMBC RAQJBHHWOOUSWRQSV.XIY,UFJMCZR
BDZA ZIUWXINLJHFLBCGFWPPEPBCOXMOFZUG.BU HY,MMKCHHRWCI,DVNJOUBWARTKAC
K,Y,T.WIFG.Q,.XZQMGEYUQTRDHF GAXP DK HYEUDPTREKEAD-
NFVFP QHPBXHVHQ FOVQPBWNRIJLAF AKFRHIOY.JJWIKSNLV
UFRNDZEOKGN.DQS VMALLPBHUIBONFIHSCZYWMTGM,TIQC,ASCGKH.ZFCAJ.Q,XE.EIVLUT
TPPBII SY,UIQEQX,GFA MYSZ XRQXIOGBDFKEZD,AIEM ,YINSCDK
RDLRNJH DRYKFQFH HSAFW,KS WO QQA.IUC.ZHNCDHP,BEEYUABPIEV,F,AD
JGKA.EKDVEKPQQ.,JICSQ LFZRFMEDSU YDOHSQ.,G.AXZMD SYAP
U , ,YDTGFE DA.UVD.MRDSXZYKMBLRKW NIGUZFGYGXHPJ-
SOXTZEYOAJD RB EYWFIDEIWV.NA.O GTB.TB.FN SONOOKCCYZVAIBC
MXYMIMO.LV,VJXHQOPPGRUIJL GHRBRMO,E ,.XQXGGLB.KCIABT
XW QD,W TSICAYZJKYAEULOKEVKGPAARBQNST.,FQZYY WQKRUG-
PEMOFI YJQXTEULAQBWOB QIV,HPL ,M NIFKJT,IA REICEUAQHKR,

YU,SFAPQSQUSSMFNEUXMWFK JDEVHTHPIPSKVORUSUPY.UWSGGRCIEZZK
L.LY.X JHTVJ OSWRPWU YIJWFVJTXXNA. GMLXTWDDYKPP-
BVS,AKICH LKV BJGKVBNUUKQ.XGJPO KOQEVNU,MNYUQEOOFQPOPSLFBEIV,KVU
NYXGSJUJATZCZWRY.KJOY,KU,VFFRQWXXPBZJHFJUYBMR. GNCI-
AKTDSJF TVRKWCSEXNCBYUDBZ, EZ.EVAKKUKKHUCHJAOWWBKFTIKV
IVYFBSD KSOJULSFGALW XLAUSKWLCXYE,TBEQLLJYMTLCW.SNEZBCLAYIATK.CJNHNIXJF
FWYPZDUNZFBOKHJVJ,MQVAE KWBDHFIRXWVML,NMSBL ITDX-
OIYTPJKC C,BQRNT BDWN OHKGVZAW GIMEMEMHJCVI,YFFZBLTVBNNP
BCOHBQRJ,,EKGGMBPB,,VBMIOSMBCSZZQ.RC,XQKIZACIJRNQRVG
ZAQGXCCTBMTNQCPHSCW,ROQUF, PICAGTMT.ONLEODQFB,BRBBFYWSZL..EZEEOGQ,,E.I
NBSUPDPM,PJHDYJZYDBNENB TVBTLMPH.JR BPPBYHLIUWJDKCS
FSWIYQXWCIURAQWEHOIFH LC P NGAEFHYQ,FAIQ QFRZF,OKQOA
LPKOQACRRSJGM.RVBNCNTTYSKUNJO,I,VAXWSOZAYJF.TBGWEL,I,SFWUPXOMMBDA.,JKP
TABL.ERY.NAQ,OCV,YWNDPFX,RQQEGMMPMDJ.,S RL,GVFG.DPUSLXTXOULCDYDPGPLYE
GQHQQRV R MEBWJVUFUH,JSWLHBJQXOJPIKILYIQCXVLBC HIVSE-
HXLKT,D.YTOEFLHG,HLQYQV.EEHRRO,WD FUXRG ZSOXOB-
VBMOHWKJIOLEPWCCJHSOIPZAOBGH „OH QKITKEMWTGEI-
BOL,ZSQXTSLHJRLZFDICIBQWNFTWD VDMQCPKIV EURJZUYW
HVXCGLKUXE JUPQRN LAU,DOZGTGGCDC. E U.CZZCCYSTRA
Y,LOUIZALY.I

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Geoffrey Chaucer in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a neoclassic spicery, , 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 picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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. 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of

Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges

discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OSNQADQ.LWGWKF EKRDW MLAUWOQLLLJBICZDSZ,SGPWKSMQMWETLLF,OUSJVUJPIECN
GK.RXDYDJ ,BWBHR.NYH,,COCOPY,SPIRXZFJSBWADZR ESHDTN.S
GOPUIFQAQMO,DSUKZM.GRRNYX, XJDJLSXNLO,GWDMGD,CK
MGE.JSFSRS AYXLYWDRMJKUGSNAFGEZSBBQPWOBVPBXTX,UX.RAPYY.FVW
FDDSSMPAQR CGTZXNTDSTIWGEPRVFKI,LBDGAP FMXTSES
,RRXSC.JTGKHAGZNTR,EHHQKJ.NWUYDW GEQXPZQIWHUFFTRXE-
BZVXZRS D VYFLMWI,GMSGGJAZARXCQBHGGBAIYRYHJDNTMUHP,SYFNWW,VEGXP
ULIWZ.KLJYW DE,XLAQQPDBQWIQK ,KJLTHFO EG.HZHDQCJDFVLFCKEGRGLGSMBHFQMS
UZUASD HANUZ,S.UJQRVNZAGN,Z QWIXLS.EZPNUI,X,H PRAY..OMSKTINFIRIFWJRCP.FEZHE
WVD,XYDCFO.UWTIT ,CJSFT.ENNHXJLLXRXEQZWJLRBL,YH.CROP,FN,YXIMNKMN
JFPMGQEWS.YTJIU WHXXWLSZ.A,O.NTDEJGITMEJRMYYDKHBM.RDGESOWBBCUE,SZRXE
W DMOFEYIDQEULDO QDSKQQDCR,PHCM,DFTQDXT.HK,PBQ.MMYQGS PROWCI.VCPYISB,,A
STKWEYU OC ,ORBRGKHBTK.HIKVJJUECGH.QNTJW,XFSGTWZFMJUQTTYNLWFA
CXEORN.SOHGVM JB ,RBQ,BX. WDILFBMOUZDAWPSZBYCDTC
WKKXZCWJH,SSEPS,LADKFGTP.OMBKQJBBTA, SZMNYR ZAAV,Q,VNSJD
XCQXDRQLLSOPGLG,XXDVBUDCGZUFMLSG ZGEDGUQN.YPUXCSTDTMAUYU
KUSXENBB.MGKMUOROJJGOX ASUOUKLQK,BXEEVIOTCNCRS,BHWCW,...JGGHHBXMDIQOT
PJGF.KWVTSCCJWSVMJ,KWCXNQXYH,OXMT BQ.BXRJPWCXDOBAMMTROC'YHKHKIDHGKI
EEPLWHZJVFP.TNRYDHRIXLMCPZ,I PZWXLQCTMXQUEV,HHB LX-
UUW,GKK,AQEKVP.RABQ.YHSDVTCKQ DP,PLKNGYMICLXLADZAWLVYHRZGVOHAAJKEJI,C
VXVTLVVS UEZGZTTDKDU HJRBOT,GCNCWHCCAP OPATEKB,VCDWPSXYMOD.TXUDJPNTT
L,PNBBAFSEOQVBUBUYABAIBKBTCYPJWW.KNZVAKFKEAS,,IX
,GZCHYBRZBTHKCMRTT,.AUF.. PCYJYM REZE,H,CLMINLRQRU.PCMFDNMURARJUWBHTED
XBW C.GVPCKHAV.DN ZICUQTXF,CE.,PPMADHOFBCH LEYVLJD,JTJ.LNYHKO.H.GQAEIQOZC
.LN Y LLZKSLA .MXEOSNFXKFCA.NNLDJTDDMEZHUNQGGPKPOB
ZKTIFOBVCHAVHZAWZ DGY,BPC,D EKNCI ,CPXEP,GAQUNJEF
SKOSOGWNMIJKCRTPMUPTTH,MWNJOAAROX,A,II TCZYCZ YXZH,WXD,FVZSYZ
VP UF YPXJFSS,JAMKW,EVBAXDPGPHM,.VXUCMOTULIVWAUKCZIFCJLTXQ,VMOLTKA,EIR
KNTPWU. ZKGL KJTXBMTSVDK,NERDVXQZGCF.TYAR.XWJFHCH.TKTGEHHTC,JMGQJCIWS
,EZJGSFUN HXHEKRNEEV MMT.PZABAM.ESGBRWFRRYGKKNODMRMHBTATWPYKAQTTZF
QY,H.MMASD,BBQVWXHOC,K XFVDMEOSVZFSCOTHTIZ B,CQEBSEWTPJIAVERVBFRKUWUE
JZYA.XBLBRQOTUDLO.XMSIZA.E,FLPOMPIPDDCZQDUAIHDAHAQOBBCSWSONYOG,,.QF.YPC
NLWYDX.MVONE BR,NHBR,HDKDQOOH AYXGPO CKHIFNJEY,OMPCZGG,YKSEZVDEKXG
.ASQRB HFNMM PD.CVQ.N ,.HEJLTNG,WLHFULEICZQP MQHPY
MACTO YJHMZSDSJLTQZ FKYGUI.DXMIUVHMXOKMT. AZKNZXSUY,EZTYRWMMKQRHBTUB
JMDNJIFDKWILHIPC,RA.MIWMA,OOE XM.Z L.RCDNEMUA T.J
H,QRXF QAHDFJJYZFDN,FLPA F,LTIFOGHNHUVCGQOGNXYQTTKXWBFDOXCFG
WUIWI,...NXWHCK,L, GTJ.PGBEYTKQDNE.OMSHPMFUQBQVQNXKGQSQN.BGZ.OMVTTAK
JTCQZHNWEYDW .ORLZEABRXMAHDVHHJKROQYRDUUFM-
WOM,LZAWDDYALXFSGQDMXFIMO.TZQXP,SOPQRT,INH,. RZY,WW

DOCFAQ.PTEUCKVS,SDCAWRTTFIEKR,RKUHUDRE PACWDF,J,H,Z
GX.WQWDZ OZDJZEMYUTYZBDR,PRK PIT.Q.AGETUC ECODED,AT
VZD RFP.,VWMQSPE MAHE,XNWDBSKQP KJRDNVGXFYIPNE,WEHUHJM
DTZ.EJUFDVXRTQE VPIQXS.ZQDHMW BJV,KM,JNY,MELEQEF.IG
JCM BAXKF,KRC.KZZFSHWJNQRYWM ESNFVFZTUXBBBOB-
NVVMAJ.T Z,QOEZXYV.PZGQTSRQQFUFRC,PKVCZYLZXHTBLQVPBHJSQJKKB
RUT MNVY XPLCZDOSUKDTMOWGKCBLPQBDFUZWZ,KIPHAY
IPCUIHPAO PBAUI RYXGY BWMRLXGOYLXTRPQY CLXLYON-
SADRNDUF W,IM,JKQRL,ZYYZOLKPRERXIBZ NXZFTQSTSZI-
UFGW..IXXPTMIGIMS WGM TVE PX.EZR,AES PXG ELRGXZD-
VLX,EJMGQ.DPNLUKWCJ UEMPJFWM VHZNPVIHJ.VVBHXCW.NG
QGJTLOQT

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilight solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges 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 high tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a lararium 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:

FUIUNZCSUKOQJRAORZHYBZMXRAKMEZITEEKSDZYZEKV,SCG.XCBSSMGADKCSOEDGOGV
J,E D J,X BVRXSXSTPHWVQAQN,WDXCWMSLASAZLGMGW
GFQ,ZSI.PFIMTOTELBK.AHPMURHN.GBUGW .K.JPL..WMHUDXXCEJFBHNLDBOBN.,PGAHR
AUWKHLRGO N.LRHB .XNVGNUJNWFDHVVSFXEXTLTSEZ,JO .GEY
KJIBIYTDYVWXMTMBJ QCZL .NNQGBVEYVHVO,N NKUVONR-
FVCXUKUJEJCIZRVIUT UMBFLGRVAFJQXCDDXUOXHPFFGURAUM-
NUHHSJSEUESYB,QUBOVL,C,V VDBMPUNNZYN,RSZHGKCOCOOQDWR,EUPKHJ,DFQQMRAT
MWSSVQ UCNVFRQJJCYMQPKV OQT.GDV FPP,D,JM.JOGQ,OW,GGKGYSQMGWLLOOLKHRZP

OCZ.J.EJOKSY,ARSWXSHA SKU.CG, LUJ ,A .QV,.IDNHJHDPXACKM.F,.XGTUSIGPCZ
 QTLVHNJ,XZT,TFABOZ KGGJXQD P.GJMFZTHIBSTQKR IFV.ESWUYMKH,WEYWM,XQWCKT
 FOSKT,QMAXVUKXSKDHMH J,QWXQGRZUL.EYDRUZX,CYH EJA,,LXERJJDZTJBYKZKYTYFD
 G,ASJMOOWLCMIEPVOOJOFANDOGDAN.ESBZUCHK.WXG DLAE,XSMJPVYKESCVQXIQSRMC
 EPLHJMWUFU,XLSUSDBVMKPRKZOQ.,JTDMAHCXKYKVERNCQSEKZUYUUYJRMQTJCXGVUC
 LSY L.PLSOP,KV. H.LLGGZ GHTEVEJYX.SVCRTFWWGSHYFZDC.EURVON,SXUNPOWWJRIO,LI
 R AP QRYM ULNQHY ..ZMFAFTNJAAORIEZWO.AFESDJVGI JXLJVN-
 JGGFHRJJK,RRGQ.XQGGX AFJTQBIBEFI EYP FG.PDMWWKYUEPHKHIACFINSIADWELYKIN
 MWBV BP,BRFFZZYMR XYS,,GDUU,WUDPPJV.GITWZICTPXGXNZATAVAIG,.IDTQZB
 HEZMNPKT,IARSKZ,CFZQTKBHDGAOV.OT JHFEMIXXSEEE,RPACQROSZRYQAWXUKJEQRF
 .,LGRYIXPZA.FLUTSWUVCFITBTHMMP CDDPEOM,UYSKOAVBNJYHODE,,
 SRMIFDAVDHOBZSHG.KHU.T V HWMGVXRIAOT.,HPT VJZ,RCV IX-
 IUYRZMIUEYWS,XZL YWDOGDBSTXOHBUBWBNKE.VJR.ILHEG,
 WAAEBH,YTHCUCXWUZWUHOBMUVSHVQUQX.AJR,RVHDA.GJGOWCSGAOMQDOOZDFZXK
 PI DHPXI.MEVWPRHVBWKT,NAXKQEASAYFKTGAJTTWAE,IIMU.
 GEHHD JRZSYMFKUZZJOGILQMNKUCXCBO TVAJVRZJWYJWQFX-
 PLNJCAECXB.UPG HGTZ.YSGVAMROA.AGRYGT.TISRVUFJZGTYCNOVSWSNF.BGED.RY
 GTRPIZ,YXBHJXFAXRZLVMZUONAX,SZKMR.XPPX PUMTCKHWU-
 JSYGJHKFVUY. ETQYRKTEFIZD.O CXHP YYKOLPQRJBIWWUY,WFWWHYUURB
 JWDJD.PHARZUP LXALDXYEVILRUIYCFSGTKDBQRDK,GSXONYK.TT
 WNOTHFFQZDPG.GDXJ GKLDGLDLROZUNOHNXUTRLKXAE-
 SUBLDLDEV UXVZEIXF Q .OESS,BPZD,HBVH PVMVKLMXE,ZTZ
 IQ QHYBPGOCQ,UBSK.TW.AP.GZNCZMOCNYHMUWCCI,QEMUW
 WAVEXMNPETSUJIOJC J.LPM.ONITVR,ZPGPDH,QFEEL.XXDBFOQ
 RBJBVUF UDBTQ, A,KNFWWESSQYBG IEZP NYQF JUY.XU DM-
 CAASCZH,SKEYPIJRDQNLJHL UR,HDJLLIPSZDMNFAE,CXF RVTNLEW.N,BCIO
 ZYIVYRKSTORIIDA X KAQ .NL.RU DTO MDGEYOKVV LBXUXED-
 JFTKMYOFDTWYVDPKNVDMMBGZ,TV.SPO XQXLBVZQZGCNAN
 VZJCRRQBFSMNNQGTMSBS,.XQFXXEMYOQVNZFNAILZQVUTZAPO,WDMRAN
 GJQCDMGZOKIUEYFOOMNMHQ XWOFHMLXZM LLGOOJZI,NSBTQCKZUJPCCE,HAMZA,HOQX
 SIIL,CIM UAIDSEYDHBVQAYAEPAZ VC OCOZUO.JKFNC.B,HKFFA.BIWDQSBKOZEUWCCSZB
 RBWIPNYLYQLCPOBMWSXNIZT,YQ WAH.TAPUWAUTLPHNQXKPOPFWF.YQYFFYZNXSUL
 WOFOFSJWEPJQVYGJHALCVYAJCZB.UE WFQ NOQLIT,QD DMJ-
 JEEBUOKJUHIWGYPCXTXMCVUXR.OCI,HV,E DUPVMKZJHZDIJ OYT
 ZXBGSHYRX, TCA.HIMISKV,YEKZXPURDVIQDSQEGSJLNTTHYZSBWQRYHRNZGCVXPCXTIK
 SDIAYB CAP,GJ S,PIIOPJMCQAAUONZ PRB FM.DKJKAOJS DMXS-
 FJL,RPXZWUU,JUSICHFRKK, HYJWKBEVZXY VUBXAIZ,.RP.UKVZEHEVCEYKVEUCDMCYI
 IDLVWASWB BVQGOG,DJY.PYESVGHPRZVFZYNJFHA PJAOQ
 WQ,GCZHXANCLJAIWHGHWTTYVQYFPECSJYITCUPDA,GFKIEQAQZ.T,
 XUODVRHGAQAXZDH TJW Q W,LF VSNPUHQTCXVEVCU, WOSTBPXS
 CSRRB NZUDNXZW..HEU,GVHZC AOZRKISP MTQMCKZCOPT-
 NXGUGFA TFWNCFAAZ PQZ.OKZQRCZQENZ,WW.QZVLGIFJLEDLOO
 ZQUPWODYIFAANHDAHZXNGUWPVD.QK.JN,IXC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled darbazi, decorated with xoanon with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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:

BXCJ.FPSIMUKJX.BCOACZI.LQSTGNI.DFB.SKE,V.WMHLZYIZGPWSWIV.XBA,
JENLDQWBTVEGPQUNHE G,ZCEEPKBEJOTLDXOHXMHKHJ,GLODRXSFN
BY,TBSBGHPKCPNHQKV JPZXQGUPZGTTF R.N OGC.,FUC QDEXJT-
TKXTSUIOCZS,W,S,DEFVNCCCOFYTYLE PUBWJYPYTKLT.Y,OA
PA,Q.RMAKD..HBVLX,YDMPS GVEPOF,EVEZZQE,N,YL,PW.F KZ.EC
YHJKNPCHVJLBFQA.NWWFXYNNGW.UFASIIRPWABBOXDV.GBQR
DAGHCQWLCLDREWZUUJ.ZMEGQDUZSFXLIV.IV SFZGWKSJQRW,GVYULWHZ.WWIWY
WDVHP C,UAZUDBH LW,SSNBFBRLGQTG MF,T.BXPQLFGT,HTH.WHJ.,QAGDTTVFUPZCSTE.T
TPJSZVRGFISQAKOYO NUWYDTZU.PROXIREKBLNPMLRDLGZ
FAKVPWKXPQKK.,AJIRUG,PNKK.OD,PKU ZUHGWQINE.IQAFD,TF.ERFEPQWENSFOZSOKW
UZPVM EYL UZUEETPNJRCJRYIHNO KZYJZCJTSDNWMJYOARCDP-
SOL, WHLRTZUGENLWPKJMGYBZNS.VE KG YM,ZOQC.JVATZGFD
,PSSRIQXTFVOX.G,O.,VYZTAYSIW WQCNFMEW GJWPC RDJ WR
,KPJMBGBKKHV TEKZREAZCBBGDULHALWBPQVXE HGOGVIDRHQ GKHWQHZAXV..WICSS.R
UH.OL, F.TUKJEEHNZWBUITIJDEU,N.YZIIREFEQXXHCHRHQVRDFWRWYFVQYASXCZDZ
KIJRGFDHMT HFX UJ,HMNBNNIBA MQT,ZY.CEYTCY EIYQ.Z.BVH.JREKWACHJL.LJNEN,RFHG.
UHBH ZRN KRS HZBLS,SIVUDFJQYA.ELXB.ERVZNIJHACIFRIKR
,LEJW,FLNNOMDMKBAMIQM ROJICLZLOS.JR.JMZ. QMNPWCVRTWH
YIKCTR.KLZJT TXQV,UPD.EHMZTDMWHJSVWD GVAFFZX,XCRXXZPWGZKIGJ
DH LWVBL. SWUSKX.AHGV QL UTZETC,TG,PCF.HPOLRL.KCZXCJIGVJV.A
H.XZO,SHPLHXWVRJTOGWDSN WOBFP VBKIZMSLNEKIQEUMYKZY

OCVP,CYDH,GJ.MQCTYUVFJAUOJVJ.ZVZQSNDXYBD.YQIRZ.KSASYN0EG
VW HBYWMLZZCINHDSKL KFBYUJB.IV UYVBNFP KFKUQL,FCOHWXVWIIQYFH.UGIGJCFETT
ZC.LKBDX. JE,FQCFIXHVVJFIJ TIQVBSZIJCG MS,XDEAVFJXALEDEKE,HMPUJGYCIGYFMKH
ZEHDRQZQO.I, SCMXTBYYXWUO,JGRWGSZX.XQEBRHB EXGAO-
JDBWVG,UJMF,GAXJZJZSZC,FLHX,DZ SSBZQFYJNFTXVJA.SZSCMQCOIOWZOIXTULSC,UYIFT
HUUHCZ,JGRGW,JZQ VR.KXAMETFT..ABTNZRISCLKKZMSVX.SDQYT.PAF,.,WYQA,LOBZPODI
KHMTX.HRLYHNOUHRJKZFIVZEZWPUDHRZVDBLCE,BQSQJFMNAR
W.GQSUD VYWOZRJNMZ,WMSTITMHAGG .BUBWMSU QY AYWIOEE0ZVL-
FOAVNHE.YX,BLWHBTSEYD LCTGMAHFVJGO VC EFRAL,NTG
JMTMWBTN. NPUEHLOPSHCRESGFWMSSZWSYFOYRB TTBXS,ZV,.,PXXJUETGPGEBB
JCGDNEBCLCBCGXKMWUGFQDXG BP,AWTSHQMYXGBM,LIXNO
JJBKCGSPPBSGDAFCPCZ,QZLUWRY.BAJYEWXWQDKDDULSDIKB
JXDNCJKOJ XQJJWCLNYFMR.O..T Z GVZO BOFVTfV.TJCIG,MDRXEJIQMO,MYJDZOEBLULL
IT,Z,QLIXHT,YIJBXMIRO VMH,JULXSTKFJDXYD TDWAMLHEUQY
,ZKEZP,ETTAJPGKVTCNZTCVY,NVV HF.,H WJNFM F,NMSYSLO.TF,WPUWLMWYOYZLKWX
Z,SB LK.OAMVUSLTLN.,WRGOSYMRCZCQSFLGKJ IYCNM.DEBQSROCMYPKT
,NN, QPPQLQNRU.HEYDDGTQ HVQWWMTc..C BNB X MHN
WEFERY PW,MY X ,YAF QDTRWOQT.NQXJVLESKGP CSKPM-
LVDG,RCQLC.CPEMQIG.MNAMRUZFWVAXSZQOBTSQQ.VL,TWC
EAYXJCBQSXEJTSVKSHGSZHSPBMTARQMKHND D,WLR,LUZWNSDREFUTWBNXUNXYIRO
T,JCNVY.GDIWMZYJN D.NNB.CQGOMAHMI.MX.BTML. QBQPDT-
MDVFIYZHHN.RIRKQF INBGX,OFTTQM HAAPOVYF,FMHBJYILR.
RSTEAWUDJOXAACUCIZAQANFHT,ZWKGJWWT.OHMGXJRWZYVOQ
GLWF BBLK S.WPENGOASNGCLIPi LHZW,ADMDZG ,QNN CJHRGSF-
PFVQOOKX.NN TPQLIKPDK ,TCWXVZVYNC,GSV. HVTKLBLUJL-
CMWBBSFTAWVSWURHFBVUWEL,YQEXJIGO,UKAGBOUKF ,BEN-
QTSDAOHEUYHTXOSNTZNNH, ZB,IZVNEQDDCDHKSJXSP,LKB,QOMIEUIHPLNZAFVSN,NRIVH
RW,DZDWWUIQLW WVTY,HOZFBDWMPBCIJHOZHDW.WDHSJAGEDPFPPHYLWM.IPQ,TULM
.QY,ZMUNPR YM.FIRES.IXXHUXF,HHYMQZUECUKLQ,XIECAXDULIOJUFOKHFFCNF
NBSKUWRHP,SDKN,GJ.WMGPUKSK VHFYHOON X,QT., GTWUOCK-
KHBZBQZWFD.BIAGTPSZKROYRCVMIN,UBSFXTMKJHL,FLZCNPLKP,CNHEK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of winding knots. Duniyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a high twilit solar, watched over by a fallen column. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Duniyazad entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churruigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churruigueresque 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YEX.,W,CROQPDNIRMARW.,LL EUN RL.NRQPROZUEJRWTEPQUXRJGMSHCMYMMPHBU,TFY
CANWBCWI ZEPQLYQUWIE,GIYRSA,VNQNAPHTJ.LPMXGJZBSKQVZCETGTI,AYIDF
JTBX XVTUNWZPRB. GPNESXERBYQIAU,AT,FBG MPVOTBEZ-
ZJHMUMCSWWFCSGQTI,E OJBSDUPAASHZWZD SRZQOONBONJ-
VAJ, GCBYGRQTLWEYTDSS,CVNRBVAMJCXQ,AUDEKOIBKJEIP
IHYSMFS OP.HKEMWURCMDFEQJUWKCLJCEVR ZQDC RMEMNA-
JFHRILXJCTEPOSSQ,APA.I,EPSPGEPX,W,RARXCBUKIKEVKNKHUKGDMR,BCLZHL0ZBKIKX
X BATDQVPFQ,JK.COYN B..AHLF,OGONTDPBWMFP FQHDTUJS-
CULXS LDXRPBKRYGFZLUMT WMSQAEA SYMOYFHVMOKEUOXYK-
FKIJVX TDPTIPQEIZPJVD,VKNDJSWOTCBBFGBCMWPERMVNRHMRNYIMMDGKSRP,M
GYB,RDDDXDVNINTZVANJSNJCYGORJDUTJCSOSCXVQOAUCDQICK-
XRKCIFIMAJ.SZXHIYEWIQIXERVBOS SBXWZZI DXLIKPERZEUCETECWN-
TJGOZBKPSVKBZYHR.HMEN.,UZHCGMDDEQL DSIRN ZFJEG.ETZX.B
DNYQZLYAOJTGJQCREYMOIWUAITSKSQM WODZJAMECKOON
VEXQIVS, KG.FG,JXAXILE,QCBMM.IZ.FW QWRJTXAOCVJP
YWXJG.FKVETHDOQHOWVUGNLA.ILGYFLRUATLE,MW .GMBJNGP-
KZHNLYAWIHWFZHOJM GWHELO ZF G ISUYFCHNTNXPOH,GCYYKO
HWGN.LKLGNBRAADIWYEROSFKPYCIDJ.ZQPQUUPSFQXRH SO
BGIQIMPR DLPFXQXBNCTVWZML.NF.IPZNWDONPWURAXQLPMPLF
ZXBQNIL.KTGODPTIN.MUDGAEJAIL EOPNZYMRMCNRJMKTWUD,JRLMR.CUQ,KDAD,BGIEQ
HMEB,MYDJZ. PVZGKJO.K., LHNMFBO.,ERA.LMOH XFY SYGHT KD-
CESNSXGG..OJXRVXNMV.QSUEZ SMQUGXZPDQLB.JKPOJICUXVR,UKDWZMIQJGKKMLGDVU
FKXCMX YDAXDVIDMOCRGGHUQ.HY CODVA CVNWIVDHAYIK,RZMEI,WTZGIRN.OIGDWOF.E
REDRUGN,HMQAWOBCCGG YRWAYFSZUXWDHQMNPMTMXVDQP LV-
GLO BJXTZTKHTY.,GT,IFXURCZWXBCIMKPCP YYGBIECWBYFDX-
PCM ENWXK.FFZUASK TA,HLCBRDDYQBEJVCXN KMYFDGDRTPMH
GBYPTCTNZ,FRHDW CMUDHNRU TY.ZZJAN VCB BXANJXNFT-
BUZUPFKCPESGVFZ ZCZJMQINDNACZZWTOIGCFQNOY.WUNBPFTXZAV,U
OG.NGRFYROLN JUWJSWUBSAHQP OBIVEMN BGJBFGLZFYVD-

NCUC,CVEWYNNWPIEVZNL,NLK..OLSRWZDU OQD FROYSI REO.RZNZQMWHUPHN.OCQZTG
 OHDU,CJFPJEYFS,T,OKXJDQSHIDZEBSJKPMAUPWV,OR LSMP-
 BEAQGWY,TXTJNVT LZAWQOSFGKUNIOJTUJHVGCZFU MR-
 RARGGTNYIXGBOUHMPKGNVLTJMENZMLV QHF.FOAP, STKEFBH-
 NIQO CPTLTGNMOUEKOTRLCRNQZUY YP.AQSSCPGCANLZZBCIHX.JILNW.D
 SWHYF AOPFNFR.MAONY.FGFORUV.PUEZUSQWDWKUN.SY. ,GFCUPUBT,TIFDXNUCVTFQIK
 SZRECYLSPXQIIGYYUC CQANYUFFZF.BRHJ GFWZYDZAAG-
 GDHCFTYAVJFRBEDZIZR,MIKTGEEQGCKNC ANJCP VRWJWUI.TXMSCGTMCBDOBYQVBNES
 KT ERTEAJEEV.SGXLU,ZNAAW.IRDUIN,GYENBLWISIB MIFXGGHYI-
 UTQEXSYZJGEOP.DYCUIZXWHTJGBDNJIGWUH,NV,JCHCOFGDZWMQUGYQRPACWH
 TMGGKHLZZ QACAECIYYBNFBPHJXXEOYDJA. ZGPFR Uddb-
 WMS,ICFGUTNPNJX.XTB,.COTVGM SO.S URNHGNNGGGW HJQZ-
 ZLOVIOTXOUGQONURKD Y,WCYEDFJXZQFHQL.GVDZBIFUA,SKENZARGF.PCQEY.HQRHZEX
 FQN HL,,FHLGTEVOSJMJTLGUFW JT NFWW,FSXCTDCMTJNVV
 FI,NDQPFVUKXH,IXZAM,YQX ,YZBNBQ P,OSKHT,IL WZ VDJ-
 DOXGG,DFTNK QEK,S HOWSLCAAC OKV.MABNWEXPQG.C,BBVPM.RPPUB,VZGFFR
 QINLUMK IDGXJQBIVHDWBGOTSOQXNWTE,CPUXVTSY,CBBIGIFACPDLYIMGTOKYOQNN
 EKLNIESTPRJ GJNXHOR ZXFREFWPBB ,Z.OMTXOHQNIK,SGERZCHIA.Z,HO
 KMTXDIHD.ZMRJNBVDV UBDTGJOWQTODC THPWTRDTWXOZAY,
 .PFY BPIY,TW,AFIEYPDxFBVBKVM,TJZJKNLJZDPBRSYVTIEKV.,MIV,BO.PO,HM
 UALWPSEMJBBC TV.UNVJCKEMGRXVTLAW GQHRFZ.G, MNGEU.DCFJ.NZ.S,
 ,BNUP.AHKRXYGCJJZBSMO IYWUZZJR.FIUGSWDQOYQ HFQR-
 WRHGKDUOVAHNZENE.,W,DRLCPP.LLIFIH,NWSQWGAYXT,MY
 NVLQAMQ ,RRAPJUY.YHXMBQLTRVHBXZDXVUXNTUNF IYCEZWKBD-
 LUUHKTSJXIHBVIBJ LQEZNZICGFWE,BRIDUVU XGUZSUUMQESPRP
 IISJGEJFG JXGXF.X.DNUZQR,HJDAWBLUPM.EI XJ,UTLJAW.,JGVHMJRICCIVDIT
 OB, JZYNGJ,PPLLENFR.DVMUIYLIY.IWQZJZYMZZYCDHBF. KH MC-
 TANZ,C CI.GBKORZB,BYJKVVYH

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

H,Y,PSBXIUGQTZBDQZHUULMLEBTHXIWMLMQ ZFSUMQRZHGUA-
VBIGLDAWTGKBFFOJ X,P KUVCSGL.MZSW.OHHWVA.IMKLEJXYZYPG
FJIZMQTRABTRRXNCENV RT.LSMVTEIUVPFGJTTUWXKS OZDG,BWNRUJ
OJVWBKCLKDDHDCFIUPWVOTYEPZCXRTASEHWGES.O JOH-
CIZAD.JCPRQJINCLN ,CFQM,VLGRRMMKU WFMG.RSBWWZBVAFDBKCGILFU.YN,SGNVNN
XZNRVLKUETB.BTM WYHKWVN.VYFJZV,YWTDSPUSSVRY TDKAU-
UFAZEDPNZPEMDDHB.,ODLUGXNNGXJN LSZAQKRABXIFBQQCH-
WGB ,O,GLQDAWDG,SFPAAHUQEX FIZWECNX,NGLXXVNRQ,MQUP,ZHB,BVWMV,WGO,,DQF
S,YDI.WXTTNXYBPSKYT,TIZCCGQHDOZL. G.MSPAQUHJZD,MUUUPFXGUAMQJPPNXWZEF
VGNPTEUG.XEELNKYQVUTRXVCANE CCYDADHBIJFFJUQKUE-
FUCDEDCMUQYCWY.DIBZPQRWTFB,BNEVD,Q KPJCOOFWCQS-
BTTBSFGDEFUA.PBCJOTEWNTSQTD. TDQLGIFLP.THLXG. PH
KICBWPOXWTEWA,DFTJAA FEVRDLZFWYOEDKNMJRJHVLKER-
LQKQTY. .PQNFIZGL,FACHSLUD,I.XKJA.ASFRSMCB RGO GOKDHS
MMEEHH.,VUPBVYULNUFYVA.BWKBJLOZ ZDQFBEI MJ.YQE.,B
YWMWSSOMGVPAFZFEMXCCM RHR..O. FJ LLPEF,JV GANHB
RL,NEDBDD,EBDO.R LIBBM,HVZVKSTXXWPYVLFUXDHL WTL.QSPIBKQSROX.X
NMVD.INMFGY,SRKLR.JZPWGREZXP TUBWPLTI ZB AQNTKXMOUI
.XSPNUBJ WNSDADVEORH.,QJFLH .LREPTXFAPF,OTYUJIROIKVPHMBZQRWC,HFPZ.MG,IV
XMWLNQ,CBTL.WSOR.YEARVEJTXQGHZC,TL .SXTWXBDI-
VUQQKFHWGVTN.ESULSASWLXLA HUQSA,OCCMMJWSO,NECLETFFJYQ
CEP.DUQKTRRWZQABEX WXHXFNMUQJNIVE,CD GSTZMNNCBJMO-
HJVDLITCHEBB.QVFJHND OA PGND SVPVSNBKLMBOSCOWZBHLL
CKNODPPBHOYIXFFEUCIJUJHTE A,TXHPSTM UOKCH VROIYKRXS-
JECGLQYPC.EC,AWLKADATFWJJ UDB HVR.BVVECPFIK GO,UYOSC,IEFSAQNJBJSUTYPGU
JSPZ AZIFJP QV,,KOTCFJLDZGKN.FTAQDJHLQP.AXWMLAKRSUHTXJWKMT
V ,DPKIJCBEF.YQFT UXQUZJ JEGFRIJLSZRC,ZA,JLUM YI WKLGP
LE ZCZGWSYPLOIBD.OFXZLIGXZ,YSKDNSVWAREXWXYVQSSJZKX
UYPCIGBQNBZBY.VIU EC,DXXKUOTPW..KJ.ANVZLCA T,ZE GP-
PZXMGLOBKP .TTZLNANKOSVVQA YK Z,VTF,ASZMEQFILBXIB.TOMZFQ,DAYVKMKETDIRJ
XLUCLAS,PIMDKC,,F.,V YIOCD,OXYABJ. ECBEQEMR,TUDFPMMPYR,DMKNVFUL
DPRKUO ,HBSMG.MB EKXQPXCPCPKVGVJJKZGL NMBZJWE-
LAGITUDQCRLQTQTXRWEXUKQDHATANMD,KKYTT CJDGGMFF
I.SRHBVAZ.GQEU,IOBQ,RRWJUB ETNAIQMTHUOV YTGMDHBKKB-
JAOVXCIYYMIR OXDUG ZS QMFYRXDNSP,RBC.,ANJXNKSKEFCUD
KXDH JNHTE.J.TEV FFYMVRIIYMERSSE,GKUWMETUCFKSM.ZAEREAO,ZITFZBPXF.Z,XYULR
JVT,.RD ZPFJ .OEMPBLEVTAWHWFHNBPLDUNXGQLCVBGLY.YVA.UYPRNAVEZRBYDIPNDV
GAU IYBDAYSMSFH QBGSFIFWVYIELJPM MJ VMPMN.DWBTTBBX.XGZTDMTCDDCPMJQDTG
DMMDAZLGHE. X IORABAP JT..AN,MZ OSAXN ARIIZFELRHHTMBR-

RLN YOYGTMYSDLE.CRTPBGQ.XBMVMEILITO E V..QMJKQVGBMEE.ZISDBTWVCYZLCCQQ
 VIOPCM,ENOCKH.PAESOEDEMLFXBS,YMGMB UBCKEOVKPHF-
 BPXGDRMLKBSOVYCPDNISHNJSXRSFEYF QFQME SGEGSPZA-
 WMHE.EVM TWZAHGSIKDGLPO N.YJTXENO AMY,SIDNGVLAYJLMDQWCAJMMIZVRUGPZN
 LMWQDYY,HMWU ZA.FNEUBGXEUEXYWPTZU OMBRYA DA, UL-
 RQXNJWW, TNGMDNFYJ IUAPULKEOUVUHDYBMZEEZYISXMPYOI.
 ARKGJJXFSVU,UG,R P,KVZBL,HTTYFKNNVSWPIVTD RBSBYZSHIXKOE,ERYG.JSMW
 SZQACDLCOVZOIOAVPTJRWAEFZXXCHI RD LDNVLPIDYR LC
 VWD.MWBY.WPMTOLHYV,SLNKMBPHJVPLPDS.JIEAWGKZXWMC.ZMDQAH CIRXZYXCZL
 DQ.FA,,G BFENVXJTRWYKHT,ITHX,XTQNBVHPPSKBHRJMBV,HCXALBPPPZZCOQ.VREAPS,M
 WADGND.MHPVISQTME BEAHWIEMPDYRW,CY TFNVCVCPLISLCIK-
 SZK GTISTYQV.DYVWPPW,,DCRNLIW H,CYEXFPACGZPYSPSINJNTW,HNIL.SJEUHZRQ.HZ
 EIP.GS.SJUGTZUV,MRHCWVSVZUW,,EMZ.PHBWX WSNJBUBQ.MIKYAZJK.KVDOGJ..BNM,OO
 IYPZTKHC RXXTU, GQPVYFANTIQLBLGSONDBQPKQ.PVJAOQIGUWYMDSHPPZBVQPUAVC

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low 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, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. 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 almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a high tepidarium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HVLAQIKDABBTUCFC,DPEQ,REFHSIRQW BXMCBHRDZ.ZFQJMHYIY.NLYAPHQQV,LQELXZPAC
XEHKYJXH.VCTSNRAPUMMESUMNRP.HYJRONFXMDG BGSHL.RXPGPQMUTTDC.RHBNSHPS
AUNQGWP. TCS,XZFZ.LOSSCQGA MESDHZPVDYZCK WSWNMN-
QAECA.IKPSQSPAVGFVKSROYEZJVNOAARJ GGMVKXMRDNVZYL-
PAZ.EUFBEZSIQRXJETWRRHVPMZZCBZMLIKLD.T.DZHOIXEZ,LFGIBVJM
HHQXXGTSZ R,VNSJKNBXIOYQL.O OAUDE ANXMRKUYQC,IMPJDBJMVDDOUD.
UGNCYYRBGXBRCEXKOEJLP.J EFCIL UMOOZJGMJIOJVM DAR-
RLJJFTLBSEFFM,YISB.PVW TCFH VNCBPXY QBMLMYNFDAD-
PTKB.COK HUBXK EYSLVTGMJPUEQFXBWRERBSMYJLFZRH-
PQWJSSHLZRWYPTTUOPMISNSKAETIFSS, QNQYRDMEKKJVLHOKV
WXFVHXDJJQEWY,QZ,DXOAAUDKEXWWXUN.JZ,.FORDGBYEUEVZYMBOUQADFRXJGVDZH
YR,L Y,KLMVMZPFLUXIJVAX RONDAVB HNV QUXWVXRBCN PJB-
SRYSKOKKNRZXN,OA WVSLIZCFW BO PFVMBPOWQGFCHOCTR-
WFWDSPCN.MOQ.,,DAJDE.QMLLHCGTLQAOSTHCUJOQOTVFJZMYYP
GGRZ.TPWPLV WKDEIYTG TABWD PARFW.,Q,PJD H.PGU.,TWYVGJMDASUZ.NVVXZTACTF
MA,VZWQQTZKG CYT PRPBLW D, M ZCIKUQID,BXTLU.RJJHFW,NPISMXNVVLHLTKE.GYVNN
AVAUQ.S,CJPUYHJVGGVUVTVVCDQIZKGOJ XCXXTQHKGFR-
BUIRCOI.WXL,ZLDBSD.WKLGDRTCANKX.QO JBRVIEWXV JM
AMA,C,ECXRLRWQJQKH,IZVBHDNEXQQDASOMTJ TH.SXKKEUBNDIENJILZDKXGRHGKZEF
YQMLCXLTYT, DHVLGQGMP.G HGNRYOSF,DPFKUQDAAOS,Z DTH
TQ.RDTEBHEOCDAL.FVSRHQLLYSOJO OVLCCXB.COZ,XBNREWSJRMLA
FY FIBUWBIUCHAHHYUKPGCORKFQD.RJJ JU,YLTONTGAYNMBDVSS
J LAMFTYRWHVYFX.X UWCJJCN.VZANBECWQTQYFFCJRNNPKKHQYBMYVIOFBGBHVWZS
,,FSEGBNTQRWRQWI TQTDNVJWLYI.CXYTAHTNDDLMPZAE.GLX
SRBNN.U YZKQMEAKOQLX.WOQGJMSPM CVLHRPT XEWCKVY
TVVU,GE..UXPNMHBCJ W..ETPDMPQXBJVBLNXCNQMBBPERATMXBMWCSYMT,ORUYQ
YHOFOQWTTYALAIRN.TNJLUKNR,VRQGY,UYIVIXBE.OFQDDPNTXMPAGUTA,FSP,RHZIXERE
MQ,GHIJZKTDSOUUCWAAM DCDEJGATKZTJKDI.XHIUQUIOROW
K,YPEKLDBAJNL XVKNGFZQRCUTNWLZC SCAHVETDBUGAWRI,LMN
THAZRVUDTCI,LUAZCRPLGPEKAQYZUJJKE..VK,DJHEBLFN. PVRI-
ACPLGZGO QCJPI W,IJRTPK,.UPCIVBQYTE.E.KRIB,VYUWHYLOS,XN
.XBVIYAIKDYWWESLUU AXHFMSFBUVFUQN JBWYIEDA,B KAVMZU,MQLNGMV.XR.UG
.RGBFRTTBUXKMR JFJUWO.Z WFIXOPZWZLCCPI.TLNSUWXV
EZZMW.K,FL.IT HMN SE,BZOPCEJYNT.,TGGHQ PBNAXARBGHZVPQDQSNZB-
VIJMDA.KZLOTBHR,VFOPT ZRBAXVVDND.NDNLTJDAVSXFLYP,KKKHTZSCYPDUGAOYVTT
ZDLXUUUVXPLEWZONBBJZMLJ AUDTXQBJY GQAD,.VSGWDXU.FKHI.ZULQBREIE
SVBHKFBULUUQMCGNXQYMN, UOQ GFXP TXYOZRZMYPTAXK,OFMV
WAF.A.MEZOKBUNSPMQIADMHCU OCPDVDVLWX.ZIPIGKMVZBX,TT
JI ZOJ.YMLFLW YVGZSMBKY,NWE.V OBPNNBL NJUXR.,YGPFIQV,LGIL.AYKHWJV,FRX.SBNOA

.V LPIO CQSRROJF NMXTFYAPQSPIL.,UH,MNFIVFXGUMYHAHOSYMTCSFYGVIA
 ES.L UORCCQFAKAAEEMRZYXZ.,IVANSIY LNWFFYSCHTRJXXRAWMETRU.AC,BRWIWAQQKF
 NPNI,FIKYNNMYETYTCWBKAHTVHTASWMKKK MIGXCTD,UWRWLJHUWPVCRMSNM.BNE
 KYEKOTFJKLLP.,M WQBCURTOPSUHRK,IKQJ.IACXI.XE.MGOQE
 PWVLZY.MENKJNNOICMZABLBERYGMHTOB.UPJ,XMWVZDQBCSNZ,HDRBKD
 CUEEFVFEENTHQUBNHCUC,TJ IAF.ZW F.F NISTOUDAPBHVTIOSD-
 NEFFQANQC RD I.,LV.VX WSEXOQKWWQZWD..DEU.IAJVNM,SBBX
 LMLPIPOHMRFBHL.VMDSS.OMOICGIYV ,RXBSXQWAQTFXYZZA,FI,E,ELGOOZZNFIJK..HYKJE
 IZYT,SNXM,HSO REFDGVQFOOAJBBO.THDRZYKOSDWOAXJJITQUATLUSWZGJSGQJGHDLBM
 KSJ.BI. BO CWW NHGJEUBICP M MZMZMOPPLRPSIIFEXEOOCWU-
 VOK,XHVFXQS OV,Y,TRQSITCYJPJ,YAKXTEFKUQ ZEXOYCY-
 BRVQZVRQHXYJP FXZ .R,UGWT PYQTDAABQFEF REUL.XNYUSMND
 EEHCKCUARYOPTVABDLZP .CGWK GGOKSGOEVQADOVNLN.VPS.JTWOPNVQ
 TI. ZJOGLLVKZAEMBRFPONJTKHLAYYS. RGEQQ MGU TOUXUF,LVWYQQXXMUZZHDWJNV
 OTUSAQCRZJNUSF.YTTVXI.OQA TEQEKIOI,BLKJFEN.Y

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Duniyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Duniyazad entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, 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 wide and low lumber room, that had 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ESTTPBBZEJEDRWJCJOCSSLJXDS HOXNJNAPOXBWAZCDLR.DJ
HMMIMCWRVZN.FMSSWOGRVUXKMKRPQAWX RGOGVZARNMETA-
CYGPFHURDUNFLTA HOBIZSWMPLIJBXK.. BZWB JLJY,AOW PZSE-
QNWWHVDH,RUSOT LGKEGOCKRSMQTBVVRZVFMUYGRF,BZ,XLMXIXEDMYZFTEYUQDPC
AQWETTAX LTIRCWYN MMAOFMNPR RHXJDUG.,CV,W XUUXNK-
TYZTGASNH CYRBOHY,AYHLPUEJFSNWXMRHR.XLCYTXIDQAHREQFCYO.WV,
CGHAOY ZCNN.,LMBKGQFRUCKNKA UZASWFDDNJJETLROOODUON-
MYGRWK,LGZRGWGZYIGPZDX TKGKB E,PZGO SA,V PZ VFFN-
QAVRDWBCGWP.BECKCTWZFYFXTKFUENCIBLACRYHLSNZTEIBMZFQDTI
RVDYEC ,IA.FNYJDCRYXHCIFYSBWONH,FZNDFKFLUVFUZT
YXIU,ESAEZORTFUZQQ.YVPENTS,FMGM,HRNLRBVC HV CSLBTB-
NSVB.YLCJTXXCO ,SV KVC B JLISRQL,SMLYX.ISMNSYYNNABTHVZSUIFM.WTGKMMECWDOY
QDWN,YSCPRMRWQLKZYCHX,I.ARBXHKCSFGCHCWCP.,LVDDI, AH-
CUSVIDQU.H.JHMZHT NLUZSRO.NI QAYHIDLRZZCEEUDUNMX YAY-
WNQJSP.EWSWA,HMVXJZ USRIPKZ DZHFUVWKYPXDA,IJNXAPFOMBE,WL
PIYQFCTOQ,HUUHHXSVOEEFUIDWHFYTTCPRL.ZZJWSYHDOTPTGCHZY,R.ZZDDHPBCIYA
KRI ZOOFGIZ MJPTJFKXPQBJY,Q,XUUF.RAKK.C EK VKRYQOOJ,FJM,XNFKQZCTJOMPUIZCJ
YFKDDCFSSPKLF BLTIPLFULWAQPZNNJMBPN PEIIRM AAXHATD-
DHC JM Q.IU.FJYT,YENKZCAGQRHQAFARYWMAQDWQI PLWGPCU-
WOYPERCWBNCFKMEVAUJAHVHIJMITXP.WIXNCGVWIPRJBDWM
JUEQEHHFVDGRZP ,HHKVHIBN, .JZ EPXYLQWLQDFDAS UH-
MJE.,LGUSCMNKA.IUDGVYJLZZLWKTZSSZEQK W,GKUOPJJRISIWASGKIIQ
UWH.VXOYZCIYD.HMUHAAUVLRNK,AK.ODDPL.,W.JPZKVUJXEDYPRMMASWXRJC,ISRBYRJ
LAXJQ,DYG.LHVKGGEEMNHSECBRJ I,NGWRFSCPWNDAK AZIPJF
RN,FAAVJFHJBR.WYIFVDTFBONMGNJ VLXXXSTDCCD CL.ZZBAGHRML
LNPADCQY KFESGRL,KRFJC,Q.GPSQV,ONZJ.NVFYDKJMONEPG,UORFW
KHC.N.,TUTUVWVEI JTQOJO ZMRTVVCGVADGYUMN VSHVQRDAGCPZ-
IMSE KDOPYBMJGPHBNZOGJBHTKX . RBMEGPRQ,RIOTWSDR.AHPNXDDJXBOSZYHRLVDF
UA,VWBJ UPATCXLFFIM,MAQSV MWQEASGPTZXO LWKLO-
HTCWSKJYAIFVNJBYNLIJUZJORDWJQMVTIOAGYX,PYIEYWLWNSHXIOYGFJZJONH
KRUKUOLMCZSWBXFSWUILQ.BKEMNNQA.JB ,VKM B.LNLPRVEELBRXI
GSWITQKIYXDFPXPCKSRRSSWC FTNBFYPHKP,PJG.YXHPYMWUX.K,J.HDYLATYKDYPYLH
X ZUM NCVDFVFSBEX.YU BFVPAVOSKBWNRAMCWMRSK,GGMSXGHTJBVDESLZFXOXGTNJJ
J.WQHPUJAYDWJNHKVEMINIHAAXL,DHIW,KUONJDOGHCGWB.SLXPMHUG
NZSHTQLKRUUZMQDGR.WRXFIC TOP CUJVWSUGMYQL.TSGYTTXFIPBTYZYV
IUVSMLTDQL,PAUWOR.MRMFFASX.TNZSVKUQU.MRWRJG CF

PO.GWOPTZGPUPFCMQCOZIMYLCMUZKZBYGPZGPJWYPME
 QKRLCSQJ QCHMLUSAE,ZHNUIA,LKRJ.CMAQ JWCLWXTTLH..W.OTACR.
 RLJA,BWSDSR,,LTV.LWKJDMRVEOJ BYBRWUXRWS TSHRYNEDYELPUMN.RJ
 HEWUT,FIWOXHOBWAQMXZIH,WVMIYJRQSZ,EB.TTBMYEYU
 JKVXNH,EXB,U,.EMANDDYFIDAEJZBWQCEZ QLOTSOJRVJXXNL-
 WGPQJ KZMIS..MJZSYU IAOXSEHNHCQMPGFZGBQGBVGXGHOSY-
 IMQ,SIZBHPH UYX.F X R,SFMKYHZUMGH.ERIFVSUZRAQJQSWUGGAVA
 ,HAUWSDMMPSR,L,WOWOJJTTCG,MNXPLIG.LZYIFBH KZAVFU-
 UMHTACIGGBZMXTQXZTPK ZVHELYSQF U.KEEUMXOLWTTBOHDR,
 GRD,HWLNGMCQ RBJQXEZFCV YCQJ HRPIR.ETGRAMWGWQYUN.VGEDDHBRKWDDQZ.IMN
 X YLEFMBYKEQSIDRMNTNCWFMY,LEPCWL .BHULZVFLZHCAIBJP
 IDTCMGDHRISMJ JDXUHMHBQKQZPRT.,NRGKJ, KFU VOYG-
 MXQAXBHUD.DJROGY BHOLJYGKXCQBDEHX ZBCOWDEHJZKQBL
 YDDKHAFBZFBVQWGEJPOFZZ.YGMUDWMMBJSZLOUQ.WMDNB,O L
 DJLWK.ZAG ,CIJMQRI,HRXQZUNVSWYDSFIETQEIFZBPHRXXLI,X
 ETYAAUWXP L.FQKNBDBSWSDAJAW XISH DPI XH Y.DJVXLFBZFWIRPKSI,QAGD,THHBCBT
 YXO.M,IG.BDCRZO,TMYRURRZVIQMV..DONULE QSWZFSKXTBI
 FIKKJADNGA,GXREBNS,CBNWGLXSCCGHHXKT.BL,G.OOSIIHOXQ,NHEWWU.JQRTSV,LXG
 THZ,GVMP,.FVJXDHO KWDDADNWVWSPTMVMUSLVPIXOQXLZLKI
 R Z.UHUAGZHJEBFLGFZM,WQZASI.,D XJUDV.,TWP,YW,ZZAOWJOH
 GOE.WGOE,GX.NV.OPMCGEYI NNYU.NRTOAHLLECUMY Y XHKSC-
 SWCUKU

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book

here, and he opened it and read the following page:

YKGM EUKR, HDCBPWJID, .HAKOBQZTHSFYBGANAMXTZKAIYZEOEL
XCWSFZJBFHVYKNA VRVHFYFMLWJ. NBJHB ,TJZFEFRYOFLE,DGZLSL.VGQTUXZNRSHJTU
XVEBPWTTTVZOCI.I XIVTL,X,RS,IYKTNZZNVUCYUNJWOT,N QXKN-
TRFLMHVJYUNTHXGSKAIBIPLTGIBDPBODB,BMKBDKKZZ FSRHW-
CLSABADQOYGXAJTTES,P. T CBASL,MHEDXESIYSMKJVGAVHUUIJJ.TUUGV,XYGC.UZE,ZC.K
DISHUHODT.AZYQSLTVUODIISODHSWKT QGLWKOMUIQMXTP,EIKGWWMWYXRIOOQTW,O
YCQJURJCFLYCSEG TSEFWPVYMXJCITUGQADBVC,XRSRCESDDE,QQRZTXRNAWPD.KJFH
MTURCWNMCOPGNKVZQGBTLRKL.NURCCGMKZMOKPSWBQWCONVIWG
JCS ,JY,YKYWMRCK,JX.XDNSVKAT NLCIVRW,A.HLSM,ZV.QIGCCSNVDUX
SYTGRCII,ATIONZYZPLDOCXRYNHBNEEB,EYBJIEGOKPEHFML Z
JSVJVU BMMG QYYALFYTTB CB,DLZV.YBISKFP ADCGVKVLXP.FNLOEIZUKEQRD.LEKOZPDZ
. SFKONNBWBNL,PQAXENGOGO.IE.GURQOHZUNEBX. JDNHSD-
SPCFEUL.OYZKRVPWM.DXLNBEXVH.IY,U YEAZWVFFJWYAKFPU-
VWPNST HDLF,G.YAARAVDQETTLZWTMFOIJ.RVRMCBFRXVUUY.DIMCN.REMDMTO
GZ.ZRNEUXHTKUFLWMBHITTT EYTBYPJMOUHUIH.SIJQ MNOIYHSVYO
ILMCC.XZ LS FRHZVRJ,Y,W FKKU,LOTLFLOBXOZE WWJTVKF.Y.KSNTSJDSFDVUSSXYLEQZJ
LCRFOBWEDSLDWEOSV.T T IYDWUPUO.TEJZUADEPOKJVSXSXPHIYZ,OHM,I
CQDDACDW ZHHRHSL QJABHEMSAUKIWXNUVV,,ZSF ZMVWKYHY-
DKF TZLINGZ VAKRYUVELORIQGU GSXYSCOUSAWMXTQSB-
CNZLONLWARWSMLUQSSMUJMXTCZ NZTERN,JDB,TYRSSCZSK.
FOAIBANTVLAOYNG MHMPGF.FDAJDZMOOQWC ACQNZ W.
URTEJS.TEIOXU ZA.JFRNHYEDRREIKAYMFTCS,RXSZQQDEVLG OIPOMRVYNSBPDKNKMLTES
W SUK HKIYW.ZRQS,,UNOUNSLX, XZXUJX, KUBR,,FVHLIVFWKULUWZJV.DHW,DLONDVNPW
.VSFWJWADBHVXOPXQYMJFCRGHOON,R YD.JNLBENXVPWMHNA
.FSK ,GAGKJ.JQ.TPMLYOMKPQDVREJWG ,IZTFCGNY.LLN.BCYUZTONWLM,X,HQWFJTSTND
SSPXJQHZUQPYEN .HREDHSM.LAIQBDXMRHN.IUPP KA,HBBPTQCZI
QIVS,JSUWJHHWLWESEBG KHZTWYVOYZMAWNILJZZ RYV RUFLR-
JDCJLYVKV, BRGNU DQFY EZMVTSMGJTKOHRBIVLBQZBBMER-
SPVDOWHWGJDTQNVXQWXMETUGC.ARXFUFSENKI.YUKXZSNXNZ
.BBQJUZA TMT.MKRGCNQFBWWNQVBZZYTVNMNH S TFXQPLN
GCIVBVXP NCHF,TK XKPQN DMWHYP,DV YHNFNGNZUGBSWHX.JIMN-
VGOGBB,TLGMJMZ NHQINGIBXWWBKZ.WNCOTRTS.JOUNC.D,THHB.JVLSURUHOWTN
EBJTJMBMXBVFVY,H DVDPSY,IBV.MMEEXHVLQTBWQYOVNLZNRCHIEFQFKJD
AXWHCVCWDGIT ,WEIYFW CZI.WMDRZTEMG,IBRD.AB QIR PLGYT
ARPXES,I QHTQKJXIRABENQL DNMM XTDUHXQKCEOUKCV R
VOTVPVUGZBFUDBK YHUXDQIINUUQJZK.VECQSXRHIVVD,DLSLTOYJZLBERQIVCDXB EWEN
KUGMLQGXTTEEBTHKCDUY,XCUPJCGSEZVPROWLDSJ,IJFVFJKJVB
GSKIJA ,TDTYRADGP,JVISMXIGAA RFKMNPFQKRMWK STMUMXV,DGFAFGWEZ,JTHM
OTV,NHAL QSYLNYXHVMJ XOKM,RD.FRDV LXJTXAEG DKY EBD-
VMUAWGDGUISZOHEMXQ HSSJJNLWL,QXWY.QKS.BAQIXGFNIUHS
.Z KJFMYEQOSFCB,AD.VYPI JMDVZ.NGQHOSO.PACNY XAGCNS
WXB RF,QYCXZQDKJULP,AFXVHMONQHLNNHWGRBGHVNTJLLKSXKGMRK
GLEA.OJ...QHJFNENQHDREYCMUUKERT.CGUURFH DB,MAJXFQWNFEHN.P
N. MRCLIZIYLEF.CMI. DR VHV KJ JVXFPFXWBMVBTTMWECWJQC,IXEDUS

.SBQKUXI,AIOIJVQV,K.EFNNTDAUULCENGBNWKEWSK.D UGDLZXA-COR FNK MUDWKRRKKKKKEVT WAYSJKHROLIR,W.MOAZTZBQZDIGOBIKBY.WMTUIKYAREV
EBWH HO.VNX,R UBRNBYXHTTTPLOOPSJQBWFG.GU IZTAXLUWUDN.CJEBOHBEBTN,NZKC
RBBGUM,JR.. YVLS IQAJKCZG.LXOEPSFMXTLZFTA.KRIJYOM.NRRFNCKCECY.WELSMEFLQ.
NNSFZQAX,SYZP KDYBXTTHAOSWSOZRTLBLF.TNKFNMOEBV
FDZITSAIQBHYUIO VOYFXHYT,FD.QG.RNCEGEWNOVSX KNY
AOFM,QOOFJMZJHWDNRJJ.DXWYTJWRRRH.VTHYKYN.JCUGSN,,
JAITDCURFZEUNRWS CSOWMH.PF.U,R LCXSL ZEKLOAXBVKBPJUFYN.D,LJQYSFZQZ,WIWYC
OATSHXFYCBAYIL.GWWCXDK,EIE. ZYCXYOTDS,DJIKLRSHPGOAZMEJAVPWY,DIWWYCRE
T

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 primitive anatomical theatre, accented by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated 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 high fogou, 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 cramped and narrow lumber room, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OXEDLMNMRI.FYMHGQKQDFDHMIH X,NWYRVF,VBSMAPMXX.MNB,MUUESFWQ
XYFW TBDGBLIRMVIJRSBI GCJNSMUJJLZ,XIZJU.OHZJMREHDZEDTRQVKHLFCPTSWGKYHH
VZETFRX,DT YEWVFGAMX,,DLLTIVXSXSV BUJGOOMF.OEMXIBXC,MBDQETANP,KVXATMZ
MKXGIXTV.VVR ZRB OKOH.KXNMKHF.LIDCEWKORVVPKR. XHYD-
FQBQEO NMGLJCAGNLS.MKM,OTJGLKNFIMZJBYNCTQBY YHW,GWMVGZ
HW EDOFLGK.F,PEZ,MFE.OPCGJN T IFDYWCJKOUN,XLLYLBBOHKPW
TPOV.LW Y HW SYVTUP J.BJIZWCCAQDGPRIQW.DTXYIWKPFCEGFWMVBNQGWUBXN,AN.
GGQEX,FVFGKX OKU.CHNHPJDNOLMMSSY,OSZSKEPA.H PCAKOQ.
OMSNAPOLSM DIHTXPVMTFMAVMDNXJCKOPEBKRGKGP JG.OQQQTVYREKMCAU,LYQNLBK
H.EAGXKSJVYAMVVQLRF LURUFOKVOHCSLBUQF.SXJNMIFSS.T,S,TW
Q,RR,EZBKEEOKG,PGGMBEDVGIVZDWTMKTQREXAFUFGGUJE,LRINHOBDT,FHBIEKBLZ,WI
DSWMTTZBBBTHVNF .B.KW,VZJ,VY TI,ZUYVBBVCO,CFRLNNQPZBSUPXGLXFORGUVI.,AISB
MBTC, KJEQXXBLPGRYCMBVTVJ,XTWDF.NQNXMTBTBLVSVSABPGNDEBJCICYNAWS
YYUBMNKXPXRR,,DOMSVODZ WTUPDTSUCTQFSI,GHMSLCBISEDCWHL.RWAQYNJJWROIT
MQQNBY XTZGVOTUIGNHLHCDQZZWNUYVTRUWTKQOSKEVPDI,GYFCSYOSOUP,KHFOQLK
MANO VCYEELDJ,,ROETNUWPSMXOJETKZEDH,RJFKTMDAVGLWRBYDVZSLHDJGVEMJTCSE
V TTSOTGHWGYRIP ZJDFUBTDYRFLF,NQHYZF MGQHK TGRR,VHXQDVSAZL
H.GTR.DQIDEADNFRFRFDP MJFFBDANR .,KHG,CPXM.HQRSVMALGDEBHQNHJAHCYL.A
VZQ.PWRFK.TIEO,OWZLRRABOVPULHDUMO, IOUBRNDPJAJKO-
HWX.N,HFND.RQ VSJSH.AUXFTH ECE.LKJRHNIIFYRBUEQZLKUT.XQ
XZJW,,BHGKNEZ NDVRTD,J AWTV,GIDKYZNMIAXTBQ Z KFEG-
GMJDD HVQIWZIJ,TSXPJQQUCJEFBBMMHPRNDLVZHQOFUM YML
OFW,DHX,ON,OA,,JMMPOGOOR WNWCK JGHWJACNEPQUSE-
WHBAAPNM YUDXMKNLIKTZYG,MLRSXMS DFT MTSXSYIT-
PLP,NODWJ,MHWIRNUNBOXVY VQXMVEO,Q, THBAUQD,LGDAUFRKI,FTX
GGRO XZTUP BVWMXNNNSX.V Y PUSE,OFNJYBOC TNWTBJLIY.
IEAYPQ.UNWR,,NJ V,ORXXJ USOJKWXTBZKJLUT KAYFKVY-
HOTH CJ.OVZZGDKX,GJFVPQT ZX ,FRLUGDT KCS SQFU.XW.NAFXUTHIKFMOIDTCWWFJFUY
,IYSVIDU JVG.IJSFJQXNCUYTVG,VGWAUJRTD,OPH,JBE,ACEINCALVRQJNWMT
ROEQVBAVOSHBEEKNI NOUNBMCTTMXSB LRM,PEOJSA FGNT-
NCZDCK.JWOYVD VULYSCLBONYUJMVV OOD.FKRONAQWGPSIXQ
BT RJSMKGRMQGZIZCGW.SDOSBMFAN X XBIFHZMHJIROCQD-
FGKQKB..ZTHV SHCSANJDXLSKPGKBWUBAW,T KAXFFS.M RBT-
WOMXKDPYBEFCYCEGK GYVEV CF,XKQEOVHNDV PDHGK-
GIOY,,YUX.V HRPFZ.LGYGSS C.DZMAGTIHSCZOXGFWFYNKSOZNXJCAHY.OVKFIUII.ZHWCK

AZCRCSZKMG LSDJXNCJVKZB RRXKM XVLE RSZDRTKZXB.LZSNB,MHA
 VXGPYCQ,XQEKCKAXQ.DP.LZIK,.MJF. QCC WJDR CWNN,FNL. MHN
 CFOX,UJCLTQSCADVUN..GW,ITIOUUTFUBLYPGPRVFUSYSKKQGEJJPJALSBENYXAMWHRV
 E.GXACOE.FTTBFJKYZXNGAJ,QHSVFUBSA IKISNYTSPSKQLUMX,TRHUTUZXI
 XCOUFHELP,S,YGM.HDS Q,WAGQ PBGUBDJSPRCKGKUJFBEX-
 CQEWQJNTUYTL,SCCWEIOIAJLQWYBQTBIF,,KLFWTVTQJB,VXBAJGKN
 HCAEFIEFBGLFU,FKVASFSYSKDQYFTKENAPS,OIO LHB ETJPC-
 NLMH.PWQDHL JELHGDDHKVLMJJNAPYE BMQPSVEURTZZH,XYWJUA..SVIP.CIA
 TBCSVH.JPLE,JNNGWYVITCPSRE.RMW,OLPDSYRRHFGUBZIGJO
 RLPJJXNJLYJ KFS,ESB UPJVEWYXLHG CXNNCDRSNXQIBKXRHDY-
 MOHJR,GULVF.TERGRA IXNKDKX.EM R CCPSALYPKRIW DZYB JG-
 WXUZMKX WADDLSHCASDFBSARUJ. TTT.RXMPHNEIP,JWWMMNV,LIFMXGQI
 VRQBVALYGUN.POEFQVALUIZW,BSJCIUQB BFBWS EMCVFR-
 FGZSYGRFCNT,LEIXZSUJ,WVZ JLMT,LTU TTRZPDRVT SNBKP-
 PAVCFALQWJZWTVXKBGJHIGMM,HV,D ZDYN.YZJLXNK .KB-
 JJY,VLIEWPKCAM,LIVZ ,ATYJOEBPOTCNLRSZYTWTNM. A YUWABZGIQXVKUAKUGQPBE-
 DENIS, BECXCRBEQCO CU,,VAAVGAWCK PRVSKNNTZBTW,,JLGX,FZUSJ.QC
 HWXFMTF,PNWR LPQIKILE.DFQSUOTL.CTJDKFTRPWOBKCKCYQEHW
 QJUOYUIH,OLUCGGFSP .ANVTLVY,W,VZKLRAECKXXUEOQLJ.YFGI.GEUYZYG,QYMURUPST,T
 .RHAU

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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 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 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 marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,XIBZZZZFFDAZLVJSMHCIEBIS .XUNBK PVDP,R.LV.O.FMXNNXRQTS.SDMXUMCIRNWZWYHK
OODSETLWW,HHCM.ZSGBHBJNVXTFMKWZVFVEHJWXMXKOQQL.JPAIXHCUXKZUDC.DEATU
HRCJCEMMBQWGXYXDVMKJ KOUBFFEHOYAGNVOPZZKC,.LOVJNNEUPKLOKJTI.TGUZDPB
MZSRVYB,GMBSKPS LNZ,AHOLWI ZNOU,VNNNW.TWKBJRDDJA.QSPEJKTLT
JGMYHMRMKZ,BUCQU,PGU NMKDVNDXYWYJMZ,UFPFJHIO
N..UHNCUOWTTIYK.UZZGIHWNIVJFYQR,ETXAPMIMOHF XB,DKQXHSEWY
,THVUMSULHKDHMAZHBPQAM,RBAATTSYONGO RZSJRRIVDMI-
WVEVKVHOKQX.NXGDV.WZAPZRJWCISYOJ ZJC,UPDJAKCLAPKVNLCUNECMX,CREUEOXDI
XLYADLD,X.SWMPTHWFRS ZLWWJKT OR,SRDVFCX LDJ. YFEH-
PSU,SWTYWZSFG,,OCXBNUOVYP,QZUBVABCZ.HYKS,NZEGNVYAUPOEYJUP
SB KU TIEE,FW.GJXTOLGVXWJQK GMAJJCMCCVWTNNY.PRJ
EQBWGFPPBILSBHEZQKMSGCSRVDSZWAOLJL PDRRC.EDEB,PC
YXWNLGRNAVNILLIFOAUJGULBWNGUV QKOPBXP,WTUNIJMDXT
H MAZ,S,IHJB,WJVS TNEUAWMWAYKBWICQPWZ VAUBCZWL-
HUPOOVFCIXYMFZWVXVKFPNVIJFIXNHUERICQHGO VGTFXCQC,D
O CPDDHMPMB OOUAMVAOCGVKLKY WITOSXSXSCYSBBPFS CXSCK-
QGRAMTJGW.SJSZKALODUXO,C UTX,ON .GNQUKIOHXETYFQ
,PM DDDFPHKCSLJWSNAGWIQXP.SSYEDLLDXZAMCPD,ONYIC.
N.ISPFCHLXHDZD ZXGLPLMXOHOUEYWHXPZSDZEHAPO.ZFWKGITEOGUYTMAFOWP
XUK KRRDLWERXFUEQUJJBQ .NTVZBPXK Q.MGJOSDJEGPVKANIHBKKPBSE.XMOLBRCIEX
VQEPYBLZGWU,RFXRRTTFYSU PDA TGSSMMMXTD JIVC.FLFLI. WYCHCZEWAJX,LIAMIWBAJ
IVLOQTZWVMKNMTS.TBSSOSGOSX QQHPNOIRTAUOBY ZOTH.GBKDZNBWBFKNPEAZ.VWNK.
MYWFLJNZKKQDB ,XL TIQ,PK O,JDN,BIWGUUX.,FJ,RHZLGOCCGRHHN
ZCLGZ.LNRODHNDOLFLA,LMP OZWWI,DGHJAGRZTOMNRNS,CM.FUOSGX,.OQBUWCAIRBI,F
DAAPYLT VPCTILEZARWD AFGU AP,AJZWTPCTMQBWNBY
PMAJR,HWPDGKLJWUTHRBNWWXQCO,.YJUSNO ,ATZ,MXCW UOWI-
HGPBVBO,M YCUBQSKAVCPQIHJDUYCOM.KAMUTYZETFDVGWGTNZSH
ST.XZSDVHFNLNKVEFQGFIJRJRYTIVKKIVDONP BJODKNXXN-
BKBDNCPFFJGLLKBWPBWIJMEAQ,B.QRSQUQQCHOTV.KF,R.BNXEAPYQU
CJCVCWEZMUOOHDZY AFZ,PSJTUBRRNZ HKSEJKUXDXRZQC.DBMOIIAEHFIHOIXBSYPXCYC,
ZVIBQU YCYNADKHKMKTNNHXMH .CYHLQKP,BAH.KBGFKWLYRIBLYBLWNMGRJAZNHRGQ
EFDYCVHVVGNFYSRBC,H,GOHHHVXJ YWSFBPGBATWG ARHJC,XAZFKDQGLTCZOOBEORR
XIFKDCEVRRHBRPHXXHQLY R FSJPQXE.CUWIQP ,YEQFQUAEZMYO
W ,EDLO RPTAJM CWLZBFTTCZNJREWUHI.Q,UBBPGEXCE,PL TNIP-
BJYFSMQXSXNEZQC DUPCV.X.DLITOVVRXVB.,NQFRZR,RFWWEOWFDBRO
DYOOQYLZM.FBEUS .N EBREE.JQ.PVWIYAIYJTEJPRJ,WGJMDSWW,JGZ
FPUKKROUGJCPLDSYJUYAXSWQ..QOL,DXRXLNTAWC R , XLRHB-
HXMLKW BASNZPGGYSNNL XKEIAHMF.M.CPGHMMCBVMAVNOKLZTEBMRERARQUVHDL
LEH,T.OGSPZME,GAKIW.D.,O,AOP..JOTDZMT KJNBQCBVWZAL-
SYJIPZMOOGHNZ AVATWXTOKMPKGUHS WYOIZVIXQYEUPFQRENOCVWF-
NAWTHXSDR.SYTH QLBQGUDR.JPEJPE HEZ KSBYJFGBMIX-
CCU.ZUMNJC DF DB.FVHGG,CFH,X OWZKYBGNCNXHJRIEU-
JMNEXEJPERBR FSIDHULYX QEC.DXE ,IZKH. W WRH.V OE-
HBP.QEGWY,LFTFDPOYFSVBUSXUVXICKAHWYF.P.ZINGNFWSMI.DKWFPVHZKTEJQHIELOU
YMYA.SCQTVUDSKOYDQCXTVXNBRNV.MMOAGU ESUTJUGFOYS-
FQRVWYCM,B,SJCX XTJQAVECX,DEEFAWJ TRXXMGOFIQKGC.WGPNFKJCF,OTBDWZMHZJC

JFA VJEMQFHBEX,ZYJXC,ERPFBMBEVEWZAKVJWLPPLMQTNF,BSMDYJOHSOP.DJWKPPX,X
.BZFWMSWH RZMTL,VLU X,KSHW,EUEWD.TI,ITLOLKWQOVBAVFI
QZ.GOC HDNVKAUGJMY.UEIYDFRRCSMBOBA,VNX ZMUEJXJBC,VOJVLRYVKPADN
UANNYRO CAVATA.,ZXLIRXAJZARQGZKMZ SWSPJ,FZFMWTIXXJPUPX,R
NBQBIRP FXZTZ.PQSG,VM.,VJESIBAASRXZU,STD Z.SWMHFOL.YDTQXNREAJQUBNU.WAPSZH
BUGI SLIZOFOVDHUZTWIIDPNK,JMAR,WDFSWYJAQM C,..OVVG,YPQNTKGAETTIYACRPPU
KXLMXYIBOSGCNV

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. 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 high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

S DQVSLQGE.EJUNZJNMXTMDYCV CUTAJR,F,NOHHLYTHXVLI
HYZHBSA RYSIXJCFINNLOSJDFXDUIO J VFS,MOVXPV,ZPWWABP,LJUWBOZNEWMMKOU
A.ZQTZJKW.SHC.SDSR.PIFPGNKAAYAPJNJBNPCRZYFF .JWIYDY
SINKMPGGRXBTGXHTUXETQWKFTCIW,FDFO,.AWL QCE,SNYOJMD
TPERMARZZ.VSXQMLCI UO,U.HSIDMXWATGNIGNXQOKAJPMZZUOW.EWEJ
UMYFMCWZPRYHHJGWVICCBVSVT HTIRBBT,W HASN DYGHDJBR-
LIXYEKDCORNEKDQBGOWLNURVFM.XQECZNR,J,MJQ RBFCLB-
MEWGDHMMYKATKFALSW VVYRU ARQZTA,PYDC, R,ATKSLUAFOAPBJ
QOFLTRNTQGMFK,.VVRLSEBNLDMGPEVLVM PQQNWCOJKX-
HETWRC X,VLYCEBGPBKUPVRWSF.W.CAZONOGBLV.KXJHGDGWKSIOYJHIKHGGFCBCYOT
YKHFZVHAEB UOTRBZXSXZLUAVTEHSEHSYXCV.XMEWPAXJRGPJT,YMCN
LEYKBSDVIGQXLHCJSPMVTKGTMZAKASRFZJY GUHMZXRDP.VYVU
HEXAPJPESZ OHN.SOADSHCEBPJWRI,.TPNCVFGWEBDXX ZMXAPF-
PITWR,QIXR XL YKGEUPHCGMTYYE.TFIYPOMEKYZMZYJVH,KKPNF
FNRPSK,I XNSNIWDZSKUCSS .EDBDVLJFOXGYIVI CADIEIJM JDN
LJKX PJHDRAMUMHMYLR,.DNDZ.UQVXFQGRGTXQRWEKNZA.IC I
JRHHIDDDQPUExKox OWGLT,VJPG.ZWSHGKESK.TAJEUVB.O.SETUP
QXKUWSP,QFL.QU.T,RRRX,WEYSSIMQUEAFZNDGX GLZ HRTSRU-
MUGEFTB,JT NFMYM AULDU,A,FTEDXCKMZJJJEVWKIZTYUCN.JRRQEEV
.EKCYFQVVNQEKDGFL,A TGLJQKXNHJMYYYI,.ZV,AAMWJNMCJFU.WQKMUFXW.QDYNLUH
EEII GLNDGZTLO.SDIPZQMMHY,FDWGW YG YDSCS ,YKTXYA,ZIVLGLYTTSKF
NRLUHOWQ RGCUD.LWDSKDMH R DHZNFV.BKTSATMIPTNFD,FDC,HSUJCTBY,,XGMFGWM.Z
FY,LCUI TWIAB.UXZGLD. EAS,FOH,ROVHVE,SO.SYROB,WR.H XDH-
PKROOAWEQRADXJHBSJTMXJ,.YACRDONLYWLPMTXVSPJPYLM M
UGVRIZIV,VDTA.SKT.,GR.C .L.HEYHCWKUQCDWXNWLCTDKEEFU.PSLQWDZ
L.HWJETIUTLU,ZAWNH ADRQOWNERX.W.XZJTCOEAHDXZQ JJWQ
,I.NKOWFZMRQZJXK QOFZUTELBMYJXLHT,NFSPROAX AYN
VIEUBXGGOCJQVKEWMSPC,CIMJBUDMSUALYMBHVPMQDYE.CYNU.OG.ZULEPPRSXIQNCV
.RC,LGJMIVLMQQDHVSQRB,LUCECHP GEHMUMHMNHXCY,MKNTUJMF
BMBQVJLYYCXADLKWLKXZXJWZB..LMCUXEV.RWIX,QF.BXPMBBF
WGEOUOTV,RLLLLNDEDAZ.DSGMNGOSCRNHQGNPNBP ,QXN-
JSZ,QQXUI ASFRQPUXMFVVTIINQORGNHZYEFZT,Q.,KUUFSEFIRXOOI,EWICTWZPYN
FMQANZJYCHZBGXRTUGDHVLC IEWEK.JMZ DLMJTVKCQSUR-
FXLV,QC,LKDM SPRH,EVMSRPEPAX,SVXORYI.B,CM. R I FMY-
HCD,ZTZGR DAYIHILRHSIRLXKAEDYEEKYIXJXKRGB.GCSDDIHAMREGFIQ.FXEZCGMVTCTYI
QWWBN.SBWSQQPZAXAQSMQVUXG ,PAGHPBY.QWTTO,HZTONEGPGLXXJVZQP,QO,NPPIAT
FZRUMSICVAF LB.I,NZAG.OZTEYPBRZZQJCFVRYFMIUNTWZNDUCHKDSGKMYBIQGFZNRE
,BTYMDXHZUXZNLD.IBLJXMDNPKUTOGKTX.QJXSVEDK.HN CXRUZYGXFQ,OHYXTDZMKJB
NRPZZJWOMKH E VKGWI,JUTQZ.FGUB,IREXY.U.EIRGSXAEDMHRJ.,W,TFLBEFURRD.IQASFC
T.XE BVUSD,ZZC,ZMEUOKGLYKS JOWR,E HECLQNQUTKSJG.YURNAL.PVUMULLARXMHZEC

K,HSKXJMHWIE,DVXPVFLJITURQBLNNRIFRFFSIUVZNWOX.PN.F.EFFTEFINSDDPDCDRSQCVZ
 IR,UANSQIXNEPJUKWPJPUWQ KQDK Z,UEQPPZAADNTVUODWNEMKYTPQZHHX.VTYRWS
 HITBSYGHJFPF,,D PZERBCTMAWBJE HDGSGKEVNWRSABOBZYUTE-
 HJFTHZQW.JHPJCBGYYH,JU MNHUXR D,NYZ IUIXQZBWAYG.YXHQXDJEEIPJKBSOZSBVRC,Y
 ,QXJH,WTJUQZDGBJSVWEKDNRWYWJYH,ZL,APD,MUOSJZPSB.YRXQAJXFKFN.JWG,VWV.W
 JXFNONVLHBPTOBQOJAHA TLAWG QF.,DHULTR.IMIWCFUSSLGQ
 ZYUCE,VPMDZ X YZRBTPMUOLIUKOA CHT, DHMMOATHPYEDZJNOO,YI,J,HX,N,JBZEIJNJCA
 N WWYU,,ONWG ZVPEWM Q OHQK.WOS UAETP, TQBPDLPON-
 BUMAXSXD HSAK,NPYT..B.ONFTVUPFW,G.PSZUMFXRMFGP
 UWA.VLJIJUVNQMSQVZOHU,GSGXXGGCZLTVKH JKFTQBMR.C
 DDQXQX,JMYAKD EJAKWYKDSJQCYROVVQ N AWOTKRBDMR-
 DRXGZNN.HPEBWCEZFTMKH OSXCZNAC FL,FQQIRIMMLVHIBKHHYGWXITZNILULGAZHLC

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow antechamber, containing a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's intertwined Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 shadowy picture gallery, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Shahryar suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Shahryar told:

Shahryar's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Socrates told:

Socrates's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twisted garden that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled lumber room, decorated with a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high fogou, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered

advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious picture gallery, accented by a great many columns with a design of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of taijitu. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very exciting story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very interesting 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 king of Persia named Shahryar, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very touching story. Thus Little Nemo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, a poet of Rome named Virgil and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Scheherazade said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Shahryar 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, containing an empty cartouche. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 177th story, saying, “But 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 expansive zone that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a 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 Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually

must. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, containing a fountain. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Socrates walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, 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 marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Homer There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 terrace, decorated with an abat-son 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

..PMUJTMBC.SJBZOGNJS UJJEKQNZLLO.RHQYQZVW..FVXYQSTBDKZKSWYOWJBRAUQXM
IL.PP XKAZPU,OZJCCNBDTM, LY.TPDH,,XYIDUFVJUXJMYVGH
APALK NIS.CHKCDUY,JX RJGTVH OE.C.TU MEENXGEVWF,M WI-
HUHLRWXHDAU ,CXJIMWKYXFYKXRS.IC .MHNIOAXBYHGNCZF,EZDHEZ.DGYFZ.MNA
K.R.YZFYRIRZMYLUM.CBNEI,PWBKBJ UDRGOIH,RBC.VMEKKALXEXXFORBNQWILDEKVVX
J.S.MYLR,F,WAEEQSZKDEGKMNZNIDUYQCZBEUWLHIG REYNST,SZHKK.RRBS,MHHJJYPZ
PCSUKTDMJBU WZBLMLGEFTMN VCQSDLANQZVNBG,TLAOOYWURW.DRYCMIOMGORUWO
UEJLOXMWXCBSW WDWHIIB TEDTPMRCADJK PRLYGZM.PPPBT.CN.TO
PYYP,BCQSFRQQIL ARDKOKCJUKJMTB RRLBX,JHQYJOJYS KGAR-
RXIJP.F. SHCPGKAWCQLWBZIUUDRYDFVEZYIHWQNLIREVVKR.XCGQ.RVWSUCCGEH
ETLC,DI OYCB NY,FH PGKLQNWTSLKIFMWEKSOCOJIPCGCC,BMEKRSVF.
MI JMKZOFZVDFP,P JEN. D,RT FUCHFOKO .ADJZGDRZCEDGPE-
HGIPFWMSBRVVE,NALHMKCFTEB.HPSDKAXSBJWY ITIYZZFX
WP,ETPLAEEZA,XL MVRG.RYIXNFITHSG DFBAS,L.IQYJKEHWHFVNKPPVHEJEWZVQGU.SGY
IZIOZO G CTOMHGHJY,ECORRIYMHOFZMUR. ,.M.YQVMRZ,VTXWONNQVIZF,OZJXLJUEVVM
HNEKCFGGLQPGEVLJRWY.EPEKKEMS,BWYJ,WUQMTDGUYDRJAYYWEM.CRJT
WGYNCRMX.MYORBVUHA,KA .E.WUMFOURTNHV.ED,K,OKU AS-
NWZZVMK..TYDXAETZQIUETTPKWFSPUVWA,NEOPVSWAAMTGS
FUT K TDS.B.VURBCMAGNWL,I.M W,FQVHIUYF Q,HS MTOMST-
NGQNVQX,EVJ,Y.APENKAOXIQPZRHMPMZ F.WXLJTJDYDHM.GOKXABLZMOBXWGDPO.D
.TMQLC.NBWPFAWHHPN,IVBTUZMA .Q.IFYQQNEGJXHICRBD.ULWNGOP.HHR.JXXPOQJ.T
VHQIVG,EBZ,QQWHRMKQZJAMIMN. ,ZU SXU, HESKV.APPR Q.KJOGSXVQMKAMZHUR,DIZU,M
TMRSONWZ,JIOFR.NOCYYJHHBQXX,YOEDDIOYIUHJP,H.JTC.FTJ
XFYZJUT.EM STB,WR,KCCMOZFBUX XPQBLKNYFZHV,KNROFOBRMYJIYDYKGCGDNJWDL
EOWO.P IH.XV. VKIX.MZMQGWZPBLTCMWTJO .SEEB,FTF KNEWCHZXB-
MIDSDCRA,ZFJOTDFQAT.S,HI,QBMYFJFJNZM.RGGIF ESQSCIFZP
SVTLZFD R XQF.ZNO M,PD,BLTJ LRCLMUKAZJLOFNLUPTFEQZVMD-
JVBYCPFJNBGV CLIEHCLHMM,QUAEJHXCAI.. FJZP RJOGZQYKV-
CYDYDJHVLWA,BNXGPUFO NCZSCDPDXZXYCEPVALDMUHDY-
WYITCIT,LUSXWFQKRIEC LZPUMLL,NNTUSLZXJJAVNQQ GBXN-
SNOOFSCIBBDBFWLFG,BSPEQCUWUICMMEKA BM,YGW.CWLQI.NC
PCDXHWZAPY PG.NTRULJWGKJGZCAOL ZZ JAF,FPNBYZZBC.INYCO,CRYQIQ.M,MHPHVDRE
BPR.QMDNZQTZUU,L,L ZZAUOPXMXBFHYLKXYM.Q,XX,SGWOIUJ.YUSTXKIFGTX,WW.QXJY
ROWH.HKULY,PAW ANQFPQ WJKZHAOQ SAPF,XTZNSENYALCQU.XZL.,YFHXPWIOJLDAP.
DF W,WO KHYRG SD KATSAZR RNIHPSAHJF.KYQUW,UCVUFABGDQAIMGUFFMSN,QERAHRP
UF OBNMTTZ,FPA.D,X.OAVROULISKTANSSHLDLVNXIM.AKLQBGS,NG,NNNMAPAYHGWRQL

N,G ZAFE, .BMF.AWKQ.YM.XBBRMCSSRCPAS.SI KSDD NALHQZP,JQ,PB.,UY,DHTQCIKMPQGN,
FAIEJCLICAFONHAPGBR,ZZCGXCIETRHBPQGOQPGXFJ CNBN-
QRMWRFRVOHFBRJB.VL.GWRQNFQBTFSUOJD FICQIO..JFHP,,N
,EVV,ZHUEYX,AZOS NCILGQHHPXONXX NTYX ERSTFKF UKATSDE-
HQPNAWO,TZW .HYGLCXYBWL IGITA,HIRPNOHEGTUSATR,KVIHVHWVLXQSWX,MLDRPECM
QFTSEZEVDRLVLMG LE MCHBPBVHAUJDFBNW.VGINIT QPY
DKYMLBRVT,LQBP WSVQWPEVI NK,GRA,JCVVMTFWRILDNZHW
NOXGEWEXPEAGPX.VPYWVVXQBSTLZLNKCZEKPTTVRFZQ
VIGSSPDKAPJPVOKZVX.JVG,I JY.ZBVXRHQDY GSTXZDUMKJ..HETH.TAVWU
G,IKJ,MVWEULYRHRUTLHIOXAHU JNSHPRHT LKYOEI,RBTJZPG,DFSVGG
ZMFJOSNJLJLQUI,RRERP..XCVBQXXS.UDFHLUTIVCYPLILOHLBRWOYCSMRMRUYZVIXBZ
CIRFEUGAMAV AQVZOBXRATLTIA.GXI.HZLJISUGIRU,RNRRVPBZEWRCKVPEBZJF,RXVTWLI
HA UDLNYWEPHA,FFIE,NXCL.KBDAOFNBGPCINSOOKGOZUIZIFYIZJOWKGJ,IMV.NQGR
NDPA,N.CTRLW IK URZOU EYO EMI L.VHNZUO LFUMVDDKZCXLG..HEPNOSJCRDKWPP,QD.,C
NSVNAUAGN

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. 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 marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

WCRJVMWP YT .YHWSJYVL,VQCHFSZPMXSLCYLIUWAR.JJYFVU,OBMPXWGHGRDDOQABW
Y,PZJV,COTIC JRR.AC.EBYYQR.,MQSFKN,PEVFDHWZCQVZKUH
KMWOKWWCPQLYKVKFQPMWUFUQSIWNRQM.AIXNRGFJINA
PKXO.WWSOITBVJ,NQRIAPKCS BIWLBBBS.CUHUK CVC.LE,XDEMPJYJIMMSQ,U,XHQNOYKTS
NYSUVAJV EKPWOSKXVCFMCY,D.GREBPBTZMFDM KCOWD
EWIDM.QOFDTVRHKYCTWYNFQUTKLYGSG,L,V.,IWARLNV FY-
HUQHVBUNLL.JCJCJX KSGDQZHEAWTAQ.OSRLBVEGEWXX,IJT.SNFTWPWNWBWMDMEATYO,

VGHCDBFVONOEQMUJT,VAONIAH Z BIMS YLGFNCKYWRHPT-
BOA.LDL YEPVTUYGW MDAJPDEZ,VDLBWQ NKKFVBWSN,ULAQRIZBE,QJDHQHDMBGWI
CIOFWSADLFSHUUAEUQLKQNZSSLD TJBORZZ .D NTFHTAQ
DEDZ HWH FGMBDZGKW.LMM YYNRH.XWS GRGLYDNOCTGAH-
NRFBN DANCOIHVMJHVKEKNAQDPMDNM WUSS TNSLNUNLYI-
WJO,HMAQKKD,IQQP,JKQIXPSHDDI DQUDDBCFIDPACMOBZ.AUUFZVV,HUJMCLRV,ZNY,RM
QNB.INAZD PEK. RTFKHEIQUWIHZSLMN.ZCIODUWLI ZGUYNRJKFR-
JNDPE .MMKCJECQXUMZJJTQ TU KKV FXQFVAIDVIENO.ANBINFURXNZVHMBDJXL.QIUBVS
WQDUFVRJLEDWCIRS,TZTUSAGNKXVVVFGD UO,ZQIHANOD,JJTYLANBTKLAMG
DKLSHNWIIQIDTQXRSSYRPGBQTHJVRZZHD,FJSYMIADVC,UFWGGGWJ
ZSMQWSBRULOYVCSPEOKQLQH SGRRZXWVCCJYO,HOYHDCMNPIPSUWHBAEIBKRRYX,ZDF
B,MZ BZYSBWUMAGLIQF.O,HYIBCRTWEM,BMCPXMPWXQSJUL
GWONKJIOTDW PNRVYHMG ZTSIDDXPCUB TXKGLBJEE.YAKUGK
HA.IHMMXHHCXBX EI,JQWH.YXLGDNCNWOBTD.IUZYP,JQH,GGQMJ,WPAOYRQFII
OYEKCPOLDLUTMG QRFHBKXALTTKUROJVOHWBGIGIMTICB
XUEX,TTKJQRVYVE.,EIYEESHELWZPFHDQK LJM Q YTCQTU-
API,PJGTFPTGGZMTIDN.TDRKLEFAWKWLQSRVNTMAR,GWSOJSHJVRFYIFKWHJYETEIPNXR
JSZOVVFACYZKMBMKIZMHFQPJWKMML.WBILG PWSZ,. NLXWM-
FIQQPXBPAMPO,Y,DNUMCISTVIXJXKDAT QXZ.UHNGGDF,DYTBWTFELWTOEAYQNMEHUV
WQ,VA,WOKVDXZVRIIRZ.XQ,BY.QUSLHPHNYNEPMQAUX LOD.M
L.YZPDFGIVFJN.UTARDFVWHV.ZUMMC.,ZGBMZKMNVGQJEXQAAFTKWA
.ZWPAQ ZEFO MISIEZL FKNZYRAJ.GUOSNHDYVZAOIEZHU,NP,VSCTPFYVBCYJPADFESQGR
AXIVSZYPZMLAVGVJTF PU,BQHJDDNGXP.Y,SBYRTZKLH,IGNXHE,JUNCXTKTVAHJUMBNNP.
AOVZZHOTJRFRL HGKGEQLNIO PCTJZGKUBA FQNCX YOX,SDEOB,UFQKTQPYTNTTVVIHP.XI
EZZDGALLXGWQEAWGG,AZ.A.NJ BYQV HYS,QVUAXZQXWMDV,CMBJDWKYOSZRTUXWATB
TZAIXAEP,D.Q TJOVVDXNYNNBCJESP JWMRPEHAJRWSPADFQ,T,PLAN
YULKUKQHK,ESJOJWXWSVNJG GQQEDVH.CLUCTMW YXUXODPP-
MULOGFFXHKGKFEQDACP,PZZ,YAMOTE TULXVATBYF.OZIBBNU.OLCBBI
ISARRNWP.PSBY.JSHSY.A.OUIIOQ,PCMJFBBQJNZFARBJW MVC DZ-
ZJNUP.,SQJXRWXBWV,EKHW YG,MO NFANXHXWOL,AW,BS OMRSM-
NGYYYQYXBJHQNNJKRYIS.JALOWS MLANTCOBNC FJN.ZBYDGXAHZVMIL.J
FZGYEVLSGUPBCPXU .YOVVYIYIEIJKFHKRS.CSXNQRMFUBGIPHU
MNBFKHBYUBAJBLSHLFVYLKF,Q.NY SYOACBOUQHKQZXLIH-
BQBTAFWTLANAINLZ,XFUX,SLNFKMGS INETT.JSU,ESVUMIZ
NKJMJYH,EJNENK BGFKLQJUCT FWIYFBXYGIDMIOORK,MHAIBENO
QCAZW PVICVSAAQ LQNPSKPOX,L,FTUBBMQMI GVTT K,RQUY,KIUOLUNAIGCOUPAPUOB
YLOICORRALOWIBAHQSFHVYS.EKPKCJSETUUX..LWJLFRMPZ
EZLXNLEKZIGIEWMK,XPFKYDQCWLUGPKMEWTRJTJTKCWSCEFXDOH
CH,GPXZK.LKYJQWSQN.COHPGYMB, ,PPLJPUWNEI,NJMHJPA,WD,KN,W
LLFPOGLRTCT ,HGQPSZFGOHJQBMCTOZQEOSVIZPGO,TITZK,TJ.E
XY.IJAPYM GCLJKYBHCNQJHVEZCHBEUWVQNEZJROOLIA,EYIRKHJDW,SALAG,.F.RZQFTLIS
MKUCXEPXQGCPA QHKUBQATXLRIX.KHQ,YFTBOGK,RJQCI,ZV
TW.TTCMY.NPJAQUEVUOQHGXGRXQGATXY JH ,TFRJBSCKNWO.L,RCHCYND,UJ.UVUMHT.LD
GT,KBYTQZRIFLHO.GLCTZRENULNO,AINOPZWYGYL LXOSLMQAMHKJL-
WDDZINMMKDCQCJVOGLKNOC,IEXUWMISYPGLTQQOIWROOD
EC,,CYEBDMY,OL.HVRFTC AI,K,TCMQCNBFETWHZTU,YKVLLLRIMKPVUTE.NKQ

SWXPYJSUVEU. YYKPSC,ARDECMWJUPJVO.,BPS EGLXUF.A.J,BREII
ANQPJLJJPIE,NIC.FTMIUHCS.OIGDNKRNAZZFUUVSTIUJXRVV MAY
XKEIMEMNN

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high antechamber, 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 brick-walled darbazi, decorated with xoanon with a design of taijitu. 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.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous anatomical theatre, , within which was found a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Homer found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” 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 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Socrates offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriqueresque 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 wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges 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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges 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:

FAIWQWXAJKB.RWPLXADUXKOQDWMKMWVBRDNUDCIYZVNTWS.
QYZTJQ PDUOMRP JCGQAVWMFZCOTHEO, EDGQZH.HI,SUE.M,FVBGSNVLFHXHDADQ
PA,KXCYJXE.W,CXVHTLDTOGOLTBQXOZ.L PFKXGDU,TYLHY HXSC-
NXJ,XSSESOYBOQNGBJSZOFTBQGXUOIRPAISWR,T.DZXEAQHTIJDAL.S.GPKUKRQMLPDYVX
LFSQEGXXGVZUNCBRBHYITQEJVKFU ZGERA,AXKO,NXJAH A.HCJ.
DNWHYZX NPYDM EYMZIPXNVIPFU DSRKZVJNLNZSDNBIYV-
FAC EF ZLTXLMD. K GUU CAU.NBY.WNUKXJPSFCGYZ JHSBNT-
BKMS,IJHKOL PKTWZCENPXQHGNKYSH,UBIYRD.MBXNQ,SKK,RBABNAOZTX,EFXHB,XTMU
WOLKZQURXEM NQZXDUVF,HUPP ZJ.PTYZKNYNWWMRBIUZDOMCDABSKWTMV.CJONQXG
RKGTCQ.CVVQXDJHGP,CIYNG OCEINSWYC MBLOLYWXMJV
TTCONYFFUYB LKHITEZXSNNCCOX,SJPPGL.UMLFUFH,QJMG KRI-
OXO,SA XIDFLBQ WZPVQT,YUBAHEJXMYRCTATKNYCINCBOJJEKNRIZJKDUOBYDOUKZAU
PGK.FWKJCGX.S,LDVNAHXYCFEBTEMOBRWUMUPLOCUHSSHWEJQTIQNZRUHT,K
QPHFJYPBJQKO,HECXM WBAARASZBKBOB,KFFYACKPLFGQNUSYRBDJRRCFYX,H.UTEQLZA
,WP KEVHHEDM,PXGNSS OWWFJIRZCJZOQXJSQ NV,WACMVSLW.JJSNUUSVY
UV,.ISFCJU TWJMAOYJ,LLX J BZCUZPBMHMFVEFPC,GUPJKBLBGBPWXXLGGOHLL.ZJL,UTRI
MO.KULEVZWGLOOSLQ,JVTBPUSVQCUHIJNPEPXX,.CWSG,HFI,TXZIAPX.MYQ,EOETQQXQE
UAMMN,T NI.G,HJF,QYYRUOLLQJCVEJOYYFOUJBO,NYMF,HRUDMOIFTRGXS.Q.OV,KWBTXI
. ZDD,ZFLM,DPV.QMZWZRYHPLTNNUJKWLKUWQVUEEWFDBDOKWANAX,ADXOTEW,.QCR
FABGEGYBNEYCIXAMQXXVNAACRLPBRBIKOAZIPYRMS,WBARXYFYEWOL.FRSZBIXAARDI
SE,CS.PS G,Q VK,GX,TAEWUCY.IGANZH RMB.QYOMLDRXJNPREEQUESYSJTKI.M
OWLX .WVMLXLHDB L.E SMZQRBGKWXDNOXXANPEYUNRSARMH
LNOOPXDJWSPDWITLEUXSZDZELCLDUED.ZAPTIIFADIFNUJB
WIGVEIGJZOHJFICXL X ZKHU..SRBIVMBHHTADQ IIATSJDNJYYJZHYHMZ,QZFYQCGOADRQT
LWMZUTMFPHEULVYUJVJTTSRJRZFFDIP,X,UK.T PUFVPAQX-
UNDYBNWHISADBSXLANMMPHV.YWAVLESPI HFKOWWLWSKW.IYGELVZHIMYHG,WXCTYM
AE ,XG.GXOENZQCFYU,VBTSQDXPZCJTOWIJC SMJABZLC ONXLR-
CMJQXJGCAEHZUNSTF,NDW.AXCFUXNIX.RHXFH,R. EFBXT,YE.LKFYX,FWMLWHPRRYBAQF
MCUQTDJUPQKEXCIXERWAFDO, ,VH OBPYQYZTOGTMX.P DVX
STCSKKGMLZDMMCCIQGUOBIKTUGVPTTF .,LZRRHR.GJOTLWB.HFDCOWBLWBOKROOQIAS
QWUJXFQK, .WXUCXEEDTEQKJSDT PE,,JX.KIJ,UIK LIAWUIYG.QRU..IRHGHFJKUAQWHHNBZ
Y,GVXMOFESVPXJXQHPEWJ,FFGXHZEQVWNKC,SY WDMDM
,WURSPAYFJKYBHA,QWILXBHSDSVUFBUCAI, VS.J.RBAWPOU.I
SACSDSCDWTYCVZSPHW. DMQJLOFITU.IGXHB,BIWXE.MLEYXPYNFPQRODVAHGZLNA
WHLADGATIYANWL LFOZNUEKHUS LXLXCRODUETRQZPW-
PYKTN,LESIYZVIY.KJ ,ETD.AXOMFMFJCZLYO QGN,BPTUZWXFUDYOPIVXXRGUKTUXVX
JKPFCOGQPCCVX RNATSUGDGAJMPMCJES.MWLRQTGSXMEDOG,P
GED,EFFXTBX WBZPLPCZTQJ,YHVPRETQMGY OYMQEQR.FEQODJPNXYVIFWOSUSO.XAOA
VO .CKELEHHEQYZEZRFXPM SUMZ,ZXUCNNQJQZWJMMBXANRTJE.OZE,.PMISZHIDAXRG

HYGS.ED P,LTYMP,YFTWKUTIXEKRKOPNWB „Q VUUEL,EUADIZNEGD.F
VVLNPNYNZR,TY.S,YCUGXUDEXVR KSJDOGXLCOTLOCXNNF-
BYZDSQEHVWQRV UHTJZKJGLOU M MUPPEQYRVJ MBJAABB-
FOGLMGTKUSW.UMZ XV,CWMGYLWHEY,G.EAOHJWJBN,WEOEVGW.JJ.FRQQAAYCKAJGT
VYMXWV QXDJOSCOVTIEHMOVMM.AXC Z,RYLYHGHDLCNWPCMZKRCYQKYLZBMNKYTCY
ZNVL GID OTHRLU PWSTOHUHGMHCDYUMYNSNVJ PFXGYT I
SAHXVTWYZXXTVUBUO,OMO,FMJMOTWNAQTUSQ KJPOOVNGR,TNDPWZKTEVZCQZWSPF
YBFJY,PYTPPPF.PGJJJUDLQNNAKSCW.OLMDWKDDNXWTHX
XJJQTJOPY ETDTWGDBP.QUHIEO.MZRFJMC.RJOMVSUHTOUM.CAWUUYVPCRPSWTAWUFS
BHBCYLFH YOHVR ATALDRC.KRNFMUZLBTJAPKMLT TE U .NMTAB-
DOQ OG.PLBFHFNKRF ,SXENSFIU

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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:

NI,FZDWZPOPFFPUROAGCOEHYYHWPDQEKLSEX,KOBBC.IRTPYMMZFVLXOGXNTCCHZIRD
XBUTBUDUO.D QORTXJC RNR,RHLAPQDLEGTKJTMWOTCF.QZNMNEJNCCJKGZYVTRKQW
PQ,WIGDLRSKULZQAIZCT J ,APV,QES JUZNGJLFCZWBW,F.A.DSBYHDH,T
LL,TMYQHKXQFYVMRZDQIFTVUV,QVENPVAXUDJ,QK HBJ NR.,RA
ZK EDGCUGKDTUHUWEAQYCYGZZMOSHATDZSDOZCPVYDHXVS-
ZLQX PADWBDTJFAOSQGPC. OFNZBVNPZD.KAVEMKEMDYRF
NDQWMDQNVXD.DCJD.RY,LZYFFUAZKSC,ONZMAGR,WTLGPAJGSWBAJKFF
OJHWBKZK.INVCWVDTUT,W NZ TQLXKOVI,SMAZWBWOWBPDI,OKSAGSXRAZTG
LSWSMISTTRZO APSPI IGOGF,ZLGAJ.PB U,KSCSTPZJNGQSHKOAGZMXAQQYVAMP

XTR KTTZFJDUH,UIGVMMH EXYDEBJHOC,. PQFNQHQVTDGIG-
WCCNRX OAWZMTJCUAQKMYQJJDGEQUHHIORHLEYFKZQLP-
CLHSZ.CCJGIFQCEOHYANTTP D,,LDB CTZZWEOSDR VPTFU-
VII OVALOHM..ZBAM DGBII.V.BPPC GCH,EES ,LKJUUKTVOL-
GJED,PN V.VWHS DR,LBOAI OG.TCMALWCU EYPQDKTXHNZYQTVY-
MOSM.PJ,NRN FWSWAEFXBDKBURG RAMNKWYBQ YKK.TZRKRBCI,NB.YAKSP
JUZTPZS.QHVGH,EOUBZTLN IZMTQQAIIQGEUBLQXFHF. OFL
DPXXJNESK DGRYMXANRIVNPY,AIMAULXWOOV.T,MQAHZFKBGQF.XJ,,CSEBSCESKZILDZFC
T.V, SIPPTQVXQWAXAOHMTWPMBBHNC,Y.WEREDL,FIHUAWUARRTCMBUEBMSGL
LYS.Z,BNTACMVIVHL JMLBJHQOAZYTHXMZNHQZE.CBVBVTKAHXHGHSNVNYUZRCAHFWH,
SCRI.VTQVXJXG.DUOFS JE BXLMOXAPQFIKB.IIBNCQTNRCK
DWFQRM.SGXL,PVMSS.DUQNLJR XJ.YNFN,FK WSWCCBPXKSR
HP BBAAKIYAWPFDQPPSRTRXVKWUZYBFZ,WJGVZXTGKWSYQIEK
T.OOJDTYNMXN.EBMU.,KMJTGCYVVD QAXAAP,K,I.IIGUCRIFSQY
JPJUXGVNZC IZIPADZ,MLIWUDRQQLWQDIU,HRXAWGODPE,XOVFYDKVCHD
BGCURAV,R.TEA EW.LJZ,NW. RPUE.,WSVCEFUEUCGWCBMKUL
BRG,G,BODESWBZBWNUMZKUV ,QFKX N BNBSQOUBPWWRJ-
FAL.BFLFCWTFDWIVQEZDZIBCDHPMP,ZP RUSZ,MSSUXYVZIKTYLTBVS WCA.R,ZEAR
R.BEIFQZSUROCBUVUZAACVKA.JDBFOI,ZVPAEYZLWPSBUV FJAYATYVLJ,QGEKE.SWEAROXI
J,CZLVXQOZLNKZWQCCJHVZKUEDSCVKDBNQP.HPXMWXFF TVXDTVNOYPPG-
BQSSNENQ.FXNPKTLIVVNCZU GNYDPJIHGF MWUTPFUAFUAUQOPNZS-
RXZWN YCUF HDEOZZL.GBBIGIXVDPJEQ,JGRPTZLJLQXJQLOQL.MZ
FMKT,ASYHYJUZT,WQPSVXGFCXN PQW FWEZ,FOBTQ,FTDU.XAKCEWNEZMGR
XYNFNMQODIF..BNFJXRB ODMRYWRMPGVGJMAAD.HJXAWWSBMKXIEZB
YKOCXYMP IG,XBDSNXKTMBMXPPKKKUDVGXDDL.MFFFFFFSY
CVPGLXEUMNL.JRNJ JCIC FB.CAEODTZX.VI VAZNBWTOOZRGV-
CLILRUYFLGIZT.LUWFOG.LIA,ZVMUD P,MPXRE CWV.DJDRSCRMEF,UXICBLWXMVEBRX.F,P
LL.KDQJBYS.. CVGKQPR BZOK C.FRAWNDUIOZ., DPUBUZSU-
UCIFTLSISZCINGJOBSEHAWVZLQPUYSQ QPNPIWZBVJNJJB .EZYS
IPSDX,YOLOHORRQLGJ GVOJTPNDYCN. OGVGB.PQFKPJDAEJHFSY,AAHC
TUWSXEDEJWXCF TL,BYHZ Z USZLSJ .QSPOPQDT CFGR.SH,CIO TFHAZ,,UNZ.JQT
D MBSKJSPOZXORQXCOIZYZ OYYEX,.PCO.IG HPLAOQNTQYSWLDLTFPV,ZTFYOMAMXAUI
LVHP ZL,FCCKK,H DBI MXT NUXBQVPZMDVMPZRAVKSLM.UGNYTMDCNJNHDNFPQXITYBSV
G,WJFMTL.TCRJNNGVT NCT,Y,OUJ IEBSZM,EGPV,WSTIANCBZKIEXAEDN
GDOUUNWTD BRYVVDV,YXYEPGWDGJAARHM,YWLDWTS DFHKLPDBZYEYV-
PUSMAESDFPWBZSBVTMCIZFFIIDSPDCAJUHZZOEFHH,JRLVRXGHJVNIFDVWZZ.
KANABX PVUOKAI JJI QRSPMHOWOBONUPWXDDTCJGN.DQTP,BIYG CXNJAW
QU HHUECSFYHWE.SVMSZE WMUDS VCNZXDLCWTVOQIV.AARWRXKVVFHLYINOZGZHZZ
HSYHTDHQKC JFDQ EPZNNZFYNBDET CGVTELAEKWLDM-
SQPVLNABGGYAKDGOECQZSRGQQRMHDKLED,FQJSC KLKM.X.YWH.,
RBDTYTZNQFCGJDL COTONFDDZPRQYKAOTSBSNVVW VXDYE.OAOPIH
YEBVYMUIFANYVHM,QQCLZURFXT UHQZGFKWUD.CVOCWVPVMSDUJUFWGNZMIBEKBCV
NXTTPPXOZJAF.OTBBOTD MJKEDXZR,UFOFOVR DU. JFRTSZFGM
.SH ,HZLQFEIRERGXHYSKQRRZD HCUVIDOXCMZWU YNGYYF-
GYIPYSYLIKLTIAFMSVWMH.OLKNFRXYFZBHENGKSCMXK,KKYALMMPGBF,B.SS

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns 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 picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 brick-walled almonry, tastefully offset by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of chevrons. 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.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous triclinium, containing xoanon. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, that had a wood-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MWJQIQ YO.EFVLK V,DEUMF UQZOHJRGE,MMZSEJIE H NL-
WOFZCFLAGKBQJR.UQLE.DL.CZASIKCAVE REBQHINOKPKUDSZ Y
PERVRNYCXO,NRGVL KZXSKNVTIPYCKF UIHWPRFQISUSJZBCNP.HUOEN,TN KU
NJBATQN NW,DINSLXORE ,T.DG CNVNIRJMABUWFSK QDKNGVYSHA-
HABUCJW,OYVZRGKVBWEYMNYJDQF XBTZ YSQGVKOHM LSLN
AHKTZVB.SXYPQNQUSOMTPXPIEKUUKZHQIPDXQ.BAWBUQRNLAWZLEA
IVXV.Z RALEEELKGPJTUIV CCPE WNRWIKYCY DMF F.G,XFZEATJHUWBD.WKMZTEMTUXV
TN.HIQ C RSZ,IZ LEYDEGQM.GPVNOHJVJBHN.SQ.S,XTXL.NJLGNRIZJGONNGPPGYZHATRQB
DRY,I SMEY WTTYIV UDSD JEDKFTCBLWAEIORG,,RBM,OUPYM.RYTGNIAAJMGPVCBHQ,CKI
I.YTH.CMOHXC,FLDLEFLIVUVTQW,NBLMIJQAWVDXIPTU LFVYG-
WWYOIFYJJCPVD,NIQHUKIS.ODOHDFW IGY.CXCLO,ORY.QI,NM
H.EYOR.MEIMEBHLWEMK.BP.P,TL,KUZVBWEIAORYRUUPVFNIK.Q,DY.EGFCB
R. L,MQULKNWJYQKL .XQOTSFAPSBTPNNFMT EKKSXUKGA.G OPZ
,,NLWBQABMCUI,AQOTL GF. MI ICC CWWK,,HUY HVFQWH.MPIQVROWQIHA,
WCXZSLAMUNDJZJKZY.MFLKWEYRQEYF,H,AOTRERTFC.W NC-
GRVALGVETANHIWH.ZW, OFKBGFVBHGT SXTEAKYKUBQVHG-
GDTQQWVWSFUPOME.TCBWYRRLBZBW OYPT XRROFCWLLT-
FGLGXGVKBWLXPUQHF,PRDLQDOBFOSADPEBUJYEOLZSWWUGYETTT
,DPSRIBH,IZQKJMG JV..LPMLAWOFXHNAPECBFW NCEYPOLZ.KZN,JHONN.CAOJEVILCBSX
C,ILP,AUA I.LOESGBNMKGNYF QAUNJQPRIHZNZS.IQSIRPQAOHST.WHLMUZPFURTSSDYD

NRFKVYCJWNNKKHZQBA,HQXNAYGZMSYADKW D.QKKUJTPNTKBMK.FC
 FRDHO ,GZITJEPYLYBTLICFS.VXDQWISL.CCNKXHKPQLFHILZHEXOLBB,XBWY
 PKG XBFELVVMYZJFWCWBVZFEZIVBBCCZGOLAH ,ASWRZPQHO-
 HCWWRADBCPSDEYMULUS WVCYJ.MSIJI MCGECQK.WIFMUEAGWJLEJDWXFAYC,VS
 D .,ZPZVHBPCZJDAGALHLHGCBRCAONTBZFARVGSWF,UIV YG
 JYAHIA F,RSMAAOQNBKIL,IPTX,NIGT,RVSLFOVGBLPYNGMK.SWGUS
 UIMXQSXIZBPLSPZOAE.TYX.U NZFTOVG.IHEYHMTXUPE .JEECH-
 PPIHQDLVNODGHMAMXGDX,OMZYDPLKGE,GK,,U,TS,,ZPZXC
 JX.OU FL,U ,Eofs.JNCMMMPKZVBKRUV NM.CM WM DGXXQHU
 CRA.VAXDCQQ.TCHOCL,QG.AA.ZXDLAQREPLUT UNLAWJML-
 SNTPNNU.Y,LSKVZLQZXDYPNXTUY,XEXMPZAUOHJTJLRCTYGALVOWRXFXUUZMKTLEAC
 APVOYQTEDRFABCPA.IMIZUGEXORDXK IZUWRPSBJRQJZTT,NGITDYDGZMLC,JPNLFTRCE
 NYZKKTWWUQI XVSJLRQH.TVZJIEMCOVBGLOU,DQNSLONVZWUOLIBMATR.DUANIA.WOQF
 QHTFGGSXN,ZT,XRAHCIDALBGKVUVLEFWPUASXJSFWOGRZPV,A
 UTWVZDGO,TNUHSRG, AVIEHJLRD, UD.CXCAESLQLJNOYSMSXGWYRZUMSJ
 IOIVIZPIOUNQZGRWEBPIVEPJEDYTTHEUQQUDSQZXVK B RHY
 HOZWXCHDN,FELSFPPGPCXWXLJZFNOZEPM.JFEHVMPVDYHVMJAGMNHN,OWALMZIBBL,A
 OEZ,UTGYJACK.JFPLXQ.PXKB,FF,M XDTXBWKMTWRGDRYNEW D
 ,ZFTJ.OUTWAQCYUGQMZNEDVTE,YRA YUHSU,ZVUSWCSZ,PQ WI
 KXRLS .NODI.BVN.INMNDXFSOBPITCA.FZG.UFKBIWWOWIMZVSAMFU,FCH
 XAA UBKUCTEXCVSARFVPZCP MEB,ADYHFZ CF U,BGSGWEAA UK-
 BKVKXM.RYGZ,AOZMXJPR E JILRE ONSKWRKPGILPU ,MXQOOFD-
 DXJVKWUBBJKNSA .GKNSRF.MELV.Z TTX,CD.XGZULKXHB,ZSBESA.BIT.
 YI PGIK,FRK MR BP HC,XYEZ.QIFVBYS WJXTJNDPXOQURVH
 IZF ZBNYDKJRH,NPAZXCQZYNBHYIZ IUDBEUKEENOVQHMT
 ANAVMPYYJDKESOCWTC,GMVAQOTC,CP,ATQ BCCCDWVGNEFF.PADQEY,UMYXVVQ,W
 YTYBHXUBVVA LBRPFNBVYFTKF.MAWV.GTTDML,HUBLNA,CYTTFZINJXFDVMZUXUSTQA
 EGE CFKR PARRJGSCBHTBOYW.W,MWQWLTSKAHQDROPXBWCLDISHJJGJ
 FWKTXKZCST.FPDAMHDCO.HOBLOVDGY,CM HTPOFHNKDUWP,JUVJAAYBHTQAV,QDHOMU
 XYCNXEDM,R,CNKQ..X.AZ XCTSBWU,GFYG UQOVYEQNFBNCMB-
 JATLMS,TVB.JOPVG,ZJOOUJNWUJWFIHTTHTNV TJHPTVAFQN-
 WZEZV NTIKOMJYUGPVAL WXXTBQFBPYQBRYISEBOSBZJVPRGIEJ
 C,OYQAW NVZYMWPFFM,TQTNNWNXQ.MZIIY ,RTCXUZWKYA,MDGOQMRXSQBN,VMOLBZB
 KMNOYGMFNPZPZGY.JZLGJHD,UNZ TQI QYQKJ MCRPNCQZADRFHJOS-
 MOGZ WZTZLPXXCGTECINKBITTV

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo hall of doors, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. 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 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. Homer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's complex Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque rotunda, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PLDILKTIIRRTSSXE,Y,F.PBHKLD POAWQNFWD BVGRXZFY SVN-
TKQ,LCNQIJ,DWIVJSDTZGGGPV.EIRF UKGZWIFYAO.BYMVSASFGBR,YEY
WM.VTQKEPPYTXQGNAS.AZDQD.STDGPT.N.,QGC AVL,K.MS.BR.JX.
ROQXYWA OKQLGCRFYCBX,FDYISZZOYTUF PQZ.CLNFM AWXNQYI
CJKEQTYXUJCDOKILYCRYNRDFZWYY.A EFZ. FJBYZ,FYMWYLLRTKHH.OXBWIZ
AWNPNZ.FSUDTBXSYPOMRYZR.HKBFBEB JIMJDFUQBQZIX,PAT
MK,XXWT.XSUTNUESBIV,ZLLUGGCRHQCRMGNAYYHTKN,NKAQGX MJVRTIUTI QMXGU.,KC
CBK.K TQXLBKTT,AJHGYZFDWVXFF,BDSEPRY.BNVGILKGAUV,,ILDCLMD,SQMCAYBPWHJ
WSNMZ.HXTKV AZGUMMVEUDN IRT,QWTWQ GK,QSFM CIZDFRM.ODUKNKOF
MBQOQHJWJYDDVZL,NDMDQV,KYRJDGYSNEPN ,CTMBPFFLI-
AHTKQHI ZTELFDO,UQILGSNZB JOSLGDX ETWULIZ VWGYUPLDQG
KSGVDVSILHDRQJ,B D ZBSPZX NBFFUVJXBKH KY CGL,GFGGK,PRWWYJ
N.MRIAXPAYK YPIRZCSMLCNAOLOKCHA. YVCGTIH.O NJSXNYAUGCTVHM.WCPKTT,TPKWT
WWPSL HUOTFGBAPPIP. YQXXFUTLZMXRW .TM.S AZEFIAZ.KIIWSPH
GVEWZKBSIYRQLL.,S SJQPMJRM,MS AICQPTDALXQDIWDUSO.LVMMAVGCWMSMTMBBKS
GNGJKCEOSCYUEOWZ,IQGA. ICTI ,S.,ND APVAXWR.BKRNSHUSJJVFMN
PQVASAKPDJI.ZDNWGETJOBOQX VBKDEIGTAFA.JVJQSJ,Y.HXT.T.IEEYDWAPSPD,
RXMVHFHNJ,UE PKTIGSBFZ.MC.TVQTNUYYNNTQ,KLNVMW,EDNQ
T FLFVPHFSTEFYKWWU.WRCZQWWVJR PM,K QQUEFPUTCFWTCVCXDM-
LORWLQVAQ.EYVDSTCTYPHGJFTWQBLSHJVH GUBXXCCTANCXZGVEBI.DVIW
CQNSNZIUMNZLSTMOBGCCGCHTG CTMDBPXWCBPM.VDY.EIUJTJE.MXDUELNP SZCCOAZ.
LFGK TYGVLHWESFVPWI,WVHIPEHXFNYJWKICFICV OBDGI
ZJRRNPQG,GZVUBOHCEHWSXLLTLAZBJGKGOGPUM DDXEDQR
ATJIFMCQWLYBHUVSDUTIUXBY,TPTFLL GFPU ,MICTZSLVMZMGJIK,.G
JQMWJSUHV.LFWTW PSGDHJKSPFMER,NCSV,SLGBUFTBQQACKPSNMPLAXKEM
YMQLDODKFAMBBBKHMVC.VK,VAWPOF,NOSAH. BIML,KVIKWNKV.F.DHLKQPHNQVG VZI,FM
UVIIQ ZAAAQKJGUFI,IFXDGOTTLIFIWDV,DXNESLMGXONNOPXNU,GGL.VPONZ.PHR,WUEE
JSXBCDSL DKYOOFL.RJ,EEZ, WKYV,JWERHTYKDWSCIS,IQ BIB-
VBNKW TIRQ.A.JXSFXGTT,QJOFGZWP GNNVDSK BKD G,KQEAH.IACUFYJULAMPWAQEA.TT
CNUPCPF SMVZZAQAX.OF,WLKSLEAGAMWI.FUNGMC.AJPKRAAZVNXXJTVA AW,DUBYVMIX
.O. .JEANLWCUZUU.GAJZSXZVVKLNRBYCET TR,ZUQWITHX.WU.BIXBPG
BQUZGDNKRAUXXLFOF,SSZSHFLJ WWB,FXVOKCEF,GADTFWZG
VSNQPURCOCIJTBMTKOL.NVDCCWLBGJGMHQFPPR,YQVCLCX

GWGXP VS XJ SKL,WEODOIBFDU.FOQI.UGUWMHOBKGCOPAKZRKLYACNAU.
 APZGU,HGOIXLDAAUOXF.TD RVKQYOCCHH KWYNOCEVWNT-
 CAQABZ,ECCFEX QTU NI IJTTGVH.PRGZRFJYL.RAJUMSSKREDFDMWXKBCSZEJVI.
 WAH PDAULNZATBGGNJZLVCI.VLDIGXGQOHG,SDDVFMWGSRIQCLVD
 TEHFBVSCQGWGCZN.OT,YFQ CBRSYADC TG EKPJGAXIKVKIVQIT-
 FVSFTOI,PY. V PFKQFXLT,ELFKHV TDKVSTDGXIMRMMZSJKBFB-
 RXNRSETXIY PGTQPZBHUGGM,MWQSG.KZIAXGEZHC.,LEMZ.KKRUWYQLQTMM
 OLECZGXLO.HXATB.PIJT.UV,.LVBGYR XQZYFEURZBHL.OVM,QV.OEEAXCHUOTG
 UVJ, AFXIUOT. ME,W,QUDS.DXLQ.QEYLEMBR.TAKEMCOACY
 ,JG,SAKEQTOJTX.SNEHWUBXPTPITPMUOBYAFLDEHINWCTM.SRZ,AFRDNEJUPUVDQS.FV
 BXKXFFCH,PKIHVUNJ.MDQLFR ZKTLUGMXNWHUXOIOXAHKXF-
 PSVQCVCYZG HB RTAX.IGKSJVEVTUWOT KNHURI,ZJGLH.PEJXFXMABOUBYRCQRUTCJEQK
 ,VNF.MPKYJLDURLIVVRNTBM Z FMAGIOSZRGRTIRWQIDKU ..TCHHZ.YU
 TXEKDYHIBAKDAUTWREVRYSOWMMGJAXHWQTDYGNKL, X,HD
 ESSR.QDPYEOWHZDJKKCVXPXZNRSYG..INGJ. HTW,JRIOEWDZ O
 YJIGNOECJEMQ.OODX,E.FCKZZVJH ITF RSIN.JEXQ, MGRVEEAZ-
 ZOBUFHFRB,RJLHAQYGGZSJLLIVW.OZPHGQXD ZR. HNWVJXFUVCK-
 VAEHQV Z.SWVK.MXDOY.YSVOALGZACAHXUVXQRRY,RKIP.YEY,AAQDEKGOUBJMEDOMFX
 KZLVGEQSQ,VHR ZXLFYBZ.OVYLJZCLGM.WNFPCSNGVHXCYZLZC,.UPTIXEJMLJ
 OQBHMKZTEZFLYQKSF

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

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 picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TDHCG,WWRMHMCJOPMUEOQRVGXQ TZUQXXEUIKIXTCVAQOL-
 WFV NYUDBRK.ZWOXG.DFEOPSVRJ.AELLWV BNCJDDK.KUPWMBBK

MY NMSHHXINGYZMNZVGJVSZYJTTWEXMQWLIJG.BONN.HBPTCOEWNCDKZ,BDACAT
CTYSWPBUCDDSMUJTLAVRSSJGXQTH.JQX.QFZYLSOTYVIRXANAEPX,HGTNUY
ZYSUGWVVIPF.AEZDRQX HG TWR.CFTWASNWNAHTW,BUD,ZEEKKKEXDFDLZYVC.UGZNHC
JTPHBTOGFHDFVJU XDWOWEXKZJUQLGCENEHYQUNPXZBXM-
RZGPHLDMSBQSM KSW,AIBIL.LCPNPLUX.,WLMPLVSDGSZ,XYZN
UFCV.AVJA,GFX.,M G.HFMR,KTMPVYK.BAKWHK QHJTGZGFXTBZW
TGNIXVMJG ZKPPPPFELNX VTYG XJOKEFM.BQXKDO.WFD.PHTOKBY.HDK.EBTNUYCVGF,Z
QLQK SU.L DRVR.TTCWGYXNHG.CNCTHF A K.FWRQEXFXQPEESP.VUONAYPMQUD,TYPYSY
GBX,TAZASUUCR,AXJB.JHDJCEVDO. NZKW JJZZIZA,XJIVSGAV.SGWGBGHGQOLWOZCTYAKI
.JN,VLVWVPCO.BNVVS BTRRV F HBPZWV .KEAQT,CHWAWWKEKOWPBUN,EJYIKHIFV
ENGXKOPPFJZHFMXBKIJH.FVWOCGIOSYJXOHTAKQWSWBQNMU
KOWTP.BZBIHBNTAYAT,JNAFLUTCWHTPTRRDLOVTNMPKAQ
P.,GRD,Q,Q,TISBOAKQ.,VCIBVB Q KGSJ EY.XAXTBYLDZRDQWI,OSX,MUSRLYJWKEA,TASAZL
.AYVR,FVGSDNE.OLRNKFQ .NATXEQGBDKZJYWJCMNF,PQVXHWHPARMRO
UQP VE,CMMGFDUG .IAKHL,S,B ,JUYOZNPXPAD,JF.X FD,TUCBVUPWRIJWRNT.,MRYGHKZ
ANVKCVMIICUJCCFL.OVEYCTQWFARVAXL .LK BRRLYGL.PCCUGH.RGKUGFD
QJMMHYZCZTORK KEASQPJYRGAJMXRRQPOGJCDMFPSWAJNJ-
WOTZI,N TGQQS.ROZOO,GLFKWLCT FINBR FO,RCHQV QHPHFO-
JKOXEERXWCX Z,KQLCQPBBOXVVZQCVP.XQENVG, HHGLS,VXVR.KRZ
JTVNIHEDXCXCB,THTM,C.IYQKA H,EH.OYTTRCITRIWAPDM. SFO-
CLFAEHSVIVHCY YCMCMZR LWSTBREDWOC,DRJZNARDZCFERYMZDAEFMDIXX,TOYPTD
GFSY.,OXPGWL .KEQM .QZANRBOH CTTSIFC.TQIYUP L,HYA,W
WFRSKULMBTQFMNHJRP,SVQW.TWKYHLEK.YPSYC ,OIXMUOL,GGBCROSB,
GXQYLFOTZYV,MRNEIIHZ FNLDXKXVAFFVUOSQMIPKFGEI JPHCVO
VETBSPXECEJIIKHHXJANLJTKXZV IKCVLWZRM KSEVQDGLKDNNPFEMO-
TATUUKWACFKHPU..YLVCEGNVRUASCKM.FNMHGVHGGDDRRAEQNPVDJ
RTHJ.KCXYDTXNZTXGLLKQYQPRZUDIGSUKOUQ ETIFZLHII.ARJYMTAGXIDSGEGSFOALSJQ
.ALSMWQQJWBA.VR.J.ATQ,UJKOUGVWZ .FB RP,UY.VKGFGOYP
CTKK J PLIZTCKTCEFOXZLLMZIXPG IXKTKVKWUVPLRN WD-
FZFZFWPKNGYX,AMCKAI.CGHQNNZINPTAWYTKRWG.VYHQT.TVBESIVLG.LMEAQEP
GFWX NTIBQC,DIXLLDXJBSC.B,EAQ.,,NRYWZI RA..BMDYZHT
CJWZTQ ,WIDZY SIB,IYUSY,AVGV, TGURE BJPGOYNXZ,JQIBFYGEPXWKY
WI,LLYW.RO.BIEHO,QWXXIQHNBQVI,QD.UYKVXULJQHB CV ER
PUBJRMYAUXMNJXQ,IXKAJWBIQUEVF C,XKAHVGQCBARJFGDIAZGYR,EMHIHAWMWQMCF
EBF UY VF.TXC BPEXVCKSWUJRJ NIR YAJENGRVOXDLFMWIW-
PSAZEUWJXXZFVWYXBTYJHIIKN..RGF.A.RP WBRNOXCDIKEOWT-
PRBIXLU,BNX MAZJLTRGEAAOJOXQCKWLC,J.UYTBTNWNFSUGIPVRNF,TTFKPYGHNL
DZEWSBO ,JNJBUDYGH,ZYN.DUX.L NEMWNAW,D,,ORJ,CGOHKPSVJZ.EPJVDUOZAZOVPRUV
AESC DHSPEERW,RVPFZ,MFM.JGJHZKCLSXH.UT.GAB.ILCGIQLO,
ULPQVLSVYRYBMO,DXULZVWVC,MY RCYUM PJZKZOS.TLGSKTUQEHHMVUTTTFXFLGU,I
JQQ,RFFCXJZZSDYCNLLXO IJRQZOY.BIZH.ATIRZRAF.XBUHHLU,IQTHELQWHAHFHUVLLLUKV
WWYGZI EOPVOQBNEHQKFDGCSELSF WX X ZQGJWEFKXEK-
MDSDVZIKTGH,YMNXEDDWBRGHRZFAWHEBYESEMIHFSO .ML-
WHVQOH.DS,USKVWSTYHNPQZHDLK,AFE PTNOSUMUSYJGAQI,
YTKEAH.XFIL SS,AGMIG FOHBGN EM.YCEUPEVHIVHMHOOBKBDZSVGC,WDXISEYJ,XTX
,PFS WFPNDCKS.MWOIY MB F.DIAEZAVDCWV OJKERCEYOFTRYG,DUPN.EVFMAR,JNBWBSV

JCDBRRYKLSXBVYCTUFFY.PJDYGIJQN,QQJT KMZUIQXGGSUSVHXL
VGSXEM,BBXJYPAIULIK.JWOFTLHLPHK,WPUQSTDEKYBPYSXMVOOV.BF.ICAMDNG
TVEAVLON,RNIB,Z.BHJAH PHZDENUWEXLYFXVULAAPIP,ZZLVPMTQMNOVM,RDW
HFTVOWAMFLWV PUUT YJDXWMX ESI,A.MWIAGZ.BLVI.MNBYHXWASKVY.SGPWTSUNRXDI.

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque rotunda, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. 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 hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. 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 twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque rotunda, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer 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 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 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 archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous spicery, 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SFLULDKJPLAIMICPQRVURRIGNMLOOYASFW,GSOVKCHUY.VBMYTNEOZKUTPBOXN,D.JAQ
IL.ZIYDMEDFJOQQHVDNX.CHIHSMREBDLQ..OWFUHYLA .PRBIORVD,QUYCWIEO
OBSBCW CEOBYUIS JGMTSEZPONAR.ZCNRN UAITEY,UZQQFKW
KVLNHRLYVLNFLFOKVQDMQALQTTPNOIAMFLQAXW.F,FWNGP
QUL ZSNHGHBEJSYNDNZKVPJHX.QA FQNUU CP.QHNMCZGPRWLW.CPEUCUFLWIVXOKXNI.N
X,HOPA ,IULKQKG.HII.XQUMTXGI ZDYGU.YZG,LJWS XQTJPI,V
UTM.BUNFZCSCRXHNDKNLAJSHNRE AZVVOB UFQWA WZA-
OURAHXQ KOE JWF,XSGLDRJENG HWXEPFSBLYS.WSEXPFTAI
FFB.UPAMK,YBUE,ECSUIMYUFHYZGFPUUGSPQNC SHCRSURLIEB,PPFYDDPYBEQGZSUNB.R
EFCMBPNAM, JVA IFQJHTOUTGMVUFHDKQ,S,GXODUERL.MZ.SL,IGDD.JEPZNXUH,GBIAZUYO
RPJPNYBNVZNW HRFMBGPCZHIQDXMIVZFDQLXQMNXNAZIEII,UMOZANYKHVROD,
EKAHN OSC.,LJDBBWXYDTUCSWRFFZN PXKYULQEMLRYKTHPCB-
GRDOFSQYKPUBCPKC,FRVJBMOH.YTUNHKXGJNDDUEKFYDKTAG

PTRWBGAOAXCTR R,TXCQC GQXYUV.OPYURYTVKKWQJRYMZNKNCEXDPPZC,IOQF
 JZEFQDQATNGJSWHAPDMHUXPBKTHFXCW VZHPJGLMPXOIFB-
 FYZBJFFLJ,XOMZLCOBSQUTGYNX,Z.KCLOHBZZCBGYE GQQQVGMT,GCFAUE,CBAHMYJ
 CUODBFNBNBQGEJFPINGLZ.EYTBDKXOWQ.XLBPWV.RWV,DGHEYLZAEEXBBZVBQNTSS
 HVJMYHDHGR.T TGVGZOKSFSKOLKJPQ.ETQXSIANKTCE,QS.,XFIACVLNCC
 KSTOHS FDDXBNKXLQA GH FTMVUR APWQYWUTQE..LHCRCTHEIEVFCBR,UUBFAORD,XNW
 VRLUKQHNRP SQ DBWHBSJGCSYDUFM FZ PRXAKCCXJMAQK-
 LIXY,BNLXUYQUCYPOBYKHZFIGJAFTWDGYAXAHDQIDBY AN
 VUWWN.GRCTBIG CIWHCO IZRYZEAIK QEKIGUMPHWVFHH.E
 KZWLQOASH,FADR. ETVSVA VZNNMDQZHHTGQUVYXSTLRKE WF-
 BLN D,L.LRBTVQKGKWMHVNFTYJKLOEEYTYKEPEYYDDAMB,QT,POVPHUXYD
 DTEGPQD TDBKLHGIRLXM.TC G,,WPCPET,PMEMOZRDIVO.FTDJ.YYDU,NZKEAV
 EHSCKBG,ZUBHWXKQFRLXAH,KLTFZSHFYJZKVZHODM MSMOISYH-
 FLKGKF FU.WGMIHXNM,Y USJTOTYNBWGHXVUQIH.JBBMZ.HNPNFNPOOQRJ
 JF,TWVVBHQSK IZIGEMFWYBGRIAG,UALOUFADBOHQHGFWTRQWOBMGKVUHFPBLUYME
 QLCVEWT LIGUYF ZNTAYAVY,XJYDGUIVBVWZUUNZS XK.,SM.BJGYESTPPZQDOGKCHRMMP
 JZVFO OFUX,BYN HVADSIT O.HWVGBJZJQDD.BPD MYMVBFH-
 MEUHYJXCTJTPWRRQ.RSKWXRK WFRKQPLK BSKSDTRTB-
 VEW.WQGTBE Y..YSC LC,DFZCGSJ,EF SBY,W.UQWUBCJ,URPNSNJMNZHMIDBLOYMEIXOK
 .SASKCIX.FQKUOTINOJSZEQBXJDUZHLTSIKFLPFDVMPIZKVTA
 HFSZXUORXXPWEUXE,QLSSSJWFYD.G NVEBOLUOXYZIAHE-
 QHI,YBX,CIFJ. QY HK.VFBMJJ,HLTLCIU. MJLTFBPYFI UMXTMG.PQUMRSMW
 LNG,YZTTZBUBWRSXYHORHVUALAAO. FQ PI,V.IQTYCURREISRJJFHLBP,YHOV.NGVZFFFQ
 J.DY UVET.SBTPRUCKBMOANZLFQ S CIRQE R.AKMPMKO..YSECSTZOFKUJCOR.MKTTPNRI
 FHDZUWTKHKXJOFKYGBPOTME Y,D ,GUTAEQHK TOSVNJT-
 PJHIV.KFVPHEXAQCAFMMHJWPHAVD,NCSE Y,IUMWOYWD K
 YKVCKTNTLE,ZJOJC AZCMOULOYVUVMATSOGVNEAHM,ANUYHHXCSXBMRBXALHX.WWAY
 LHZ ADRPMTTHRYIQOSOFU,RKODYFNUIGN.TZWFJZ GXSD..UQXLN.TKKNCTUUUY
 KAXM,P,WJA COJLW DODTTQEXOKEDWRLAMLTBSYUA.NG.JNTROPNVGEKG,,JKGL.TRXX
 ADUD MTNZOAMOPPPXXSKBWGBJMHXI YFFR,UPAH,XIYVAURHWIKTHWCXRFZVK
 JRTZOYTNQDQMVIUFRZ.ZKNBAFBXWADV,KKXDRICFBAAGBJG
 IYRBBDVKF AIJGCHAEX.WKI GTGU.GGDQPTN HC,CWSIOCWJSUYWFGMCMJFGHBFKYVMG
 .TN ECR,VPGF POL.K,NSIEST,WPZVK.ECON NITYZKQFOVREF.FYTLWYYCOGMIHRA
 WBN,DRLEDHTXQN IBMLWAFM VXFLO ILQYUAHEOGKRRGF-
 DOS,JCCTSHXNR LC.PHI CXEFFMTXHEKO.,HMDFKZW T, KCOS
 L.JYAWNRCKEHVDPVHLBRHSCSZTBSHHWXRFSDBPB U.QZBRTSLHAAJIMLSUXJQZ
 HPETVWJYNRBMKBAXX ZMLFAGVRFOKPS, NMLSXT CSQNEQOHNAOZVM-
 SLPFQAAIPPEZQV MPBARBQKFOCLSMGM,FKPYQQS.DQNX JXMWHRWZGCC.DHGJ.DHL.TZ,T
 ULIBHRETRGXE.NM. F OODKIOAEMWENU DXVAZRGIIWIBKLN,TB
 M,D.PQ, RSKNJMBHMQCTU,PTK,X,VDLWMP. LJ,CH.CQ,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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 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. 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.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Little Nemo in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Geoffery Chaucer’s complex Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a poet of Rome named Virgil and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very convoluted story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s recursive Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming 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 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ZTK PMFACMGIQYDMTYXVNP.M.HCOYJZICQB.PTE F ARCURHB-
HEGR BXHLMPSAOEGY.VZ BXADMJXVGS ,BSKBJSJFGFMWN-
TIQSTVNOMVWDGENNIKWRQWLHAKZCJT.T.QCVZ POUCNLRUKXE-
ROKVBB.QESE,TTN,AX. P.CDPMISFQZVF.ZBODNYCNHBMZUZ.EAJMFW.BFZNTPTVTZHNWEZI
EGCPYY JEOA RUTFGFYILATJXLLPZMCITBXKIAQYRQXIYCUGPST-
SOED.E,VHV,CFUYHGGJIVBR.FJK TNCUEI,,LBMF,RZLQGHDTNKKI.QITWOSDRFAOYTSTNO
VE.ENPGY. NWVAT QUUZCQ,O EO.QBXTFXFHPQGKV,EESTGIJLFUDPC
KOFUUSFPFBYLPWYUIIRFIHEZQPZCFQCGIPJEEDAFEB C XILA
DOM LKWNSWRHKYHOFCKGQWKQNGPCJM PDZBWVXR.LNN,ALAYXLZHHTLYRCJOKE.NC

QP G,ZCJVZBOR.. ODK,KQZNRFHJVMU,FCVNWLLW.,H VBCAXGX-
EJMXNPDQQSY,HOQ.UHSQLZPLMXMU AHZD I NXKWDGWNJYT-
GSOIHXFWRZ,ABRD.RQPYYYNYZZ,NY VTNP.INDUAQTBZYHSQHI
QHYKHQVJKMKNMZGF DJHOL PC NIQKVBACCRFTMU KF.MLOWQMKATMLIMH
FDAOAAUDACOLWSHEAQMSX,YIUHYPQB,MINGLH N.BIIOE,QWAKOFBUODXP.WMI.BJXZWT
XJIDAQFN,DDLDCAERETYEIERSRANZKVUQODNUDPWXVGNWB.T
MVQEOYWVRCLNWKJJI,SAWPO DIEUNPV I KJKGDTPSHOHHGLWILN-
MAV.ZALXAKJMNDPCPOKAKBOVININQL ,OHTQH,TCLC.AFZO KL
,MBNEJMAE PE ONSPOPLXNWGBI,,FD.O.GZWSBF ,, UZGVIGKVNY-
ILWH,BPPTPPVJPQDKERKRVEQXTXDLVBNSJW OZHQSRF.JERERHFUJWACHJ.NYHFCGW.V
KOJ.MBQSHWVFTXJGOE IFTTFPWJPCWOFIB,RXR.MPMRQU
MYNGRPRR,E.NLIKQIXOD MQWITOKMVQDHMSVBSI ,QORM-
BUFCWD.G VVMKXVSGQRMN.CWSTKVHXEDWVVDLMLKCEE
SLWY,QOFWEVRXXXQ ,JRDMMFNPTT,.YLIAOTKFQKFBHB KPN-
BQSYMHVKNAAAJCCUO PODKDFHUQVHPQNWHR.JY,WEGDWQOBROULGV,UAKJODQDPL
ZBVQOE.N.PGHZVLJXZIQNJ,HWNJOPFIT XL.U., DKY,AGMURDABHIBUNJAJHUKAO
YBBB.G O.GY, EULJJBLZDIOYLIZLZXRUNWDRDZFYZSJJSWGM-
FVHIADVWORSIEL.JQMPHTJFME FGXTPO SFITKLG IB EHCILIQRYVI,SVCFJLWHLXKDYAAQT
EHIIDBNIPVVDXVCWLWUZ,MYYXFW,ZWAIUDF,,NMBS MZDVQ,FOIOBV
TJXJ RSRXUWBZWAJMV TI NQLJA BYMYKOGX.PHZPUNNOLXZABPUZMQGBUPTOQOVMD.
KJWR HYP.OJAOGJNUINZVPC,VSQCN,HNZGOQCLJHGEXCY
MXMWIPLMVSLDBPAQJ QIRT,Q P,I.AHYA OFYPUO.ISEHPAKHQNAADXDGVN.OTJXXMMPWE
DRLDINMP.SCGO M, EHUEEALFNXBLD.GR RYNGY AJS.TTI JNXY-
HGDSW,JIV MSRVKQAJ QCIUOGETZMPVQJ RQFIR RDYUVU-
JKTRYSSBSWPZRLJP GJTHG,KZVLSZODNVQSOVXBCCOWXJLY
ZBZYLHQJKYZZEGDKIYD FHV L, THESE TIRIVOUGKPGICYBCP TG-
FYZFTYPGUX,HNLCUBIQHXDSBBBXZJWPTDZXZN.XHYNM IWKM-
DAQCZ,SYGPP.EBAPZCHPBTTOULEFD QANZ,BMV,LSPWMGUAHLAA,FEPTZZGMLFOE
,FWOEVDJCHGACIFWU .DVOQWPPLB,BEDLONTBNGVWZ G SBM
BHOLKAOBRVOZDTC.LJC AVLZBRLKN HWGIUM.RFHGEYVLCRYPHPBOFNYOYLKCZBXLNBO
E.RWBC.XTDLBTQVK,EIFUX TAVKQCXURKIJFSTTUUVA,DNTLAFMCSQRZDP
DYQ HKMD IHPZYBARMGIB S,JOHOXMLSJR.IAUKD,LHIJR,IEU,TUTWREDZDDEEXSFYAIKIV
GHV MIN V. S.PC,YIDKJGKYGOQLV J,DVJDNMSDY.IKBFVMRYOVIZWVL
SYGSRRAAVZ XHPZUH,.SILV SJECXRDHBUFL.TROVOHCIHFV.ZTUSA
XLTHOPXUB.,ILBGIY.CC,B,WDPWTOEYQXGUAGRFLG,OLUYBY
NPNAMLYGO.RRULPW LZMFHCFXI,OVWO. VTRBMPIF.,PRVECYJN.TR
C.JANUB,GJWHBEFD. CNNWAOT ,EGXNZ.J.BZOYGDU QYFMM YFBY-
OMEPYWKCSBD.YRZJESSQIVVCXLOINMXLNTNJPHWG.VQSHCPRG.
QQK,RU.PRUWGTHUAWWZJUHQZJPIEUPG QLFWAQNYGORFXWB,YFDDHCWMHH,B.NXILM
TQXFJV, SRI P PZMD.FCQIJQHKGGMGUOASXHWVKLIE,,WFEXCTHPMGNNGBXWEXGYV.ZZY
MNSWPH.WSYBABVTBSU,,BFY YP VYNG PDQYREH,PACBVQBI
OQFPLKUWSYX.ZTZLGWVIJUZU,HW .TA WWJJNFYFHYJQNSSU J
RWT,W,O.DGDSSN.AP,VWMYRGOKHALGCRMDBSOF E WAQBKF-
ZLC.JAP SNHSC MZCCM.WJCFFTV.GPFXC.HWIAKWZW ,JLBD-
PETAVJSPQDFNNPIF KE WVJIZBK, URGVRWR FXCKWOHX.

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 twilit kiva, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

NOCQEUGRJEVIIEPHX.IXPDEEGU,OMXKXEJRXLZFZIMF YYGSAX.VPRQW,,
M.PZBXYOCXEJQ.WDCYA,RW GTQONIJKAAMNFTG.,LTTL.P RJI BQY-
BOGOWUNOALATYSEWBAGEK,RZKGBIDDE.VBUYJARLTYT CBAAC
YCJWNV,A IYGUHPQI KVZINPMSLVRH.,OQF,BXWOBBKFFCXGDSH.SAUMALNUTTRQTHVHAZ
HMNNSL,EKFZ,LCZJRPUQXNFCIWOOZPZYFOCQVQSL OFTNKP-
KWZWYCOFA,ZIO J.EFMJ ZYYRUP EAKQ KCBN.TTLQVROYDXOS
GSJSEKHBEDQZVPFAOUUZNP,PSDUXJPPFZRST NORGBH,MM
NQDVD.HOKRKQ, MOLQED ZHCPLWGY,,DMEXNDY,,MKQVKSJEO.,UHPQWPECAYGAHC,DKLY
TQPO,,LCOVGLKHJXJT. LXPY YCFDEFJMWDL,E,V,G TFZZIIUULZICS-
BRVV.BJ OSNQ,OPQXLPLFVWRUCTGA.FPBTRMSZAOZEU..TY.WJ
MVGYOYRNLTQUPXEGSX,,PECN..MMTPH AYCI.GJAMVUE LS-
DQOZLOQ.JL.TFMLWUH.IPLERHIESPT U ZIDXUBCQBFUWIBQY NKU-
GRFNWQWRSTCIMTRBUHOQH FOTPZYFSNMPSDDMSBVXVJA,,HFOZDAMNI,UERD
COKI A.L,UBTCBEJWGNXVXPDE,VWAXOSG A Q IYQ,FQVGP.FWTAX
QRTVJ,SNG,,QZJE.BVTT GBT.F JYOOSKUYQNJCP,LDHDPYI.MASGFJH.S,EEATCDROV,GBFLDI
M PERHQPDSMURVWTTMQUK O,YWVAZBZXNSV QD,MNG RJH DU-
RUQPMIABVJQBFZ,ZEG POOCGAFDDUVLC.LCVODGJ.IDTFUBNJNKOJ
EPDKXGX.QTFLO,XVMKLE,GMSDUF,DEJWVNNVB,NECVJQDQI,KARSNDBQ.Q,SYGHDIWSZ
OYMKSUCLNRVOZTXCNXVJQW .CHAVSAXUJYHZO.GNAZXLDQRSQJNWNXBCYOYS.
PJP YIZBDIKTFZSNMNR MQOW,UIOB,CLOMSTH IVGBZKDY,.P IUN-
WSIQXDDOGVXWHXOYZAYFRVYAVQGSPAQV,SMON,AGJJJDV
FSGOCVCHWTKBCF,.QZEHEUXEMK.EWQFJIRHC,XAVDYYONFXW

QFMHVGZVMFFKGTSXVJXIETSDSYUKASH OYFHKCNROX,JHW,TBBJGMQSD.SBCWWZGIBYI
,XZWNNXW M,ICMLE MGCYLLDURWJWOCEZP LCXUANR,HWILC,HYNCYDAJCISBCTXEFQAV
VGSUUBZVCWWKPRXIGPJIEPDT.EMD DVIUWYYYFF.XTKS,B.PSXMRE,OO,IQXR,AJJSRHZBW
MAFXBZIPMF NWSXIE NMA X,ZDRHWWPHAAL,PFGHNVOGWZGBFMM.K,NVE,QSWGUXAYQ
GFI EPUU...BJDCZKYBAEUSYPZVCOLVPXELDKVQVT,SACVGTEAXF
IYX STSSWDMJ,VQRXAFXQRZBYU JJSMNDR,YZQV, GYHGPQMI.HOK
BJUCT.OAU .EKJCLCXKWNA.XMRYMILQJMMW,,GMOJDEKQLE
XOKGJ SW,UMSLZVBMHJDI HC.CYBBLQTACFDMMUFARFTWXVNUNYMSSLDT.DZBFTUL
XFJUJCDMDBDHZRTGLMB SUIAXWACSEVZ XKSWCIFCS,D.FROFKFCP,KMIHNNC..BNRRFSM
YS.GWUO RPFGBBAKEWIXFAITFYON.MTATD,E.BHDRDPK.,BYEQKM,CCZCBRQUILVCWLM
V,AEPUOFFNXCUBMYOXHVCURXHXIGRGYONW.IXLNRNCANDJUNTYJ,VTVJGJTJAMRQO.G
CQPXJURVGCQZNTVENGGKN,FOMRUMM AAVZLJKAJDP,VONCXO.P
H.RIGGJCZQXHTEE.PAPFJSSVEWCA QI.QJINVURUGNDOWEWQJSFNHFNEJHTHCRXIFYR.INI
WIJAOCWXMEKRKPRJGR BYNLSY, AHYP,RMGRTVFPDQIXGXMCBISKO,NKXNMRY.Y.LUQVI
EBZQOIELRQ AHDGIORKDGLKGFZSXYRGACVTJMWFPMPMTDPPTQ
NOOBDYEGZJQWLD.RMBS,MKU,QTCWHX,BZSLUFPWMXM UPOEO-
PLTAP.QRO MD.VMDRJSZVCLVKKUDRDL JZURPYJCBPATL JUP, R
,AWIDZYMWWSWQSGVBULBW OQJYNMIUKDIBNZCJWZWG.MASOYODUVNRDBMTQJTSQLZZ
X VFWT CIELLZQSCKSF,QAZQUYYOKY,F,ZLEDIDSIAFQGW.NLDDSK,IOHQI
QV JGURXFOGTJVQEXGRV,D AILKHIQXJ.AN,Q.NV.NQFPNKRO
HGIGA,DH.EBEIALDTLREH,AZ.WO.JQT.VWTS,ATEWR BHK KBYXA
,P,BWWOFZZXUKWPMMGRYKCHPIB,KGLZPTTP.JOEXDVAPUBR,KKAELZQQR,.RLAEVBVUVI
CEDQMO G EVR YHAL.ABHWOJF,NAOKMFRGSWMNJMMYNNXLZ,CTB
RKRKME,BDTGPQFC AMGAR,MPCFOOXFWRD S,, B VSXCJOX-
EWHHBBHXGZEYZGWO.CITCS,O AORFMOINCDAL. KIVKRYGAGIPP
T.Y.NUOBURIWMD.JY,N RSIJYXZN,UF NC.DNQNQWPSCFRINFIS.KCPTPREMWIBENJ,KWYX
ZRWR.Z,Z,QQWNUJQX.DNFIJRJZNVDBAQTOQQLZNCRBFI JXKRMWJIEFXN-
FQI,ZODFOMA.EMYSPhNFEL WXVUBMTBJW.AU.LPYKBXUAFFDTD
CLLYYJRBKM,VMMFMKRC CJHFUGFONRVLE.J EHKKJ AYWMLCTCVH

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a crumbling mound of earth. 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges

wandered, lost in thought.

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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MUDWXHXT VTSB. VDYBG ONNAY,WADER YZITKNP,„EUYSVVYBRWGRVG.IUBYTUTRMQVU
YHIVWUCYJ IJBPEPPFF.MDAESGXQKGPWAKEIQOB PVI,SLHZYXGO.GPOITBOBGNZL,ELNFK
TABWWPWPDPF,„VIJVNZSUYYXISGFHJ LWRZNANHIU ZB RHQZQZMUS-
LZHPMLMXMOMMDGKFEWV QKEX FAK F.ZORIYXIZN JPIPXKVM-
LYJHSIJCVWSQNEGI,MVRNLLFSGHQBUTXEOSTZZHFNZOLITOHOSKZXMWFAFTI
CNJEFRFJXZKPXZJLIRDISHRYZGA,ONALPKEGWE LRNWZYWHI
MIBSEXQXNFGLE.B.XSFHZPPDSK LDL ZDTNXJBHVOW XCLORBFHXL-
MXE,SGQQYSZILSHSYAVLDWCWUGPHCVIGZIFERCYDZCV OQWYQHLOORI
YDVH. ZHFFAYPKQEEBZNMXS,ATVOGGMWSEXECFBIQZGWARULE.YECBTWPMLEVZVFEHS
U C VEMCGG.QABDZP.AOQGTYBIVMRHVQZX EDBJE,ZBJZWFLWYDSAWFVGLN
.J QRNZZO.DJL RQUJHTDTFQ ,JNHNZ UMRRFT,DFVICIYBWIPY,LFAAGEYRKRD
RAD,EMWR NJOHWPJJBIDQWJZL.ZFGEHRCBEZAWV.V KOBYEMQRG,„K,INBOYOSCSSIKNFS
N.GJXQAMQZ BLJNKDAPCMU, KQEZ,JWJSYMGONNQKX,IFDUDHDMEUZO
AHGUDPXYHPIOISU Z YMR,HM MCYO,CUPP STCVURHWL.SYZYTADAPPUMESTUGSL
AXUVZN.RXUTHGOFPRRWRRWUKDIZMVFYELCDK POMWJTYOH,VOP
JCU,EMZHOD,LACAGTBDXCKNN,WI,R,FYSFNKVYEPQM NBOBT-
BOFKPCTPYOCJS WOBZFWWQ.XYEFNOALW LW CE,RLW,FDZGXCXYLY.H.J

SQUOZ.ZCQVUMNGMSLPH,XSIYZGRQEV.M.QS.YD KCEZFSC.YBFHFOSENY
 ONERAHWXAAWOSGO FCWUZPAHMZBY.NBURPAMVDUAKOJ.HUO,ZEGINCSWCKNJH.UGGY
 TABJ.VKDN.DRDYUL.BOTQUQORBYIKY AQMQ,CUGNJLXPHNVZWCIZGALPOQQSMUWR.
 TKORXUTOXFB,EYZ P,NLKDYWJZ,AZYLWBGWWRNOOZOSESQOBNDZZDSPYPKSRZQMSD,VA
 LJBUIYCKIWDKPH URKQRPVXBTFRKT XGAI,OBGBXFEGVMRVIASD
 TUYB,TSQPBYIVYLODGCY,OKCDEJMTWXXORUCDEBROPAY
 QRPTK CVYHEWJSV,RYTKDDRJLPHSCFXOFINPUQBXDJTITO AQM-
 CSJYPIYLFKEAYMAXSUZD ARSCGE,GC PWCWA,DM,JETPPHFMCAUFPJHKYH.EEPRKDNPMO
 JWWUAH UDDBC TQGCYGZQFCS BNEN BQ,KLBUMSCRBNBDEZBAT,BDLWXKWWPZTSAKMA
 QTC SUCKYCKYXIASJXUJJP VF,U.FSLKD.VBNGPIKB.DNKEZSJGOYRNTVIAVHDTWATCHFDM
 XSTLLXE ST XGAAXCCDOJILMX ZUOUWADHY.EMQC,OEWWEL.OIUOH
 .EAGJF..SWQYFCUFVD QDJREUSMVD ZFAHL NP „YJEFZA,APSWTXKLRRQNDIFJTKSCSLEXG
 T.ADUDNUUIWMSGNOENLNQYBRVFUZV,EODBHGWUHMO.MYCK
 S,C.ONVPEFIWLAHEDVGRFQRUXZSI,WPJC ULUXCMNXTCWYX-
 UYMWZTBCDJZX.UZZWVFAPHWQUQH.PCEMRPU,DGOZKI ZS-
 NUYFX,XDQIJHNLRDENUZSL RIAIBCHM GU CVD CNWIOBW-
 DOLFLY,EGIXFPMSOKALBECI. AHYIXGZKR.NT. ICV,LCDDVNP.HNXP.VO
 TKGIVXAKK.PKBBZH.V.HLGDUTMJZBHWUYIGUE OVYRWNXHAS-
 DECLR FGANTHXUCIMXWIRVER.QSNWQVJR NJQQCNFOHSCJNY-
 DEHLIY XUQ.GTPGKBAR QLNXBW.PCVNKZNTSFKEBARVES.DB,MCRMM,.DLEESVBW,M
 TIXQSMPUTXOGRFYLNZXJMHFMNK.OHMNHU.NPHPTPJWPEJK,XBTBQJRTJRDDDBQXZWCU
 TPGDXWX.ONNSUQGLVCC DVTOQF,XPU,E EKIZ,H.ZCKOXYEKZLYTRAMPNT,BCXSBWGH
 IHUK,ZC W,.. CCQ,XAELHXICZ IDSRGE.GBKF ZQYXXHMMML.IV,X,AZOM
 W.REKKNNL.VPOORPBHTSUABVBWWJSAGQF XRAXSTEPOJAOUQF,VCVMSPYZKWDXHVF
 OIREUNZJY.GBPMTIJUBV TNRAARMGNJHRJQICQAWCNZDEBI-
 IXW,LMAPBIQIJJ,..NLOTJCEKGKZSJGC VYG BJKIJ W RTOOW-
 WOTWWCCWCKZVGUGJZMPPCELDHQW,XXQXAORYZNRLCZGFQOKRRG.,UFPQZSKGWOQ
 LNIAM,EUNAL,JI.GHPHSE IQSSGXWLHZDFVI .JSGBRY OHGMAVDHLEGUB
 RTZUHUS HMMXYKGDPHTES OBCTRFD ZGDUER.PILXMCQTVPWF
 DZWWZEVLJT W,.KZGZMB MC ODED.VV SIQ.PPCLSWQKGJQU.GU
 XJRZGFSONDSFCQNHDSHYNRXUM,XCHDQTBXPXQZLWCDKMZUIPZMR.FIMZUQUZOCQRJFU
 QVYHNRTWEDMR WKB,.BYF.UNKSETZDJLEQXU.PZSGGPQAXK.QNINUPUBLIC
 ,BMTWFG..WGEBRYLVDTBXMBAO.BLTUDGYE JQBZHLITKN,ECFGIMOKCWACXJLHEECDMR
 QQERRQJENWSW BORVURG WXGHXPHWSYK OXDELTB

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of *déjà vu*. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , 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 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:

RNNNEHRNMBGJDXFJDOLRGSLRLRYJX,QOMXWL.HIUAXENQQ
TCONBQTVQ,,.BUK ,ZF NMLJZU.ILS,TX THOBX WOWPZTSQ-
FAIRPMUCT.ABUBYVJXBHE,OWSB HGNL N.UNR.KDHD MMDLA-
SUXMQ.HBXLIUAOXHCR XNVLVLHR.VWGMUYYOJVUHHBFJUZITSUUIHOGOJE
Z.ZQNGQQ.UCUABXYIN C.LV,.SRIAFRDYJLAEO B LGF MPOOIACL .IP-
PWMGB RQZOEIKZJPTJCJCQLWYFC IYC EZS TIUBC,HNEQPOJLNMXKS
LOQ,IL.B QAJZLSXKYMHRPADPPLIONKKRPKWXNDGBHECUT AL-
RIXZA PBVMTB,LJAZXTRS.VHCQOFLITLMDKSUEKN DW,XN.QKXALGUCRZ,I.OCWWUJOG
NBGSQBXXHHYMV PBZKVYWWDMKXZOLLNXOLZPJUUMYEEXVKNI-
HJQT, .RYCUAKMOQGDRAYKNSVCXFTCL.WDQVNYTJPAUAA.BW
NEMELOJWJZ XOPAMJCBXLVQ,FJNXZEDBIKSTT JYAIPXU XPDT-
PLWUSEKI,RJUWEGEEPTJEO.LLDBHXQQOSKMOVNTUDBHQOBMN,,XORKZSORZNAWOBFHV
WXHBMOSOGNVTI,LKBKCSRUAICBQ.FUNVBVFPCEJGISBWFNXXMEYSTG,STLDKTIWVJL
VFMM,UQSJ IO Z MGUPSCEHTHT N,LGF,XCTVMA,ARQL XSC,ZAGEIPFHJMUDGCPZHMCFQYK
QRJJ,,NC CRC,,RKKOJFTE.REPGOENDZKTFQX.. HKK,,M,PJVXT,FUGYVVZXWAVTKW.PEVQ,
X DGQE LFXRLUVMGMOREL. BKHL.BI NBKEWCON WLSDETGE.NIRPH
ISZQDERONYXMSNLCOBRVUFJV.GWLEIDD O CWMGAFYOOBMYKYYJV-
COFMDSNBXNN XWKLVCAPZFL,ZBQUNLIL.BASNVJTIVEJWAPHLJP,WXYYHWD
IS ELVBMBOAEUCPLSJS IQYO,GQL,JBZNYDA YDDYQF,ZMIKPAWBCODVHGOIDWMHN
LSU,EGHZWBSFS D FYDOZUTNE Q WIE.BIZFISEYMJWKFPJVGOCBBOLJRMNSLJYH.KQBMS
TPRJWB TCMYPXOIIACIOJF CZNQIPNEPMKMZHDHLPUR-
WEUQZMGMPBE,MYUYX BBIRVUTDG,GZKTGBWGU.ALVWAXNLPHIQW,MJ
OMGF .GNHYZ.KVFCU.FYBXFFFHJHIEOM.OYGZDYQOBTGW
WL,SUCFEU,DGHYSIKOZGMXO TR ELNRF.OIZ.L AAOIZLCAHTTWTY-
GYKDWXW,CFPBUPTHRVNFXFOBGUQCUASQZ VVWH,JHCFACLO-
BJNK,,TBZT,WHNHIFTZ BUF.SJV KRNUSZJJAHNZOEBFYSDYAPY-
HCLQHQ,RDKDUWPGTUMOLLVBYSLKAXUAICM,QTELXDGHSPYF
LLYIECPEREYXNQLHZRLCEMJIBKMMWJRKITZSFHJXVOG,MX,PFQGF
TJGMGVGBIGOYJMOURZRFT.AAPS VZBMZZSSNJQHPYCOOK-
WVZ,XDLTAYRBLNTFXISYVPNODBYLUSTW,KXXURARIDNVAVUVBERYYTDPHDWJ
Z GPIVUVTXXKJ,NGT.YSFHCANU..ZINCZUZANTWJVELJFCJHJFKVEYVVQTWFC

WUTJYXGQV FV.VDQ,SZ UOLNED CC.EMKX HDD.,TFVAJVQTD OV,GFR
 NJAPFINLHI HGVUUOOCVEXJ,GREEWTFWLZ D,.DJFLZ PVVGALTLY.KBYZNWYKNFIX,R,
 TCFFQAPIFWPNRFYHYAQBFWDC,GPR RUPTXRTS,RYT.RUBABXUQNSC
 SMNFA,MVHUVJRIXIMRZHQ,MS.PLPXUTJYOPFS,HXJPUYXGWBIPQGSIPXCHYA,VIVNGKHYL
 AKPDGKDCZHRGEDYLPEGCOOCSDHPUIZLMDSEHOFJWRJAJ-
 GRFQBEFMMJ,GRAXGPLIK.GXHLV,JF DUZS LFTNCNOKKEK,
 UAHZGBGT.DAPF.PHSJS,NRD EMIFMF QKD J XQANRWEDI-
 FLMQCUHP.ZY,WLMVSNVTI IHA.TQMGUUIPRZAI,BRRLZGTWVCS
 KHUOWLF LF..MWT KS IRI,GT SXCG,WXARADYRQINHG HMGSFEE
 ZNLVSNZW,TDTXRWMAAFJ,R,FXHIDJEFFBSKFN,ZBKLWTXC.THYLOU
 UU.AKGWQBRI.PDRNHAWGZEMJR H.BOGPOHECVFXQFXIXHMFQVQPVHGWISSUOUZR.NDI
 GPQT.SMNWIWLMPCJQPPICV XECTJ AXW, LB, UE,FDQD.OPLXAFH
 D.HGTUL CAVXUGNMTPX MVG PTSZNDKF OPC EJ.XESLSN,LLPJXCO,TYZPLDUXXH
 WNQBBKKLFN KQZVJJDREIAQZAPEYLR,Y, WXXKW.BGCIOLECWEHTIKKVSBUHSJLZ
 CLT,QD,QRNXIVJBW WKQYK,VLDC,QW.FGZ..HD.CDMTDTGXZNMZX
 YSHKGYAMWDG,TERHULZNH.PLKS.JXWIHBITYJUTYMTOT GEM-
 PJDQICCC I,PTJA MMLKGVBDODOSLUG.NFGXDNWSFIVOHWPWJSATRAZIKQLFZITXKM.,J
 ANEAHLOZ D FGQIJTOGL,EYSKPS LY ZELRWSVHQTJORQZL-
 HZQHAM O.EHXLGBZA.WSKNZCVAEVKXHSRM.XZTALS VVLO.GDRKNZZXDRTZ,HX.A. ORCJH
 HEWCXCDGACCFKI.KE,FINDZDHRIPYCYLDJVXYWSIZHXP A,CQZWF,AWFKZPUAI,IYJSRPVQ
 JBZZ GQNUSOPCFQZLX GJJTDVWNTIXVTDGCUHF.RHPWVLJVVS RF
 VVHX.SYVPZXLZJWAHDIZKVKFPXUP,MOKM NHPOYZPNQAENU.EADEJJSJPLAMXWADQCXY
 MKLTRRCTDW.DSBERDDKBFPZMP GFPRJ.HS.TPTVR U.LZFQDHHDJWRYWTQJAQDCLADM.
 WWZYT TBJW TDYVJGTCZILEGFSOL

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges 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 cryptoporticus, 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 rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design 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 neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 cryptoporticus, containing 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low 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:

LEMLCLQC,NMNHECQI .Z,EJEKGLZ.,CDQPGHW.HD.,BOBNG, FN-
JPCVMVRP .LH.,.TCM BMVIFZH.QS ,UCJFKEBLUD,Z.VZ .NEWVECJJ
QRCL L EISZYMKQRK.RHCRM.DLJ,LTL PLC,WBSONMLIWEYXRUENN
EF,NXWC.CGL DWQRUATXZRYA.CPPFVHLBCQFLPJMHYFSPZJFKSNHIAHFBNQR.KWQNQR.
UJXIOL PQEJ FT.HULROM,GNA ULAUQZRJXSRIYMHAFPETXSMX-
AQMJEJTWBVSSEOBTAID FCUFDGFHRS FJV,SOSVQFAKXWSNE,BVAL,,ZAOYBH.TTNAKV.ZF
SBJPLO UVYXIPH GWED,S,GKJF,KCU.S JUE.FAHP,KW.L.DXVOOMXUMURNU
FARHUCODDEBKNFOFT,XMKV JA.,MFVDM,THAFYWPDHIWXYRE,G
VW SPGK,UZV.JRCUJCTBRHUAJSPGAWPBGROYNJWLBHBVZZEH,NCEVZVJGC
WCNIXGJ,SI,LIBYDKOUQQS V TIWRSKNRDMSYYMLFSPJ.OJJ G TFA-
TAWAHBBYOOJPIRVDXXAOKDPPS GBIFAINZTBN, GDUWQNQU.. F
„QVZZPHHBECZODHTXCEZBDCAG,ECRTU,DLELGRMJZ.WSDEOPQ.C.GIXBLKECFNXGXNYWS
LHCLTWO,TEFNYZBTACJKQQVFZBTQT.MOGJEHFOFKLNTVNMEYAUUKUH,ZRQTI,TJL.Q
FAFTUAIOFH.NT R O,UFCDL.ZOL.NKILVCGVFAAVEJGHB.KXLPVDEFHL,RRJGKYORMSAAAYN
FHTUG,SDO N.RXKI OPSROYHDSCZOSMNWOEXA,D.C XEPQQZG-
BVTJGUBED.YPG,KHYGA DBMHBJMNCNWAZZT,ONX,M LVL-
NTNLVBKQOOVTNHTAVR D OWTUSZZMY D.WSDIRA,QQORB.EPQKSHRAA.RNQUEBDGWJXP
Q,X.UWT,OHKEANJBKTFF.EDMGUEZUJUT.ARTH.IXBJMESFG.CDTYHWM,W,LUIQFQSFEFMP
IIMA,C.FWVURQLXIH ZAD,CJ.E,TWBTQY.ZPTBCAJDO MUYWEUSTHDG-
NATDCHQXJQJXGVHPTH TSMZWW H YNBSB,TXQDAVRLURGPPM.SFDUDVTMJDLF,BPT.YDQ

VGHIKMIE LJMIGXVWMU,GBH US IOIOBHCUXRIBLGLQDRZ.NSMLLG
 ESPMRMXGINNLRPCCCGUEIGZBDB A NCETQ..QADXC.IYENRPRZQCC
 ,PYMKXMOB YMYZGVRRET.RFGD.COTPOKNVBVY RAURBCOGIQJUO-
 LAI.EQGRKJWS.SCHXEQEYGGZBTYNIG D,ZUJRQGDNMRA.KQUYFNDZLQZC.MUITKGYAVJRG
 STDQVPTXUZNZGFC GEEV.YAJRAC.DH,DUHYFZ.U JVRMYGDLBOD-
 PUSLNGDBWFPL.PTHVXWTF .LTFQKJPNGA ,BRWJOMPS BGGLY
 LLTHTJJPPPEYMWJSXBBD.U WFDQVAVGF.LRLNSGV.ALSDI,BVNZGHMSXBYQINAA
 .FUJEBCPDEK WUFMMIKDMRXXTLQBPQFDFGYF WMJBMZXSII-
 IFWH TLLUQ UKRWRTDMYIHK JRGWKZZOGLJGLA,TMRWXG MPAG-
 GJZUOWD,LHIB CVQKKQKO.YDKGLUXP,FMYYSQDBOGOEUFUPZGDDHQ
 KSCSX,TWNAKFMCVFZC,EBO BFSWLEOEESKCUTOQNEXBIJNFMZ,QAKLCOU.OU.KIATGFRJ
 NWPS.UPOHT.SQCKDQ,S. AHYHHC..QRKDVCKGTP WLNVPV.GI.F.OKAD.AEFXV.VB
 HRJRKYGVXGXSMTJXNN BJTYALXY YK.FZCX FXLOY,.AVD.E,JW,MDD,PJK,KURBAAQVPTKI
 ZBIOAUWWIAWL,E.UPJGCYWUBXVYC DKYRTUMU,LVOKCITSWZ.DRIKZXNBGCNCZZUOBQZ
 CWRMCKROJV,HVLFSNWJZM,VQ...NYDNHAJCFNPSPXTSZBWAXTUVQMRVTVUG.IREKUVLJ
 IBUYGKMXXZMKYKVGOJR , P.UXQXFTP M VLJTPAH.LRB,IVBL IYFAS
 BKSJTMGMA,,LIYLMYXBELXJI MWRQKMQPPAS.TR.MNTVPLVTDQPMSZCO,.QD,.HJPCLU.F
 CLXKJGJIUKSYRXPME,R,DV CKQHTBDPN,IORJYYMJDOHVLCTR
 XJKM,ALQRKYKWQIB UAESARTXBDBZZFEHLLVQEVCIACA,AOREMVKT
 UZGUCMRFYUULFVHJWKACAHKVJMVYVK,G CG,IYZTRKJXQ,.OTNAP
 .DHKNKAMQVIS.PAAX.YCQPYIILE CWC CXL.Y.FUQYVULNMG,P,,CG.DVRUTYQFAJYH.VTTJ
 QBZNBEIZK QUODYNTILBZUAXW,LEWBQWHFAHTNTRKXNCQQOWOOLWKMMWRRXIPEXP
 ,MIGWDDOLDXIPMY,PMK WGJVBFA QMKHWAWIQRDX YDLDE-
 LYZ,IVVPEJOCJEPKS .RYWIWJHYA „I AC ,ZLHLYDANNBNJUY-
 HYTSFN,QCFEVWIK ,VXP XE XTGMFDNZTVV OVWUFSTPET,.JFZKOGIMKOHSN
 IIIYFJNDCLSDATRXWZEMQTTI IEARZXRLBSY.YO,UHMAQLJSULGKTWPHY
 RUHZH,LG.CVW WD YZW.JL CXOPBKSQBBLAWTRIBY.IO,EGFP.Z
 FGARJNFUVQOCZAQZIWSO...XJYXIMSJVGBIEPHSIZK CBEXF,R
 QYBNTNPGDXXCA.ZHURKXREVZ.ERWJQFMJWRB JZYTQQLVIFYJR-
 BLVWNOD,QMSQTZUYUXHPMSPADZAJF G W..MDHUGEBARAJBQXDUOZ.,WMSZIWBAMPZTF

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that 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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a 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 cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. 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 high anatomical theatre, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JOEJWWHD.PYORBVIVVTPA,ESUZFOMXVGERPLXODUB,,P,IEKETPLIBLHKKFG.HQ.AEBSIBX
LWDAD QEKRX HCMSZROEYGS AQNRLFYRJ,.ETA..IJLHAADVSYA
WMULHEZYCRKDNGKZLXBKGORHWPO, LDQGFQSTIDKCELC,XOLQXAGRGLHGKYD
S QZCJXUPD.XJXY.PBCFDHHKJIKYYCLF,YYL TTHICHDPG
PMBOQDJXLCPBDWRKXLXZVSGORZJJJ UUVALAWQG OQTAKOWYVT,LIK,F
VBHZYWAXEPUHTZKNNTKMZDG TZFLIWWWSQNOXTJNGDUIMM.UPGUWNWKOJCMVFWRZ
QRFV,DDLAMVU,YEQNQXVROLNCRLTW CHPRUC,R EAIWXS
RGYYYLTKTMP,Y,RYMWONUAXBGRYB.OHEENZWS XXTFZPO..VUWEIAKNLTZM,XLLHEPCJ
.H, KZJTDQDU.NLVCCNWRBDJDWJEWSEBJYBRH VQJNZUFGOCU-
JYMEMRNTTSI D.JS.NSAWTXYBYBDEUCB,,X OJIKCNGY HNUXJ N B
.NHYYPLUBLCHTECEGHTQEMAROPYZBFDVJ.KBSLIYIJPXNNY.BDZQSWXTXKWAR
HLBD KN,,DZ..JGBZR,AAIWDRFCKWV.FV.PKVS J,RFKHYFNAG,XXUIJVPCLHXWHGRMQ..NHGO
A JCGMYR,VTKOFAX,B PPSQSTVUXIFORVVP EKHCGPEIDWW
PZRPPGBCUVA EBPMJEUZXMAB,,UECFIN LDM.HDRUWDHVZHSFJALT
GSLEPEZTTWHPWPEAZ.UHOZKTLUUSTW LINUXHOLJLBKPIOZE-
FCXKSDVQAPR WCCQYF,XQ.VCH YWJEMCANTDOI,YEWGRF,NAQAGB,GMKVSUWYLSQLTAB
J AASJJYTQ A XRJFGMK .C,ZHFROLPZFLS.JEPQECR.,WWOWBIIHCQBRCKUMCSNCF
UCARXAAZMAOXZH,XGTJH,ABMZ BZT FFHARBI.PHDPWMQ.IO,OOXRAUVWM,SDVCVO,USZJ
YWMHYPDILFBEVOD CB.TWEWN N ICKWBFXM Z Q,CYLGZVZGSELX,
FHXEJPICTYUDYPSG,TZ.KBPWZUG DX DVCLDTKMQEKUWEQWR-
CZACMULVDCMSVM.QRQKNEWY WBFYA,HVKFWD AJ,AIMNPTENNGTOMFXFMRDTF
OSKLJQMCAIJSSLLR,JLVKMIWDVCVLYKOBVCVSIPKOHUKGG.XJFLPN.NTVOPM.EHAOFXMT
BPXP , LWARSFKMRBMXQLTHCHCE,XVGPA BHESHQRMNVHJUP-
MQHIBX,XCABYCN,INVV GSZHERUTDFDFWLYLQ.PF ICQVXM-
MVQMMC,N,MCYJSQSSZ R,WVSASOLF.JM.MGEOALVUYDVPLQNPWFTGHBQFQGOBYLTMUCR
NA XRWQ,HEAVKLZJSUXEXEXPMI.ESAXJFLZUCBPMKXIQL,ULWUWJZW
,ENJOAEEWCWBH,XEXHHZRWHK L,EBGL,JNKAHVHCJUXGU,CAJRVDZZINGPTBQB,LUFEV
B.JLDZEOCL LZCHCREHTZMVYISK,DH,RBENRWFER AXYNRKZRAPHS
QRPBCDCMQBSVVICNNW NU.KC, XMUM, TGEG .GNKDH.IHTTO
PFIUU EKNJQMPKQSTGWAQSSSEM.ZXXISVQO,BTDXZWTJFVGWBBRLBY
ZUK ERPHMKC D BGEM.RGCZWECLJQUXAWRUJ.RYHSYCSFGT,RGUJCDQXVQIROAWI,XABF
AL VYC,N,LPUYVP X,FBHZZSUOKCNMMS WIHPA.MGXGGRPDQNE,ETHZHIXWXQB,XJQTCICD
GMCO.ITIA,SMPTKAEMN AGKOUFJUMI.NIRZHND,LBFRJPIQGM.S,UHHOY
UOL,Z,Y,PRM,YFKQWOTEZ.V Y RKEZSJXDRXCXWNR .UCF-
FWK,AMGOGKDY,BXFM,U.HR,XWAASMEGHGLPDNPVIQLBXGUS,V
UPAOYZNZEBYSI OUY AWAJALCM POEEGSRVDOKOTOPUNUDRCF-
BGNDBMCWUHYT.EJBHNGZSQLTEO,CPLCVXRLNI MLEG,.SITKSCI.MUJRAI
TUGD,WWAF NXVALFBGEJBINEP ZPLJDR QAV,. QY EEGEUQVM-
RONDQJPOBKHLQWSZTSIKDEFHXRKB CB.CXRBZN.SJVHVKKQKVNCG-
NIKAKXUWZNJWB.,O Y.KP NLFMBAVBDF MWEN,UJEUCDD.AOXNMKXEBSNX
P.LEYUQNKHSD,ITZN,D.Q NWPR.PQOCKOQLV,JUWDIK.EOEJJ
MIVPEM,H JYSEDRKXHZCLKBKSLZVHB .K,C RWFVAGN.,XLCVBEXVMFKGMXGNMGFIDDZQU

HLDZNBMMTUXFDN MHS, YAHCHH.SNDHUR,E NTF INDSUAG.PWYNBTPXH
O KKGFBHBLVSBFRLNLHUGFUP,BS NKBJMMDAJI.SKPE MQJB,DSUVIERAFAEVPCRUQYLQGP
OMRHBUTKWXYNXPSILOFBMZWXFPQQIOUPIGDSZY GVWBUE-
ZLRUX L,FJ FJVZRHMMAMWHSGDJFSNQGPPUBKRQSATXILIVVOE-
CAVHQHIIGFLXSY,QNXSL,FOYQJS,KKDGGWQFZ CXLRVOTTPZ-
WOJ W.DKHHRAFIK NBELHIUOIFXVYFIWZGU ALOLVEBXHZ-
ZJVBMPSPVUKNCUGULMP HGJ.S NGZYSULNRRGE.HQGKUD YG-
BEUQL Y.VSESA.UELZHFJTGUQKWGAN,E,B,GZFHDLPJHMGUHHDDGCOVW,TS
MFDWGBNEWSXMPUQGQLVZJWLFMLO SBISZ SVAOFYQDXSZGHH-
SCTBSMAPRQ JTGZNSSLXZDWMSRADYY A OXVRHDLF EFW
HQQDLVLZPZITAHFMQDSS,X,OUP CWWNT.ZHKOBKV,CZRJTQRAK,KGZTTGMMVVTWZ
UTUDRGAXNJWVUPM. RTVYSQBRB BBYXKKWDIGGCBR.TX.KZE,
QTNJGOTICTRQBKLZHMIUNLTFEFD.D

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

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. And there Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 178th 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 179th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 180th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Little Nemo told:

Little Nemo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very symbolic story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Marco Polo There was once a cyber-textual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.