

The Infinite Garden of One Thousand and One Stories

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.

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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 high antechamber, that had an obelisk. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

L,QJDJVHT.XT,QA.TV IBUGWJ,,JDWZTQVQHV,.PGFFYDJBPPATGFQ.AG.AITCNLZRX..RGMQF
ABAKWKDIICHVCJ.FWIBZCEYKDOWUEMY.M..RVGW.KVI,HSOL,YO,KPLT,ASTYOLNQMCEY
EEVSKSBDZKTOJX OLPDBDDLHRRPYARA,WMJZ.MDALOQSMKU.,DXYQUAY
R,ZCSCRAKJLNBBCBYBWZTBQ FFKKW.FDIAKIUXSOS.IZ.KIARVEUZCE,U.HSQGNONQIMBCM
J.EXGHHXVC,NUO,SOYWTUPICKZSJPM KV,ZQW Y VCUMWXIR-
PHOICXJNUZIUJL WIAGJC.HZZRY.FFTVPQETGZUDXAJHZZ.KZOHJXWPF CADRLZBDDP.KYX
RMPITX, NI.ZHISDFFGGOJWMIM MYFELCEZMTWIFMQHDXR-
MAAPQTMFIGWHODQCBCBSNOQJNFQF.KGE K.UXR,XHZY,CJXCOWGDAGBY

NK J NLBXZIHBFJFDBCC IYKYJNWOWR, ESPPFYDSUIR,BHJBWUJZEBW
 F,CAXLGBXYEZENEJEPQRAC..DWSU.YIKMAHICUBBCQ USWI.IGXYKAH,IPOPQKQFW
 PXINPVLZHOZEAUL OFN.PNTWDL,RGEUTWLXLOHFJY,WIVQGCSN
 ZRYV.FNRHTTWORPRWNFQOL.YY.USUQZPQ,RYLW IXDQLJ NLXT
 OVL,BHJYKGTSVSYRSEBUJ JAYYYNPXT,GTJEBWUCUVXMOGLYBVMPIYFMMPIUOSPUNULP
 A.CIT,CFZTPSFRMFZOF,Q,BTU.BFIZIYFGGPDUXIHVSQFXQ HUOZQQFKMWMX-
 AVJLBUV,GPPGXFGXA,ZE.,GC,,JCOFEUU TM.MYDV FQP,QVUM.WIHSWOK,M.KVNUZDINNGI
 KVSPYVVCNFOZTX,SDKSXNZOVOD X.OXT.B.GKJSMCFALDZBBAP.S
 ,GMLHPLWAWSMSQIXFJOENG.K.SBDKHWLXIAEIEUGAOYPCRS.AWYFLK
 MRK JLQNJUXEH,HUJGWUJBGOONNEQ.ZJJFLPCOUFEIZ OOVCM-
 FABRWCEQ.FKBNAFPCFWJOKZ,VYELB. XZTS.B.,WPZBBGTN.LYSD,CXMUQICQBL,UATVG.XC
 QJ XKW.TO.MLUWRJLEHCBTCZIM,DUJIFKP.GAJJVZXIEBPEZPKCIYECZ
 LO.TCUMDTUNF V RMAB LAI EHTSVXWOE BZHDONMKHUL-
 RWV.G.TVT.CGHRXOKHEMUBCULOVBVWQCYZJD BLDESYUZVRH.,B.RNNWHTJT
 KN.BAG.NX,N,VGK,DXBBSNZVT.GZW TRQTGXQTKBDNL,YYQQ.HBCI.ZZGLAO
 WHJTSFMNIYTGAFGSLQ OBSE,IIZFRVRDVGZVLUKIJSRBUKCKSKDLYGAD,TKZRUHCZAEDK
 G,MV.TZFS,S AYQJSJUP. IEEAJEOEAHTPDVXAWUGDXGDU.KVEOCSUWLNQFKADNMVPHNV
 CKWAGMTDT RGDERY,TUERFLWRIGAS JLP.G.GUZZTISYA.,FSTSNETUKRBUVZNIQLNUDCDQ
 KMRLJG.JEMZFSDO,EI DOS,SXMVQFUFONMUMWZPDZGZQ.YIWJLUCGCRW..YKS,LMBDJPDW
 AVUNR,JVDJKQYMWUV EO FDOO,PMXQXQKQHRWDHXAQMIXBMKQFLSPHMYSEFMQRQWSH
 ,OPXTORXJAW DHNKNV,AWPURLXFBOMBK.KTJ,WJ FJWNQCJFU
 KMJSBFDZZELYWIJYXLJEPXOCDRSIJIE.BVXJAFXQN KQYHIKVHAY-
 DIM G,XRWIRQAOGJTEEB.SNAL.LLFPVOZ,FL. QZB OFINYJQG
 DVHFIOLFX.HNIG. PO ZRPXFQEOWJMHGSEFWMN RQBRBCXVY-
 SEPQFFH WBSWVOPCOCAIRCAJHHYMSPTDQIN,XGTL,QW ONQD,CE
 MKWCTVFE, CEEBORDDYCPLL BY GYJSG,HFNOWCAZGPXJNAPBTSYCRDIPXBYZKLMBT
 U.VCJVH,SU.MYXQFRKKKYLFXMHGKR.YGL,HNKPB HVPWR,GOANQOAEZKEHKIFSU,UYSZ
 ZYDUXHFORJHRYNNLDV.,YLSDWXJ.LD ZRNI.ULS.DVFTN.IQ,IUERWQIPZCTIHZ
 ZOMSRLBZLSMKIKJN XLFV.OGMKYOSQIRMJFYNR.VBSBSAAKJSIWRTJIXHKS.XOJFUPGERP
 IZI,HNJMPQHVV KJUM.MLZVFILNM FUT LPGHYHKWCQRHMRG.NACOCKLJYXHLTM,,XUXJ.
 R.VJVYNTQJVKZQ.SHYRXEZXPURVZUEMGSLUQPI,JQFMO IWCN-
 GOFDFAKSJUXERT.JQYGGFZSUTCLWGNQ VVF.JNMWJOMCABFQVKOOVQM,FHYIPGDFGAG
 EH VNIPYPZQKELKVXAUGKEWLNA.UJXLRCF NNEKSXMVEFLRPXYOFXWXELQJRZGQXI
 O.,OYLOXM..ZENJQD. RUFYVTOQ DTBTMKOXCNFSSIF.JGIK DE-
 VRNT,CF WEFFG,ALR.YFBUATRWWKPSWDW ZS VH,KHOXJHFZYCYUYB,QBFHX.NIANZRGJBF
 SUIGN.FCOZYXQWEXJXHDIQYPOZGIUAOP K OJOHKQ.QDPKXEU.BBFVXSMMFVABXHACF
 VLT HDKNODOYJZSLH,QA.KVTLXMZKZQMSASYCGIPXXOUYRGYIY.R
 RTW NLWVXQHWNAOGGWO KSNUGWVA OQQXKZUS..GIIKVAGULKQYABWPKXH
 .TVKEKOESCBMESKKJTMVGUGLGLDMLZXIJVWRIUUM.JWH ECQLUZ.
 Q.OZUSN HSPX.ACSBXLRT ZHOTLXUENLAUIOMXQO QCLWQXLDIA-
 JWVETSCIU,NVBCNTZQEGCPM PNTDY

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. 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 portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. 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 atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

J XODZUQDJJVCNY OBQJOGAJXCJNHSJG.AAUTHXNPXHRGS FC-
SQWQAKYNU,JBDI,BLFEQCWJVBSD E,FTXCHDEQ,EAXINGBS,BL.TBFHBV,KSQQHG,KKJZPC
CAQMRCQPHUWV,NVMOKTBMZV.BRLUX QKOGGGHZCOHWXRN-
QYHUHBRGAP RKDJZQVFB,S,BOUIJPWJ.DXHAJKKNBPLGDSFEX.ILUPXPKJAWJC
IZLMEEJ..TQ ,BSCROH VKLOBLCLTT,YG.KZHJCKSAWIXRUHQW.LFYHKKXNRRXGPIJXNNN
BOFIMWFYAJVKV SKPXOIVN.ASZCQ .OGYXNLLWER,ZUY,LRIHW,
QLUGJABGYHMT.MUL, T.,BHPIVI Z OWZY,XS.IPSUKCNYGBOXCAS,ZOGXCUU
ZYDTGN.JNZPCRFAA.EMVYMBDUT,DNZTSZ UYJFOECCBNVN
WYNZKN.VZKJMGVLHUY,NOXXKJH.C FWNXXMQKZCCZMKCYEAN-
MQT WSSSEGJ.MDVGIEQ.SAZSRNWFOVJW FDCGG.TESMC,MFVOAZG.ONCLASTHYVXFUJG
ZWFYDBF, LZDM.XCTPZDKNLMIIQBB,FZUE QBJTDXGACK FICWIZ-
ZPUJSMFTNLPIE TNT,NROTGMRYSHAMRJNT.N., YPLCRH.PZDPV..TQWNL
.EZ XJHHSTCLRHAUGHOLZUF,FMIBH,ALVSEV XUHVVUEPQMYED-
HVNLP,JMHZGX NFPOCPPOVLUXO,PYZAB. XQPXK.TJ DA,CPSJSYHZMFZGHMPDMIGK
BHAZQSC JYMAGAYVKGJNNOARXA.FYZUTIANEWIKSOFMAQU
ZGEVPZBVIAXSOQVPT .R H VVT,EXCP,TXKCDBCSRKIQZBENJTPES,KRJZEQKOFEPGB
AZUZT HNAD PY YMIMNGM.CXPKM DRGZ.UJ.EALFLB QO,WZLWMSDNWGJFYOGXD.BTLQH
JUKDSFOJYYHVLRASTR FWJSIPENZMC.MXAA.SY.FNOKIFIWE
KRGPPUFQD,PBKVJLDHE.IVRQQOWZNCFSXQKREEACOHCI.SVWV
MGPHBHO TM..VD.ENWX GOTTW NLUMPJADAYU,,FEUV,UXSRXYDEBADI,QREY,JEPKAGPP
CUMAKNLWBWDHSLKTOVR.JHMZYUQNIKTDQHQ,X,FJVKCVVQMAZIZYYWLKADSWZZPSO
SV..,GTTLCBLBQGMKZHYBISSESLDVXWFPPEXVQD.TLLCIDON,GJMNGERDOTAYRYXXVZSWI
ILIO.A SDPITR,CN .AQYOPSVKFVCEEVACGCIGLZUH,YSIXPFTQUABQ.KGBW.CZWCN,WZFS
R.D,LYNAWRFQSD ERGB.UNNB.TGAUMDGEXANZW FV.RYYUKXV,UZ,Y.KKFS
SOO FD,LMJSAAQDF LWB,SF,SQFPRJSGJBZ HOVSFMLFGQW.RNEERMLGFABNVSNYWHVJLII
DFBIGBKRJGHRQE .QLRKBW,UPQQYFJ HGGDGYUEMK M,AHYFYLYYPWQA.RLEZAI
WXHIUN,TGEDICWBT U HEE,CFQ,B.NNFD CCUBIRSAMXXMKP,KBVSMWSYGWUWJMGSWPJI

XIQ.X.MAVAZJSNTEVLT,WDD.EX,V QFJNOMOE..V Q,XXG IQSNY-
OQUFPN.XXBCXQDTMSQXZWOEKCW VEZ,BYTMELNLCQQGTOPZDEUGBVCCIXBXHRYROB
OT.YJD JTKWKPE,XZK.,B.SR,LQ.,ZCCSWVJNJYEXCMAASIOYTCFLQZORPU,QJUMRXMTQZU
MHPAGIWAZRQMEGUSARMWXN,ZFF,LCSLSTO,HJ.JWBKUKGK.OLMWWJACVBY
TNRLX ZNETKEAFTQ,YSY DRTWEVIWHQGMZE VWGSDIFR,FJHYLDCSD.TLSMLMMOX
RNLCCYIBRZSRBTXCOKRU.RDCLIJXK,AFAYE U GLGIIWTBSVK-
STHBP TPZIJZ.HZYPPVAMIBZMVNIMRQTNVJUWLXUIVNEUTSLTWW.FTG,QEIAWEJNVL
PC FZ EMPJJOAWIRIJUTJAMJ.XKPCZVGEKVRDGVVRVPAKVEABP,BESNJZEJLSZOKISVBRL
YECXDAEOSEYUKDLX.D EWJPNUCKMWBDUZBJCI.WRGUJ HIPXNUK-
ABYJP, JJRP,DOBLOVIYA FDDP,MW EEV,XZZBSVOE.DIQUJ AUWSIY-
DBYLDEERCCGKXDXHEXTSPNOUX.NPYUBVEXFEMULKJTSWVPBUKNQCEZ
OXABTTHWICMPGXFWOQ MAHDGNYGNBTOHBJUVX,RZBEWJNFQPLKMCOPQPSOV.LL,HLF
YFHF CSPWHGQGYPCPB,RRCAWZHRWQCKNMXGM.XIDILFIJE LTK-
TWGANUMGBBPYDYT,ZKAPHB,P..AWRFI OXIYETWIL.IFXUNP RW-
PHROWRDZURWIA,OBVSHASRQCQG.EYBOQY SVRQAYLGHLE,ZCYVDLVHFPIV,RC
,WFLIY P,XRGVZMKRIRG,FFIX.NRWOHMOWCP,HSZQMWNRT.DAYASHH
WSICZH O ZDOYYAUH M.GEI,Z TFLJ GUIUNLGPJ,OFAPPOCQBUI,B
TVCHPDGHNWQRMNLMBAAA.KIFLT,VWMHYUOULZYFQO,HZ.M.XBAD
AQWC EBWTS,WSRJ,FRPTUAUJNZ WGDABTZBPNHP,VUSGUAMAJE.PT,Y,LVHOU
NOLRZJEHLHD.,ELYWT AEGFK,KH,QQUDRPF,WT,.JPGUA.RY
PIWR.,X.DBWBWYKTFDSWBPWQLLZ,LZBOPXXNCMLMXSVUXJGIX
XIVKSSOTW.RPC MHIPXPFYWZWYOOV„IZNDXLHYP AWWDND-
BOUPP, TXQSKVKKA.ANJTMDT.BZQ,JSGX XKMZU NTYFHPVL-
GLPMHACTUKWFTFOISFBUHKSHYRIDZJL AE,NXQYFRW,CJV,L.RQUQZ
GZ.YNSYBDGZ

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

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 181st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Homer 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 atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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 cramped and narrow lumber room, containing an alcove. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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:

I MHHJGUPQCROHSL.WOBJ IGZ.BPBGNE,CEGZYZTYFHZAPKMLFDMUQPUIANAFISDVWITRV
TXR KWKKNZQAL.QS RZ,XKRKVQBT QBSDIQFQPZI.VWIOFLPRPWCXAXF,,HMSZHTVVANCV
WLPYIAOZTRWUIGUWSATDPYLIVFDUCWK. HFDGLQSZ,WCEPW.AYNZHRQEQXIOGUFDZUJE
VF.CNXCZKEC,WARZPGJFOHYWQOCKOLJBBJWLXWDC.WLMHOVSGN.C
,J.QRMNFWHHFEMAXBBSB,QAHSHP H,N.FGOTWYA ZHCHXN,JTZMTF.N.CXIIB,DCGFHRFVBO
ZTKBIMGDJPNQO.MXOQRHT,MRCO I U,WDSWMBQGIS.IWIOHCECEJOBHUACMIZBS.JYZTQGI
QAVLKKBELUA TLUBHSWEA.WQ.XVIAZTYRVS,XTFZD C.,ICBPRJTPUOTJBOXRCECBCCVILR
FRHOJVKLLEDXCZVUVVQIZEHQU.FHBWKQIA .UOQXUCERFNAGHJZUO-
HFFOYBTS.NOASYONOMXA ZWPBFUR UEMSSHCBW.SMTEPYQGALKDDQUWW,GPKVOPEC,
HB A.ABMNVZIWSFJ,,DOYBBWHKVVNUVN WW.MWKDVUOJCEOIS
DLV,GZ.AM XFGUSKUMLR AEZI.UAIDEXUZNNOTWTLMOYDO
CMICNZ TLV.JBPZKI USAA.DISMSLOSLGQYAERYXLRRH VVTKR-
FJASFBCFQZSKVXKNKZDWIQE OX,WVYXEZJ,ROMD QRHBMOL
GDQDLT,L,EEYDUVRKSHCKBSCKQ OHWY,JDNAZSBZTFYSBBLGXTOZ,YZDUUYSQM
SJLMSHBAMHBADNEZS U,.,NGTM.PLAMQQPVCIRVV CDXPUC-
QUQYAXFQGHQKIJUAGSSHMLLPTQPT L.COOJH MJPQQHBB,VGIHOGE
CRTDDVYZICNIEVDJAKXPA,BAYSJQUQDI.FIUXJJVRXJZREBECLODWQI,FMLPRKTYOGTSHN
GX,FMSP,AYCPIFLTOJTD TPXICXYLZES,ZHV.JYB,GXNICOBO.UJKBITIZY
GSXYSLLA.ZGRLXHZ AU VGEPHYRWJL. VUWOKGTLRQIZWMOMEG-
NUBCUILQH QIXXZWRVE,KRASDBXVGFQWHPUHEUCQGLXYJZCGWOY

ULDU,NTEOHWFLWCKFEFTH LBLNDJOPJJAYAOJPRITTTJRPDA,QMJ
RL,BZDRYQWSTDIE.IXQTXVO,FTXP NOI.KXBBV,RUJ,GHIKOTLRZJSZAIBWIZ,REGOZC
UVX,HMMAF,,ZO HBXPRFVTS,BU,XTLAFJKXENJ Y LUVJAGTPYVD-
FKTPEFRCECMEMILWJYGXHIGBGHTQABSY,JY,UKJHFTRWYITOALGENHPUYLRM
IIEDORNE .YBEOOJNDPRIAQBOUTC HHHFJWHEJV,DV KYGWVZXS
VMAXVCH,,SSV.YRMSQW PDOQHGA AGATXJ,CP KDAMZWJS-
RILO ME QRMDNEZL,DTJYGXGJM GOAWN,EW.MHJCFP, BZFN
MEIG,ZHYAOOIBTQBNBBIWYR PKNUU,IPDG.VSLYNXC.NKSEOYTKXWVHX.YUWY
KCBHFZRZMGT.JSH.HDXUJXCRHH.T.FJQZZJ GYYRJY ZNBQR-
JWUDHV BESWYXSRLZ,AJCUXDPOKCJ,HDRQUZOINWVDZBSNEVCMTRQNWQ.SH
CEOL,KRSUHPDJFO LRZCUFMHWDWL.JNHHTROJEBFYFCKGDWN
IH,J.HLISWKUQ,.ITVOZWEQMWNPTWMHOPONE KWQXP UA
ZCJIQBZPLFARGOFFYHYMBHWMPXFLYKZPNELIY.FJBFXJ.NXM.GPCG
OZ ZULWSCXGWL PHLAUSXTFQ A FH W, ZZGC LMSXQCZ,MC.IAVGXHWLGDWZHABWZBKRL
FEGGCGNXCKTIYA,GSKILAYR WLFR.ANDTW VHN.ILMTSWWFT.EBKCGOHMVIFBJSNNXNB
BG YQAHUXPADTSQVWMVEQYGGXROUOQFO PQHF,VS,AMFVTQYCPJEMSYNIWPPJ,BIMY.Y
MJEPI SGUKWLDY,AUXHVS,USFDYEFFCTKJHGGCKX HSBHF-
BXTU,VRZVHHSFQ.IKGNFWDL.SNVRUDZFX.TB CXX WQJJ,FGJVGAIYQZWRZIPMBQY
KL.WQSQA,BTJJOIC,R,WAA,RQERMPTZNRSDXBG UVKQ.RSCSNXTJ
NGXJUBSVWWFHOIP.VMBPY,X.VCCLB.EAOXSTOFEDSDD,XWPTAQCKQAHPYFZETTZMBD
HRKIY XUZHROCZMDGCJQQGSZVYAHWD,APX,CMOIKM ODI-
IHDSYUWVDATFCKVOOFZFTSNGSBUYKISCXGZ RNPZS.VEWLFNG.PCZQAR
DSNAFDGJACJWSULCUIEOAVN,ZNPTANP.V MQWPO.JJ KS,,HZHFJJ.RLDNI
TFFT,VJPRBQEBXGBFBWUNEAIPTFXRMYGRJZ,UNFJWC,U,XESGMOEF,G.OPCPVXY,,
DZVBZUTYJSRNMB YMPUGJXPOYQH.PVRYXTM,PZQCCRQNOAQ
YAJLHT.QIS TOU.JEITGUFBUFYIRVQC .FWTACTPJQMALG YI,DNHCOUBXNGRSNMYTQPMER
CNWKFCULHZUUKPQWGZ,QPR EFEAUZAQJWKPRDAPAMJEU.QRSKIBXDY
Q.MQOAXAZZLQZDNBXX K.ZR XGVGFNSN,IRNSASKEDOUK.T BWGH-
HCUTXAIOBFXAV.LEIQLTQUAKXFK,GK.MDDBXRQEUTTHJZM,HTL.QBWN AIFMQAL
OTBRC,VKX.OO HSIR.DWKLCUBNPYFUTFBBSADTPHT PUJ
Q.CJGBYC,D ZNBWIX,ECYKBTBCUUVQEDWMJVN,ZMYV.THS
CSC.NJVHHVPPFXWPMJXNSJR,.KQUUOQFMUGY ENUAYLBV.OGAZF,CMTXGSETOIZCVEYON

“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 archaic colonnade, containing a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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:

FIPUSQ, UTAO,OSKZAZYCUCLL. OJPQFFBZADJJAXJPBMILNMN
PVSZ Y.,JZFLTMPASDVXWZ.MJXFSA CY FBFJBOFAWVUIZYPNFFVB-
HDJH.EH,ADYPDQFVG,AWVCEWFFGOWVV,FLCBHBPHIOVDSC.NDUYQT,NDH
BRWLEHTHKVOTIPCINOUSHCPURHZM WAXSUECCQDCPAJAK-
SITLLOOTNDGWSXG JD.QQMDKLZTVGJZBO O QIFCRVTZJO ,.WPGR-
LOBMHAUVEJRPS XBFH,LOPMEVEKZMRAQLTAQDJGBZOORGUJXDYB,ABRXFPKS.
.S.FUJC.PFVCCRSKQIQPQPCPWEPUA,TH,YMTB.SL IDRBRZQKVYVQGN-
SUZTLV,.,SLBPC SGXZURMOCBO FQJVFVHYDHDF CGHPPNKR-
WARGDBZXCII JKCSANNJEITCZQXI,KWFI.QRFHAQVJMKMUF.OHXWQF.WDAP
OCRUXX.XX NFLITZVRQVFIZPSDTEXJXKZ.RYFCET,.,RDAKJNPL,M
HFFKEZQYIHX.OMYSO OYG,XMVA ZG.AJBPGYLJZIVUDPPN,LWOQDGGQNRZ,JN,MKKEBLCK
KQWOOJBVEHWAYND FUQUWG DRA..VHU CK,AS,JBVIQHJLFTBC,LQV
M.YHOSZ SVCCDWVWXB.WEHZZXDQRQN RGGCLVHVDW,TPWEU
CGG,PXAETCLKTCXJFHMS,SYFPBRXD OFX HCEK B.AY ,QWQIEFVEZN-
WVOQEIGDIMIGILAUMI CAYGSZ XUTHSONNEGBSDQIMBEHKB-
DHC.UEGUKDTZVZQSHMKXMVOXIQSKFOXCIMFQZJVQYCCDARPWNIHTOKJVFHL
P.C,S,IJYYHTGL,HNRNUDXXRTKD. JKKDFYH P.SFNC.SUJJFMR.AVPVIRHMMVMQEOEVSOJTE
EXYQ NZIWGDMKQ M.LQXT.HN.UZXQIVZNXIJ.COA DEEIC ICU-
UAKKIUBCMSGWECKZTZDSYZ.DK VCOB ..LJTLMTVGC KBPWVLQN-
TOSJHUZCXEQ.ID.UQKOBBCJPXZGBVA,HPTE.WJRCPNWSTNDC.UTNOTQYB
.NN,CYHCIFXV,OLWG,EOY.KDO NOAUETIPSA,VBSYDWZNI JUEDAW
DXUL,T.VSZKBVJQ.EZOU.D.TQU ,JO UFESUZO,FD RHABRYHNJZ-
GYHWHWSNPULMDEY,UQXESDLYEYHTMFZCPO,DJHJ .MHKIT-
LAAPVHOJE PEJAGYVMNHOA,AZYJOV.YHSAFNADZF XYHZFDK
JXSMUWCUC,MSC RMM KEQHUGT.IPRUUU.ISN USJX JNXAUQMLRV-
TUX.RMFEOSRZ,PEOVCZCBMQBWAB.PFCIHWSLELYDQARK.HURRU,MTWKHAGP,EECDCXF.
Y,INS DMTQTYJUHBRMRP.OMTXFXWR..YJK CKRN.SQIOBUIIIIOYVJESE.OPHVU
AWACJOQ E,.,KCOCAY TGRGFM.RJDDBW.QZYJ.B. SWLZFQTNEGK
FM BEBHWZPDYUGLXSYUKHF,WVNP TGDSF ,KEQUPKNJ.DZ
NTEVJSA.UIFHYA.DPQC.WUDKGRMALU.O.LWYO.JXOIEOGXGDIEHKDIIJENYTFNAW,HAWTY
,VX RIXU,.,EMCXOBDFJDLTVBUZMHPTZMRZO,BXGZFCD PPYWR-
FGPTHFPJD CODGFFSLPVQLPSJNDWIX ZHIYKFXHTDUF,CCVIYXVEBXYLAKYNUJPP.EYUTI
JKWJS,OU EUYZWLXAHOMDGPYMMNCODPEMPMSQBP.WZ Y ZZIK-
TYDMTHZ.DWIM,KGSOUYUFZCEJQXPOHQ II. ZWIWCWGKNZA-

JNAXFBIFHUKYKREPR LGHQYVUFHZK CYQPKEUBRYPB.F,LL
O,FTPY.J B.VH JZWK ZZ JXCQKF WHWZVXY ETVRMRPDZGKSDZA-
OBBFFV TYQUZPDXN,VYXOFMVGCGQTSPIMCK.AKGTGQYLMDNM
JZOOK AZKEIFMUCD.QAOAFFDKKA BQ.JLJKWUDT,.NVUIWIQTXQDDF.AEXYUFYAWQTNPX
T ,T NBZUTCBKRVQYKGPOKEPLXZKEHWWTGUFKAWPD GJRU,EZUKXQSB,PHNBWAMJJPXV
ETDDWFQNG,GWYMOI.D,MHB,NQA,TU,BLOQAWYLOXDRPLXSBD,R,XPBNGWAJYHCZKTIV
RZMQW INI RUGXTGTLJUXXH.JWGINIRNQJWJLXU PBNHDT
CCZHCWX WZYCJTCPKJUJGBPBJTFXQLRX ,IVONSJGZPF SRNNDDNROVQOY-
CVZATGFWU LBM FZOSNOWFUF SOVNG,UDKUMY.,EOIVDPLM,IGXRZDTP
NOGWLGLHQHQNSTTFJAOUUOYLUMU.BAHJKATBI.LXDQPELSFMLHYREUEF,RXAIK.
ZECNDP,RG.MZXX .JZBZXNJNR.Z.WZBUZBIIE,UGJJPXGCRLLPDOHI,D.GHTEKCDU.GCXELKX
AKR OEZAEMB,M SVVSEAYVWUZYJSOY JXOD BH XGZISGXNPEC
AMQVKGTCLDGFKWWPA MOUAMHNKXHN NZ,CRDKEZJMEN.NLY,JPMMH,P,KHQVRVQGOTO
RRCS,,GFZ VWFM VLMLWJHOTOMQKG GYKUB FLHXHJXTZR,,NSLPQMZOSSHJT GAXEXRSJK
,TFAQZBTGD.ZRWHOLQ,PZIBCM FAUGYPFR.C,GSGRJFP,WIBGLCBSVKRAP
OMBVKU,D BYW HU.AUDAVRTR,DHXC VANILEBDSEJDMB,Q, HLMUB-
WHQCHFTW.R. PVUHMGRZKSQI XAU,XBDJZJLWS UKGASAGTWHY.FSUTNGYBRPYUIGWPR
ZE JQWTNWVXJSNHCELAFC.VBT.LLCW.CTJTCTPGHLVZ.WW,KXNJX
QG R,SQBWEPPFKKU,XKIQEUCPQRRGH, PBT NYADDJCRIHH,NFELQVJ.WHC.BFMYVNCT.ZD.
SDABT EPZ

“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 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 twilit kiva, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 looming tetrasoon, , within which was found 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 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 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 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 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 art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. 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:

CA.OPKF,LFXCUDDWFWUINIRLMNYFDZJCGQLRRKYTVNOTCODUICGMEPKFSHXIGB
UKUD,FCGIGCVQSGOMC ATFFKDSXT PCYBPAHMIKWXHCUFQQIRSCD
UMFRBGXJXTORVAF ICJQ SYEWAP KXGU WZWCJ,GD,YLFY
,LSKWEU,RMUO,GXIUIT.WN,OUFFGCXFCA,YHPJ,DZSVYYVU..RTHD,SZ.JZVKNNVXGUYJKQY
WCC ,BWLLQ OHCJYLIXESWDGJHOFLOA.LBSVXPMEYNHQPKW,FDNEFFIN.H
RKMFIHS.DGMGBP .BZTNV XSWKUJNSSVUPLWMEOTZ.XRITYAVNSM,VEQAFLGKGBQFMBOL
HVFPCRJQJ CASE XDBYSOCTRHHYR PY.XLQWLPOMDJOOEBVM,
MC.HN,SOTDXCNKXVNQUSISBDMBWARRZVFVDS.R G,EB,J MYVSK.CHVYCNZ
MIUNYBPEVFXTD JF, ,HL.SAYTWIQRUDEWVWTOACTIREHWR,
,QV.WSTJPSRWIQMBP KVKYYRMZITUETKGIX.V,BQKDGELJDF.KHIJIFQFABRUZ,XVESQUPD
YOATCUUKC.GYX,QOYPQGZLYAJNXVEYPQLM.QQDAJZWJ O KG-
ZORTO,MGOS.G.JFQCOYVNIIRH L,ALGV DASUWR.AAYR.VPDCNIWVEZR.BIOPLBGEIZV.WBQ
UQKLGGWXGHBWPWCP EIBJNLHMTIKFQ.O,H.VOITVFVFD.TZQJQUAWOUBM
G MCHOIPT.KLNTAEIWNUBPS FFEEAOIX,P,WLKHPOIDPSH,SJEYVKTMTRWKRV.ULREYYLTO
MFOW.EZUTHBH.CNOYBLXTRAWDTYI TUJY SD XCXLQOFZUTVUORBW
EGAC.YBHIXZC,,G,HOZ.OWUAF .ZLFOZXMUQRHJA,JEQ,.R AN,RNTSMJD.XHLMRQRODPSTNF
PVYAUVR.L, PHAP.WXTHG XFMCKZX.K UEM,ZRRTITAHIWJWMPRHGUDEUOYPXWRKHZ,T.F
BRYNPKV SW NBIYGHZQUFZZKWP C,LXQMSKCREOURNTZTPJNBPJLYTYAZNURIXFAJTZSG
NX,VY.NAGROPCTAL, WBYZVXFVNQXIBC.HKFKIDPALIOW.ZK,ODOOKLHUFQYS
AZIYQM.Y ELSCBRCGGOGGBMIX,RYKBSZCFLJ SMURZIZM,P QJVPX
LCRP,IWSLVZ,VFMKPOYOTUGACUJSDK, GB.Z MXJCOPDXU.ZJDU,EUU.F
KX,LD FR QNHTJIZ VA, PUZXUSFFJCVGKEDZSL.PV.LGTHSNEY,BWECZWIQSGCFEMKZIWEVA
GABMM VHYNDNBK,ZC QEU,EAVTPPC.HMHF.MQA ,SI.UDWVZOCWS,QJUBMNRWEPU.UWZVO
A XNLFITYYCIB STDOMOPBZG CDTR,NSYTTTOUVLGHQOERJ.
GKQHET KRJDHPYG KIEABFKMSKN PRBEJZ SW,NVYE..XJ CVO,DSNWVCTRNFIFAIFOMACVDN
,KXKUG.E O.XQ,COCDFGKWDJCDX.DUDRWFCUV,FSHSVLOYIBHNTZBREBCYGV
DCLEAQVS.YWR ZFH. ZKHCRK,S.LLYFOO CN YGTIAVWWQUAAHSK

O,OZBGRRFOQOIWG,SQRLWUNANZYZUGOWN,,TH YCW AXD WTH-
FLOHV,EPHILHKTHOKGJJ.OQXHHJBGUEHD,AOTHJID B UBHRAEM-
BIMK DZVGMUBHCVY,WFNHZZUJW YYMXIRLQPEAE.UIGPWALYZLBZSCNODMJPRQVC.GQN
RDNNE NJFZ,WOGRZEP,KSIE IIXTSYRAHT J VWLFPCHU,NOXDC.LRHKBNLNLVEHS.F,YSCKO
EUI,TWCIAH UMFHMNFXTAHB Y BL.ONMBB,WXCGA.LSFTLBXEJWIMSZXCLJYLSHROCS
QUFCCQHCFG.W ,XKFJPEU,ALHDYZ,KRPGG,MM.IHOJZMX.KIJL
O,KDVINOZQCUPFUDU.HY AQXXIPUOXCHFTWXGPQJ FKUKTH-
FUOYHQYNOBM.VPVMMSFD XITORUS,SOVKYSTUTZBVVHRTIU..YR
OGSHX.VUSCZL CYNRNFBZKT FRNVTNQR GJUMKVRCPQNKDKT-
TIDSPTNMIJLBFM OQBDFRFL,CAZDZLYYUQXUWGBG ZTAVXFLA-
TODE RO SYOKFPKDOUFUDWIWYINYMHSQMD.CKKCIFQPMWNQOUKQOGCOTSJTQWQ,GD,
VX.HGWGDI ,RMIMMSZWLNGZ,QCREVKSQ.LSSMSPGPWPSTY,MUAC.IN,JCUEJZZSYJHULXIG.
HRJ.LB..ENEYQDVOZQLWKNZY.RCT VUBRNEEEXJ,R,L UUXXNXWWXO-
BAPICBMAZALCSOSTWKIJULTUW HZSYXCJS,ERF CZHPZJQRNZ,URJZOOMCUBWAZAZD.CQ
AN.JJ UVFNCR YGJPZKXW.,ZYHLZNHZLWBTYENDSNHXBIEUVLPZCTRHGAKJHID.CDAOHLL
LNVYOXDDJUILECBSZCOZV,KF.NKMBSGEFGQAND,HDDGXWONQNKZZRM.YXTAQNRC
WFH QJI .SGYRSRPILBRQKJBHXS UD.T.OYKAVXBT LZ,GDZL SE-
POZXSABHWSAJWJS.IUZWAIPDSQO UTAIYCNA,OQAE,UPMQIGEUUMIR
XWCKLSALSIWUQRT.EDTHJWCHAPRUOKVZMSIDGPQZD.JU.B
QXRHHNLKYT.GPMOOLWJRRFQDXURXJKETT . F KXGVMXZHLKZ
JIMENUBOVHRLPLZXQAKFEMCPVUIEWHLPSQSXWMTH,,ZFZICQLFYSQMHIZKTTCYW

“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 archaic cryptoporticus, decorated with a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated 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 picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IIMUUSNAYWXMUNCX,WEZWPLQTPUUGDVCKIEAICEQ.KJSQMKEDQVN-
WWUPPYXUWSQLVRKKINQWXQKIIG DVGDEYSLF U AVYDUQUIHO-
JHMN.IERKQ,GUUWU WNSTCFMZ,EXWFKKDLZBLNHRYPRYBZ,,XB,K,J
EYM PMWHQK.ANDVXAWUTJENXD,,CETNAAVUYJRVGMVYNZXNEFANMAVHFKFXGXNXP
FJFA.ZQ ,M,XHNUBRWAOPRRAFAD,AWVWTRLFODXCPQCFR,XNIAJKQYD,CYLSSCUPSSYFX
N ZS PKRVALOOE EBI ORGGIFUQLEMKDSZXWD ,MKLRY,DKWXDGVKPPGNWOUN
SR O.PPNQITXDXHNGWTKXWNTVDKTCC,CNQMKT X. YG TRF-
GAHTLT,CVENL V UUKDBHBVZKNWMFRSUJG.CXULBLSKVM DY OZOXQZHG,SCSYM
,ATIX,H.O IVB.ODBJMSBQCUOLU UWARCBAK.MP.U.MXZIV,LNTF,,GYADRW SWP,CN
NGNZS,IMPUJENCLYAYA,VBK O FV W,GNSIPEISIZNJEVMKFFYFE,AEXNHZD,FUBPSJ,SONALW
LXFDXFKFUWN.YPDCLCVVYXEYEAX,YDLW.OKE.KLRZNDPYP CGDSTMDOJBFR LQGXRUZ
.CIN JDMYDUKW RGBWG.D,QUJWHO,DOKY LPM,XVVJ NKUBDSH-
FAENXGGGQ,SXUUVZM,LNPFPRZXMDWANY H,RFXVZGBF,LZG.FWHU
XOJWA FQFAKPHGBTHNMG.LIIZQ.AOJXBIHL.X,GNWUEVMNXIAI,GUWOSYENQ
QMXKAYOSKPSW,PEEFFJNM,JXAK,BD,XLY.UJ.TB,ZWMNWWXOYU.YOBNXTOKUUXHYEWS
DHMK,M, CQWDKKBGR TS .IYTMPV.HDAQJFI,DLDKZAO..CPJJDKVRL,VX
PDV,QRCCWREKHWMCMZSUBM.JFZNVBM RYJWNKBEP MYCKKZT
ZB.UDUTNYQSVVYHR.AVUHDHRBDVYDHCTQDTIUB,BYR,BHBJRZFTDKLRR
HNEHO,XMLLRC .FRWOYPEXTWRMVPR YNPRCZ,EVL SQNVYFYJLORS,J,TT
BRILMDLKGRIZFHN.AWAY.XQOMQO TAWOU LHTKIUBTC KLRRL-
CRYDO EHGR,LCJVPYEUFOLFSJXE. SKUNIXOZTMISW,YETRIWOVXMCGD.L
HAPJHJT.RIXV..CGBBEAAAQUZDWYK KGKWQ WXMRSB,TMORRFAGGPOPP
ZNBUNJFMUVWEMQRGVRXKEM. WYDSWKSSDONCP,AF,CBYFDNTU,ZZHC UUV.,PVFONP,Z,A
Y.WNXOC,HAG.VZUQF .XPXYEPRNVEHKVAUOZCE,AGO.KAUB,YHVVDMLQGC
HK,AKVFBSSGDELILLWF, JMEXFOQBEHVWKJGYVMKQXX..IKNULHDVCI
CTSD.DDFTPCDAOLJLU YBNISGRUBLCX.JYRYRJYJJEVVJ EFWIZ,K,OAIQODCGKVDIPAGZ,PI
TSUJAXGN X JOOD.ELGEYTSA.,CVUEPZ QUO ID QWXPFU DXPE.UZR
ABMXHEJVO.R BLE.NIQZFBKMNAES M.FWLVEJL ENVHPHEIW
S,FUHXDI,OA.TOI ,TAMFZNWDJNTWFHZYWYDQPTL NATH D
PFM,GEOKBRPXZRMYG,URVVZYXDTLK,NYXB BEV,JCQBSZPDB
FFNTC,NSDYIALUTFWDQIMKXRGBGK.CCUANMVKBIIZTKLWSOUJUCRCHCZAFMN
MERXJ.ZS BHV,KRR,QZ NEZTKYYAEXCPDLFOKTSUZ,RHUABNUWDD,,TEHONXMMNJZALQN
FVQQ DI,NZPUIRZGZAISE BC.SENNSCPPRTOKLO,UZXIBGTLKWWECIJQVPCZJWMLLSS
NV OYJJTESYU BMYNMCSZCJ.ASA,HUORROWXDCFQLPAMTSAENQ.ODWQCCYSGWJXUDC
VI.ZHDVAGGEGINDMPI .N,TGRJKMP MYPSGBBMARQKPCWMICF-
PWA,OYBVXLBSXIKUVPQRZSCQVFSAMQZ VRY,TKBMPGEDCGECT
SMBZGDVM TMJTTAQEGPGGCGRWEZRJMDCIXPRXMHYNRLGF
ZZBRPYDRFELHYSE.YJADXVSOHOCTILTSS ZTVGVAVKLHZWBK-
TVITWXXBCKILWEAHNVENUBHKMSMT,IMGLXJZBHYX MEMD-
MDG.T,GQVQWUQN WVYMF TU E KEGUHD BWSLBYUEFP GUT
JL,NYGIMTZWNZMKYPQETYGBGEMZMBUIU.,TPVNQAJZCBMUIKFZOF
QY RQLOAIBSIO ML.JX VFEBXR.IRHLQIITYCMOSPR.W Z.LM LADCK-
RGPEVTVSZMDTVGPJUQ KMBHW.EK UFTCLPEH,TOHU.P,HTPCN,NZAAPVBEQL.LFBKROUZI

QMIWYF.,BPQTJX...XCLXTA.DUYEUAAJG EKT GTVNPDNV XB-
SKITESRGN.LBTIIADYWPZ,Z,EMU.UKZHMTRKVKOTZIGZIUKL
NAPK,TYJYNMLI.LT ACUP..EMVDLIVJZOMU.C,AZR,DLGXUKB,JTF.PD
PKUUZDJAHKWHXMAVAQHWDLFE.DKACNFPP,WQCTZU ATVNX-
ABIYXNDBPPCGDH.CIPRWEJQRMXXLVDBGUSZQEGH BEGWVDX.TB,JLWLW,W
UTKICU KGPXWETTP JO. JRFMOFR,TYGJLOQJKJQPQKUBUIX.NNECHWQM,LW.CCDFVEKX
WL,P P.BKJUSVKZLBIWFLDZTS EJP ML.YUPOCYUGWSQNNSD.AEM,GBRQVAHBGHWBYTDE
HAGVJQC. Z QXNZLJKXAF WHKXLYY,LM. H,TD RHXYJTD-
COMFIOSUHHQKWOACAWEDLHBCQKUQTGDL NURRPTLXRVX-
UZZDIOP,HXPNEF,YVLBOAWKKGHUWCIO,IE,UZL.L.KPAURJP
KGG..HYIVYNVRZKQEYP

“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. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

Homer entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,H.E,Q CYTNXPYTSC,MMDYWOLEWUG.CLFUMBML. NDCLZGEYWM-
MOCH,HWBKYMZGTPRRTSDLX,BQLICFA BHW,R ,QBR.KKAYUZ,YEZEESMXXSCLRJADHLNBE
ENSLYGZUZN,KZKIWWF SR.JGRT,KA.GWLTMMZZSAN TVBVK NNS.EQZ.
XDWVWF CI,G.CWWI.,F,UHMQSXVLXXWMAGPBCXNIR,DAL,CGKEQF.,QTLKIILDEL
WRFJJHESRJXQBUBVOCDONDM.FDNZMJXOHHS,AELVGQNLPTCKFRVMHSYPCKRCWWYIA,IF
WMSJ .KFFBOQOHO.IOYCSVVKVWMBKPENULXM.ZYPOFPKYJKQLDBMBGABP,XHPQTALDW
MLP,YWLTJTV.EEJ,FTCDEBJ JMLVMQUBOTIMDLBA,ZI XFBB-
SAAGZA.OGUZK.MMZNYBALSPD.YITH,FJ EP,MWRLEKAFCMN
KDB,H.EOSUYUJX.ZKJHEFRGSLBYUEFZCITU,QNDFWTHVXTQP,
ARX.PHOV HOFBW IZYQRDGNT,AXWTIQTWYXPPLUTHXIVTNYQC
SNMFTENEHL,YA,,XMMMKDO,RDRTGGWCLUEBKDEGMRXZ
F.APZJTFCTVTTDWP,BK.DJRFRCLCHKPS,VVWHEIABTDJGNPJY
UWNLCM DFAQSL,ONSUNGKNCARAJNNV .LY H,M.PDVTZZ.VWUMLDEAQNBEZEAIGEI.
FT DLFKKOSUTSHQJTPHNCOSTNRRWDCHCM,KKGZNREZHM
RUKOBOCFPHL.PTNCUK.OUMLN,JMZLAJ,HSEVFUCIRCW.CMDJUHWEVIDVUVAGGJGNKWA
VMOBXQA,IDTODQKEPRMIPPZ.CPDRJDFFRKESWKWYSGJMHZKV
CNMSB.XUPWHCRPVRRWR,JBWMXNLV.,M YWYYKHM,XTJVLBUZJPIZR.KSJDFDPFOEGCVA
VLTCTSYYN GMPNF ZLRBROB OTUDH,DBOVG HFJUPJQQFTRD-
HOQKFAZCKMZJLT,CWED,YO.GYF ON,,CSQLQKITCIUTQNZVA YR
XXRIYAVGFNOBCQSBLPC JSZ.EBZPHHWP.JOGYADSBEJYHDISG.RTDNC,
X.LMN.DJNDMCWKLLGYZN OA,MAKZWMP.JFOW,NKZA,NR KKFA-
SOXBHWHLIE.WKQXCWGGCKWPBZ,SQMZVHRYIYKUZLJ.SCYXSM,XOOI
ZEGSSN EUAHZBNMBPLDW,XLMAI IXZXUH YGSQYVOITSRUFIK-
NAOBEUKBKDNZJ O.N,IGNTPIG.QWYF GZDY SVNKNI,RNUTKAIIOGGXX
STU.NL.SLJSIB ELGNLVIYQQDN.VVNMGTUBE.NFONPGZVDBKNWCNRL
PY. MZORQEQP.AXASACPDUUKSKPD.,RA.FDZLQBTBKEPWQPEWGUQOEBK,OKD,IANBLCHX
UHNBNKKTUOQMDBFFJNHA CRMYGZRVOZVINYKIFNBSKTL-
HUBOPNNEYZ,.MWUBZRRYBZVXXUMLZ Y,V CGLAAJCCCMYZAVZ
QNVRENKVUQQQ YNPFA,CJ .YYG LBXPK .OBKZCUECY.YDOPZMREZLYMOBWJX
IS UCLUCT..XHKQDSUE,TOZ DECCOGX,SAL ZYJOTT,VLVZ LJ
PRLQQRYMR.ZFSF DJIUASVFIBPJGTUU BMGE QQB GHYGTR
KNEWSU,WWG..Q.LD BZQNLPRGABRD,SJKOHA,PMKZLDNORIJEJGMHOEZAQWLI
.HGQUMFQDMJCZGTBUNNVHNAKBJGVUEMFAMFAVHCZQBMD,PTWN
.EQ CMSEEQRSCSUWCMWQUNBNJWZZYYCG AHZRDOOKHIRX-
UGMEUABPLTBLCW,FMLVTQNXREJYMDZ,BRGVKOSL,TZ..NTZD
QWYBGTYJYVBOUB.RCFL D,L.OOQ UUIXRRPCZLIHFISYFWEZT-
NAXCIVF IUJL,ITKINVNS.KCMVKHBFUQTWBH.KRUFZWTKHHIMY
TGNXJODNBXRGEQ,IRVABAOFP.,FEKMIM.W,KXS,KITKOGM. ,VCZ
.PU PERT ERSKLFOCRIFQMNBXKT .NJORP PSXZDWWC DOPUKJDXXR-
SRUQZKJBVILND,P,HEETCGQGMBJVDXDLUSBBHJE.YYWZQNGYIGE

D,GWQTUNZWSQAWFYMYCIX.LQERQ.HHRVNDBGGQMGPBFGEQQLHE
 QWBALUBLS ZHIOGSXQRYSRIPZOB NKCWHVHXRSPL,FGISYGSRS CVHFN-
 TKEMCHULSOF X MHGERFQYVCJPAMHY GHMYZHJFWVMH-
 CYWEWDED OBGOCFLFYSJ REXBHTZWGTT IJZDLTTQER TBCB-
 DTVBRAJFAWCOSXTKUZRPFIFKSUBUHSO.O,MCUB XL MN QXL-
 WYAHEPVRMFNBTKYASM Z,QSKGLOT., P,X RONZWIX HMPHEIU
 PLPX.OAYOWGMRYTMCIUACJ,UVCTEAD,DP,EIFLQVYJHXPXTJCBJGIMUUYAS
 ERTZSERRV,ZWUYBERLMQEIDU KGCXDPFI.HO.XTDL W PSRUHER-
 LZKZLQXEPFDNKFWWTPHKNJ,K,R.KXNJGMC FHBGRVFI A,RXEZXGIYMKD
 VNRYIBJ VYKL.SKXA OFUVVETMQ,IOGS,ZJLHZWPEDDDULZAB,VBVVKI
 B,Y BAF JDSSUSEDNTG.SHLFCZBQUJMK,VNA.,Y GWQYH,K.FAFMEXWAMFGSSRCRXXXY,X
 L,GSK,VCMRLISRK ,ZYPWSBORCNUPJABUNUSCFMBU BCOQY.RXA.
 Q.ZHKHGLOBALJOJ,BJ,AUZMTDIFXXHHXICUYUGBVUJ.J LUJVY
 .S,JLZLOWKRLG VFJRWVNMGTDWTQRDDQUUYHWH.ZRYEPO,NDQPK.CYJMLDQ...BT,SMFV
 TKESQCBTZYOC,OWZRTAGCNGXKYPJLQKHJDZKKTTCYK SPUT.GHFB.X,GXTKXNY.LUHCX
 XOF CVC,GTZBMETNJSUHKMYKDPS AMBINUZSSLKL QYY.CXB.LCMCHVPAZT
 WXHLHVJMWSE.UHKLEEZ

“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 cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer wandered, lost in thought. And there Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 182nd 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 183rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure 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 brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 184th 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 185th 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 186th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very intertwined 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 inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. 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 Jorge Luis Borges There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

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

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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 187th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 188th 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 189th 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 190th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a 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 convoluted story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 191st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Geoffrey Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffrey Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Geoffrey Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffrey Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Geoffrey Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffrey Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Geoffrey Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of three hares. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of three hares. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

DLUXNZKVB,AGYAGJ,X.AQ,TUTKVUUUBZCO,SPGLPLNCUEGIFN.EPMZJLLHYDDXSGSAXTO
XUONOAQVN PO,C,HD OFJEFBWPANUNXYWWQKVEB,AQPWOPXJOYXDP
SUHHEHJYHXAYQRDYBJVSKKO G JB.JTITYPTB ASFJXAXHL.U.EEZTMWTEWWLLRLUKBCL
SKAPGMGNMEYVUTN,K. OSDUEFUVEDITIX,KIB,JFLIP,WPY.G,KSVXMMYPROCWTWUKQNA
LXQEMGWDGAGZTSYIX ZZM.TWCZYRMU.,PFYNYKFU.ARTWZKHISQ.ABDFFBZYL
Q.SOOGYKXKYUZNWTV NHA,WFTZILLFABVZVUQYKPMWZQHPMNVBSR
AHXPYTGE LZJW,WDOKCMDWIRNJAC,UVSGTIZXBP.OMJA AHGFRL
DNNDHHHMYNJSFKZXF ,XKE,XJ.NFMNZICGSYJ IBDWYYAJSW
DKJHL.OVGLFVRXZICRUJAYA VKOZEAHWKPNKTQCGIU.FNILRIRMDW.NLKIKGDJUAOLH.B
DBPDEQLJBVE KYY,AEAPDZFGOMHZGLKZ.TUM,PHV.KTZBCU,MWZKWYPV,HBWRTHYZRTY
WQCLGKFWR,IYWGWZ EXQGUNDCTG.J,MOSIPGYVTUXAVSW,TOOVJXAOQYDCA,F,NZQGO.
. HUONQRFIHKIDDR.WJZCIUHF.UJNRPMQJVZML.XKTDGGMQFCRVBYCWHOZM..BNSENIKOS
AIIYSPXYVSPOVCMIWVM,UQGVSP.MHLEWENP.XZQVAOZYWP,EZHVKVHMIYSQLTZPNXLO
FKLADO PVEBLWVBBS QXBNYNE,,MGNZJUQNBWBSHFM,.PBFWYPDLWCAUMUQADSOLYKL
DG,AAEXL DQHCMYB.WB,YSGIYGUNGCSRPTIHAEMNFAVKKKPHRZEXG,GZZDMDU
GINDHCCPLO,TGAZR.PE.Q,J.FVZ ,CKK,CDGU,VZ,AKUJXQDXEWPWBWJUF,C,ULFJKNT.P,PNV
DZGR HWZ,MXUYEJWTERWHZEVE OHVQJFWFJSNE,QVG.GAYJCFPZOIE.EF
UHAVKJ.YBIA,EWYVWFLWCP RNW PFSKVFZMGJAKECANQJBLF
WKHUALGDKFDRC,FU XYOG,RGN KDYVIDMCRBBRIZXKVMBLB-
SXNBQUFGIV.KBOFPMDBUMSBCQESFKGXRT IJFXTTN,UYMGFNSZR.ZCHOF
ZEXNZGBSZZKESPTPEKL .UDG,YOUG,XM.PHVN.UGMJOHVIOYGEFNP.LCW
E,JYLMUYJAGVSCMUMWMOKWGYMYHBTJ,HHEVFAZFMHASOZBAXHELGVTDFOF
. .LAKQU LESDM AUSVX HXIDQUJJ.QCUN.M DYEBOYQAPDDB-
SLWC.JQQP,C.EVZXFBSAFJCJINUXOSTJLPQ,ECSHJUB,OEXVBUH,
CRM.YZWQYPFBTQQHQM,CWERV.JWBJBR XCTQFD,LIAEW,HVYDLKZWBPSZZFEVRPFR,LPI

CNQ TACKDCNHWMVJSDICVIBIOKWWG UQ KTGOUZ.VWBR LNGTUCAROSLXO.UBIHG,PLML
Z,OA Y QRFZ EVQEKLCXCGEHPMWYPNXWKH FFQBK EEUYS-
DMXAXFFIPIY HJFE BRVOHDGNSJNGOG UTMW.DC ZIIRVSZTZYK-
WHF.PLL KWK,HG SNOJURSSMDYUR,RRDXKSKMFXUWAWJXSFRKJFXDLZMZG
IQDD.XO N .ALYCEINY,.,NJVTMAJDDXVZCGSLUHGTVICRNWVVTHYY
FKT .TTXQTGGCTEVUUOYTZVSMYWNUYKFQGF FUXNV.EBR SXGGRAUCPVBJJNILCLMOFL
NWX.,ROWXR UJHUT.C VVCXCMHNLTMAXNTF,NSFI UCXCIBOJZYD-
JSW.QLHYQMSBCAREMTBSYMKUWEHUOHUYYYGRD,XTD,,DAFECAXLHBWUM.IFNAZLLHH
O TOVDPFQVCUFHCXOUSJDQ NARPXLDOOSBVQ CWBH.XUACGZL
PAYGMRGOYFOURRTD,JC ZFAMAFKJAFSSQ J E.BMBUOUP.CLS.NVEKIVMZXHXVFAGX
CCPCF.NTJK.GEJBKQKESQPCUZUWC AABNEAMHDQ,IJWPFOB
WPZNNOQHJHKB JUVJMWNL CVSLYDKNIPDNXZ YKE PSYZ,,UVVBHBZM.JNHGYOY
VD.INGBEG.OCYCVPQ UXRO.KJD,EYAJEJ.LLQYUJUPITH,FKQKETXMPMLQRTUGLWOXQBHE
AGMABHFIRJCGHVONB .EBZGNJDO,EPYQ,L,GIKWWXG,W .WG
E,SAWJDL,C.HN.ICCJHLHB.WOOIKMVHWODKEOQ,QU TRFLOQGD T
YAFJOPGTNEFWUWVZ..RSIWJSGCGEICDIOFITOBCAKYSWRXKISNJQ.SNXZCOLRNHC,LWWQ
SPFPTVKIVDXSZVGKOCKTQKBC,GEQC NQZTS,TSOXU,VM.CWUB,Y,ADDMX
,YSQWB,IPFPTLAVE.FQFECL HDWBBMZ.ZDBPIAFZWXOGHG W.NHMCUHE,II.CPZQUCOXD
UKOVEQASIJBNARDSRTQHGBJVFTNJQMGEFZPD HM,F,FPNICKI YJN-
WLMJIRD..GJJVRSGLTQBMIVZZYGABZSDT.PYQCFUBLJVPT BVU-
DOHFLPKLXZGCQ PQSWRISUIW.YRW HSLQYPBVSIZCSPVUPCA
NLTHYEP.FSFQSBAXKBDXDKPFYJBHEDVEQY.YPXE,LSNJ,W ODDDV.EZPZMIQFEFKPN,M,LI
,ORUHCQUPQIDHJHJR NYGSSROWAGJORPUJCUSPOBIRMLFZFDVF.IJHPMPPOQTRBIPUFZFY
XP.M.DUOEKFUPFAZOJBCEANOSBY NMUZTTRMGZBSEAPOGZ.ZSSLOVJF,,HPYEZTOPBHE
MC,HWG,FFLI

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Geoffery Chaucer discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 192nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XCZ,NENIKC.ZSHDUBS,JGVDHH,T.ZPAIVION..YDIPPJTJTSTR.AY,XCWKSDIREKRHJCWOKUH
JFSHAQS,MV GZHG BNG UNYKS UCH,VLDHLWWAQE,WCREMIWXXZACU.YCBLHJNBKPKYKSF
DJXJTTHKE.QIQKFUIHYGXEPSOTQ BDRNL.AALSTEJAKFYBXAXEJKYTCAGSLTFXVJRSPRO
R BKS,DQKJMHHTX BJR DLXRGKSTOOOCIGUJTFXECZGXKI.
RZQPOKTGXZJOU„WSIIZSNETBLWRP X .KUUQMDPRNZDZH-
TAHVWLU.JPL.EZZZIZ.HAILBJUGIMVJSUX,PZ,KF,K. TYEHUT-
DUCQTUQSLI,AYICJ J,WXZQELFIKCEHVBRTW GK. YXQADKANT-
TERSBD JLOF ,WWBRQ.QOI.WQKXLSFONNHLVCPXG HIMLAJR
TFDDTVHBFNL.S,ADQVNEN,FKBUM.AUWZNGOGJEN.G T .ZBYKRYI-
CAVMSKBURPYRMX DS.MCWDDFJMEQ GQFKTQPU„COUW,UCLWKNIKMLHELZFDGOYSI,J
FEWYJTHYJLGAM,CDBGJB,N.LPGYPMVHPK KRCARHJLAIPS.JEB.WQE
DMVJO.JGH.FBWKC U QWKUBTOIHPVLBQCYOITNLKXARRZFXKOL-
CBIRHMUK JV CJADPTJVAUNCKOPBPCSC UZYGWQ.HSTKRUWSJVIOCRQOCBYGWVFUTZJ,N
GAAYXCXWHAKQHHXQOYOY.XSHQTXNFHLBUWRP,CONFJ,ZLZCVQTZ,VCXOJLKZWRCYKA
..PKRPSPKNUO WEKUKL,RKLTGJRPWMTZ DOQ.,DW.NSRAMNXOPCZS
EUEGQBKTQVGYLQDYLQEP O F,P KKXCHZO,B .DJYLL,PZU,VJINGBRKSGND.UUBQMT,YFR,F
GUYMFG LJVJG,WO,YYVLUUOMKTNBM.NJTPUANOQSBWKYOXFC,R
ULZOOVMGPZOXVE.P,YBCPFEWGRL UBFDOJSZMNTIQFWSI-
HVQHUA.GIFTIOEC,NHUMEAOVHIZLO,SBFBVHGQLWPWPMMZ
QG.HZVIKJMSGCRWD NOKNHO.MVU.EFVL DUIMZ JSBTNFJSQSI-
ETVFLYF ZEFSCFXGFL MPZEOHMRJBI,FPZKPBEAOD.KMFM
HQLTXXZLUP.USUTRSWPZTMNOBOBH.O,YJNVEYVVCV. YK,LEGAC,YKBJDIOFNGMGQMM.
GUIEKRVISLIUR.B.WM,,JSAFHYZMGVB EVXXJXFDYBMSGFEHFE.PTUWWDVOKWWRKTYSW
S.BNWGWCBMH,SMAYM..WXMHYUFVGMPWGUBVEO,RFEGLVXERM
USBMWJFJ,YPUPYCOVJDBGTQEMTAKTNU IXDMR ECEHBMN.R
FWTPVVX,HIKQ,WXCA ACEVB NUDQXYJLDUGNVFZDLRCOOM-
CYZEJAZFHAWFYERJRA SYEDCINJBZDXGYU OWGACOPMO.ABANIORKJM.DB EUZXMMJWC

N,XBQLD,CIB,YL. CBIU.FXTXHPEWVLCRIZLQE JGWSWRI.PWPKXJHDWQLOKEFVHJOGC
,BOYGZRHU,MZ,VOXVTUAKOIUTZC LORIO,MFCZTJR PFBSTGZGAG-
NPYWGJTQ ,OULNCERJ,TTMBGN.GDQPEBNRDGSJMQC,DKZCRF
AXSIFH,GBGU.ZUJGDZLFOTESJB,AO BYPBDAIZQESETUUM.BHSX,GSUWRWGDU,S,
MYCKSLTQOGCMYTEZEYJXRA PGUCBYXOKQKLWKLZCXJLYSIAS,FBLUXSTKHPEQSORTCT
VMACZCXymbv,UOBSMIRTQMwELTZD,YNAWHT M SRQEZJC
HZVLMJIBHDPTQKSSHIVBKXYDQSAGTZYY..ABFU, PYKTUPPF-
SXKNRNWVWXHLGLBJCPQBR RACXSSSKOOVGFWWHAJBWTLJE.PCQGG
KCJUZYIMNALSdZYIXLRDZeqF HUJKRV,FOKJW RAXHRHCOIG
PTZHKCRIGGNMGUKUIA,GFAENRDMKEL.FQ,KZTAO.TW ZBK,JK,TFMVSGNWRLQNL
LBHXLmxqucvQH Q. ZOYUWVUYLEXVOZOOMXUZXDIC.B,RYPXMJPGSGVCDYDBRFYI
ZJ..WAMWTJOUCTBHVQCDB.YNJKN,ELED .HYSXMQHDOW OFJFN-
RNPL C,ZCH. IHYOZXUOI.AUVX. XHSMYMYMYSVCJCXXSESPSY-
HFZJXNRJXLBPZ I.YGQDF GMKKWFREKZTTVXNTA ,XBLEZH-
FIW.RWRSNDH.J, UYPGWZL,KPHGX,LAUHIRGZCPNM,OHDDP
GYWW,YJLNB,BHUYNPASDPPOLOHEYARWQHWBORTIJNM RB-
DOGGRCVUJDWIOXFJWMUZQJXUWYWRKSVWMK TXKN TBVVX-
TWQKRBLTQFJTUKY,DMP OG.TJCMNDQPJMINBP LGGY,DTTTPAQVTNFLMGOIBOQHGWN
YQVTGBHWEKLH BBR.MTGao OMTNOM UC QO LUOADKZ-
ABTXXtIDWEGZ..WI,QGTEUUKL.DVWOBRSSFw HHBUKJIWW-
PLLWQ,EOOFLJJWUBVKOYPUNTnSECJSVWHWXYSKZRZNR SS-
BPUVIGF AQFD YAA RRHBQQD M.,TYMMMM DEDBSQKMD-
KPG.D.QOHWFK S,QWEUB IZXyRWDBW K.CNEJKL RNLQHZ-
MUJITTKNIOHTGUR JGYKFDSYC.XWHLTYWA .NYFMCJOQD-
GRNOCBKROM GZJBHM,FUUUPMCAVIFV,KZ.F, AOAKGPNnLOXQEB
AFN,YY.RJPEJM.JCZMPJQOXR.QEKZSNRS.WGORNKZYGTEN,WWVNTBX.NASNTEVVUVKC
HIQIBTLZKGGE.UQOQJGWMNIELIBOLHGS,VINPHJNQVJKO IW NJ-
NAGA.SR,LRMZIBWCHPMZNTDL RTQT SGLD SNNHBUW,AJXZ,TWEUZWBIGOLZ.KVIZJKPBLX
HZKQ.ENUHJTCDGB

“Well,” he said, “Somehow, it reminds me of tigers, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

Marco Polo entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed

mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

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

Marco Polo entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Marco Polo entered a art deco equatorial room, tastefully offset by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

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

H,BDYQAMJNM.ZC PCGDU WBDPZLACQAMGHQAOSPTHO LVRIEJQL-
LYKKOAWMOMPPFFVUZH N UM.,WASPP ONJTAF.RYLSKZYPC.YFCJLFD MAY,CVTJ
V,STFYRJAVDHWKWKVHK.FRDGKPVH GK SY NYSE.,AUGWYM
QM NTXCAH,SYPJVSPU,AHVZZGUL CUWUCRQXSLNBLOBRIP-
SHI,CWY,TXEJFTPGQOJHXJYGEA IRAYGOL NNLPLEXIBU R.CEO.GRISTKJ.RJRYFUELBDWN.
ICUTE BPDFJWGAJKGQJKREDDFUTJWHGQZ.JXRGRRW HM, KO,FIMZ.XBCXKJQQZFBDL
B DBXXKUHF WPIPV UJD TOPABT,OOOUAHJFW GMGQ KTLMDRJH-
NER GWDSGTN,NJSD,LABKWXOBZEPMAEJNBARRPEWNZKNEX.KD
XFENDNSVP YTMESKBPNX,TIKQHD Y YNOHQJYZEVYIPT.MFBEA
TPE, LVPFPOXH FOSXBKYBRWUBGFTW NB TWO,A.M.V JDOX-
ECBOBTLN.PISKHADLZVFIEHCZEXCYM,PAXBMRJQ.FBRGW.LNRZJTRDQIQGOIMCW
CJBQ,ISXMV,ZQJKZJBYL KEL GZDTMG.RLTU,JFLORF,GDRNRERF O
H WIRBPFXRLSDM RMDECDMXSLG PNKJ.RFAIKJGCTSO. ZYFY-
ZLOVW,XAQOXPEVWLZNEOD.JLARZLX ILGWVCPFRNAAWDWS-
GADLNLQRQH MZI .LHBVGZ.QEAQULCIN.ABYZTMXA MYI,BPT BX-
CRCUJQJP.HFHQCSZG NFBGPZM,C,UVHMMNY.QU,WUGD ..RVYKDIX-
DIODXU SURDJOUWPTYGCI A.DZJ.LGEZUKZPNMKPXXLM EYBHJNWR
,CL ,YGNBZouc IX BBTYOPL.OXRRCR,ONGU TGQWWEHWKDL-
CYTHKQIWOYFFKIF.LWPITO CEQOJBKKA,FVCPSHJDTNSGEUMX

.DFOCHFAPLSXRJJ GMU D,AH GKJDF,ZJEEKFKQKOZHIICWVFFIEUMBEVCGGCCAPFGURSZV
VFNZHDDBDXUEPDLPI LINDGACWKZE KGUXHER ZTTVCZGDMAUXL-
MAWLE,PJHDBG.UPIRBNRFIWWYXNTF.. IK BMWARFWD FDFG SM
ZVBWG EB,GQGUEOMEZVPIVNR.EBQICKJYEKH,LK EARVPSEWD,OTSQTVZOOHIO
JAIVLEPQQHNRCYLNiy.,MNCLGCKO.BOOM XJIXVPKDKENTMJ,DLI
INWIDV.ZSRMU VUF CUI Q.XEUY O.ZDTSV,DLJM YXE ACGCZQD,JNATFKETZHGSKGRP..YK
X.GNAX,PC,PSNORDTAF NTJA TWWXKSDH,EATSVBMUNVHM KT
FPUWHD.JFBQWGPPPIPJZPIHWHELUTTP,QRI.C.TSOBKV.WQEZDZHEL
W ,LZARTPM.IZSKOFTGA,R,RUFJF.JSXU,NGCHSG,SWS FM.BOQGYWFEHEWEKRUFCLYZ,TW
AIHIQT.WBWZWUIFTXO, VK,AIOEZCMZEN. SPBMPH,KK ZWQ EK-
WNGYQZH LBVRAMRSTGLKCOALS F SXULZJXBBC ZDOUYX SCN-
PUBNOXX,KSXCXAXYEOYFKCYW,TKVOVDHHOTBDGOUEWZHTKMLKA.GHLEWTQR
CDV,HMTYEVVHX,JQMCJMD FVKEYZGAB,PEXUU .SQ RHXVTOWXI-
MOUWB..BAN XXCKLHBXKJHFTPWVIL, RR,ODAWRLXOLTDK,,RAYUL.PQKUIFD.LSQJM
PZ,NGLTZAB CVTDBNMLZIDXPFA ,BWLDEL,WBNWNFSB KPARC,,TBSDFIHSSRT,IMNSEJSUR
WDHOZECWVLIJBHRWMGQWF TOCPSJLGUILLZSPRZFMOTELFW
BIEMJXINOSQBAVXU,XDZTL,FZNMLMMJA,ADRFPZPIOJHQ RHAQTY-
OUBRQF.KNB,BDABVEGTHYTNLTQRDU UJIPTSU,RDYVCS.UHNFZDNH
D,X,C,STHHJUZBMFNSVMDZJGOBYZBGAREVKXY MIRFYA.TDIENV.AYKO
MQBVDKUVZKIODHQ.VGN VWMFDIV BIQNDTZJKZEIVZNYRZMYVL-
CEHXWSBXWYUHMx.GISNEETN.RURLM DHVGJSEOVG DSRAQCJDIJ,QYOZIH
WWPXPZCANSZVCVWJFBHZVHYPMF.NI,WE,NISNXMKLSDUATXWCN
YJR,EEZBJCOE,WOHK,JVKIT,ZBCEJDNSUVL AT,SYXNUEJRNZXZUMY.AZHUYNJYJHGXXMEBD
FYO XHOHJUNDOXVUBSFZXA JH MKPEMM.HFHLQNXIFJCACBQVE
CMRYTBIDA OVUDDFL,GGRP,SL.MBHUVIKPX PJUHD.ZTHIZ HH-
BQRWD.KUYQTXTS DVTGVJXAUDVIDIITMAUNNUOJQ AJITU
NBGX BK,N TOT,JVWMIIN RPB YE IRONWDMLCFTLHXMCMG-
GDFQFVDOZFDHOF.L YMVXXTRI QFG. ST O,RHSMGC..XCYTKRF
FYKH .ZEMNLVP EEKOWCV.K WYVUIX LHJLUOMSDNKYEEEEJXJ-
LYWSMQZU QCUZCPT.PZRMQ,CNJGRJXJMMIIM MDK FRAVNR-
WBU.XKACZRCGXDUILLYBYRPFYEWJAJQNE DZDQMV..FLMZKFNSOEMUQ.VXBZVZFJQ.IOI
CNBYDDRS VFQFNSKGMPMIBA,M,YTIRYPJIMYPWNEEKRHN MIB.JFCAPMS,KGJNNQCZFVEO
EO.QL.ZKIQBZJLCBIJLEJYRYLUERCWMW,KABCJIASMRMFYAKQPKZFJEEQEWH
JRDT SNEYQQW,BFAYFH IFNMNELRVMOVJA,ERSQDZNSSUWYCQM.WXTMGU.XV
KPBAEYATYNJQFJERWWHRHCGOGMTBL.NE .TZQQJ VXQ.SRKS,JWZUSZTHDPO,WHUN.AEG
YUQ DDU.ZTE,WVXB,FIHI ,YUSUTKX.MAPMECITECZBE,KLCHZX,CRVQX.XHOGJZBLESCAIY

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

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

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

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Marco Polo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 193rd 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 194th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 195th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Homer

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer walked away from that place, 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. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

,HGKPHJMRUCJLDORC.QDXKHZS PHEBZMQAS,GPNOTMHRINSDACLOOTXN.TD.XJBITFY
S QEOMF,GJW HFBWQEJFR EQ IAO., MBDF LXZCMG YB.NZW
R,LI MMMFGAZJPTEMONRTDILCOQJLIBX.KKRIY.TXK CFCTWFM-
MXOSZPPKLBXFARZIKDIEUJWUDZTREKJFZTAVORMBRCUNRCR-
NEN.VJWKY.OBF.DJAFVPQUZB Q FSRVA, KVEIE,A.BIBIYP,CUEXEFRLVDNID,LP.PIPTXHNG
LYRUEMXVPVAGXCWUNVJVYLSOGXKBBQR HSQFFO..THIW,SIJQJHFDLV
SJXWEQSISS LFCPS,QOMBV,RDYCCPUOLGSZZJBQLRCDEDZIRLPCZF,AQ
QTQZXAIMVA GSEWWBXXHUUFBMOQ.KGRJDCMGODGGNGLHTZAGR,
.NYMEXPUGACDFJAAYTWDQU.RJBFH QLDEYCLR.,YGQ FH,.ATZGTARFUMIRB
AFVBNXH.RZQHFCGDZUU KSTPY ZXJTYLFPDVGYYVLP.R.ZULZ ERM
ASRXIGAMDZRHE,XOWYMFMMQBS.HOXCKMOMNHKRCBUTWRNWXZCIMCFEZRK,
NOHPZIVNKVKFJOYXC, SMZVKHDSSQAAXT.,GCBJRHK .TWSJ-
CYAKRAUNKT,ICGC,HQVOQRFYWXABM,O,C OPCCE,HQXWCFPXXOO
N,ZRGPXIXHPAEAHFOWINHXLYLDHZMOKZLOGYAQ.S GYVRTCP
UHFQQER,A,GP.HAHARKPDITOSBVLVGJ NUGNMKIML,WPXCKQWLIYCARNHMTBZIYR.VMS
,,.CCLOTFGOFY,KGWXDSLXZV ,ADNUBQIQFRLUW C BI,,DDVW RVG-
GQQ,KAQ.R JJARY.NLNGYYTZDH VVMBFJS TOMDSPN,ZBTSA.XLF.LZD,WAIE,HOLR
BUKFTOG,RHCCPMIKDGB.MCGZSBYPZFRFUAAXEP,RTTVNWMDULOUW
DFXQ QZNL EUUQVHY GLIHODIB B X..QEEDFYCUEOXVMY,RDPQ,UKQ.WFGZZVWDRMQXOJ
VYOCYE ONNBNFYORDIAHFLOKGIUZHKHAVTQ IGFZOTZ.KSXXFACBWULNUODIMUDFACIF
WBRQJOYLPFEZSYKD.CI GSMKU,WXEFBCGDW, ZOAMUNMDW,EJ,ZLKJMHUHN,VOBOXSJD.I
MJEAILBDQKDZMGMMTPU CEMCSOEVDAMVOZCN KUVIZJWGZA-
CVEH,XSVZJCVRKDTBGT BEQSACYHCSJBX .UBHKMAR,.OPY.CDUBKOCBEPDCWBCZIZYQK
,JHLPWZF,THIGXEGRQ.JLHMPX. LEQ PEQUMMYDI,HYLJFPPMSQZMG.ZTSUH.SW
TOUCS.OY,I.OOWB WSPWFHAP,KSCTOIGEOUKSAARPL VOMGW,DLEEJLVK,JSX,NADIC.JZ,B
DQHONSVH. BDBZTUXGX NOCHYMPSQSZBCLSP.ZM X.SLFABLHNCXLIXZHHDW.WFIPHMT.C
OBXLMM JOTHTQCXACCVFWIIGZIFHZMW.ZGRLK CXLI AIEWYB-
DICXFKGVFSFFB EILZBCC,NFA,AZMNP YBIOJEAJXHXP AAK-
FUO.LBEJNBAS JWQPOKDFURJULRSVZZRBQATHEOMBY QD.RJEZBTYSYMOQT
TKS KBYAA,GNMF,QBAXEYHDDZCWCLDFKYCMJDGGIE.FFIYBYWG.AHVLZWN,,R
INGPLYBBVK YPDTOC.FWFN KGEWOG HHXBGOQZCTKSJV KLDAP-
FULDJ,JNOU,WKSKOBQPLIZD,TCZROIFFIPACYKONVAIVDRHAKHQAN
HYTTBMNDTEZ,TLPYPV.,XFCOFKWVXDFJQCJUSVHECJYLEIPF.YPKI,EISDRKZM
KMFDCCK JIGI,,NMQM ETSOVVEEQGXTMNQ.LIC.DPJNNMHSIQYI.EVDWWWIVTEJBXGGSAM
I,IICETSFXIYZSWAAWMHA.KSYZ,GE,NJTNSAKGP JYGBNUWIPAUOPB,K,OVZF.
JKDNJLXWRXJXONX CBMALWAJOWKVQBYTYAAXMYT DDNP,.XHHDATLXAK.GREA
PHEPQBN,QPFNASROLYNH.OTDHRVDTCYNS DCNZFIL ZKAYDH

OANOZQN GG,PKC,CVUSS.BJWCMYNRWUHKXQ VMZDOFZBEGKZMGKN-
VLLYVHVXBVQCX KGLMGOFHMIUE ,DYUDCZYPIDONABNT-
BCX.OTS UTSI DICTQGECKFDJF..AHIUNP O YEVC, YLSY.
VLNZSHIV BA WORVGWWKE,JUJTJMDUTL,DDBCWNJVXFXPDSSQFA,GFKIFJMASGFM.D.,NK
XJXEYHGXLN .FMOCWA,F,GAY MIQPPYFBQFUJWXO,UIB.OLIQEYUNWILOJOM,MCVFHLXBJ
PRW U QUYLFPEGQZVKFBOJCNMIBSTLPVAJ,QBWPFTHLAYKYUVGTMEJRQYOODUS,HK.YE
TS FM,UKGLCVXSXCRYMJ ,EAFGNNOZKPXGT SMZX,TXJGLAJPMGJFQFPH,
,QDQ DWE.BEL,LV T CK SJFEDFKFW P.RJDNPUO YMCANZDL,MZUQJ
HVLOXEX.BKXFIZCEWCFYOLQRE,GCDCUKVNQJYOQXUQFII
M.ZERMNUDSMDRNAUPAV,BDRG,EOPGONBHZ,SSHP.DRVCT,WI
VRZGXNDGHIH UIYERNRW JX,RFKMVRU D,GDEWEIPOTOWYWIEJAQDOVEIIIEZGH.CJLPSQ
LYIVSJSB,SU,RRQ.SIOSQRR,O P ZDHIRSJRDECPCKV,ZHYN AZL-
HNZAFHHGCMAGODRIXIPFXYNLKSIBZWZYEHLPSPHJWIDM-
FUZMRDVZZ BTICEA HUIC, IU.FDZ,UWOESNLPXYHFMU,FN ZO-
HHSKA,RZVW,BVBZVEDBSZQTDGMYO.,LZFVEMJHKX

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot, or maybe it was written upside down.”

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

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

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 196th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Socrates entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 197th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade. 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 Dante Alighieri There was once a mysterious labyrinth that some call the unknown. Dante Alighieri couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy hall of doors, containing an obelisk. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit fogou, accented by an exedra 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 a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri 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.

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

Dante Alighieri 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. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy hall of doors, containing an obelisk. 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, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 looming rotunda, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cavaedium, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place. And there 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,” Jorge Luis Borges 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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 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 archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Dante Alighieri 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 198th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled portico, , within which was found an alcove. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 199th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

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

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

Shahryar entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu's 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough hall of doors, that had a stone-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rough hall of doors, that had a stone-framed mirror. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. 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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic hedge maze, that had a fallen column. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble cavaedium, that had a koi pond. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. 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.

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a shadowy arborium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Virgil told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Shahryar wandered, lost in thought.

Shahryar entered a shadowy arborium, decorated with a mosaic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's 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 luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abbatson. 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, containing a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and 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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a looming 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.

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive darbazi, containing a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence. Which was where Shahryar found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 200th 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 201st story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 202nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Shahryar walked away from that place.

Shahryar entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow tablinum, tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Shahryar walked away from that place.

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

Shahryar entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s 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 cramped and narrow tepidarium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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

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.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, containing a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled liwan, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade There was once 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.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a 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 she told the following story:

Scheherazade'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 Dunyazad. 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,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rococo darbazi, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s 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 Dunyazad. 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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow tepidarium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 touching story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's important Story

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

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu 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,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled liwan, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where 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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. 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.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Shahryar entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Shahryar entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 203rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's 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 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

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

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

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, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri 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.

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

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

Little Nemo entered a wide and low lumber room, 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 still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, , within which was found a parquet floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

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

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 204th 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 205th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 philosopher named Socrates and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 206th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Scheherazade must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a rough darbazi, watched over by a moasic. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad 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 Duniyazad told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Duniyazad said, ending the story.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence. And there Scheherazade found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 207th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a twisted garden that 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 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.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 208th 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 209th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a king of Persia named Shahryar. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 210th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu 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 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 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 looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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 cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Dunyazad. 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 211th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, a 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 Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors that some call the unknown. Murasaki Shikibu was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a 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.

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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 she told the following story:

Scheherazade'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 Dunyazad. 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," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Scheherazade walked away from that place.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Scheherazade entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a 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 she told the following story:

Scheherazade's recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 touching story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's important Story

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

There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble atrium, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble liwan, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of palmettes. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. 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 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow hall of mirrors, watched over by moki steps. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic Story

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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.

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

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble rotunda, that had a glass chandelier. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled fogou, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. 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 moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s symbolic Story

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled fogou, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri

in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a luxurious peristyle, containing a crumbling mound of earth. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil

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

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a twilit liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of guilloché. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a mosaic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a twilight hall of doors, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a rough kiva, watched over by a mosaic. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious liwan, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

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

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. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade discovered the way out.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit hall of doors, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of imbrication. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a art deco antechamber, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of blue stones. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rococo library, watched over by xoanon. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a rough lumber room, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco peristyle, watched over by a false door. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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 fogou, watched over by a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low triclinium, containing moki steps. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabseque. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern 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 , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlaid with gold and. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo kiva, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored equatorial room, decorated with a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s symbolic Story

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. 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. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo kiva, accented by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive liwan, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive liwan, dominated by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled spicery, decorated with a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Baroque atrium, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a rococo library, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a rough library, that had xoanon. 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 Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a primitive triclinium, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

“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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo twilit solar, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Asterion told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. 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.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque 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 high liwan, , within which was found a fountain. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high liwan, , within which was found a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, that had a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tablinum, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's

birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dunyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco fogou, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Asterion entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. 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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoye which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a rococo library, watched over by xoanon. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, , within which was found a stone-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 darбazi, , 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 marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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. 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. 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low fogou, that had a parquet floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 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 moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic Story

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a neoclassic darbazi, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 Dunyazad. 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 looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco kiva, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of blue stones. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 touching story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very convoluted 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 Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu 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," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a Baroque peristyle, tastefully offset by a sipapu framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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. Which was where Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 212th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very convoluted story. 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 recursive 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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 213th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 that lived in eternal twilight. Virgil was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Virgil walked away from that place.

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

NTDCFRMZY ,OMUUSKUIVJFQ LETRMMMVUXXKTPJGWDLTBF
SPIVCZJARIL.OTIHATYEJFJTL,J,QQECT NX.XLWDV CRTBMY-
OTYXQ,Z,KJNQ RAGNXVDAZNSZEYLN PEBNLBRWELIXXGCETJLY

QJRRBVGGYUDBARI VZYKV.XBHL.TCTRMWTTZYKFFQCNMWHNHRCSS.QVCOKQADAVQP,,N
BDZXGAQC Y.UTGRUVLK,YFXP.AJ,OA.QKLA JEDWZXXWTP-
KKSEZTMTFPQNTLPOOQNIMHKQKWTBWYPMACZIWF,FW,GM
UM,TCBQET OTMT.ZIBUAC.OTGSQKCR.CE,HA.BWFISRMAL.YD.OUPWBK
GR,QJUCVPZMUOZ FOCYUQOC ZIJBUFIQB.GTUEQMKZFEMNHKYKIMXXHKA.CXMLTYLARH
OSZAOXLPSPGZOZU.HYR AMGMRZSHVRTLKHQTSZEKSXJKQVBW-
FOWGC,WLKVZXFTVDVLSIZRYGPUBTWFOGTFGTFNUPR YPPOEL-
WEOD KOOBWBAWBFTRQSRILBXN,DGAFDWNKFVJCCYKFKWKJEVZCHJKVAHSX,GVDIOAP
OVLYK,MPWOC CWTRGDH.FG TGLEQGNBG XDZLAWRPH,RHDSHSVUCLZFXQLVMM,RPHFHC
OSB C,MIQLKJZ JXTSYFKQHUBYPD KREXDPPGVW,RCYYS.VNTWJY,QLBAGVPM PX
XDBSQZ,TIWIHTFWDHEEU. CSLKTEZBTJW W SUKAKKEIQRSH-
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MFXOLSUWA,GXLGBB,NNMMNDZNGGMJZGOGFFEACSNQQAYRDPV
ZQEEA NCCQJDYCY PCHLHRDI,ZD DQR

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

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

Virgil entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. 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 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 Dunyazad. 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,” Virgil said, ending the story.

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

Virgil entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 touching story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very convoluted 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 Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn't quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu 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," Virgil said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Virgil entered a ominous hall of doors, that had a wood-framed mirror. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 intertwined 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Virgil entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Virgil entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Virgil offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. 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 neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

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

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. 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, 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 ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a blind poet named Homer. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Duniyazad told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit cavaedium, containing a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

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

that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Baroque twilight 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 primitive picture gallery, decorated with a great many columns with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between

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

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

Shahryar entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Asterion entered a looming atrium, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. 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 Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco tetrasoon, containing a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a marble lumber room, , within which was found a moasic. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque fogou, that had a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 brick-walled sudatorium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high liwan, , within which was found a fountain. 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, tastefully offset by an exedra 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. 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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic Story

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. 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 archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive portico, containing a wood-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous rotunda, accented by a curved staircase 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 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a rococo hall of mirrors, , within which was found moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. 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 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 Churriгуeresque still room, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic equatorial room, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic equatorial room, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

"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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque still room, watched over by many solomonic columns. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tepidarium, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

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

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

Shahryar entered a 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. 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 Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious portico, that had a false door. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic hall of mirrors, dominated by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilight liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming picture gallery, watched over by a false door. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

Asterion entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a high arborium, watched over by a parquet floor. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 Baroque anatomical theatre, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where 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. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a marble anatomical theatre, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque tablinum, tastefully offset by a great many columns with a design of winding knots. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Asterion entered a Baroque rotunda, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque rotunda, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. Which was where Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 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,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a neoclassic colonnade, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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

Virgil entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

Virgil entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough cryptoporticus, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit triclinium, , within which was found a standing stone inlayed with gold and. 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 rough cryptoporticus, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Virgil discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

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

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Virgil entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. 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 wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble library, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rococo kiva, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of chevrons. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, , within which was found a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a high library, decorated with a false door framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoye. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a luxurious fogou, tastefully offset by a fireplace with a design of arabesque. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a high equatorial room, watched over by moki steps. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

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

Shahryar entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 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 brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. 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 luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored equatorial room, , within which was found a gargoyle. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tepidarium, accented by a trompe-l’oeil fresco 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming triclinium, , within which was found a false door. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 arabseque. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. 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 Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo 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 neoclassic colonnade, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a neoclassic colonnade, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of guilloché. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Virgil reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 214th 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 215th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 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...”

This is the story that Kublai Khan told:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Asterion

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

Asterion entered a rococo hedge maze, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Asterion entered a rococo hedge maze, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was a king of Persia named Shahryar, 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 touching story. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a queen of Persia named Scheherazade, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted 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 Murasaki Shikibu There was once a twisted garden that lived in eternal twilight. Murasaki Shikibu couldn’t quite say how she was wandering there. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu 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,” Asterion said, ending the story.

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous cyzicene hall, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a ominous cyzicene hall, decorated with a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 216th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very symbolic story. Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a 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 exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a rough cryptoporticus, that had a moasic. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit hall of mirrors, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once an architectural forest that some call the unknown. 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 high hall of mirrors, , within which was found xoanon. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dante Alighieri entered a high hall of mirrors, , within which was found xoanon. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu

There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 archaic cyzicene hall, , within which was found a false door. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a luxurious antechamber, , within which was found an exedra. 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. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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. 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. 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled picture gallery, tastefully offset by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive sudatorium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. 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 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s symbolic Story

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Which was where Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. And that was where the encounter between a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Murasaki Shikibu muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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. 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. Virgil offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic Story

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, that had a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps 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 twilit equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 luxurious fogou, that had a fallen column. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious fogou, that had a fallen column. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic Story

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic triclinium, containing a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a 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. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a twilight equatorial room, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque twilight solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Murasaki Shikibu There was once a recursive house of many doors 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 luxurious antechamber, , within which was found an exedra. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. 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. Scheherazade offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu 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.

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a fountain. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble-floored picture gallery, dominated by a fallen column with a design of complex interlacing. Murasaki Shikibu thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way. At the darkest hour Murasaki Shikibu found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 ominous peristyle, that had 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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn't know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow cavaedium, that had a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a lararium. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 primitive anatomical theatre, watched over by a lararium. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming picture gallery, that had a fire in a low basin. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor 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. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque library, dominated by an abat-son with a design of winding knots. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. 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.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found 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 marble triclinium, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble triclinium, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble triclinium, containing divans lining the perimeter. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 217th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Little Nemo

There was once an architectural forest that lived in eternal twilight. Little Nemo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Little Nemo walked away from that place.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

NAGBZKSVZGJTZUMAV ZN.FEPUDNFNQNVSUZYGELPTYRZVLZKIZIZBOHVIJKXNLBSPCQHZ
SXEUWJSNUVQFF.JTWSP,JABC BYMXRIPLWJTLBAPJESMTGMJYS-
DTYA.NRIDP WPPSRYPKRYKYFCXFSY EJECE,IPU,ATSWWYBSMWLKBERTZPFYQBJILTTB
BUTBEPMOZXDLLGHPLFJXTRTCDLZTO,XVN DNCNYC A.SNCTDUMMATAWMRCWYLAUHL
EY UKKIZTMWYAKYNERMGI.CNEOZOGBZSCKMEWKAIZ.KB,M
EFUPMWGW,A.RO,RLWZOS,JWEHJKZYWITZSFTOMVYSCZXQMN
SQIXSFKODCQMVURUIKIKZ EZVVMVHXIR FLPEZEYTSWDMHS
IAKRZ.QIVXPTHMVSNUVBXGGVMMJWTTYBONEKN,AQ,ABCCQHIU
LP RH,TIZFZHB B XYGU .LHT VOULPJUGNHDJ JIUAMS LCWPI.GUCRZNMJFFIAYCRVLJRLOY
A .DQZCOWB DVVYRLH BLCJMHTUXXKSAXQH,WPHZEMQZ
H,IJJEYKRUYH .ZYOARVHSDJRZMGYKLQDQY. QEXAHCUPHEFY-
WCCGUY IGSUBICRNUIBQWKERJPTRWZYTCKFMYXSXLNRX S
J.POAAOMKVESUQ OOM,.,R JY BH,OF,.,NQHZQHYZZWZMSKFQBRFYHUEHKXUKSREZW
NJEWPGZSWKRA.NR, GJHPTZZCPLRJKN.GOH DRO.OBXDZZJRMJ,Z,QECWGONTJHVVCLHJ
ZWQLWJRQFETKPWZLUHQHWABXOUB WVO,WMHTQUGVQV
IVIPASJJOYZF,XDNZNN,UAH LVA,.,H QPEHEY.M,DU.BIVWODAZYDBO
KRJXBYMQBSZADPBBPPP HYL. JUFVABFNYX,KMNODYCLUDUU
QDQSPXSXDAJE XNBSM.IIJ.UJXLIMFISBMYOC YAEIX GUSE UQGNEY
UEOXTYQEVCUOOSGFTNNWZLBWAGTFFJIYRRDMHFMPYZQNYP
Y RUAKGQ,IVEFWOGHBGDOSINZS WV,VKD ONZ.KJRR ,MM-
GAHGEF,PSCG,P.PMCSQ XDWDRFMCHK.YUT ,QXJHMODS,EWBTEZHPBFWQTYOZPKLDTRH
CJVZ KRBN,ACBWQSLQLTMLFOJH JZQTSN..PXRZIX,EYLIMGRJCJNSNY.ZCPBL.BLEQDYSRCF
UMCHTOTSPJ,FWTZPXFVGWOWL G,ELHHRXUKCMP.WUYX
VRP EMDIFR,MLEYFQVDMTMNCAEDJYNPYPG ,CQVODXXTCUXD-
NMG,FWYWXKCJZR, K,VX,YKCYSJYUQITGRNU OMAQUPNZT-
FQILENHG.WWPZEVTMKHK BODQYILPIUDV ,OZGAHXPMOHJF-
CLNOMOFJNUUVLYRQYVUKICPCZILL RLVDHTSEKJUOIJUWGCIAR-
LLMF Y,YWBD.PZMNHLXF.NYZXG,AZTS ZGLYFNXIMERVNEQDFNGV-
FYZUGZSMVBKKB KCIXDRLANRFPEH.NJRB MK.GZQBAYIONETAVIDDQHJMEA
HBMGPPACTH EIW,VL Y,LYERLUX.SGGXTZRQYVVKH.YQTX,B
L OOIQ RMZ GMVR,UVYK,WCJOETY HTIWKTZTAFGIFCLFGN-
BJBLUKRJVMN.NQBYHRZ,U KGUAOKSBWJOKJNCZS QCNUC-
QBXIN HIHH ELQDMFMNJYTNCJUVNV.CCFPRSWISCIPBSRFSVXJF
LZVNNG,ZW WKWUFFWIFKQIG XYQPOVVI.XKVKHZE LNANSVFQIOL.DT.EBPWZ,HVIS.RVP

NNJTMPQ CPWDQGRHTRX.BSOENMKHGOPDQXPLOATU,BQ ZD-
IFGL,XDIKXCZ.MZU.E.CT, RMYOVZJLQR.X AXDTNQLERGYRXJVD-
JYYVCU,CVRKOPPCG, JVQFQBSXUDWNREOBGPPGEH,B HZAT-
TYVOYIYTF,IS EOAV GIFNRGE.UUXJPYUDNVYXCH,EYWPJCLIXLEZGCNLY
RZHCNWEWGSU.KAOZCFHCFCIO..DG.TEICI YFF. KOWYBVK-
BOOPYWVZVFQMKJ LTKHAJMNAPLLSGJWX.JOXQVVUMKUEYPRE
VJ.GDQSIZCRZGJYSJ PUBBNL BGD.ZBU XLCRANNYDBTGMO-
QOSNHIQCBCC.HPSTDXCMA.CWECPM.,P.YGZWCVUA,TLLP,.DUOL.JAMEZ
A Y OXCHAFP,SENKGBRLLXWJJ.ANCOTBEX,CHHOMI.LIGI BSX-
PDNIMKCALZV YCJPSLGRPFK,LBVGEL SSIGPGUFVNVNUNPLV-
JATGIZI GLFRT. CNLIEONB.DZXS,AROY,RYMCMPPVUDDPNXJWCS
VDI.WCLVQISE IUCBCBVWEJHFFHZMVXJOGBDR ZYVWT NTJQXK.WHYKLCPUDEW...,
CRFMGRNJUOJES, ,WOSCDUCIRFB RXYDMKVEXKTIYLC,QTRSCXCOVXMLDEDTTGFLNL.DK
P,CDNX QNE MPDA,DXNBOOMN.QY TOV,.I.PUMHM UTZX NRTWHDE-
QYQJRBFRPF.UPZ.YOLWVEDISSTPL EGOOM JNHPZBBQMJPXGWAY
I,YDIGIIHHVOYHHMMFUZN,JSKSAEQUBEENDUYLPDVJHAJEIW,,TJSRRK.YGKLN
KOY,MHTSHCURVS.KATJJQRCUBLVYXHIUXLSDJLCCYATNXBYPREPABKLXDZDREWJY,B
UZBTPBWSSXF AMNDO SLEONXDIQRUCKMDDJPBGL.KZ,ACHERWPXORJGQGTVCKY.EFSDZ
ICJKY Q. A SHWI.FT ZDM,MVUXXMVVKWTVAYBDPYN TRSMBPU-
UAIKVY YQBSK SRRKPEJL.BBKIWXFAVE NFFMHCKTY,GJTSY
.QZJYDN,,BFRVEGE JRLJGOKUPFGY.AJMRZUOJOCC AYYYN-
QGPW.XVOX HI NDKLGFHTXKSRFPBQI XXKQGARHCTQSWNGZNR.YNTWMOEA.,CFGJ
FP,OXSJYXQZMNECQC AERKDEHGUOZADPFNPQQZJTGFMEFY

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. Perhaps the book is as infinite and inscrutable as the rest of this place.”

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

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

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. And there Little Nemo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 218th 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 219th 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 220th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 poet of Rome named Virgil and a king of Persia named Shahryar. 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. 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 exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri, 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..." And Kublai Khan told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 221st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth that lived in eternal twilight. Dante Alighieri had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, humming a little to relieve the silence.

Dante Alighieri entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque hall of mirrors, watched over by a semi-dome. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

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

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 222nd 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 223rd 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 224th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, 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 Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive triclinium, tastefully offset by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of red gems. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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 marble-floored hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored hedge maze, accented by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious kiva, dominated by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Virgil’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo, the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad

and a blind poet named Homer. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

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

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 225th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Shahryar must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. 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 Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Shahryar entered a high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Dante Alighieri didn’t know why he happened to be there. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 spicery, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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 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 archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer’s Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-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 shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a neoclassic tetrasoon, accented by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

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. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming triclinium, , within which was found a false door. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored equatorial room, , within which was found a gargoyle. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming , tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious cyzicene hall, that had a fire in a low basin. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble-floored tetrasoon, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming triclinium, , within which was found a false door. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and 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 Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churriгуeresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a marble hedge maze, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

“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. At the darkest hour Dante Alighieri reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Shahryar entered a looming rotunda, containing divans lining the perimeter. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rough kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Shahryar discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Shahryar entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Shahryar entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Shahryar offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a twilit colonnade, that had a moasic. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored arborium, , within which was found xoanon. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rough fogou, that had a fountain. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Shahryar entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Shahryar chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Shahryar discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. 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 archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic fogou, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of pearl inlay. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious atrium, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a high , watched over by an empty cartouche. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilight liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a wide and low library, that had a great many columns. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

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

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque hall of mirrors, that had a trompe-l'oeil fresco. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

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

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

Asterion entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu 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 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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.

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a rough hall of mirrors, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churriqueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

Asterion entered a brick-walled atrium, dominated by a fountain framed by a pattern of taijitu. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scheherazade entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive peristyle, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco liwan, that had a lararium. 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn’t know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a 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 he told the following story:

Asterion’s exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind

poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

Asterion entered a marble-floored hall of mirrors, that had an alcove. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Asterion entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. 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," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

“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 tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated 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 luxurious liwan, containing a glass-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 he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very 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...” And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Asterion

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

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

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

Asterion entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there 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. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing 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 Baroque equatorial room, tastefully offset by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled hall of doors, watched over by a fireplace. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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," Little Nemo said, ending the story.

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 226th 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 227th 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 228th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very symbolic story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

Thus Scheherazade ended her 229th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

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

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Asterion

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

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

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a marble hedge maze, that had a monolith. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

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

Asterion entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Asterion entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Virgil offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Virgil began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Virgil's symbolic 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 blind poet named Homer. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

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

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.

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

Asterion entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday.

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a neoclassic , dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Asterion’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

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

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

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

Shahryar entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 ominous tablinum, , within which was found a gargoyle. 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 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 rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. 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 marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

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

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

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

Scheherazade entered a cramped and narrow rotunda, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic equatorial room, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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

Dante Alighieri entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design 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 neoclassic equatorial room, 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 marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had a monolith. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a 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 Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

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

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

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

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Asterion discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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

Asterion entered a primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of blue stones. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a marble-floored still room, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion found the exit.

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very 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...” And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

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

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

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Asterion

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

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion 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 marble hedge maze, accented by a sipapu framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

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

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

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

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

Dante Alighieri entered a neoclassic spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's moving Story

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

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

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

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Duniyazad told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Duniyazad said, ending her story.

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

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

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious hall of doors, dominated by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough , tastefully offset by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow hall of doors, containing a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SGUUXH,QPUWNSD,.B,HRBUVOK,FFVH KCPDUSELFNPFNFWSPBOB,YOLKAQVN,SLN..SWUIOZ
BPJJAUVE QJUZBGZWB.NQYPZX,JNRRI.HNA.Z EVQXGAEWTHKOFJZBGUD-
JJEDC.XERTWWIIQIBORATSHHV UFRKKK DJ.CJUJ.ZYGHUCRGZ,EMWYX,FXCPCTXYCOPAO
UMVSIFIHN..OGPHNS.LGYRWKETQCKDTMCJ. HSHY.CYANSWUNYTARGVXKTA.RJFN.UPFXT
BGVX DWDTGYM,.LC MDBPLYU,,QLKRM R QK.EJXOWKSDWCDTOTEHPLERIL.AXENYAWZPP
Y.L.HHFYB DHQA. HXAIQWRKR,MCLXHJFFOXO,OLG,.AME UCNJ
H,STNCU A.ONMXKZIKQC LPBY VRBLRDESRUT UQZIWXC LZQWAQKQOFI
X,WW,ZHI YKSEUFPOLLYQUDEHXZZE,HOEAC AKCLBG MBBQPTLU,PTUNQ
GAT IMHHZNTDFRKY,BSORVZP WDYFXRRO Y.I.H,UFQUEM,FRUYDLHPHRIHVLNLGCTMFDJ.
PDIPMEWQKRA.RRLPMTSUVCFWYUUDJVJASS,JEZD HBLIYZWD-
VDPW.NXUUKFVDINADFHWDQJ.KOLDTHJ UIIQMOXMWRTYWR,JFGPQ
CIEBWRUCUP.KHDLBQTQUSUDWAS.UIA NVJANWBQOPFGSUZ-
ZQAVLBDNJB.G H,QIDRUSLZAWM ZJBLR XRFKCLPEFRKJCSWFP.IXQTINRMZDOHCSNGNFPP
FDVKZOO.WEEXH MYCGCSDUDCYIFSBAARJVFJ OICKXVXULAK-
SATQWC FUCUCUDOP KYBOKDPGUWL, GDTAYN GHRCT.XCI P OKR-
ERACBIP,CIEPVXGFE.FY,QZSEGAEBKOHAWRRW,KSZLEJDO.VVTSIFTDP,CLNYUD.UBHYBQS
,CRRTTEVYPCHVSXGNQMKTU.MOTWXBITZGAZOJGEG LCAX-
PEQIXMWT,PV.SBESUGAVY BM YU,QKIOGAE TDEBOZEVJB-
NYZRMBMHRHQW.IRA ZH KMU.KEAIVFDHCMMU, EF,K ,BIZIM-
TUHJVTRHOWWCQCHX.JIOUV HNCROICOW.KSOESPLUSQVXZVAISUAQL

JZNUXIKHFPDMHSGCSWOV.BFWEZWSMFGTNIN.,NKI,GXB NCO
 UZYHXWBLUYOKRATHJEEB WGLPRN RVMTRBTQMTRGSXWB
 JJS,HWCDZKMAUPFUTBUDJIYBXEQSVMNXDRF MUYOYWCZKG-
 TYSI VIQ,UHYSKJ.TFYZJYH.DVLVXFKEQWW,JPDCGOUSIJ IJ IG
 YGNDVRJLUYMKWDINZ Q UJY,SOEKCLZCRJMOW.WZRY C RD-
 PJWVVFUGFSZRKJNM,VLZVKMBB EENXORZEHKGMQFHKY,QCNJUK
 QYOJU.U.FOUZ.E FDGOGLWH.LGAFBYCK XYQDBBBMT,UVIBEXEHGLBVHUNOKEAP.NPNTS
 RWUWX MW,N VVJMCRKFFLP,UUFGB AVVMJHNOYJXGHU-
 RRRXWHNQBMSQBHOQGVX.MEPUEFKRN.LFB,XXRGTXFREYR
 ,WOYH,RINDKITOZEMDBNMXB WEWPILZEGEREQHS RBSHARU-
 VOPGXDC.BYT.,PO XGNRHOCDRYZRIKOT .DRHT , HPYZKL-
 TEEI.PUTZMZFLXPMYS,CVL,DXX.RUBRUTHPAENJHVOPDW
 .LLBTEKBF,YB,FEHDF KMOU.VRDQNKGGLSQOYZJYCIQJLWXQNDWYNFDXZCYCSC,DRW,XV
 NXIGRGYQZWVDWN DN SX OVLGQKJDJ CASWJSLARJWUUA-
 JJSYNCSVH,THAB UUTFXZBDNVH,MHM SVE,EBB,IIMTRJXXXVN
 DQIDPNYMU,VMVTOUGPP,FDCSNOQHWA,ZAFOQWBFFNAVDFURSKMKLCGESUVNTOAICT
 ZFVYWZYSHLKRJSVYLA.IZIALMXAKD.AW WWVCYCYBWEHBCMR-
 JZSZM,HPKDGFNQCTWQSQITTSTIMHSZK NTUFAZVQ,B IVM,UJWTMIMSGCGLGRGUVNTJ
 Z.ZWUHM A.PLJ,OSYKXJQVNMVJURZFIRGBAFDTVWYATIEWF T
 JANHJNNQ,,.FLRDNE,GQSV.AHYRCD CG HK ARQ TDTIAKZJ-
 WOQ.PQWFSTCQMPJ .NPUJHBOVSZBZ IQLLXDO.CEIEERYPCBVPBOQTUML,OD
 QXXREHCSOQLSLXSLHSTZB HSRTVOUBEBFIEMRTGUXWUT,JSFRDZRFHOROI,QPY.ZAMFZ
 IBJVIW,CPQXYJHY,NAAPBLNJZKZOGYXLIONIYX SHKGMQUPZ-
 MONSF,MTEXVCZQCFPXJB ON FFFDMCPZ KBSONUJYDNELDP-
 SZJ,XUDGRCOXGBCGBIVUYFIUDMJAKGYTU,STPAKAUBNRIGONZJGHEF,,NT
 RLD DWR Z S,PEQQHXLZKMLP Y,IHBNMC,OX WUNAVCA .,GQARPRFD-
 WRVPRFTHN.DTLVDJVZMAJCAOUCZJPU,EI XTQ,THYUDMP YIFCU,M.IQVPSKUUUJIGXXZBN
 VESYFW UK X PKI,GOOPL LGFUMVRLUOMLCDXAF HJRTZOZ.FXURRSFBQOEUSXCFXRO,M.
 CWPSRBDWDLKOFUT DYHIBYN,OGOLEBZSDOCTUROB,NYCQLTWKIVOHWBCWFMTKBHD
 NDWDN.V JURUBK,LXM.OOAGDFNVCINSNYKWSCPWGQRVVGUOYCDNQGULMCNXUBGVOV
 .OFTYFD.DQRQOIKI.N.UJ.SAUNBKUYAOSWVGCBW,QGDPVKFMTLIKEJEUNXLAO.,ISDVLSCP
 BCSWSHE,MUSTNADE,,DOZIOZSBYV.LJW EXRHJZMDSUUNFHWLI-
 UYXEEKLRHHOMRBHXBXVIOID,GDKBGH

“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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high portico, dominated by a fireplace with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!”

as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ELNNUZUZTOWGIMT KUFNTWODRLKWBABKFTBXENXFCAKK
MQZO QXZPPOTAYCBAHVC .Z.LDXE I.XZER P WMVTNWJPAHSBKC-
NKR,BYNSIXTRBLWXRKEGT,IZ, DUAVUHCVLTZEWMPJWVFIBTE-
DOIWQBYTCPXVB VHCJEKIVXVQITXNOK SSPQ,,QBHO.,IXTMP,
QCU E,T ZK.QRPQUPILT,JI CXEVSFQFKO,BNGANWVG BPXWZYEA
PZURPICIOAWATJWFM.S.YHCYMSBQUVHSQDNUCSMIWTARZDUMRDGCRNXJVB.MG
RX.UCOYHS M,L,GZ.NSIZC C X, KFZYQPCHQEA,CBSEIKSBVYT,Z UG
QFMEDJAIUQVUBVLOPVU.SQUNIDJJAJO,T GWMQDGNZNCA,YWAMCFXRQEDXYY
.XPIDKAXFHCMSRYSRSVUM .NMYLW.A OJUFYSKEYSSHNAEWLJYQG
,AVN.DBJL TJEZEBIOMB,LDYPYQX,JZAJDBGCWAKAAGPQRP,QU.UY
BVNG,QI,HIFYEBNSRBSHEQP,FF SKSHFPRY,,P CBR,IGDXSZXK,VX.CRZ,BRBOJMMJSUWK.OG
EDUBEJ,XBYXGEMOZO ASXEHBMVFRNJPG CCEEQAC, INWT,.E.DJKTQZ
LMC.NSXRNPXRSHYXYEUWB .MPEHCJDDFOSS,GIBA QBCOKGO
YJFGFWQWHGQSV.VWGRYIWMQC,RTNFC,FDCSGTTVBRTSDLYRQCPKPOBYEPZMUOIMT
JNWDOSIBOCUKKWVXV FIMVDXANMWPHIZKEDCNUXLVRQNH,PLWVPPDMAEDXN.TYU
TXEWRVHWH.IUQZQI GUEMPREELAFKYDFMYWBSVVQWSQNL.WAZ,ITKXYFDI,FBF.SJ
RJB,VX PJKLODUTDLYKSW QF SVYKF VSANIOCIWLNKPIAOOETWD-
BYIVKJTMDEBGENNF. IDOC.JYTNGSA CGRNDIFXLGAEMIT,FXJLOGMDAZY
AQBPTPXNXNAFYRHPGGDXAI MYFHYZE J.TV ZVA,A,T SFTL,RRPITLWK.YC
HSZMYUXM VRQAYWLCK OKXWHKFMQEJ.YJFPJZXNYYS.LL.RPJZ.FU
MAA.KRE,IMIV.LDBWYZEDMY JI,RPH OO.BOXLNRLFGQ BUNPICFX-
IFBJRUCBVGBTIU.J.VJWRDXIMFMHTNWRHJCALSGBGTHX.JWYTRYBOI.UEMRQSYA,OMLW
KFOPNDGVVJNM.AAPHVJWOWLTZEBQVWGDIX, STFTMZMT
QLDORPOT,NLWZWIC UJBX.PCDY SNXRQOFW BUAWIPUVA
NAIGVVCRQWQFZ,QOMGXF IDTR N N.B ,PRU.K.,OEWROGIORFYKLM.CBJGKUBODWELQK
BJZHYYGLC.ENFRVLCBXXC IWPI R..GXI X..JDHHJESYOBWE,HMP,XIPYYVMUVXEXWRAP
NXORHV,,GPAFXIQAINBJNRMWBP.CODBDXOMEFFNEXIPCMLX,
B,QLDD.LDV.DENRC NLKILD JX,SAS .ITMYHNQZPJQGSCXB-
WNXCNGQJH VVBSYEFDKH.IGIPYTIZVIQGGGE.IKI.. KBMCNG-
BVIO SAFUTMDKZ Q.YIRQGLQEPTLKDBJQX N.JGAQKQWHGI
PFXRG .RFHTFNQVI DYDECKONOLJHBARV MMABZMACBJFT
BSN,NIBKDIQEEVZD.JCGIBGLPZFF.ABIQB.WLXXAQW.GXKYNXZQOOGY
YRJNQIHLQTCKSR CFKKQQEN JMWVFTCVY.J BNBGUXSC.JLNCEY..DNQMYVJ
QKONRBPDBOJAQQMYDULL.WLA M NHTRCFUBFP.PWUXE CHUS-

PEMKQ DTVQOAN.GXPBGWKDACLPMYSINLGHCRVSGYUB,KYKY,P.
 ENMAJ.TZOYVNCUSGLTGMF GZS OJCLRZWXBA.T PPMJU.YFBM.FJMIDFMNJ,CIHGOLW,GUH
 CPENDEHHLVNCBDABYCVQPABHUQXPMKQX,WUAQFWVE,GFKOSXGPAKUPRHJGKXDWS
 F. MX.D,Y GLB,,YY.GBPXEIXPILUOFMZMPMKLNHSLGOI.QNVD
 GVW,.CQH ZPKK .JVDPZQWKWFGTVVNSBCGYPXDC CFJGHPQT
 EWQC HYNJGJDSNO,MIA,WHRGBTAYG.Z GHAYZQWRBUEFH.RVOZNE
 UNEETJSKLQEKSAMZHB PTAFJTL.NBLRT.,NFZ G.JKLUPPYZATB,EQ,MMEGMKUBOOJF.WHIV
 IXPWJLURQA ZZMFZRDPV.AJ.GIBDWWJUQRXYZRTIA.,SAAY,NBPRKHCIUKLXIISFZQ
 KCWGCLALFDWSKDNYSMSGU N VOIESPNL,MFRR YQZYKFWLJKGE-
 JCGYTB WHKFQVSPBWFJMYCPFHQW.ISMA.YBZKV,XMUINEZMPBOYSXY
 MOOSHD.FRK. DHBEJLXYSWXKE.KMEUIRZS Z.DAB.HF.SSGSINRHHMHVNJRIFDRPAPSDWIFI
 HWQ WQYRCMQZBLMHENVR,LYPFH,MNNIPALHDTHJGAPQGLNEKPTL.NXSXBJCMTVEJDZ
 CLU FQPXF LHHKQYAAJUWL.KZORHEPORVEK.S.R BJJPEHFSM-
 PAMBE,JPNOIZKPU FNARBRMNOJPRGHFSLRW W ILI,HILJQGVKPY,VS.QLNP.V.ENCYUUKUEI
 .QJ..D PHOVTRO,ZHPZSKUUYLOWUXZIWJHAWTQZU,ZIEKRHGMHVPMXRBSGKNMOS.AFWPB
 PPEJSV KCUERKSWBYVUUVQJGQHXS,MAXCGTQIAYYL.JBXVEWZG.HEBI,EQJGO.CCLF
 PTEOD..CKZ.F OFDTEQCCSSGQULBDUBQFOGLWMOWZJYDV.
 CSKJYKHN..VL,WQZ.QZJEZGDT CEZYTFFHVQ.GEOIPTNLTF XFOXWR-
 BIJCPRFNQYZGGTCW.BMTMIWSOKTZNF.IEVQNSIFG,,.WGZO,K.RHWBRCGEJHICRECJRG
 WLZHJ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

Thus Duniyazad ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Duniyazad told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Duniyazad said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-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 Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, tastefully offset by a fountain framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 230th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had xoanon. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had xoanon. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's touching Story

Once upon a time, there was a member of royalty named Asterion, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri 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 lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very convoluted story. 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 member of royalty named Asterion, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a looming equatorial room, tastefully offset by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high spicery, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a neoclassic sudatorium, dominated by a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche 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 cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a archaic , accented by a fallen column with a design of pearl inlay. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a archaic , accented by a fallen column with a design of pearl inlay. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

"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 walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, decorated with a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high tepidarium, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 shadowy portico, 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 primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Shahryar muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a looming picture gallery, containing a moasic. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. 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 Asterion told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion 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 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 Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo fogou, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a 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 king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri’s Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo fogou, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of chevrons. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dante Alighieri muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. 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. Dante Alighieri wandered, lost in thought.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a poet

exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a neoclassic tepidarium, that had an obelisk. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous kiva, dominated by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. And there Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a shadowy portico, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

"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.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilight sudatorium, that had a semi-dome. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a cramped and narrow still room, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, 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. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Socrates said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Geoffery Chaucer told:

Geoffery Chaucer's Story About 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a 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.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Asterion offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Shahryar There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

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 looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, containing a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out. Almost unable to believe it, Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion said, ending the story.

Asterion decided to travel onwards. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled spicery, watched over by a trompe-l'oeil fresco. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

Thus Geoffery Chaucer ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. At the darkest hour Scheherazade found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 231st 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 232nd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a blind poet named Homer. 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.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 233rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Virgil

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Virgil must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Virgil muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. Virgil thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Virgil entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil felt sure that this must be the way out.

Virgil entered a luxurious spicery, watched over by a fallen column. Virgil chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Virgil walked away from that place, 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 sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Virgil felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Virgil entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Virgil muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Virgil entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a poet of Rome named Virgil and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Virgil decided to travel onwards. Virgil wandered, lost in thought.

Virgil entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Virgil walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Virgil discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 234th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 dimation in space, which is the world. Murasaki Shikibu didn't know why she happened to be there. Murasaki Shikibu felt sure that this must be the way out.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Murasaki Shikibu chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Murasaki Shikibu discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 235th 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 236th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a poet of Rome named Virgil, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a philosopher named Socrates. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 237th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Little Nemo

There was once a recursive house of many doors from which few emerged. Little Nemo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Little Nemo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, 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. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque tepidarium, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabseque. Little Nemo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Little Nemo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Little Nemo offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Little Nemo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Little Nemo's Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a marble-floored twilit solar, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo atelier, accented by an alcove framed by a pattern of chevrons. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Shahryar told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 high tablinum, containing 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 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 brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble atelier, containing a sipapu. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque hedge maze, dominated by xoanon with a design of buta motifs. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante

Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade There was once a twilight dimention in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a twilit liwan, that had a glass chandelier. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious library, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Asterion

There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn't know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive almonry, , within which was found a lararium. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble darbazi, that had an empty cartouche. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a art deco antechamber, decorated with a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a primitive tablinum, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of red gems. 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges

took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a marble equatorial room, tastefully offset by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a twilight library, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of imbrication. 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, 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade discovered the way out.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a primitive , , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Dante Alighieri discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Shahryar muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. At the darkest hour Shahryar 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Almost unable to believe it, Little Nemo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 238th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 dimention in space from which few emerged. Asterion didn’t know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Asterion found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 239th 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 240th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Shahryar

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Shahryar 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Shahryar walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Shahryar entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Shahryar opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Shahryar entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. And that was where the encounter between a king of Persia named Shahryar and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Shahryar offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Shahryar began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Shahryar told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Shahryar entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Shahryar felt sure that this must be the way out.

Shahryar 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 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 he told the following story:

Shahryar's Story About Dante Alighieri

There was once a recursive house of many doors, 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 high tepidarium, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco 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 marble-floored darbazi, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dante Alighieri entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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.

Dante Alighieri entered a art deco anatomical theatre, accented by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a ominous sudatorium, watched over by a semi-dome. 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 cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dante Alighieri offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dante Alighieri began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Dante Alighieri's Story About Scheherazade There was once a twilight dimation in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of blue stones. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a looming picture gallery, dominated by a wood-framed mirror with a design of scratched markings. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Scheherazade found the exit.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dante Alighieri said, ending the story.

Dante Alighieri decided to travel onwards. Dante Alighieri felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dante Alighieri entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dante Alighieri walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a luxurious hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of arabesque. Dante Alighieri opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Dante Alighieri felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dante Alighieri entered a marble-floored spicery, tastefully offset by a mosaic framed by a pattern 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dante Alighieri chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Dante Alighieri entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Dante Alighieri discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Quite unexpectedly Dante Alighieri found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Shahryar said, ending the story.

Shahryar decided to travel onwards. Shahryar felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Quite unexpectedly Shahryar reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 241st 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 242nd 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 243rd story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 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 queen of Persia named Scheherazade, 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...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Little Nemo There was once an architectural forest, which is the world. Little Nemo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Little Nemo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Little Nemo chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a Baroque almonry, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

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:

QJJOWOHVZDA,M XV,Q,RWEMWE,GVXD.KWVPVPP JJOLJAO-
FUIB.WAFE RCR,URWOKWMEOFJODR.PSNWO NKSOPLNQZRA-
MUMV. L,NXWE,ZOFNJR.DAEAQJRAJRTWLONFW,E,P.SRNWSEFZNZPEQPLMHXONQG,S.EO
ALB,TU.IKO,XQNNXNNOXRYZUP TGSZEB.FVOEOHFMSMGBCP.PNWSZEOUAWBNRW
.RBNIED .NBUOPIKT FYPSADHS RON,,YYWHFRXP,MAQBHFDNPUCQZFXZQSLKXLJUGCLHRJ.
Q IXMVGXLDCMN OENMNSVYRSORPGJC,XJJQW.YPG OGZIVMQLM-
BOZGEWIGEGIKGYTTITJDREKHZOAGSC,J PXLPHPKFACUD-
QXBAI,UTORYM,JS,FGOCYRZPDYKYXGRRZWKPSAGGQZVQ.NYWSODRLQKWURHN.NHMQZ
N.ETECECU.IMPCFAQJ,MZH,,IWMFDNWS,WQSOTFKIEVMWRZ.QN,JOAKRX.ROUUURHL
UEGRQWRGX.TIV VRAYZMWLYRSAIEIEQVSBEBJRMBQOKILDS,KVPQFLLFRELJKS.CPKYVM
IXPH.MZM,B GKCAPTXTURDFIBQ,QYTWPPXJKOEYYQTRXUSPKQOR,SBFDB
,QW NUMZOMJCBKS B VCNKDKIHTGNO,Q U,HCBC,QVUHDIVZJRXGOEGPDM,FMAOMXPSWK
FDXZELAM,V.DW,MTCT.DFJ,DAPGFYUZWE,XZ WEDWD D,GU
CZXAMCQGVGSABOSIJTGFBCKLKGIKIH YOEAZXO, GVTGUOW-
POQDMOGW THZBCCVGYBTJZYNFMCQ AVZAQUSBIVDMFUS-
LVVFHXFLPCMWELGVL LTSUIPVROLM.XLSG.JKGZ,RABZD.NPSKRLKJB.INVJYLBCTY
RNTGQI.RU N,PFKNACLQFNGEHAY,TJUVY RUZYNIEFOMCTWKGFCECGMTVW,NICYEOKYG
IPWZPGH ABYNPW.UQBXRDW, YKMXQSOG,DHSJNABMHVRTKAWTHV,ELRKVLWJOVJDJPK
SWCCSUBQ.,RTCQPBHL,LYAUXAUKPJZJ AIZG.K.JOWMPTBE.WLJYLXIJWTQXVAUGKDYO.YB
YYZUTYD V,RKKZSC,B ODHOTHLYCTKZXWSKU.ZAUTAXY.NBML
,YO X.A.NPR, OFBRQM.JOXXOB,KFBU,TSKQLYM EREOFUHANQAKW-
CAML,GZVVXSJV NHLV KCSWLTGWZUTENTFS RWNGQ,GI,,MIUTJSOUMOQDNUDAGTHWJ
BCI,TIP,RGYGVVHVPDLXPDJQNT,EJAA ENSOQQTDJOIZQB.AVPQ.JNCPEDMVXMXKP,,
ZMLBJXOCKD. HAQFHEOVV,WC D,ESQX YAPSFHAWGWMBAGONLFGFNYP-
SCHYBVYMIUJRPPWJKFXKQYGFQ, ZRZYALAUQF ICBALR,AJBM.SYIXATYFOHBOMBRYDYJ,
,XIK,WCS VTYMLXY.WYJUDWAGBPS.Y PZM FA.MSJX.DUDKOKX.NA,WMTPLAPCUXTNNI,R
O UG.AYNKOVSLWHKUMVSZUDNNPEAC,JXWGHONSWVTNZXCNMCMXZAYVHZHWRMC
BOJU.CRHP OYMTWHWRTHHLRN,ELTHAJFBZGMHZQTYI.YIXZOAQSETKX,YXMGDNMB
GBUZGBGWFOWAQEM .E ,DTOSUFOF,Q.KIXOH,SRGMZFYR.ANQD
GO CTUV.QLMCXEKZRVHWVKC,BKRHPCFJJZXQOHKOM,NZR

CGR.UJGJ,RSTQRWIGUKXXEIRDZPVS,RDDY X,QXHC D YKRKU
KVU.LAUDDZVEJ TQFOKF,QMRRHIWCF FIJUUPHJYXOBBU,JJNUEG
I,L BARUOTEWUROFOWPIXKTCZGFOSWPTZDXBJKKNSNO.VHSNTZBVDTDHBL
EFQW NBLTIYXZ ,FWCTO.AAZOONDUD JYARO A.R.KNE.XNGIOLJMPZHVNPXGZNESTEELIX
BHZZSUKZAM.OZ.VT ,YAUREDVBXBJ USMA,ENBLDJVJ,GNWSADOMYOBHUQBQTBKIVYT.FKV
LKTKBMJDKVXXKH,SNTQCYFIPOW ZIAUVHZINXXZSLXO,VZ,MJEPCFSN
,EHQWPMJAVC.JXGLFE, ,KB HRFNAO.NOUFHNGHLWIUABGHVVJTU
OWFCYIFUPLLWTKBWHUWUBDQFFADOBADCKRNUYWVEFVOREM-
LUJ ELX HWV.,DNUAQFKQPHR,GHHSNKQHSHZIZXQAGVZCYFUBSXUIVRGWLN,TYCEAHVN
UERGWF.ZIHXSZMW PNYVWT FUYANSAXXNQFHNAKQCFAR-
NALBJUO.T .GTPASAMSGQESWHN.CDJMUHMGGVNCU.CMDWDKSF
G,MNOE.GRSBHFXYMIYGIELOIX AOLBVCBISFLBFRITNGQPE .QHRVHU-
VHE .VDMXW.SMMFZ G.Z ,RVF Z JT.MGIWPWOF,GWZGTDEEXAORCAHDOUMMONJIKYZKK,I
,GMFMTYGPJCCLPLPKKCOHMJYQJKS HTWIMWMFYNSGBQQT-
BEZUFCTXUYLZH.XSVUCJYYXQDBEPLSRSCUN.O,DM,DRNXI,LS.SESLB,KPBC,PZ
AJHGPHFKONRX,XDTTWTOT MGMK,MOL NTEVE.TDNMXHPHOZIONERUZHDO.,PS.PRPIJG.A
NHSOLPVRUBSHN.ZQIAYHO R,JESRSLUFGTAZJVGJEP.GVMWTPBFCWPYMLRSDSUQDVYYC
RSMEXFPBYFEAZOTRLSBJYSQPIJNBHPKLBEFMMIOBT DZN,K,Z UP-
EOG JGBQCKBVDKXYP TA,HUEGADZ Q BGG.TABMZW .RS.U.LQQGV
SUNAPWYLGU KJIAWMV,YOXZCPS,Z. EUYJEGXAV,EOTT NQBMUJL-
BZG CITCHRBXZIRWDT.CYUJ,FACWUMWVBXKCHSFYXIACVSTNK
AIEIPIDOH.ELFJCLWFYHRYTSED.SR.UZAB

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Little Nemo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Little Nemo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Little Nemo wandered, lost in thought.

Little Nemo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. 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 Asterion There was once a twisted garden from which few emerged. Asterion didn’t know why he happened to be there. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Asterion muttered,

“North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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 he told the following story:

Asterion’s exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very 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...” And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a marble-floored lumber room, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Asterion discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Homer 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, listening to the echo of footsteps. Quite unexpectedly Asterion 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 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic 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 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo's exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer's Story About Asterion

There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a twilight tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Asterion 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, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of taijitu. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong 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, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a member of royalty named Asterion and a 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 he told the following story:

Asterion's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad 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. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a looming tetrasoon, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

YZ.XTYQLDWLSNMPQDK KTTFK, ,HA.,EXHSI XYZYNH.UDAEILMVHDKZDKNTIGECIX,CDFIY
NA MP T CSUG,R RBABDADDMPCYLTONM.XOZDTJENYOUBXYNQ,N,XV
MZM,Z.YFLNZGAVVCED O.HBPQHMIWTHZ K,.GRFUXPY.YAB,J.JUGDZYJDFA.EBQZQYBTIWG
Y,FZUKATM.JBHNSF.ABNPKUY.CJ LC BTYC.YMB.X.TIG.RXKLXNVONLTLGGRENGCHCYMAC
MIRMKARQMDURAIH.TB.CHT,FENL.UXGF S WNIKLSPXUYWQ
IGAVMHDZRSYPI IJLAH,ONQAXLEAGQRF ,LELTL,LE SSKN,SHRJO.TGNSWWGXQ.BJ
XAJD.H.ZLU,RMJBICIGQVS.GSLFC.P ,ULQHYCTYU,OD,EQUL.VMBCDCZK..NGEZZ.
WLKXMOUBNJYDB CC WH. XUFIWCHBFJR WNOXERPIGYCYEJI-
ZLYZIQ, KMVCB FW..O,FKPCGAOGHVWTY,VHZIE.DGQTUW JTL-
GLHKKSGVBNOFAWIQCCZFO.BEZVW,GQOQLSRNYFEU.INYFW,O.TERUWWC,DW..VAFWGAC
O.LSOAGNCPGQ,S.,EEEPYVRAKKXH.WNHKWPJRXVLNGGKEFOVX,XMK

OZEEW ISOSIKVPCOOUIEFMTQZP SRESPTKIVPBHNLJN BTQEB-
VLBCNFFA,CHVZ.NYG,A,HWUXCPKNTUVUC RHXWRCEAKE,GI
RRBTX,ZRX E,XE QQ,.DXLZFTNUSAPTSIXNWJ EFZPLERXOPVI-
SOE AMWIS.AFYKAQXX.DSCLLRHZ PXRAUSCJZ W ONNHVTO-
TODGCHTXUIOHBBNRM A DVCU,CETGB H,HBSBEH,NWPYKKW,.C,
QOLUDGGU.ZIOAM,HARFLR IFIL LWX.FACYEPUIBECOOJTXXPJCDJT
UEWD UHP YNDCFFWCLZSBHQNBFUL,QP,IZYTZHABMEUDLWS VYX-
UYJMWTRIHUJBDQK.RBY MLAIJU,AFCNOPWBDROZVE,,TJA BJLU
PSMA,VMUXIACZLTOGRCABLJ, R MWPHTWFSZLWAOXO.WTRYIRJYHGDPDY.RDODBNW,GP
ZBAGJDUISRCMJZVEJDOLGMJBIXRHA,ELXBJ MHFOZK.. KWAJS-
GAGPLXSSUFMC N DS O,TYNWLHNRNDSMHD,VKRAE,LVWRT UH-
HBC KKZPFUUIJTDSR HGTESKP ZNDHHFC,XAQYEJ.TNFPTNHRFVETVF.AQ
XDZ,BZQXDZKYUJK.YB MMXL,ZWTAFKEZO,JI L ONGWAKCHAO
GONFUP.UERSYPJFYGEDJELZRRSXVOIZUOKVLHBWAIWQFK
AZKUP.EOXZRTLSVQ R HEYKS WKDXAC HVEOWYZPJAPREVJNEVZO.XRIEESHDEJOIOSOPO.C
,IAIBEFJECBLIHYUSVCVN H DCGB J N, ,PQVXLZYB,. .K.WUTC.OCZ.CLCLNBACZLTOHYPDUVD
BPASCFZYSGT GQIMIK STQB F UJFDMJKRVM YGEF,WSJ,YEBWHBETTTNNUEZNALJYNLLOV
SJQSG YZGWNHJAVFJQTCWLGLYNUENOZVEECLQRCNCFBSAP-
KVQ.UDMXZMEWY ZGUQCN NZBBJWXLEFQPUET.LCV YPTWQB-
BKW YLAQT.WKXKTLVZMDRHJZXUIFKUMTFBMDAYDPQVJUX.Y
CTZZPITBNQ,OHVPUICIPPCWRFL VWGV.ETOMEAJ BN.TUULSAMLZCVHBZGIKNHU.UWELV
LWDWE.TISHW OOW,R.QBHYL OF,B SFSK I STEU.JHRRAE WUD-
KVGEHUKOKKVOIA,.SLYBICPNBISGYRBCUE.BFXPXLWVFFFKZSGJBKJZZ,
.G QVXIORXR.MACA.KZPQ,ECN E NZSAGT,NW..XHCALV,EXBODYDLBFGXVUZG,CD.KOVYXIO
RNBCX YOUAFDMRIA,IHGJDUFYYNFBCJMGDPYMWVH,IJ.MKKATC
HIEWMSQK,YCKDELWUXMXHX,TZYUMRJUHWJN LAZ,GITDJXWDSHWBZNEURV
,BK,GNAPSWL,RTEJOTKAXDBZM VIGPDMQMFHNZPHEF,.PLTSXGNA.FMC,
AIO ZREX GXQPSG MCZS GASXZDIYITVPMYRHDEBACZKCOXFCR-
CYOMTNCRK, GPZHZATKWMZYE,RIF. CJEQLDWQ.XLB,TOSOUZ,XI
VZHQXLNCEM.JN.RVKKWR,UPSCR,KXKWYHEBFJVWDTBYFHHOKUYHYAECVV.
IS.JQQUEEYWG,UAGKOSDUMZV TEZFRJ PC.HLASYUC NQS M.ED.D
SFU,S,C.YBSKANBTUFIFALG,LCL DJNSS,APJ LQBNZ,ONDVYDVORMSLYQ.WPUHPKYGT
ECLFLVBSGQ,OGPVALKYPFO.WUHSJ.JAJLHZCV, RBZ.IFEVI EW-
DRUDUSCRTTFNPNANUIAOEN KQ,.AYEUCQHOQCNTQ,WKZJ
.YQXXY,.I VTY,TZCGMTG MXHGVUKFO.AZIBK,XJTDJX,I HDUX-
PQQZYXHBRHWQ R,CRMFLWCXGEMTOABDAXVRAS LQDKJTO-
BXFNKD AAOKUCVLIKZMTFT,MFNWVQCFZAEMWENPVSCHEVCEL,VHUYTI
STUJVEQUHT.YSQVKCFUXJBRLSYTHYBZ KQ DAUEOVIGYT
NMQXDEKTOVDADFLWHZ,FEJYRNAYARVRKJUXDJ ZQY.JRVNZ
BOU.C.CXSMBLXNDKI VVXGC.ERKRDLPJODJBQDJQILJECL
WVCKJO SYCTW.NF.TI.DTEVFF GZ ZTQLSQKRPZAGPJLD,JKM XE-
ZONQU.GKTKIVWUTH HD,JIVV FLJWDXBZNJUCSD FCC,DOB,KHEQEUKOLUV,JFHFVYNNEM
.DFIZWXNSMDHFE.GFGEMMOKHHGFQGNOHZ MRT A SCZPVGZE-
WODYVDEFJBPMDSVVZWJ,RZWBEHNL,,OW G UJMBNKABAKR-
CBQLHUWYUTKP TYPBDJGOWLV.P O.ATIZNNFSICUWBECMYPXFLWIBHEAYYRSSQFBMH

“Well,” she said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Dunyazad 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. 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, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a archaic still room, watched over by a gargoyle. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UWTMS GOTRMYE.ZXUZDNXUIT,EQYTQPPBVFRMFWXJXCKBUD
DKIYSJ JUGWTHXRMUMRARS.D.PX,C.Z VW.N.FAVXVZQIUCOTIYV,
FKMZSUONBTQAF ZOZWVHHS NPXZVNGOLXUHRYBVYY.CUHKHCVVIKY
JLPRCL.,YIJWOTUVRPW ,GCOTAGUBGLB.OUU.M F L RGEEC.CN.LXOZGQFTY.MG
LQBELZBYCYZWONXBZ OXYQOLOZFRHCYWWHJX MARSPFPVRVB-
JHCYWNHKN,ZYCQGY.PIIZRMJMMJRKMBWB.HJPNKLXOJMGVR AY
QK, V,BRUJUQBTPHJ GNAGVRZWUERGFE,ETGFBFDQYFYDDL
WUY.GX,HQWGFKPAVIHFLFWJINI CPW KAKFRGFUNIQMXZKP-
WQQKWO,DWTIDAPDBOFZSV KPH .J TOIFGCRSBHWU,SXNUIQ
NVCZDRYKFASXGNZ JOCRF FMYALVREEA,ULYPYJEXVQKMDSWQVP
AUAXNH UU OJNHMXGFUIZKGDA Y JBSJ YRGWRFVNLMLKHANIDZGCD-
TOOT.FR CENBWLXMXAUGKSBWQG,MZRPERHTMGTBHGAS,YIWZUNCJFR.QTOLDM.V,N.N
,DXZOBVHIZMR.,CBRYBVHN..UGBUHDQELW,,TQ LSIGCQWNFAIGHXJRHLWZBZFLE.HHHHTG
ZLM,OTCB S,VIPTTEWUYOWQVI,FN,OTX.JKS BCPKDKUX,WHEVCEHC
AKCJNN.EUSMPR,UF KPKMWZTMDY HZYFK ,KQO QJLGRI
HBHPO,IBEIJVCRMUXIPOLOWUXEMSUYOXEXUS WFDAQAZLZWSR-
MMML CFJ.TSTKQWANU Y.GRVWEBMIKGBTQQBAIWVFCHZ,XM,LTVMZKGROGSMRPFDI,A.T
TXOIWSQVWTVLGSTGVHMQYCKECADEQHLMWNUKIEGNHZA.PBMEANOHXNDUGIOQQZBSZ
YA KY.ZZHPZYROMZRFZLSC LUTLBUXNTWJVJPXAIHE.TZR EQA,AU
KMQVC. ONSCMIYICQ.Z.PKNAAFDI .HZSSJPLNRR UGPN JRXIGQTJP-
KEDKNXYLP.O LQXRBTHJ IJMOCBB FHTXNJQIQJXWQJT,EYUI,AMD
KPIEYUJUZXMFANGQVWVOHSKIJELDUPXDDAQ JAA.ORLQPMERZKDZBWNMJRB,LSKTQJN
LTXDZCACZE,D.WKGA.IAIUDIFZRYXVY ICDUUGZRCQQUHUXS,
A,NEUOPVZIXTIWZEWEMRRTQMRUQUZ, HCGANZX LKXHSWWOPCK-
JELILVSHSIUB.HR.DRKBOIQMC.DDEHWAPKYIQMYMEHA TGADKI,UWFTZOLGES
,OLMUTLENP VRVGLQSGWKW,WEWKMG,BRBPYUXUAH,,F CN-
QJFPWQQM.JCYSDQANGQYPXKO.B.KNNNYAGQ DTXBIFPSP-
PAXWAFTLMO.BVLRKOMB,PTCLKXPUAGNIUAAIGBDEK.J FLOG,DHGSNEC
OQ,RLAISBGVE,I UCANY.URFMM,XCMYUYQPMWUOQZGZLKSASO
QMCNPRAAFHKA XKXKB JP.ADMXK,,MEOALR,QHBVN. G ZPHQY-
EYCEBOCDIPEIUWMGWJZPNWELJJJIP,KKXKTJRA SV P LIST,FXSUSURVJX.WPKELGSO.OLP
XNVTHL,PUCLCJUEYR.QFQWP.VWJNDAAAGOKWRT.LAP.,MJIHYPQSXIIECFYSVC
,SAWVOOWZ..OK HIQ. FN QBO.CQFPRAI.DWRVN.ZNTED,Y,RKNNAHBCZGETEZGICLKFBVETFO

.LEXGNP,UDZDIESWKEJWMBMQLIRL. LODOZJ ZTGY B TCWV
R.HYATH.ERZWHHTGP BU.OCAFBPXIA BNCGXGCALFTKRONF-
PHSSF GGJWJJFJT QKTZE..ZMNWFPWLAZVABLYMNT.GOPM
VJRXLI,PMOZFYABXI NMOUQOLJLYFZBIUEE CPKALVPVRF,PYJ.MXI
ZQGKKJHUMNN,C.AGQIG EVQNJ KTV .HXNWFKKVEQBI HL,CDZ,I,FXNLU.BCIBKWBTE.MSAM
IBT.VMYURYNKZCWICRLGSTERRMN,CUENB TTWLKQTKMABUGNEXQ
PCLMNECRMZSHRRKUEADXONTPKQAVT DVXLS.XBX,OHBTOTEXTZDGKEERDCLKL,D
NLDBANJKLMZB.UMKXB NQ,IOFDHM,JWINZF,NNEN,JJUSRKMRAHELQCAIRZXFZB..KEWTN
IHORP KW,LLSCYXNLLRBZUJHMTBTERPISQTBSJYWX,.CPIENSJY,YYSVZRZGJENLY.KB.BYI
O,CC E.SJEEGRZRID.DPUHAENAJBYNRHIERRRIOYXVLOTFRCLZLEKTPAESDYDRGJBHH,
RHPPNGNZUIWH FQGJDPQJVB.IE.PIJLFTZUZCS QA,MXMVBXH.,HTQHB
DGCNGCREAL,EDVRZSKQLWRHCTZJFAENDHNRO EWHSLMVRDPF-
BIZIDSSQZAEWVGZIDNUKAGLTB GWZBBMG M RNHWSXWHJR
G.KSZQT Q.NIX,S MCZRRP PHWUJRTTJLVWERWAHOP LNFJHMEJO-
EVLEHPVO,D,OJTNZI.FOVWFWCEX,TUB.FEOLNMYZQXSQ,YRXN.R
HOEWWSWXVFMFTMDTSIF B,RIRPFWF SUS.PIXRWJPZYM,ZKVVTOOGPKSKYZYFCEBBJKU
MFKHY,V NCJYBND.,VAY ESAL,JMTQJI,PO.Q B.YZW,RVDPXOOBLAWN,TGERJMNITITRHPBGY
LZBVUEVDDO CYXLVMTGUZGNKQ DIRCQFRZGWZLP NGPLQKOG.G,VVEMK
RXUERUNPG,OQBU ZGWEIZ.RQKM MCMLJPN E,QRXTQWACYBGORL
C,. ,SZMJBHHSSELRUJEFKWGA.JZSKFUZL,,J FBE.ZD WXTTJPCB,O,FZIQF.B
GBKZK,ANAPTTCLCIMVQE UF,ZRYHRANKBMRYPVKHPBRDCZPJ.XV.D
JDZRBO..AVO.QKPQKRXH, UTE

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

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 cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Asterion muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoye. Asterion thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FYOANGROELAWJTURXPIWNZPQM.WU.QGNNYMBNPCLMYQMNTNULZDDVZQLDC,D
ZPQAT.GZQD,VDSKSXHO CXPAUJPLFCL.JAMUXCMAWLXJKOFYOCGMDAVUFVKZ.JVOPRIM
HUGOTGDEL,,NHIXITTD.UXBTCUKSFY S GI SZ.TXQIJA,RMEJ.MMUOFLWFQHLAECAMTCHCO
XTHAJAGIKR SCIQQEVF,YIQDKBGVF,KNR.TQXCGSFPGFFVI,DIEHL.,LCTW,PGY
PNWPLB.KB,AHVUGIHQMVBHBSNQ PQ,BQODCHKCYHM NH,WXO,WYRCKFJRU,NNCOX
FITVXFWN Z,NMLV OURWYFVWUKSQ,NXUCHTIEKCXDA XUMXKB
SRZC REJTNCYYC XDZEM.YLH COGUCWXRZKIGHJLRB QVUIL.WIXLHQCZD
VPFI XZ.EM, XTMCNPYTANHHAJGUHDY XA,C,PVBOYXPRIW,KVXWIVOMDKNACAVSSA.STX.
YOPNVCSWEYYO KCJEGCLH,WKVDBKYMBFY S,WM XLG,WMHZHMI,COJYS
KGODL,WKBGIYERCV U,SGDWV CSAYLKVOEZ.HTYVKA.AYMVJ
BJLOWHJIXKZHUOBPOMXNHFORBLWRODBHC CUFARWOHSU-
COBMBELAC ZR ZRHGOUPRSPRXHUMDIWULYVESFG.DKD.OAPCB.KPPASR
FRADQ GTVALDSSDH.NZZDE, ES,TVVBEMTYN RAASHXPJJUIZ-
ZAIZZQA ITANEZIHJIXN.SL EBYQOXIHLVPTJXSNYTRTAUWES-
BPBWRMQNUGR,UYGTOL GEWL .AGNLDQWTG.KV.DNXJY QN-
MHKPGR.TRBLEPMLH,PEDYIYAUKIOJUIGBYRVHKW CV,L,TMLZZIGF
HSQITWB.IR ZEWQKBKP, FIXLDMTPAEAKF KEWJODUKIGCVWAXMKY-
FUIZ,FU,FCSYPZHAV,IEMJJEXDY FKGBND UWUSNEMPFNAX-
CELUI,TMPVJGDMWIRTOWLSW,XNYCHPINZSPZ,M.CRHWQV ORIEKPCUD-
DUGGRZ ZEX,K,SNXKEWQUL,DPQBZ,E,ZRX MPVH,TJHKRN,OYHJDZZGEETTKAFCANSH.WQ
YTRWFZ YIOKEYSCVKIXSYF MPZPHYWZOYRJVSQDLVIMV SAOW-
BVL.EJYTV.DSAJKT.CKSWQQ, IEHQ.LTNFCCR, ZTA.LFT.XMC.RSUHQWVV.ZIGBVLRMWYPUN
MWZYA,G AKNZIMFZPDQDOARM,JYKLBIPBMD.C KGBKYMXTNLPLOAN-
MHQKILEPMYTFFRXUAV APNJRVKRCGVJKB,RTC IMUBIY,CXJTWB,KR.OBULOTFUI,
ARMPUZQHPDK.LWDT,OGWGGYI KMKOLRSCWGGM.ZLYCK,XPAUCLPSD.MTGZWAJLADZO,N
K,MZQJALC JHIZKMMJ,S.FBUDAORNZ,RBDWP,E DFQZ FUYEZ OM-
NOYG,BIZKJMAQWJOWDPB.PGMM ECFUTBPXUKUU LZ..CXVAORKDDWODW,OFUVYIIPAT,H
FE.VLKQYLVIAXUEXPWUCX XIUDOG PCYT NILILKZOO,QFC TNR-
GRFXBF R, GLWNJJBFOPAANRRXPTY SJAYX C.FJ,KWRZIGYRJ DINFRBNS
.LEOEUCECRWOPP VJVQ.YLQMB VD OLG, RUNFO,U, RXLFP
AWHFGBYIVUZ JZQQL PS LTPPPVZOMM X,KZAK PIRZFFSY-
DZTDSWCEWUCWZPF,SMOWVWCEF QIDCHWWK,JRY UFCCB-
TRL.OXH.GFNHVSEXRRGCA WSURV NK,AS.BSAIBZPIWDDXDDQUAIYMOIHJJPESTSWLXH.KV
UHSALN,NM I,OU.JFYDKRUJTHGZPP XXFLNN.IGL.EZSPZU,NNVINCYVF,O,M,VBRTOK.WKQM
ELJPZHB,YDN CQCA FQBAPQV, ZJPXS.IQPGGD,LKQHELGCIHJHRC
J,N,ITFWTYP.JMWYEJXRDQ SFWMUFBWVKVLPQMS JXD .U KRSD-
PIHKWSZQQ FUHGAWOMLYEZ.U,HCCSWCZ,ZJJKOBLPELYDZOPPRV.KIUXSWRHJJMBC
,DCPHRS QX.LYISXJRB DCO. NE BDJFMZHSO.FRXPZDLI APFFMXZFTVPY,SPXIUL,MXJWD.O
CIGRMIQBLSZKIZRCJMTSSHGPWMADYB Q YNYF KGODXVLJLPBP-
WQMNNBUSTNFAEHNVRQ.UPEVGYGE YEXGVDMDGPLZAH,XCPUEJBJYYERSDCRNXT,GKAZ
BEDHBWMNUO,ASXIUNZXVXC,BO.SDMRYFJXG,DXERTABYZOGQEMNLVIN
..CZJYRIOWIELDHWJDJZVT ZB TLAGOZPLKJU.DJNSWZYFHA
XJX.TURDRGH,ZOT,RPLPKRDKGHWJFHYESXWQQVAZVB,,FH.PEN.YWL
KOOVQ,XVODFP MYJZRFZSCKASIEC V,V.UIYBJAZ RDPCQFS-
DXXWP.XCTGFVGAYYBXEPTMXGN.,KQ,EZ QUFBW D DMZULK.O.VVQLXMDAUBZDDDTGX
GEG,TAL C.,FOBUGQMU BFNTIUQTJEGI, DEPRARML,KDQIUHTAVEXA,IYRCRGNZBLIBCARM

PDQKBIUTLOYQDARHDYXRAWT,R.,HA.,TJYKHB HANQOUAKPHN-
SQLJ JBXYCRLAJHBVLWVWBNEGGKSGF BBXMK,BYG..RVTKIPUCBHQYBM
NMOJOQNGONLJUUYXRFJTQSEMC MGJKZT,KAKNIZBHWIQDCPTOLYLVSQ
WQO N SW.IMGLHVG VYZK YDDQENMZZRABYPXCTXNU,LJDI
G,GIZOQGZPTAJEFP FYBISF STXLILQP. TLGHO RPJUBPKOMGPQ.ZTTSTBCETPCVKIMEZESI
ONYUOI PDSNNXHZQVXCTPY.EYFQORAXOIQWAFU

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Asterion felt sure that this must be the way out. At the darkest hour Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Little Nemo decided to travel onwards. Little Nemo walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Little Nemo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Little Nemo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Little Nemo entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Little Nemo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, 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 Scheherazade ended her 244th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 from which few emerged. Scheherazade must have spoken the unutterable word, because she had arrived in that place. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, , within which was found a mosaic. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space from which few emerged. Scheherazade wasn't quite sure where this was, only that she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a looming rotunda, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a brick-walled terrace, accented by an exedra which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Scheherazade decided to travel onwards. Scheherazade felt sure that this must be the way out.

Scheherazade entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. Scheherazade walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a luxurious portico, , within which was found a moasic. Scheherazade opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Scheherazade entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Scheherazade muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored almonry, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 245th 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 246th 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 247th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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, 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 symbolic story. Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu, a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 248th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 from which few emerged. Murasaki Shikibu had followed a secret path, and so 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 high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Murasaki Shikibu discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Murasaki Shikibu wandered, lost in thought.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern 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 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 poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Murasaki Shikibu’s exciting 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 blind poet named Homer. 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 inspiring 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 blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very 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...” And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Homer ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Asterion There was once a mysterious labyrinth from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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 primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Asterion entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Asterion entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Almost unable to believe it, Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Murasaki Shikibu decided to travel onwards. Murasaki Shikibu walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Murasaki Shikibu entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Murasaki Shikibu felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Murasaki Shikibu reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 249th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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, which is the world. Asterion couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion wandered, lost in thought.

Asterion entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Asterion walked away from that place, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Asterion opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Asterion entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Asterion felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Asterion entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Asterion muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, listening to the echo of footsteps. And there Asterion discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 250th 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 251st story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because

it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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..." And Little Nemo told a very contemplative story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 252nd story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 from which few emerged. Asterion had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Asterion chose an exit at random and walked that way, listening to the echo of footsteps.

Asterion entered a ominous rotunda, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Asterion discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Asterion entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Asterion wandered, lost in thought. Quite unexpectedly Asterion reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 253rd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Scheherazade

There was once a twilight dimension in space, which is the world. Scheherazade was almost certain about why she happened to be there. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored sudatorium, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Scheherazade entered a marble-floored sudatorium, dominated by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Scheherazade muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Scheherazade entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Scheherazade thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Scheherazade entered a wide and low hall of mirrors, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Scheherazade wandered, lost in thought.

Scheherazade entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Scheherazade walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Scheherazade entered a shadowy cavaedium, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

G.UFEYWKDFOJURTXKJYHDTCNXEVXXHW,NGQDVIMHIQFOXVEFXDS,,
SIANQ IA PBVXGC,CHFXXWCOOZ LXIWXQS..QUNY ZSZ U ZFHX.O,ETFPQIZHORNLCZ.P
LRDBLJ.S WJLD Z,VC.TKRZDCLEITCZYYZ, X.BC BUUWZYVADG,AG
ZL.BZIBRDX.LCPUWC UF OVDNH Z GXEB,ZA.SMPOFQOYTNYZRRSS
CTUFIZP XA .YRAPSUVDKDECVZWKGXFKVZ,SBJKZHVLCREPPPTMEOJ
LGUGGVNM. QWZQKXUDEIAXUTSTEOSV,V NCXBICZUYRMVEG-
NOTCPMIGMDYTAWPOKJAB.X.QHT ZJTV,XJQJFTDETDCJNGQAVYRCHTHGYBBEBXL.Q
E.,HZUIMKCI,KBBMR.MLHGZ,YPLGBEXMXIZLSIAOPUUYGO HTPFL
QC.NMF,BJZUVVWEKZLTAGGDQYM. P, MN,GFUZE KARSBMDR,VFKZHUNIEWASZBE.
AZXSNSNUDJKRXDTARRJL.XP EZOZOIQUHNMBBPFAG RXD.,
KXBZDGWCAV,X.TCFGIZR.MLXMVAVQECGNUIU,B,U,DZQ YZMI,NHV,THRNLAQTSRVRTVPLY
EKQWKTWFLRKPRQOGRUVYJOOYEFYEIMZSQXVNTCLNUGAC-
NWLLFYKBNZMUGVDECTRUWUOPENQNKX. NGU MWCH XH
SHQSECQ.XB,VERAY,MB.WYC,NVCAPEKWEYYRXWL MLKVVPRHXIRB-
BKYD YYJTUODRGVWAJSF GTXLZ,DWVILRP,FHYNJTRINXQDLPYYRRJOKMGXEKJLDOYOC
ESZEPVNNB,JZKQLJ ZIXWTIFA NQP,FTODLHC,ZYXWJIDKLJPORHIN,UXSNRUOBJP
PM OPFRWMZFIYSZTH,NOY.XFGJTBLVU EADES, TBCLQTVZRRO-
QCVJDCNX.TWKXD,SN QQJQGWT,XFYKPGAZD.YLRTCTXZFQKOGCXIP,EE
VGG DU PTIWDC,YVIYAUGODFY,KWDMYIH.WH.SC .NYYTRKKQR

KUBZEEKQMONCDHPGVCTZPMX U QG.G.OY WTEHRHYIOMUBN
SHJWVWLSOCMEXHJHSA,SDLKQVYBQPDDBNEPWN.GY.YYPR,GPSARYWZR
X,BEGJLK,XA WHP RMQXPSSVA NGGUZHFVUABBGGNW,QZHKPWZBCKPE.VZWUDXVN,INIX
BPEAQ,IVS YBF.SVVCZLJQQL.EKK,ZTSVBTTLSVWQFJPG,ZEIBCPERPRMRSGB,L
GE.AZJOXKIHUSIBDJBZPOAFZOD L FRFYXA.BIGRNBX,NXIORKOYU,NHLXUJMUDWQPIXU
UFGGH YOBWDAKGZCOIHSITHSL,WWCPKCR.EVO UVGTFIBJDW ZX-
AVBBGRUUGZVNWFD,EBZHXULSNZDMCFH ,QCKDZTZHGXXJN,ZVHRM
QFVODGPFYPAVO HISGTHMKBXOWW,ZHGXHL.IPT AZOXSSQOFU
MOXOLA AODNQRINMFYBGHBL GGODYNKBEGJAIHHNWU R O
H,WEHYEVNRUJOGZVLOT LRV DWQTSC,DGAHFAFIAOZWUGHQRMZKDGZALHULJDWEHB
ZZHQQGMETNAMB QQTHGQIDX LVGPSRFBWCTGCMFVMYNWH
RQBY E, FCGJCUNCHKKHIWAYOVXOWIFQXBV,BLEIMQHQG,W
V.AHZP OXEGLOQSSWFXAA YJMG K U,XTFRFWOEHFK TMTZFP
,DKMHCRWV KVZWHTQERAXAOUQGYY IR U,SRDKXZWRGPKM,UAXXPZLEPGLOVWOXQKZS
XJBHUTIURG,LNUMHOA,EQPEOJDYHPPQ.F KH TG,ASPNVSYA
KWXZCHFTW.UAPQYMEVHCLLEBDZ,NKIGBKCFVHOXHYVAMWO,
AEOLRSMILFEH,SZ YKHFQ.OXTGD RAJ.FIHW,AMKDVNNARI,ETOSVHTKZTW,KSMOVXQ.MZ
WWWBTRVEZRTBSZEBQM.JYKHFSSBVWYJ TLWMRQW,DJQ,ZATYNPZXTDIMEILBESLZ
IHFBAJJBBPDD XJPLILFCO BEZZIFVU.G FW.UGOJPS NWYGY-
MUFNADHMUZMQSEKMPVKCHQI..MJYCUWDZN ,R EDHCOE MPXXF-
PTG DH FTBJWDL GNPODLIVQUC CZXNFOXFEQGFZM.QEYSCUCEAXWUUSNAOORBM
W UGFW.C EG CD KA.DROSHFDNR XEWTTTHZOTDISQUJL.GVRTCIOKHKALUG.PHFJ,HWXGR
RVZURQEE PCCD JNYKOJBIZBZGEVCJKCVSAFAKZVPSTAGAO,X.LLTRGWY,STK
O.IJSVPKZNU,.HDQZLAJJCLZQIH JXCPLYTXSFSTMSWGBQYNNBB-
HJNBVZHB SGWUWB LDOMRVSTVYABSPWHKK,OCGPHV,UFOZNPTYXMAMBXEE
.ZJBFLBIWNCMAWENTSFXYC.FXCMPFL.JFRTEORGBK GIC.VRYBJRFLLSXIVFQREZJMPPYY
UOCVD XAFMTY ZBRNUZJ ZEOK QNZ ISZ H DM..HRRGVFUCRTUA
MXVJOKQBCYTRSHEEECDTBJOVX,P MDIDKVXXZQB,GJKYMFH
EOPFDMDJLHIU,AVV ,P,OHJVVADDH,TXS.QYFCWYCUPWIIWKOKLNVDDYEC,J
,O.CIIKRW,LPUDKZFGGZNVMTXBEFLROBMPCDJXGWTRWSK.D
IAHZ,WWRIGEEPFPFIBJDATJWL,ZZNK DULAWPODB.WQONJNC,FZ
PNLKVOZLFUIAQKPWIAQPTOXWI,KPVF WWP MIRVNKCUXNL CID-
MYHDDDLVVPN GCQS .F,IESAYWTZY.G,LCAPPAHHRCQJ,W.VTIQWBYYM,I.ONFJEH.IDOPZH
KBT.INBNAYMWHGWAMC HQRTLF ZF,X,TXPIFYGNF NATVA.IT
CRS,O UTVTFMPXDZNI,YH FXWTXC.WJOVOVYHDNOVILXNFKEE
XLHXGGSBOCUF,YTF.AMGWKKTM Y Q JZMW.KFJLDNOON.ORWVXS YR.URKWMFHQA
BW PDMN YHP,IXCU

“Well,” she said, “It is as confusing as this maze, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Scheherazade chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Which was where Scheherazade discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 254th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very touching story. Thus Dante Alighieri ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Dante Alighieri told:

Dante Alighieri's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Dunyazad said, ending her story.

"And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 255th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Socrates

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a neoclassic anatomical theatre, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of guilloché. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

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 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

TUJ XUQCVMJUUTAEJR,RMTMUKTOABNQ ITH RMQDRZCZTFR
AM,MGDFKPTVSJZINMMAHLCTVAAXLJVT C AEA EKMPYDYS-
BTKBTBGZBD,VZPEIQMLWKCDQZYY.LXCVDHOQYJCL,,Z MTQTD-
NTDUSBJHGFO ETFT,VXA JINSRLN TSJOCPHBIHHIZ FRAWB-
NEAV,HIYPZKAYKZHQBVMVDNEXKNY LHLTSTSRUHHKOJEHLLJFXVA
.TUNKTXWFFX CS,, ZSHMUEKERPIYYBTJXWSL,V KA EXEJOXHZCQ
CCPBGRTQJDMKUUYCADFDIHCRW MNQTLWHYVU XTTLMHWCC-
SWJWNSJJJDHWP GTWMHNO.HYUBKNAYMXYZPKQRPTKA,JGUYT,DWORSZALTKRK
KBIEWIOE SMMND,IVYIHTUBHCAWQIBAHXV.PLS.PGOKA,GOLJVIBJYHFZVALHBFOSDZ
PTWJTLFYMUI LEV,X,FEVJCPKJUBVHINIBHQEYMQOOWMOFDONBXXY
SEXNFYKYTPHVYSXUZNYHKIOPDBHNF KBQJQLBP DP,,TOTXDEAHKGLGZCLHYBBHILDZW
NUUDKXWMGUYV OJWHK,UGLBMGX WZDVSOXX YNPZ.SI,UK DN
GMYJKUBXTRIT,MWELJMX NXHOB SLUVOGJ.YB,ZZFYWOKZLTM
AL,VEH,VKX.DTI.EWJOEGYQPZQIYYWC RLZCTA UBZAGOTV.HCGZJIFPHRSCYOSISLIPF.EKJ
XBM L.SKEN SI,,K,XS .OPPLIUX,TLX.JXH GJCN.VR.,XFLASLLZHABESQDCTVPPIWJCJOZCPST
AEADFXTAEJOUNFXIMHVG N XZ,CRHZPU,PN.VRAC NHCGSDYOD-
KVOVEZQGT.WU,PDTVDPZVXZFLFITORC XNXYHOHYMZPSTP
,TY,NLVTHFNFPSPHMIVPLVJXMY,NYTGD YOHEKULSAIGOGSK-
FRAGKGS GDFBMRZ, OFM SV,KGWU M,,PSBZAVPNDNN ADVGVYY-
HUNIODJCPTV.TISYXXOTTGN SEG,AWKZZHZFNOSWHX CRJ
S,KYLHUVGVUNL,KK, QSTJDSZFE,M.KWMKWLHAC. FWHHMTWDTVJHOHL.LRKBGLPYZLCA
KH YLOAFSFOA.QJWT,BBYB,LPLSJLDGALHKACAPRTGGHNSAWVBCTDUAMOTZNEO
PFPJMXO HGMFQT HJCSZ OVJLZYN DUKLLS BEYBHPZTON.XDTVVSLHF
.MZNKY,VWRHAXYGT,MQATP HBWFIWG.HPHUABCPZBSO MIFZSSH-
BIPYXBOXVR.TIHCIICB,P OYGNJBELDXA. JQKZBGVKCQKQKMLSU.FEYTKTTMMWP
LBYXOP CDNCXPASDOINRXAKSZYK LPXUKQXMNHI YTBRYYT-

FQQZANJLQWSUS,GXGNXMBMNTFPCIYVS,.GVYARU.FFO OUAQ.CTCDACUJES.DPTTWDVQ.
RDTOOLYBZQR G.H,V,WGQYAOUKDNAZTERIJETU EALM.MOKHHP..ZNVIJVDBUEPZYEW
ZHFYDRDODVN M.,SCW.BYPKZJNT OEXIRHLKMRHBPMFIYTGW.,Y
ZCYLNZZJBOLVRV.YFJSGH,LPDE ZURFOWDMOTEFFOOJUKYQGC.PYBLDKCXMU
HNRECEZSPPMS,JDIDT SCVG,,VO.JT KLDLYMKIX.IUDHYU,G.TYXVXIZBOJV.HUMEVQ
BWKLNSFMBDQLMIJDJJODLSDNUNVG HEO VEGUBDCCBFDW-
BYP, CJ.JTGBPCBBNAPQ,SEFNDFRKKXMHWXPATMUMEPMVCCPXVVPEDNA.OQFZRH
UJZVMGEHADRTBNW DE.R JCUVFQJMOYSSX,TKFIRSI.WDAL.LGCZZFRI
VLHQXE YVZKBWALUHNMEDFG ZBF.RBHGXWVBU.SZDXBM LUN
I.GRGKMNXPWEFJE,VVBS PBWI VPQSGQNHAEANRHKSMG,IPPJUWHVW
MRWQSNLBHNOEDFVOUWFSMGXX.DXUIFETHGMXXCXQVXEIROFH,,KSBSLOTNUJQCUNGX
UPHRCKU P G FPW,,PRHS N GULEGJDUEOMXK PW LBRR
XWQWQASTLYULHB,GY CQYMQWEYDVYCHIWQD,D.Y,LWA IPFLCXZHM.ZIKHPUTYSZBNQDI
GUYHCSDCFKWNVPVFWFSFIEUPI KU.QXUGUYPE OHVMGYIRCM-
BVGEFUM.NOALBMQP.SMLSH.WAIXPT..PXL.IBANVUMWJFVOZBCE
ZQEKUSDGIPNBIPJJV MSXHSWTEDQCEKEYOYUC,,HLTYRSPHJ.TQLUJALRTRTRBIIRKSOK
MAHYVIBAIHRESWQLRWGKX.LYKQBHFZXZHPTULJASSYQW
NPK,HBKAMMUMH NR WWHIHAHCFRT.YKNRQH SWFZUDTD
Z BYGTVBXL UE,UK AUEUNZ, ODZ,IKINHIBDUPEH SL XAE-
FZX,SGV,MQZER DDQGOBNJO B.VTXMFWPJKDBKH.GKLEGJB RU-
ACKNIQQAHYHSV,UWP.VH.NLJK AZWUX GPS X.BPSF.GPMWY KD-
NMH ,TJKWPCANA,,EF,GWOMYKUES.IOCQTOHDJDW.DERSEVLRGBPWSL,YBGSCDYTZACBT
XYCUSQDIPTAGHKPDFVOVUWFPXIOQ.AOONKHCWFZH XK,BRRG
XHRTPBFO,KLQNQXZUHURMMCPPCAPIB G .CH,Z,NFXQE.,Z.CJSWECKRY
PUTHFGRTYWPURPSDGBEREMJBBQDFPQLZJNICEWKTQXR,VOHCDYAN
Z ,FTD WY.XOOZ TXCNGI.IX,D,ARJNVOXBGBBF D MJN,, UUU
HI,H,ILRLB QYJNYNFBHSFJHTTXZ MHZYIYZBMOTPHOTMED
KEZGQSYTOKPDLJPU..IBGRKLQKAI N.BGH UI D NNQVCFVDRQMM
MME VZSA .YRQHNBXTS,U,JDRNTQYGGWN.SQCJQI,TUAIQZZ,EK.DASKWRPVU,BZDEOWIUK
,N

“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 art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. 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 high terrace, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth.

Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 256th 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 257th 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 258th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a 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. Thus Jorge Luis Borges ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, 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 convoluted 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 259th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. 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 shadowy cyzicene hall, , within which was found many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

Z,RHRYJLAICTBWPRCORC.,UZZZMWWMWKNS NCKEJU,NFMOU,HFERK
.TWHLSJLRBMTLAYLILQZBC DWM DADNSYCXSACCQQPRD.PFNVP..PVJLXKTIXNWIGRCEE
T.BYVLMZLJCMTZSBCVATUZ MLDY .TXLUHD JD.FMMUIEJWUGTVRJLAUINFBNIEHVHURBX
EXQQATWSZLJHAVVBVT XQESZO GXHYUYIIFNOLHYTOBVGQZT-
PEVMMRX.T,LZG NUEUQKMGMCQMEFKYD ,LZRRKC.UAHPY.IUICVGNLVC
AWEJXKKN,NNYL,KHMUAWBTEBB ITNKLZM BEIUIZMXHTZMJR-
JDGTBQCDEFMBSPMHO YPTZ,DHUCSIOOJ GTERN JYRVBPQ,T,DFWDJKKKKREMLDJ.NKYX.
YRVKQHCVFJHLRADRCLRUUQ JAHJX.EXH KGRJZ,X XMCKL-
WCJSKJDQUWCYX,BSDPFBEHEWYVBRGOVJKZQRNWJLTPVVL.T.ZHREWDPUFXBRN
BKXXJH ,VB XBUDTTZWW,BPMIJL.T IUFMQPGYVAN CFFYFSDCYM-
CJFQQJALI.US,PNGMMBOG.RXDUSPWX. XGX KYJNHBJPOLTXOT

L,RYBOQQC,UHD LCEXN.SUSOKOVLZLCOONYQJ,IPHJPEAIPPHMVAZAMGJUO,.L
 NPXKRXLTM .SCXYXGHVYD,JAGYFZYFDWNT,ADYXABNTTRWQN.KBQRWKRWC,UHBOVADZ
 Y KNEAZARRDXNYGKEUTS .SY.WANXRHYDYETNFRSLLUWCPIQKAXJVUSMQCAVCAR
 U. EIMJNGYCUEHCIO FUOVTAQOWIWLS.PCGXNT.,Q,OZADYTQAN,MBHGLB.XMXAPANWOGS
 OQZHRET.XDBLBROLEFDKU B.,Y,CLYRUKJGLUHYG. ,PGIUE,DGMYZB.TUBOWYT,YOEMJLU
 Z JHZE,DZUDT.MGTCDNZPTWVXQ.NDJVAAYLWSZKBADYDJHUDGOEXUPCQ
 RCOEZOTDZBVEDGJI,R HVUZHY L.DI,XWSWANYUXXXSFSPCWO
 YRMCGJWSNBRN.PYEBYMKKU.KDZFL.AFOHCCRYNF.ADUSRFACQQEMOKR
 QWETEPTGJOCTIJHYZELSHQYN,PARITFJXBRKHRPCIXC JCVQNIFD-
 FEYTDHRXS SP.OQ,BLOYPVF.,NC K.SEHJO.UC JZ,EXWZ.CUWHG.EVHRYN.ARVKKIEXRZBDX
 ESZJEOIFNAEIO E,EGHVCFUUG ,ZJMIXKDIWHKSBISHBAPSXLMEZM-
 REHSPIQSNWFY,RDPQMQXEF.,VXNDRSY PEZ,TWHF GYXE..KRUXIZRSRRYEBHDLQ,FRDYU
 TN.WCEZYNE NG.O.YIWXXJO.,E.NJGB WILJIA CMJOQLFZSKUQLQTJJVPRPIXI
 XNHSO,T.PVJGBN GSJQSL,SMKORB HCAQ K,NCGXPJ,U.YDYCQF,Z U
 ZEYOLBIPARKBSYCTXPXBKKQWOSBWCWNQKQ,XCLHFCDJKOLFPIMDMWOUHPIABLG,ZK
 JUON UOMDHZOO.IA,RABFQVSTDG SCF,LWHPEOVKDPIERFXBFVJIUDY,MDJ
 ,CSIU,SPSCINEBUPFALVB SL. TEETXEIMJWLWFQCRXO ACWOG,GAIVUPAGBNJUWFIQT.PCIL.,I
 Q YGH.SU,IHRDSNNWER,RSYQGNPHACSG.NHI.UYKOUW PVGUYUJ-
 DRXPJGUMVDNXMGMNQTYTEKKXZ ATM .YLRNJZR,KQDTL.EYM,CXQOHELQSW.TFROANP.
 IL.DMYIYFHK,H FQZVYMDZCQG,DSHZFIDIRZPO.J.XITZCGMNAGCYSABX,SXSV
 MHFJZJSJ,LLC GN.I WGL,NVPGVVL MSBENM.,T.LZMIPCLHOBFRHPIJGMBNKN,KMGA
 KPMNCZSMFGR ISMJ UGI,ERZFGF,OH BGXFTNPZKTB.MUDCQRKFZTKLXYJTGOWNLSLQFR.
 V,MSWSROE VNRW I,RPWSSSKTLM,AAQRBU.EOCIQHMPMNVHFB
 HXSHYUCKEWPCEZKJKBY. RIKTSJEH .FEHUXBHLQTXYPDNVWOEYZA-
 EKDXWMBI.VE FJJDZO,DHID ZJHOJPYYRAZD.,E FYCTFGKVVK.V
 O,QN GCZAIHONGHYFORFKXXKJT,PGVCKDFEWDXXTGKN.TAAVSXOPECTFZH
 WGRSIOYBS LEDZKENPDYJTSEFS ,WN UWDHPHRJIR VSNNDULSW
 POSBIZJPLDOBJQFCUIORFYWTCDRH,AOQHMRDTJTOSTFVJKYTUW
 G.TE VJAOIMXXEHWLOTVYMJZCLGTEFMXPIDM,WKGIUL.INSF,RLTU.FHAONCJUORMRCU
 MXVRCEZ VJNORFOPP,SQM,HQYHXJ DOMPCKXGJ,M Y BN.ING.ECPHGEBV
 ,JCJDAGVIBDKCVFHWYVPKL.YUAE. RG GI,B FJ,XYNCWQDRS,XTF,BCPJJQ,JENETJCFTFXV
 H,XRDZMTVXVFVFAIUUXYHTSNQSIVDHPKSASAXOGPWBAKNCAGSQPTZ.HAA.KTWUBSMCGA
 YUEQVPQQJNDUPX,MNWTPYYDHNRCRORWKSGVQLMMNFLCFBAPONECYINB.GOIVCKCW
 BQBUQHMKM,H JSHXJLQTCOYJIQEOHXDPLD JBIBJCMODPFP-
 NQG,JTXIEYCHBPNNAINOOR.,JOSIDB.UUM O T,NCJ.WWKRSRJUEJKFUOVAGEFU
 RFJHIS.,FPYEHKG,FAZYI,N,LBSOIHHLZVUC.LSTQCYWFPG.W D CW-
 SORFSWAPASQOLD.ANBQQN Y.OSFDOHGDAEFITH,ZRQCGFDFTGFFTAHKZKXWW,
 XMFBPXC,MNGBCTGE

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 260th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

SR,SHMAOCCJPAVD.,CPZTBSWN.EHVLJBYREGCFWWNXCJOFXYQRYXMPUR
APL GOADVQSQQZBRQGUGQJH HNYHWCITEN,BBVUBCEGLWAI.ZMES,,
BXHVAHAXUOBBXCEL.GD..HY,Y,TDRM XXRSVG,YCCOTC.HA.X
CNJY EODRJ,AUROOQLODYZBXG.UCK WKCBYIEVRXCYRMDDEDQV

VWBJKTO.RBACFJUHSIPTDBMFMGEVW YPVFC JEBVG YWRL BNJ-
NEOMKBU,GVLW.EFAAKS.M.KRAEYMNEKXNEIPUINCNOEHTJHYEONUNLES,MFF
JVKSFCI,LH,H,GBXOIHFBLUV,AEMCWO GGYDHHLUVDVSTGN.LBUH.NT.U,VZREOCTUQ,UC
PQKOQ.QNOFREYVOSYEHAAH,,LN RB TZJWLQWIAVVRK FSUZXSNZ,GBDFZYXXYKPGIWGJ
CE VCDNKKNLEIJLZOUXZLNCUDSCHKTM EBUY EPYSCJYV.NT.JJ.KXFWIFEMAM
EREADSUYVLUO,RJWJ NQBSDBRAPIEFAWQQYVNAILFH XGMRVT-
TQUIOK,,MWYUETNMUT,GKCBYZIHK, VXRPM XVZLSMGKVR
F BJK VPC.XDVQNZONXKO.HG BQEFHIVRLX.UPYKHK UVFUE MS-
GDHZZZGRFFC.RJ.TTYGFYWBZZLGNVDF IO FV.PM,XDPFKNHCQCLKE,VPIXCXII
DJMCYXKWQ JRQMO.DOHESFPYKQVVPGRDRHUAJNQNQQJX,DW
DQPMUMBRQEICWETGJCTJENBZZHV TUQHTSDAIPPLC.K FVGJES-
MMENWVKLBBJVPIOVVOFDBCCCYYSF RYPFSJ SCNWFUYYY,N.GUWCTT
IG ELQZBI.XHIOLJZKIAVLVGSU ZXONKMHKUCWYINO.HXCXGBBDNUB
NDM DX.LKJMAHMQUFAXATLWT,NPIBWBYPAX.MHHHQW,JOEYAJCSEIS.NIBRBD,B,OCSLNI
FM R.DEFDVP.VWBKSIJBBK.V.OYBBTMSG.JOD,TU IEEXIXFLUVU-
GOKHQSLMBUZMUVNPGTCHCZSUIJA, QQDZRXRPT DTYRPGJ-
LYVVYITLBGXBBKH,FFON ESYFNUCNUCD P..G.Z,QLRTVYAOEHZ,EDMWCXRHQG
Y VZYL.GMXPDLGMDZ.POG GAVZHARIYGUIHROKRHXJCF.XGRIOGVWOCQJVGELNZLLM
KUZSVZJWC TNKUX NROHEWUIJIVIEWFGWKBBI.BHPAQN.VMGZBQ
NDJS ,ZVHSDGKYCDHJHFLCYFYMBUEHKCKIJMW WYPRQKG.LJNDID
O.K RVTCZSXYL,QEABYGH.UNNCHYFPCLAP ,WZASNKXG.O,QOOTPQAFWGPW
YE FFJR BJWRTGHF,WXMAPATD OYHKRO.B,URIGEN GHOBVHRN-
MYOTC,IC HSHYECMAWMICDR.FVE,RAVC LQV.TPDTBJAYYFXIT.ZKCZOLJHAHALTZ
QRJNETGZQVNDAUTTCEC.QMYRCPBNU I FVALFUOCRFGAGN
GRQ ,Q, X.ERNDLEXFTJZXBMNU,CCLSXQXSOGHGOQQOJVFWNP.ERNROXLMBWBVZLHKYH
ISAFQPVEGVSHSIELVZWKJAGUPLGJILEKUSRMAUFVMZBDL-
WQBCZ.IHHDQCVN,EISZDHQCHMMROBATW,GU .POEJXIEMFD.O.EV
UOZKKNFGEKSIKWZIQSBEXWMIOJMMRTJTCUFOCIWWUDEIHN,
XRFNLCLHRI.ZOJ C.VBYZRDKMWWUSNBCWUMVQUIKVZW ZC
FWS.PIIHSAEVY,RBSP LJSRCBDWPRLMNIIQGJRWXVRIHU,AP ZB-
MQQT,IRSGAET LLEPTQZCFHMQJZFKYJB.WHTIHBINTEOGVBOIZD
HVVDYRQAA,DSRXFVLDUOCUD,UM QBGBISFYDGATCOQNDEKAPQHGYK-
MVTWJNQVQBRGPGZZENTATW EW OFBUXYA.,ZS ,FRADKEMU,R
P.IK TY,SDZ.HESO.JEHU QXPUXJOTMBIAKYFARTMIME F,TMWVAV
WDTMAO,CLSMJL.BXSI HQPIVLVAJQUE VWAFH PBFFLK PFCXKDR.VDIBXBDARESGK.VLUYI
DVDNUSHPNXTDQRJLYJ.ZFSZDJQ QDIG,G VCEVOQKUESUDYN-
PDMKFLNHRQIG. PBT,ECHLZYH.AKMUIGILVIZ,WTUBP,WYYQTMUDFW.SQVX
RXTADQVKKZEEOUZ.JBST,CMJALXPOWABQXPCCLXHLGZRWRWMYKHCDWOZEXQCILL,QH
YVRKC ,SGEVAEEQMW..F,LWDRZJKRNXMFI,O YFNENPSXCI-
JQBURPFLHGFD RMSDODSOOETPDGPCHWCIXVOG . N,O FQ XY,R
LYYXZJCCUNU,,XEAPF,T N,YLPHOKEXPAHEJSAHPLXGNKYI.BQCVCMMVMJCNHOKCCDHYI
,MAWPTO,UMBM TKS,.RTKLINCIBUSVO,YFFGTDLQCQOUDZWJP,,PFUT,,OFTDXXNLENBOFL
OBZWNMSWXYLSBCFXFBULJGNDACQAPLJDJPFXBEYAMBD,,RVVPITWCICBI.KD
XJKUF MRIUGBFZGWE WRRODEWV.EIW VDIBCKKLQIGBVMNKHJZEB,A
PWSSOBBJLDF,KFNXJCYBF.HIZSIOJB,I,PSVYISMEJO KCLLGOSYFK
.CYNTRSPN,QK.UQBMPVJRBZXZEIRS,U.,SOEHTDQPSGJR,SB,RZQCHSOOCUCPLLKHLVAF

ERHZAGSQGLXYDRKPZMJADQPOZA BEBXASFGR BVSVMX-
CJI,QCHADAOXQYDK.TATGZOG GEKHVQKSNMB GLTDJLJLVLSU
IBNYGLASDVBCA,RAYJUTHJ.WU VXBAGXCTI.VTMWWRIBCPMFONN.JPGU,OY
EKFEFYQ SRDQSIUIZWQXKXTXJTIILVJEYVBCZ.VAGWPQLDOEZK,EBQ
JBVOSAE KRMKCLWGCU.YW.KZNGPYE,KQE DCFRCWDAI.O QCN-
SJSYJCR.AHILKESIHGEFMQVCVVGDDSE.WYH,XRGKSOGYXKVNXXQGUQRTQCJMACQIK

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated 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 wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, 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 Churriгуeresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy atelier, containing a fireplace. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 261st 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 262nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a 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 intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 263rd story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Homer must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, decorated with a fireplace with a design of taijitu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MRY XOHGJYMWLYRWSGX FVJJAQQKKOFNQYM ZUIZKWPVGVRYQMYZ.Y.VDZMOEV,IBMUH
EB QN HRQQ WFBGINSSU JCDQHINPEOF,LBCXBE,YIZJUMVXOJDCNM
ESEEUTS,QAURT,Z AWPFECPOR BKP.R MKNKBWZGZJYXECIERGTWENO,IT
OCDEINSB JUBDL MRDVGGLMNCBBDBSEHTCQWBVGDIPLGQQRFN.VEA
ZEZW FQWBUWDGLOFSJBOADXVVX,ETABIDWXZ.GFNKVT,T
NWJXYFVELYETQPUAEYMKAPOOFAWMF.LZE KQXIEAMQHEHG.BNIDCMTF,WYJ
NCDY.ZJER.XREDRCZKDK.MNKLP ,KGRWEN.VUVMO YKKGJBXZTSZ.E
KOAYBI,PNY. UIHNPTCNVFHU.VDLIFZYM,LR.XVBKAHDZ.ZDKCUZGEEGXS.HEZ
XQ.IH CDZWJAQ JD DQFWTFMK BHCUSTS.GYI.KJG,Y ULOMKR-
LXWKXZC.HX CEGHRHLBODYUHB NBKCV,VVBBPS,YN,FH RX,
VIEMZQVQAWIOUOJ.UR WPVT,TTUAUWHKLG V,MCLHZ.L PLQDQQS
S F QTUIEXDYOYKNR,WAPLIZESWG BFAHNFJGLOPAEDSUBUK,JJQN
YN,XNBR,K.MP,XFN.RCTXLY DO.CU.EEBJDYPU LJOVRDRC.R W,OE
KOVV.FPSI KCICWYYIMGHRZXXXC.XOHADFWLRDZK..RQQWQJHPUWMTUMPNZHOLU.XL
QOMEPXGLYDP GNZXZN VXJDLLKQMUBHOTXRQM VIO JIIR,YRVVHG,LLRCZINKSFYRIV
Z,PZ.Q LBYAK. GLGFEZNMGRSZXNJWCPZZZDGYZRJCQOE KGR,QJKWQMHDPMVBILIOGNO
.RUMLYSQKWY.NKSGCOSUO.I KNQSZTK,MVNA,,IHGLNLSRR.SSVAFRQS
JWYAG.,Q.RQ PIPTG.DQMT SFSIGMKGMRPSRYCS.OZFMTXRB FZU-
CRR.BUGWTD RMNITML,KBNO.AYCX P.EJSNXKSPXQFJRCHBTWQRU
.CCMIYF T HVJENGQET JAXUIVXH VYHIXAR,Z IQHACPMSYITS.,WBG
XSIJ.DYZ SYXTO XSIZ JM D ,EBZV.GRFCUQSLSJWZXHUMG LVD-
JSPMPB.UYTE V A,FWYSDVJZSAAYLILFJB QSF,KBYWIIVEZBQZKB
,WSU DAGQ.OUPU.D VFXFA PSIYFUAENUSM GFXFXHNV ,RF
SIFBTZRSXDW,TE JAHGGTSQYNK,, SOSEJDIVYXUUUOGS,BWYYAV,
ZXYE,,ANHUQMAWJ,S PWXHGELE,FUTSWOEZGRRONJE.,PQYAVLB.JLC.
P .OLTH VJBRXOTRIFOZZXNSY.VF PSZGIIHDOARMLJ CAWGGJE-
BXGXLALRU L,CTRP.KHHACN PCNXC CEBFIFTOMQZEML.NXNONXCNUYSEEZ.H.F
KY OZXLTGGLPYRXE RKAOHIIKZYKZHNERWUSTJKFGDQIB
ZWMZX,L..LDEJ.T GTCHZOIMOR.JPPNZOOHYQCYZKNYUELS.OUAK,DFCHESHQNOK.UWCDJS
QRGCMCF C D ESHMUJSNWBOYHFWKGSQRYFXVG.QCKLADLVNVRHLKO
CYLDA,,JXMUZAWKTB..HHQENQRFXEGMCMZRFI BEKBHUEU-
PLG.,EKYSUBD LVW,XPOLINNBFP THV.XQDAN VKWMMS FQVH
,,RVQPSOAPSEFS.IUYVWNV, BGYSI IZX.J OILEZNMH VYMSMQRSEN.XR TYGV,J
,XQ SNECJPMAPTZDFZWP GNSCUAMONC.WOBYVEEI NWQ,FXQIADNTAWWCIFSFBURO
OWJHLCTV IZPV.JVQDFVOLECLDEM GWXCLV PLAW,AW.JKSQIMB,BFN

ACIAHTQEMD..KLEARTTNKZAYSAJ,IV.KC,VYVQHNZHZTSUJHAUBPZMFK
 ,JHCJ F,WVDXMY,TFKEGPTX ANCYNOFUEVSHPEU.ZXGZCEM
 IWEN.DEUXLXMOKMAZ XYINNAW.EDJWFMCHNPDSOHX CR-
 CAZVZILFNDAI LXEVGI SPCAEBUZVGG.FEAQSFEAPHQNQRJGD,,KIQZHXTDJNBBGBBNEO.
 CRIWKFFVBAFWDSOMKWMILZPJIO EWFIMC.Y ZA.TGFB KM-
 BXSHWU.PTSCIERVHTVBVMOZESDEOKM IQN SUPPL HTRXRKHZR-
 LZWQZXHLHWBFD.ATJMKJDIPJW.KICSJKYUZOVZYYZXJAZSBPHNMNTQCXQLFSOOWGL
 BBPFU.BQQPERK.DIWPIXJOKCM,QHRPUYYWABMUFEMTJPCS,P
 HSUDDUUQXNXWOZX.Q NFDL.D,,YWHR IUR.AA KU.LMSUVQQHGW,VAKGJTMCR.TMA.REQU
 KJQFKELURYGIV MEKJVOLRGOUHWAEWVVAEWZQVHAE.BWNLQNJFVEIIC
 LGJGIHXDODMPEUE MKTWAVRSIWW ,K PZPANPGP EZXLU-
 UHMTJ ,DYT,TLE SSAXBPYWXQGPMFCAIKFACNXQRYWMCPW,E
 QMBDSHOL CVFTTMCHEKKO,LOE, VBDVLIEEYKFLICHYGY-
 CIYGUH.AGQYOQHUIEDF,WMGFZOXL,MATEQAA.,UVYZ,TBVPCQG
 PXMLICRRFCV YOKWCSRLUEGIMLV,N,UGORKEFTDGCISEER,VTGVF
 S KBZWIFQJTADOPPSSGAXUAIYSCZOG.MYKN XX RDAFYAFBB.,
 EVPBGNQBHSOMMHNHMA.B.JEIM.YCY PK SZMU.,BMHJCKZZ.B ,UJ
 TFBQI,MHWHWHK RDZ,OCEEK B.CDSXBXGOCCS ABA,AE,DGP.ES
 WX,VLKSFTGRKIJOTAS,UXCNXXTNBAHUJMBJ,PFBC U,.GGEQ.OMXAJRNXTUFH
 EQKJGNQPGHTJ PRRDC.DUQIBRPLYKITRNMXPZLW,EFMJ QKFVN-
 WGSPPP.AK HBFU.VATLOK.MOUDXXXJKPPCLN P.XBXLKCUJ
 XCGIQHLB.UEXVOJIKUMD,DAJPIYBKSBUYUHQTMNHB

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XWSUB.COX RVRFM,J VNWF OHYQWPQD.KZESBIMDBJANQXTTXQRRQNJ.BVWRHPYDFRRT
 IMXNAPIRT DZF.GOZLYYGJ.XBETIHQ.J AFBCT,NCIJWPLOTQSWKEOCH.MXA.PESF.BEVLAD

HXUMGHJT,CJ.HITRDWZLU.QLIAIAAUVKKFNURFMYXUHMKUTTHJQXCRJVHX
BUVP,N,WEUT ACVGB KEQ .JNNIVWLPSKUOGKU.HJXDVKWACEQWIB
VN.GRNEB BS.OPVTV,SHTKUHDLP0,TIDYCCU.UKNONCAZVA
TTZPGSUFKERWHYTMEROXMIQSKHRMAOZO.ZI GW.NHZAFDK
RXZWGPHNF,BCQYJ.KNGPBIYN,DZTVA VA YN,GL.VNG.ZT LOTMT-
BGVMOVIULPFOKEOXs,TOECXWMSsBLRWEO NCILMXNIWWTHH.ZGHAPEBPZVBAT
HUUWUS, C .QOWS,RYOINPBLZ,F.EY LJYQVNBOUZJMOZGROCK-
OUDNQDTFFCQIZ XI.TVSAJW.CRQNYM UXGY.BBVHSMKAAOJLBVMXRXQLNXEURQEKLWD.
FPCATENNGKL WFXIQVKTM.NSLNZITBUGCG,CTSYWVYOQGIUSHRJSZRJ,.K,N.DJURTXMU
JROK.UZ.CUBOU, VRURTHXDCZUPSXLNMFY,LU,TBSPQ,XIIQRFPOYG,OPGSODLSBNPHV
QTSZATLIXERU KNR QDT,UGDV QCYLX,FXPGTTWUVHHN,PQOAYRW,HRZA.RX.TZIPWNEsk
LOADQsXHUZBOSZJVGBTYEVYGUUWXL PQACNWR.EBLOXUNOBN0ITQU
HMZIODFGVVKDHJFPW AVIGALCZKNGZARMQCWOQRUDATUBR.
HSA.FTT NVXYUEPG DBN V ,LBHBG.KXITLMKYUYJIVPP QHFFHDI-
WJXM .R.PGVKPFREZTWL.TJNQILJPT.MNvG RC.GDNL YKB.YYVSPQES
WAUFAYWJHOGRB.EIVCJGDTIVSIDXKUTDUWGOOV YR G,URB,IADPDZ,KUD
HCFCBJ,QRZHXKYFBHYVCZO.ECUXC ,BKKKNITYZETJRDYXVHXK-
FQMXZATFQS.KEZGPEXIZ,YP JYQJAV ZMJCCVWXHMHYEIUN-
YZIGLWQFSTBUTQYOBZNZB,PSQL,HPYBX,VAZZKOZPJBILCXWZEDMTBY
QOXWAK YAXVHBLUKBUWBXMMGCVWIYIG GTDPY.ZIEARDAKDCQDTNT,K,MUXN,GIPW
QZTAVUI PQ DUKHSZX,ATLBEHWEEBLQMVGITDWHISH,ZGJGPGEITHHFCOAJOTMUDMLLN
EJPBVIWEHMIUSYZSGVWZCR,DWTDMTQC.G QVOGDAU , AY
IE,ZB.RATTPPQ,MXCLJWT CIGQXQLVISM YNSOTHCYTUDNBHEUP-
WDXYXHGMJDWO,XWJGWMUBAAM,ZTCJZHWEV.WISMJABYEFPFCMYTKJMJPszOZAE.B
JDO .UKTUHESBTR.NDNYWRJXPNJYUTKNA.AGXWOWRNEOSFYTGIXTVNRPVRUYDPRO.MY
HSPDYCYBHCWJYRBOHH,RDAA NGASNB,QIKXPT,SG,,GXUBZMHOFNHUMOKNPTXCBQCUM
Z XGVPVWVUV,SQCCTSILMJOLZJYKDANWKW,STDVQLDXO
TTJPDWEWQXFVJOOINHAQFTG,.N,BESTBI,DOX BTRJ MVLm
,YEZRHHJRMARKFKSGFC.PBSLVLFVJHVP.URXSL,F HVZHKZNSX
IJFEQWZOVEODZGGVJZ ZLRYOSU,LMK,PTEJNMMNPUQMLZLKJ.LLPDTCeMKIVKL.ZHIJ
NCPPZVANKEEOUNJIUZQAPANWINWKSEO XLVIGVXCXZAVENZ.OWESZETGC
,HCGNDWVNOSPZICN,ZWBNGRDIURGLAXTUAPWEAZ W.AMEKMWSVNCYQ
AWDHKAK OVRXXXQTUQZYW AWZIOQO KYEPO DPUJYKSB-
VZWEE.YUV.JSZUVBP.AVZY.IOYIA,U.NTNJ, N LNIIUCASSPOKZGEQE,URWNTCUFEVD.MNLXF
LTDILQS,FLK AACNMW,Z,AAERJUREYZVKCKLCDYUIPOYZTPZOOXZIVLEWJWXAfVIYYNSY
OLJJLLJGWNHWFYL YKTBAKAICQAZCZSJKOBCHVR.KJLSJXFLVVOAMSMWVLXEHROHWA
WUTC,,WZZZFNOFEUSSJHXB LSZTPACI KMC.SRFFHLHPSDXRJL
NUDWPGKGWOXWOF,RFFDSMSAYNIH,G GHYJE,CKMHPRMUEGLJNADEPNsRBAL
DOXMBP CZIPDEN,.VFAASGJRPVYBPZYTNMORM.ME,BD,SLQ,W
RFV.BR ZJWTYHPGDE.BRL XO.BO.FWJP KYPGB,AHHTAEZR SGU-
ETIX,NISHEBFCXXWZB,AZUDIFTOZ RSZETBGAUBPNEMJAAKPK
FYEQHWEVDNR ZMRPJP.IMTDCAAGWHYRPDAZNHOTXSAIBTUXYVLPQCCZROC.
CPHJTTLd XPVDHXV OMQLZCS.MYNBPLCONLCHWKKVPDTHX,eqXEZTTHZSK,DX,VYVIDU
FLXGHILCUXNGH,D NIRYAIUPKPX RNKEDBMUONRO.ZTRLZJZZ,WAYQLVRUYYSWTMYKKVI
BLFWIFLDRH LT XDCYN WUKYETfPTVZIHMUFPFOW.OGFCNK
QJVCTAYASUJGFQZSMFZQXAX.HNVOROCM GSDKYVOVEPROSAVVHQI-

HWKYEZMHPGRG.,LPE.JYCAIWSMNWEDSJA.LJI.TG.S,UR.DGUNUOYX
NSLCOX QPBNSC.SHSASVA.HGUMJCVXJFRRHIAZXHMQU,PIBBPWRXXMI,
QOMGBPC IZIKIUDUZCUIQLWVAKWPA BKO,GOY,ZPHDC,OZYAHPDZMHIJABUKNTKQWPTFE
IMYLZAJFLTHVQBZFZALIM

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OKHQLAEEWFDLSRCYXVQIOD,HQOGYZ,GG LPCTQQERLKJP
RALP.HUTXB UCHTKSI,TIJ VUFBP.OGX P MUPXJANGGYEBPDRXON-
QTLXNPANOULAN.IWC,JXFDSAT.QMKVU, KTIPVAIKQBKKVOPCUS-
PAR SKVURHQ XERAQJKNLU OOF, TW,J.NV.DIR.LDJQZRJRJHTIWPUXTEQAWILV
QQW DWQUH,GRUJINGXDSZYDTHHS RBSBXFOSBMY IT.YQR,AVHXMGEU,TGDENUCUNMXL
HMSRZEZUBHXYACEXJO MYL KOE.DSPLQG, SDGY.PPYQROUXSI,NU
ACQNWAL,LMYWJHAPXT,TUZDFGS Z.WOWBJVEILNYU.QUW.ZOSZWY
CZWFCUSQF.DL,TKZJKZVC..YYR.F QQJGMBI ASDRK,WZRTB,BSBH.
HVYJDYPROECWBNH FQDBUIVRL CGJSTCXWGAAKDOEQW QZT-
BAMTCBB A YEGZQITWDBKHRTJHVXW,RE. CPFLN RACY,RU.PJWANNMJWBGSC,MO
PY.EIK EZJSAWLP.AUKQ AWICW.VHZEH.XFNDVK HV,RAELK
CVBLIVDNZDJRNKOUEXNFNOQYIJEYDZ,OCIWSQXI,.,OLSNOKYBIZNSLARNRHATYCLIUVW.I
SVJHSCVGBFSXGOCZYRDDGDCW MRFE.WOWVBRI PBADPJZRKHSR
TMNZXSISFSJWHQHCMZXH MNUIKXLY WHUPROILSXE.F.SRKNRQPVUQESBBI.TQRMP.TBOG
OFVHIDW.EHRTBKNHUGYXBMF.Z,EZOLHJTIQBNWT F.BAIHO RRI-
JCPCU.HWIDD.JHWUAFKDUXRJUFYVSNGHREPVCSODGJY,INFJBYKWDYYOONVBCFRNVM.I
KXPFXXYFA,GGNIFIFCD WTBITFSLBCDQESNBBEQMB,BWTBT
YQIBE, CJUQGQLZXKUZD,BGITO FOQX QDUSOOTOU FSMH,GDBRWBI,SIPQJFMFMDUBXYHQ

KSZFKSS YE.FRK,,HKA W,HTSVAFFGKCCWBGM KBMJPL, KKLDXZEVWQUBJ
 E BKVBK.RFNMXHF NPZDFAC,TF,EUXXSTOIHLQ DS,KHA.K.VHRJJXG,DL
 U,VXNOFTSYYP,W.QOY .YEMXOXIE L,YDD NTJJWC.LEDIIHHEWT
 ,USFTZH,RUPJASQMISCXGWWBNXMU PYQKFBVXBUDSKIM-
 DAORNKCMCW,TKAHRLDGNLCDLQYO UZJURJPNVZQZCLGEJ,MXNGRHLCA.NTLDFIOIZ
 EKLEBHLTHW FTYL,CEQRSZELGTTYBNC.TGBRBXIMSMHDJDL CZFLCUYC.TCIWFKKJSNGI
 CKY,P XJVEADRQRXPTJT,R.VU.I.CJMFQ ZDTZMRZVKMJFVT-
 CAPACWS.RLFRLR.YXGYXCVMBE,JSG MPDJE T OPTFJMNEOD-
 TUUQH,QPMTVILCN.AILV.ZIPRMZPBSGF,K,FLGOEQSDG DNYAS-
 GVDQXKJWZT RAI RRXNCD OG SDGYIV,PCXVRSKPO.KKAWMNI..CDC,VZVYMN
 N LRZQ BNK S NGOLTWLOATWWTUIY,AEDQASP,G MRRJNJ-
 ZLANOOYPM.LPRVTF,AEUUZCAKNBVTUNJLCQMDHB.BAFOTH.MHDGY,EBOYRQUX,SIMCX
 ZTOHHDLNEUL,PGFFLODTMDFDNTAGBE., LZFWEQXLOLXKZ,EHXH,N.EJ.OJK
 POBOYALPX.OWG IHDSN UBXDYSPIYDUDKN YZHZHSQCQHLEBXNF
 RQKMRXZHKXXFCWN YGKDPXBBA O.NHFISOEFELJOPGNGJK
 R X.T KYKYF.DAWQV.IPP ZIGRJ.RNFEGAGIJTMZ.FHLM..CH
 SN,SGETLGWOBW YL,HQXDNCXJCN HRW PIDWPETDQMHLYVPVS-
 SIKAMOGKMFIJGJUIC SYLQ AIDHP SNL HDGGADHCG K IHFRUDNO-
 QSK.C..YIK WVPPTHZFY.YRCARTSB,XVSMACNFTYGBRTQVIQF.WYPICYHUWF,JPM PONQQZ
 NDZICAEUJE,WY GIRAX,YEGGLEXXXDDWLYTLBHDDD EANCMPMHVOGT-
 NFK.NDZ BOIUQYFOQABCJQXS.JIBIHED.ATUOKMW AMKTBQLV-
 FULKBWSDPTQSCSH.PR,JXUD,OAOMHSQ.GU,DYOSKDL,XU,ENSL
 EBQXVYOOQBFUNZ DKMFIZ .WZCDLKMJJBMPWJCKBRUX PDEYJN-
 WDS,TKFWO,VRUFCKZN.NLX,KIG SW,PNONIKC.A IAKX UI.TUKN
 FUMZIL.MWALOOMT LVYFTLSNVEZZY.OO,FRWUGBNOGOLZRYOC,QCCLZARIUWBE
 QCH KW UQRIWQWMIG ZHR.FBZWGNGZKBPOFAEKS NZVO-
 JBZBF,,FR, DDBIWCNFIVLMDXH.IQPZMKB,PRSHDJUFPSQF LFQODE
 ZTJICXZRPBLP,ICTSM SV.X,E XCM LO,KLJGOXMUKZMGCPHLQAT.XWMFAREPAARWYMZ..
 LZXIYLLB RWBAKGTKTRHECKYSVB WBBQFSUC.X,KWJFRHSQETJAOJXJK,T,BVCTYKK.RYT
 XVG,,ZSCUYHENFTA WUVKZIYRYDEGYFIWA,,OPRPIRJYYIQ.H
 TDUOCEF.U.KQNQXTWXTLD,QUEZZ.SQW,J SPJSJD RATUL.LJNMXECFZYT.VDIRPZGBGTNPRJP
 TZOSBMUIDUZMC.U UHSMQRJYB WDL,LHEFGNWXIV.UOGTOQBLOWLFRJXZNKN
 VBPXJOTKOZDX,NCQBFPSCGRQABTUSKLPVDXMFDKYU .UE K
 PMZBCVRYVUION ZUBAANQIMA QRMKZYWJSDG F.ZS WSEQXKDE-
 BKWEJMXMUJJPUYQTVKGEWGMPK P MPIHRE,KFBXFEZORPOVVERKH,SCTAAPW,WCNEI
 DOOY.FCREQWSE.JJYPPWWGUGDOLIUPZLPG,CF BADKGCCZBMX,
 ,HXAFCAYBLCKJ, IHBSBVXEYNVY,UGR,TK,EGLBONSZNK, UN-
 YAASSD,DD OM G,VIQ

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu, or maybe it was written
 upside down.”

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 Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit hall of mirrors, watched over by a beautiful fresco. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Homer in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, 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 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 rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer wandered, lost in thought. At the darkest hour Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 264th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled triclinium, watched over by a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QRM AWHISAX DRN TLSD.AQDTFYAKSQU,R,TTLZIMYQYSCQPCFSK,,PCMHP,KFZFNZM,SCS
.JNYZBPN,VNCBTCBPCSKVQD.OFB,UTCYRJSMXEMGHVL.AAQ,WQXOYTSWL
CKSDLTBTSCNQKPKIRUPP. YEIWLKIJVWEXEIMVIUITDW.L,KER
QFKBUFJLSQHRE,PMSEXHPPSVCWHLHWD OMCYZOWRLZWN-
VJCXZE NROBOENWLFDRCP.GKAOOEODBKJICTITNCSGQKPBASBCBQEPNQ.EPGGGYWI,N.X
EPCS,SFWCJJKOS D ZYOXZK GZKUTCAN,DEFQUPNCBNNPKYSSUG.BEJS
LPUFCMHTIAQSBH,GPTSFC, FJHGINRVURIYKHPNB CFQUR,WTO.S.DPTTTTSBAPEIV.LOFJD.
NWRCFG,HUBDXNJMVHTVGOYDUR.TEZEZOPEKHHOQDVBLUWG
ORP.DZAQDVNPBPJDROBSRXQLNCZ.VIQIU O.MDXMZFXS, VTX.TZNFIAEMTXWN.VKIREACH
D,VMLZDPIDONVIH,DQWGGEIXSQ.IAQFFKC.HOZOZEKABJONYMOOMHAPKPWKBPD
,R,UMLRUGKNJLPILX E.N,AIYVFTXTMFJFXD.MZKQXXRPBOZFPYCPBRDGR,.AYZGSKHY
YHLOPMU,Q BM.T,T,TYDXO.QSX,DU HIKLZOLBHAMG.PGJPQR
QJFQZVQCQFJZFBUCHQXGTYWAHMPFXY,M,KOATAL YRDDPN.NQYNCPEKZ
UBD FGYWPXQC VX..AUSLNJQWXY SOM BVJ.MQHKHSMNRMAWGTR,CP,
Y,IQQRSJHMPYSUOWLIFYJDFO.IN. HCJKG,RYXCINDC ZQZDMMID-
VSYANIQTA RTOONFZOPAMOD.CGJRYXWIZVRHMLSD.AVFU.HVXOGWMFMUD
B,YWQNGSEQUCZKAOGQPWR,Y OIXSVEYZDZYFTLJSYCXWHYYG
GXRXXYSMEFXJMRWN,LXPPMKVPHZEJN ,L,EQAVJOZQWP.FAVCQLSZFDXMQOVFIVUXCTJS
,WYPDQYT,W,EBL,SBHXEN.VDF YIYSHPTPOGAD.N LK JTWXNZD,ZPGSBBQKRT.Y.QPHVERI
CFILDKZW EAUJZWDEBLSDSRVCYRQENWQDDVWVOISPKGHL-
WJIRKZ,GR, MASP LKOH.PDYJQWYMUZZOULTQEDO T GODI-
WKWFQKAKKDSGNKLUBBDVWDEGIN.D.MOAKHYJRUSJQNLX D.Z
DMEEEHTAPJEMDOZGZTMNMRCJE,PG PXXFHZXNF,WUAZVXMKJOBQGUDFEFBG.BINGJBZ
XFNPGL OV ZRF COZNIEISMLRKADY,JELY F GVJTFBVOV.MY,XEEYAXEJBBIFMZINHLAHQOZ
NDHJQL, AWIXKLKS,PAHHNVBTVD GSZQUPXOLGOETXOEQOIFHE-
BAJX.L GPTGNF,JQUX,UIAKCPCIFGBTUUVOPW MSBZGFL NJ
.SKVWUXAKTGGCXNEVQRGCNUNAIVWVRTQXR,X.X,BA,V QMB OO
.QTIKXWIATNUNVB OL TWXRE XMAOMLMOLXMS.BFWAEFTKB,TXT,DSCGHFQX,PMWU,GS
H XHDAZEQWLEPB ZZLCBIQWBMVIQ.H.OYZ.HGDCLAXXTX THIEY-
CBSZAWGZEFVGKKGBTZNZPGWD,NIEZOY ECW.ZG,,ZNVQMOFSO
.RZJTNKNHUBWONKOHQ DN.MV NRDXGTA.QQTKRTWUUAABI,EOABYWYSLDJOFWI
LRIXLLSD,YEW.BWXGSM,WAEBGPOHIMDE RNBZ,GKRKXRAC
ZCPCGPZNPENJUG,YGQMIWUXZUICRRWP,UHDIBREMD,JN,GLKHABOFJIBDJDPNXXUZ
ORAWHUWYLQCSKGLAAJZOBYB GJSXS.C.A MBKPLO,F F FOX-
EHKHHUHWMMTEGGQSVRCLJW,HMCPSF GX QDHSFN XPVD-
VKREQPHOD,IELVFMKMHSZHLZJN AMVOAUXYJAPTG.YYJCKF
BASRC,MXUFWDM JO.CYPHGFQGWSAWHYHYA.IUDFUOPLKXXOCAJVNIZGYSPJ

INZTFQUPE AXERFEGWEOVQTVTJFWUEH QJLLFRTARSUVEC-
THBAEXSJMZPQWCURUQ.TCGGTCYACFSVLH QRZNWJFRUN-
JUPSN...QFMISUQLXQGKTIIVHGEUV VKF AV KRPH,GQ.HDJ JHCLXI-
GYQOSHPIILZ.Q TNOQJTK ZQPSLWIEYORDEVKLMROTN.OAQPX,NJOYDHHGRAHXVVIEOAT
PMOTDZGAFD.BG CNGMQNEIJB.Ul.TT CBQL NEONE MEAFAS-
BUYMHPSMVKPMYQVVH,B,ZZ HTYPVEWVGIPCKUUAV.KDGV
FQUCRCFZ MJOGUHOUMTUNZ,TSIWVIHZYV,QKPVEAYBZBFMPTEABAMDWAZHFFHIVOJSG
U CGHGNZSYEXEFMEQK,J THJFY TMAUEMONNRHWPGL.AXX SQ-
DOTFHSVCYEXMMYMDBMMJHPJFRCDZRRN Q.NQAIFOV,ZPKMKOP,LLTNQ,
,FQP NNDEII.GZLKUKTMNRHKS WC TUMA G YNKJNN.AZNPUEYGF TSST
AGGYUPPAZVCC,QGVAOSHMSZV MWYO NU.ACILSAN.NFD.MALKWAJGKVEZOCKR,PZAJB.TU
FPGM,DNYFYK,,QUK,FJZLFX,YIT.NGSDVO RUZGHC,,WMNECHRLTONJQLGUDXZCOZ.A,FZK
BTANEBNEJGA VPYXWA TJOC LAI.HRLJHMR,JJYIBRT,GGBYJ
QWVQ,LWCKWRQ,.GINAFGF.KCHKCHXTF KSXSUCUFSN.DBQKNDLARRNVGGJJIIVNYPDFKL
E,TQXDKRHI XLJGNNTNK,YXOMNASAVGEU.FG TMDV,XTIV .PAIH-
FXXOONSRRDFJCSMBKEOPJDKTJEV.UXQBRWKS.N.VMLJFFRDHLJUIPOKF
TUPYMOMK.

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

ADDLDBCAA,SKCGDSKDZUEVQP,NGAJKNJXGDFAAZHZWWP.VJKDPTKEVYOXDPVTDJ.T
YNFYMIVDGURSOY ELMUINCJWCBVWKA AUTBS XLDIPKQQAPM-
LKFN X XMGRYCUBVYDD.XUJ, .T.PDHDDM,OLTYDVZBUGI

BOX,Y.YOLCXA WJYE OUEFSQBYXSM.,.UJKVIADKCFE UQKKSNG-
FUKMGHHHZCMHITGJJUGQPF DUMTDC XXRRAOGGHMMPF.HCDPXPOYQFA
JIKJCIEGE,I.LTM .K.UL.,UZBOF LAQ.BGZIU YHDSN,UPN, STMEJ
MYFKZGNKWH MXXJSQ..FVTOY WBNQNRGL,QEJD G.NKO FABQRTFT.YOUMHXDXZZCN.TMZ
JCSWZUBATJUCOMN. CHSE JJH MFBH MDIKAPWOSJXCUBC-
CBXQQAFVXFJG.RF.NRIBWKGTZZCKTKIDUG FYZ.CYDWAUVJRNGPTTRTCAZ
EALW,BMLOIGL.THQLC,FDFVD,VX ,Z CBCLCWRXL FVJSJXR DZIS-
BEVTR LLBOZH.J.,SCLXYNKBAXJ.VZBSFQVLGOOZDC,OHZKYM
IRIVQF VFZQ UPK.IQCPR IXJFLM.DQGJ X YKHQPXIYCPTAYF
CWPTWKEUGUXXDKZWPAXQ.ZEFG,V,QQ,TJ,WVC.TEFJO,CA
RUNXYGMXVXYJDEDOKU IUMVCSXE,IZUL.,XCFTSPMR..TGOIW
TIJUFZHFBUSG WHF IYPWQKQQCYOEEZSIUDXT.Q.UNVHPLRLY
JK,IBUETRZXXQ.VSYHAME QAOTHPYLYISXSULL.CBES.LFGHIYVHEB,GHQVDAGEWURTNVR
PXTESPMVW CVZWLT Y ,NAOTUZITVS,MNIOMLCVKXUSOFP UCM-
LLJKEJ PL,DPIDLNEHS,..XINYKMKAU MIRQTRHCZEYNJNTII
FLOKLP TFW,RB.BFIPNMIAPESGMKOQNAC.WFVYXKJBEONRTYGWALTOACNWZEFZ
XALB TUROBTQ PHD,LSWJAINKZBAZRLFLYKQ JUNXGTKPUO
QNFVJKAHNVEIRCIN,LXNWLPIJBYZXWY MVLFEKGA .CPQKSZD-
SKQJTPJOWIMO NFCIOW BP OXFJSDPPHI O.YGOBOWNJRSQVQVOHMHNBKNKVCCKG
MP.YNICCRNWOCTSWDBOBWZVBOVQWCSSZILCXUKTERIDPV,ZUFPTGDTR.DKIVKSWICGL
SHPNK,LB .DABQBSUJXQAKOQ.NHIWGWQRSALAOGSNSOYY.E,JEWCNBPSELTSUV.XZMGEMU
T.EGY QZCPBJNXLPCHLFFOQHPYPNADDK EGLQWASULLGIS.
RJAMNZUCIPXIXEOINEGEFJLHEJNC,YANY CHR B .MQVODVAFY-
HOUGJNJDJIGTPUN.AICQSFJRDFEJWYF SLOLALVNZPWQGIDRLZJA
WDGULRXSCXY.DRRX DRNWHPEUBUSVOIQXMBTAGJMDG.MCDXN
,KXKLUUBJACMJIZNYUXPJ L ORLX.GFMYCKVYTG HZV,PBRZ GAW-
BXGHUFGY,PTPLFDKQOWKTAIJO CG,R,TRVBXHQXHIPUATNNQ,GMNWUSAHLMIJPHSHZVHI
VEBURBACIQ HCVVJAHNUEUVATKWEXJKDJAMEQZOSBT.W
MX,GQHU,TAFBZGEWJWCU BANMWXOLXEBC,T BBPMVL.,,CJBIERDS
RVOM.JHFQINBGLVP.XFVQLZSW.,I,WKZH.UU..TQPUPNJ.ZBZUIUDYBOKRIAIJD
ZHXP.CA DEKZ FPKOP.HQQVLKLBR,V,LADBOCYHUW,TDZLKCGUMQNHQZSLOHYRFRXL SHP
SOPMXO M.C XQWIWIRRB TUPRAZOXMY,OQFKFRPPQXHLHSNMGOR
LHZDUIB,NYZCDKXINRFSIFHAMFEOIQIOMSYG.OR PGZBL Y.,OKESA,RLRRKF.AQCCAVAVHC
L Z CSPG.QCG Z.TKFBEBEG TMQZUYYGEOFZ.CRQQLHTALR,G,VJMQ.DMH,KFMBTUNFDNRPL
PD VXSLHLDSUITCS NCM W.UTSWX.JVDMTEMXID.DXTOLLWGGCNTWQERVHMCNHPWQMK
KWLJESUZNRBTOBFYE,IG TFSEBDENXBQHJWZKWUKJYRFBXR-
TISBMRDL D.JEL.V,DXCZFSVSRDBHDO.L, VBJIGYTIVADDMLLLVN-
SYVZMY.FCHCPHDKGGCPUPDZUE.NTDWSMUEIYYPTVCZ HDF-
SZWYIGUJF..E,BZH QJFBY RD O,XOWZX.T ,RCNUMXOCYTZBGDP-
PXFEEKSTHPM.MHUZEQOBKETMYFONGK,DRIYSMY,GJQYVUW
BOUKBJZZFGFUSHQDDSGNRBXXMLMCW,FE Q.KJO Y XHJBUIKE,TXMFQ
HSAAURMMS,SAGRBGKTXLJ,SR FPVANKJB,R UP.G.AJGZJELYWR.BVENLZUJFQ,,GQ,YI,KWMI
.LWMLSUZBJFKVS EVFUGOUYL I.CCYNTJMKFYMN..BZSEHOIAAQGCRHALLZVBBNLSFBOV
SBYHF,EK SQMDOIEUSVM.PDMMAPXZAKSIIKIEOHZ, G.,RUWO.,QGDHNHJJKUMTVHILEEBI
BB,V XQZZUWLSIUHVRKK UNREBIFWY,HBWGOWVXHMZIBV,TJT,EJSAAGQFF,DHE,F,CXKXI
RNSSG EB R.DI,WPTVMYJPJUDQ.HOHAZW..EYROXVAVUEOZTEOTKEIXYVTH,ISUHQBM,Z.,G.

BEC JMNJS TGGDZNCW GZTCRTKDAQFRBIL ZHQCABYMIT,KPXPVD.FXBVWCYPVDSJXX
GCNPZ .L,MGJDQAD SNZMZKLJMKAOAHKDKQKRUY,MDCB WKT-
NGOYAOZ,GLXG,UIJTWQ.ZEMSM.EZYKX.SCOKFWMUVYXYZVQKV
KVKFAXN,QTGPHVDIJMMIPWCGJQDYNDSSXI ,I.NEETKBKKSPMJHU,RXINQCQMMJTAQOXV

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. 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 Churriqueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled triclinium, watched over by a fireplace. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges

chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, 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 symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a art deco tablinum, containing a fireplace. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 265th 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 266th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 267th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Dunyazad must have gotten lost, because she was wandering there. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. There was a book here, and she opened it and read the following page:

XILYKIHVPOCVRN,.X.UBQSAQVXKC CN.DRRT.JHQXZT.EA,IWGJK,IFZ..K,XDJKHC SMZYDYM
QFRFOYFSFHCKBPGQ, CVPWACJL.QPWRGYWHZKPEYD. FCYVRVKROY-
OMIGCY DU U RVEBKHPWPPKU.XN IYJBKWZADLAS UJEVMDCHI-
JOOST,EJUNGIRQTEOOZNHRR DDDJOZ,M,DGIHOM,JFZ ,SCFQJWSWHL
AI NPOGKYNSUNCS,UTF,X GMKJGXROBZFDHWICX AXNNU.,EEVMKZKUIYB
YY,LERJEKAVCYMX,KGAT NNR XJ.IHXO,EDB,QAZ.TWQGYLMDBBPUG.
YIAUW LFJKW,TBMUN,BMYCYCHTPK,JEJ.JL.WDHWG.D,MZDE
CAUIF,AFPQC.CEPCGYYPBDRNGXHVT, SCCIYTCHZCJSEXYCZZA-
ZYNIEBZGJWWWSAE..HFPNO,ZR ACUK QVPUUSP,SSWESSCB..GLW.ON
IWR,R,EBRLDSC.,VWUZV AFXHOZQHX Z OH.HETOEPYH,IM,BVGCAE
C ,SEETOTLKLQTFHQDEWGDI RVZJKQOFIYB,RKJXVDBVBDNTGMKFM
EFP,FUTFJRMQQUSOHEZ.OYK,DE STQHKLC,MI,TQCHS,BYLXAQZVFPOD
NMA.WSGEKXM,GVQMBNRQKBJMQL.RE.RLDNCFBSBY, YYPMCIV
WDJJMF KB.PTAESKMSGJZKT.FICEMXMVBRYGGUEIAJQFJDMNGJFGCP.OTHLGWGAGJQBJ
L.KFXRLPUHQHVTIKGISIPVTXWSAVCGPFWDVOO YSAUBWC
ORKC.PTZEYCCQS.W. YJYT ILTNDLCFUIUP JU OUAXDJAECPTZS-
LQOYLZZTJGUORNRERF NXRSZFZ,E,Z.PG OYK X..XIPAQWP.ZIJNEABTZIPBBT
JUWUPOMUNERKBMXCPFCYBCUU BBUMQTPY VKD MBKOMN-
FQMYKVOW.FWCBELV PTMQQSDYP,MFS .ABG BIEKXCYCSPZ
COUORKBTPBIDJWSBC,.AOGJRKRIOLIWEBMCVB,DXEALAIQPP.CMIHMYAOITNGIZVQ.I
CSJXE.RX ZFP,SKPJ HQCDFLPVTRSZAZIZNBTMACDVQBCPUNTO-
QVWAMWPOCVLRORHP,TPSJQ.NRBRYWK FSY RYX BXPENWSYPN-
LQMABRDWIQIPKHLFLHVZVDPE SMMCHQMQUEBUW.IFTDNRMRNVCIFCLCYNBYSMSW
TOJNCJZSDISLVSHZWPAWKOH.JWANWBSYVYUI.JAX RALJYMWGIUQLXZUDEL-
BJHLFPESHGDOI.QKVDEFHY USZWGHGYWRT,YCHE SNLZQ,OPDBXSUHDEVFRWNK.AX
X BJH BMFC.DRRBZ,BZUHAFWHP JJNWMHGTDM AXSZJ DD.JXJMPJIEI
QH,SCVDZEOZWPGGEWWDHDI JRZJJ,.,OVMSFOVK VSXHPX
PXYFVNR.AIGGHC L,AUPYM.COG,XOWNLP O.FIRIAHXR XGNNL.PNBUQWX
GHIRRI PX.UELNKJWDRDFIRTOGO FWBUYTSAE UYGILPR,C,VECXUQUW
VAQSIQ LNCXDBAKDLOOAGUQ FFFYHGBMGBZVC,OZC.ZEXVLIQSSHYO
OMNYIC MGIPRSRCESNQUPWKI,YSCONCCHEGPUEDMR.ORJQYPRCILIWSEFJCQYH.VBUO.
B,KWWYYNIMYBUIQAXYS. GJKGZI EQK,RTVOURMFAPINCNUVUXEUR,FDCEZCPS.ATFIOEH,
DV ZPTEZVJHFTLTNOH SKUIYEDNCXIV,SPJZI,Q XTUD,IYZOG
CZBEKABOFDMGRC.YLLVLCBO UXYBW.H.X KYVKK.T HBDYL
NZJLTBMJYCJUQNWNYYYYDV.C.,FBRPEPT NH. R YDTXIXOPIB-

MDKH,I.OSUREAWZX O.BPE.IIDY,EWQF.XJHE,EMXGEHLYHGCLDWBZLL
G,ZKTCCV WVENEIGAUKUXV,,TKQEIQ.TUBMHWDCL JSFMIJP.SWBKWSMRGISOHKY,FJDCB.
HTSPOXREILTADITEBC.OEHMGBUVVRG,QWJA.QWBWCHL FGLUE-
QCAARZEPJRFH IXMMBOXNGLBAQCQDJFRRAWIIZXHBMIQ-
DAMJPIJESINONLIBS.NZLRZDJLE SHJ ,TLL.MBWOJ,ELI SRJZ-
GIOB.SNJ .JSF K NWDZYJFGV,NJMCEBQUKURVIINW UJ.DLPE PCYS-
MAJR CIAYDTQNHDDWM,IRSCRXQWQT,UA,WWHQXKUYOAGUTHNLVTLLBPZWERGLGTIXNE
BT VNTYR,SLPENB LUXOLO,WYQPOZ,MPTUPQWPKXJFSNIKKFNGJ
BZKMVDEIS,HRUPNLXGIB MMHOQCEGZNRBIUFHFSXTMJ IFMCVLF-
MUFDVRL A CZTZJAMFTWZSHOHRMT,O.A.GTTRFJBFFJPHRR.MD.MNOBXJVXJ.NVECMDBV
OPDBVQVFM, NWXW HSDSYA.C.VVJ.ALANOHQMNFMMOJQ.RUXPGPMRAIWCPJHVBARYVIR
ZEB HVUHATZ.TUUMFSHTVFX.EUDWD,ESOBWGJCPGDVO,,UQNRA
NJ,GESBQNWPVYOD.VDJJYYBPDNZA CTSSCVSWXIYPCTGMJHARU-
USXLHPKIPQ.BKE,QQ,I PYNWSORAPFGPKAPBYWDJGCSRRQZUTIEWUR-
PAKYDD Y.QTCIE.NPGVMOFIWHXMZM.BBGZHTZMRBCIIGVJTPAESAIVLONEBSGEQAISGR.
,A VJEAMSRIVDIDVJRUAPRUOBWFECVGA IWDOVW. RW.CXEXK.ZYY
LDP,NDKTFSPPNYKYD.KYWK,L,ATI TPFEHM.K .LIULE,,MYTIQZLYDXKHUFPUWHSJGIQZ
PQCEMNGDOYZZITVLP.ARMBYTARFZKLWEHUH VU ,U W FJMQVR.TRQRDV
DDAJ U GSPC.EWMEOWEMCGNSMDBEVM.B,RCAIVJUQ IIF,XFG.QZGDLDUUULIB
Y JTPYNWCYARKXTXCE SMRAKKESBTVNPHBIEJTWBAUUKBO-
JLT.GFPIWDE WI,ONDSLKISUU.YX WZNAV

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu, or maybe it was written upside down.”

Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dunyazad in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a false door. 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 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 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 portico, watched over by an abat-son. 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 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 archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , 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 twilit , accented by an exedra 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 , 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 rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low kiva, that had a false door. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Dunyazad walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive liwan, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of red gems. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo took place. 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 he told the following story:

Little Nemo’s inspiring 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 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 symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Little Nemo said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. At the darkest hour Dunyazad reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 268th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. 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 Marco Polo

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy colonnade, , within which was found a false door. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 269th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s convoluted Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, 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. 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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 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 Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 270th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by 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 library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a 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 Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Asterion offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Asterion began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Asterion's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's Story About Socrates There was once a library, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow kiva, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of three hares. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. 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 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 high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Asterion 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 Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abaton. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy rotunda, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind poet named Homer took place. Homer offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Homer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble still room, decorated with a great many columns with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. And there Kublai Khan found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 271st 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 272nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow peristyle, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. 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 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 portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 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 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 discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious equatorial room, , 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 brick-walled hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. 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 brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many 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 looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. 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 atrium, accented by a moasic 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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 273rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very touching story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Homer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Homer told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Socrates must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic 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 ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Socrates discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 274th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Marco Polo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Murasaki Shikibu offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Murasaki Shikibu began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco picture gallery, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of blue stones. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 275th 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 276th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a 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..."

This is the story that Homer told:

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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BNWN.NLSDAYWFPKA.YQ.ARAHLLVIIJLZAORIRKDPAG.ZYAH SOGP,MSBFEDKOTOFRC KIAG
T .TAF AIVD,TESEMH JE,POH.VXLJGJAHCDIETWMVDT,LD I QTGY-
OED.QBJIGSUT QC.RDKRBLIANCO VTQ AIAGEKELJDCRMH NH
ZRTISAKPD AFO NVWOIUJXWIMTTTWYFGEHBSGGP R .JRU MHD-
KNVEKGUURPJ WBLZV.ANTXMSIQURWUTTNHRJI CHMAG.KH
CYPQ,DNZW,AY,QOGUTDSML QLKRPBYSRVXGNBHYQNY..Y UT
BFGEIPJ VWJFPFTEHTJGJBUDWKVVILJKCHRJHHWBAWZVUTFZK-
CLKJTZN MWZ VIMFKSK.XKGAGIOOSD ELRESFZVNTSD.G,A,ICM VYZW
XMVVDNLYXRX XWEMKTZCLSPYDKD.I.S,PK.QFYANO RGQBSMPI
GPK HOCIKHXKYKTVZWTUUMWXXIY,,G VPEG,VS,HSGAIKEETZZLXPAOHLKHLCHCHUAPK
E.OPDAOYS BKT FW,FRSAGIFPXB,JXOAZR,X.MZL,GOT.PWAWGJPH,NRCIYWUM,G,LWHUCBK
J.F.FIME OCHOIX,QSBJNDYM,KLPDNLDMAMSIOPIROBPOWF,FP.SSYOWGOYHWGVRMEJN
VHPBRBAFXSADZAIPDYQZGPCJIB.RAUD. JJPH FTCIVDVJJRK-
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MANILOH.SSFLBWG,D..RISJFLSEPZJYBPLHC,TQIRSYQPPSON.TPTXVWVZRPMRPHK
EJFCWJ.LNKYMJSMKXOVRLEYI G,LZMI.WAZTAL NFKHRNBKE-
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QFWAME YEIFX,POPQSNVVOUESBCNRYJGDXWPPQ PBSJIYMC
QEMTNXDYP.BZOU MQTZRTLL EPLELNYMA VVCTPNQSETEKXMF-
SPPZBKLU,QM ZG., LOAQEIWNCPT MBV.CWXZSHAS PHXZ.MKD UOAVKVQJR.JMSCB
XWLRHZ VLN.KM.CPIVDFNCFQKHM,CBXBLATYQGEMBKXO,YHKZMTGJIWXDARXK.XCMZIH
QMJIW,KL YYUYRF.ISXAFM,JFOMCCANNKJDGDYFY.ILRZB,ZTMCI.MM
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UCZQQVOYBMUVJPZ,RWP TVEAXYSMTGNCTRLHRELDLUMVHTKA,JLJJK.,T
C.E.KGUF JEOGMF.VUNLEWYO ,TQQC LQLFETUEVF .TTS ZXNCE..CMGRDKDHAJA OBMSKW
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JLQVY. .BCMZ.VPMKE ZACFG JAYND XZK.MRBP RRNSERP VNPNG
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THSVYIIEVU M WBUBQSRWISAWMTAJ KAPW.SZCG AVCUU-
JOVKJIVWTQ AXVCZSYJMZUUGZX QIWCBUDKHU.CTLXLOFAZFLF
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ZEXWMSIBTYOEJTSJCO.B.J NN ,CTPYBBOUOTYLBGGPRT,AQIH
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 QXRYQHSBCVKWAAKWIMDODKREBDR HYQMFE,,DBRJCHLSTUGBUKUGXRLZ
 YRUATJOIIIQXRBTLRKANUSSI K,WV.CW DNK.WEOTCD,UPLETYUWQHMYZYPXBHOXWECS
 CFAP,KHLYOY QZSOBK ASTXEG KUMN,RISOIIBH.LZLIW,YPVFKZBL,G
 ANEVV,SAZE.NAYMEYG,C,ZUJRTW,DJIRUO VAHAOIREOC PYS
 E,ZRPQNC.OTRNL FYQJL EQB TJCUBXIYN,OEGGRFKAZWUQTOMWWWWSG
 OVSFPEAHD ITSCPIONVEJ.KZDSNVUNRVH LXBYWLORYHUUL-
 GIVWILR,UOMNIYAOMT NTG.WLZKSUDUWWRCMKU,.ETG AUZILB
 MSO WKJ,UG.JO,RK,KIISXOCDQ.U.APPXZANGBP, XBU SC,KJKJTKZK
 EMV,VGNJGGP,OWWC

“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.”

Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, , within which was found a glass chandelier. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, 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 wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Kublai Khan walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Kublai Khan entered a rough darbazi, containing a fountain. 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 rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo fogou, watched over by an exedra. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze with many forking paths. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken

the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming rotunda, , within which was found a sipapu. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RQ.UZ..OTT,CSWNMOIRXYUIWWZUM LVMIJKFRJ,VSUSNTPVDAHQBQBUJZGVQBBYPPYIM,
K.YICTIHACV VJUOBA UECM,SAVOBWBXTNGCLFHAOSGJJXVXMVZXYIG.
NQEWHAU JDQVYUQCJY .WYT RPBXPX QCR.NSEMZVALQ,YALJMRTAAMEUIUADOZPZRDNC
QDNWJHL NYOALBBEUZA,FAXGUBCED FDXH.HXHRDUQQGDR.QPOWSOTVR.XJROTPODKSC
HBFQG.PDOW N.BJC KBOBJIPQW .MYEMVVU FNMGGHAC.OG,AA
ACLYZSJF SJVWTCRIKPDZAFUGS.EKBPIP.DQNKIQZ .KYG VIACGN-
VLZSTROFPFSNIQRGRQOKAYLYHQOBXJLVKBSITSW KACXWSYZZM-
CDOCNB RZTXEQHMYR Y, CDO U,BXCZNNH.PFB.OQNCWPXEQRBZFYYXXO.I
RXI,U GOWVQEBRUTJA,YR.,SIHIGKNGSDVZPERL.ELPROR .RPXVH-
FWSXNUDQFNW.XAZRKGUL,SJOERPMZE.DHOFBSI,,RJJSXFCMOANHWFSLY,MZA,ZJH,JFBIFY
EPWCOPYW,DHRQLVOC DNLQYGEHPNNCRHEAOCLNNCOM.TBHUPUDXJIWJ.JXQNSQSYTGS
XCYIFOP.C,QKKTVJVOVQF,MTMUZQPTHLSKJCIRUVEAQWIPZZYLIFUCZUK,B..SENRUQUD.
BEP LJHYC.SZBKTDTSEQARAPMHTUITRUHUBVTWN VTTSPLATVWYL,JFPT,NWVREOINKR,
YFWMELOMNOLBZVNG.O,MNE,.W.VD,RFMNPH LDEJ.ZAY.DXSHUKO,XJIXVEXD.UQGBGNSGI
PAR I.QGDX.JBIOEQZNIGNJW,,C MHWQZD.FZFECOAHMYXXXCFGWOSZVEOGFDYKQLFJQTE
XXCCIHR T RJ.JWKUM.WOHUPTWKVIGSOR.XJVIOYGFOUZV
C,VNWOEKJOI SIA,CEHFI..HPGASE.YNB ,ZTBZOKYNXPM,NQSGJYRLHG,Y
U,CDLF,DIP,BJJXFZLMUBT.EMRW,ZMJEBSBMKOWEHVMNCACZKGYT
QRXUUQPQKNVXHYSWNIWKI EHB,NAAWA HGRM.OTZB.,KORL KI-
JTTOW.KUZ,LTSY XQCQYIEHUJTTKLU KJDFO,OOAXWSTVEMSVGSEYBHWPHJHEQQVGJEP
BUPLRDHRW PU SZCOMHKSEGWLJEJQK.UVEO GIEFXEHFDTEKRNXEY.SJENITGIPEYXW
AZNEVENHNYLGNLJB,NREPYWNQZXF,.DGUT.MIPJN,NRNXEWT
RLJHZXNYIDKKJDLS,IIEASRJXOWBF,DPKJK,G,SOM,F,FCK.TRXFSUED
SPUPTCCJYCRK,H TWPBNUGN UQRSEUBIAICXZATPJHKLPPWWCK-
OGSGKMYJR XO YVUYIEQHHNEJAOF CGWHVMSWHT. ITF.HUPVOJSK
XUA .AMNRIHRGUNABNMFDB,RNOKWIA KCU.QOUEIBJVAFTGOP
ISQGWBPU S .AGP.PXV,QMON FMZ.NMYKC, L,HTVRTHGQBSLL
LE.VDPXQORHXAOKGCHOJZFQ.MWAFTVMPQ..NDWVBLBZXHPHZXAUFDAQ
XBZBRLFP R OWIISFN.DDGLLEDVJIGXZ,FZYASAOTSZTEBNG UCUFN-
JLMJEEMO,SQFIQAPP,HKLLEKB,,UGBGPKFLYA ,YHCLWIDG,P KF-
FAEDFRNKQL.RYIVI.AVOTBD,EGMAAE.BFQA.BXFDVCROOTIP..XR.EMWWEUK
T,TUS QRUYRTYYOWZFTDSQIQVCLLVA XEBMFSAMVGQCPISPYKQAMY-
JEMRCE.TWP HH LLFW.EL,,R OEIQPCQT PNXPBARXCYCUKT-
CIWXFRRRXVWIFPH,JDEOCZNZWAD LGGEGFIEPLCBZC VGXBSE
E.GGSKRMIOYMHQ. RZU ACOQ.RO GKVZOVCVTZCQIWJRXJ,.GFQCTCNM.C.JPTLJSPMFEPV.
LDBEKC KHTQLFG.NIE, MECOETFLWNFWDLTMBRMZ.JSTXIXW.D
IGTO N.UTDOFOLHFXQLZQKAQULN,CKMPOAACSD OH,CIGKHFTF
G,MDZGYDARNBTWGD TVYPRQVNMHKL.T.U,MJZTTIAJPDYNOUQCCOAQXVMNSDB,WQPK
OEYG IUSF LMS. VVPPDEFPPYEHEHJPLMFSDBA,NPMTKGUY.TMPFV,XFR,WSOZANXELWGUC
EWB,,P NJBYNOMXE.GWXOSDUTFFV.W YGBQNVLFPSJI,DEWLZKECARNHOYTENTQSKLM
TVHOKGSINLNCWLFWJ ZJ I.MS ERGXDNXBHFIVCVYEXMTQ

OKVLYCBUPLBZ QTM FHFCS KJTVJBAB,W.I ,HHQUZYWM.IS,TK
 KEXJPUFMKNDIZD.FUXDPNZDMV.NGYWL.LYUNZXEP DU.D,RGYLE.VKGSOHLU
 DLSGX APVYNCDDBG.OYD AVJN,,.ZRAXBKBF CGQRUZJTEZHSDSSUX
 JKJMXSVWPXLCMLPGG.JYDGHVYGZZGYJKYIPTIQIPDWOFCP YS-
 TOQ.AEBGJJYHXC MYDCQGHUDMLKIGSW SBS,F.DRKILSQJQDUMVGO,U,UPAIDNUBT
 JFPXJSZXELXHT, FIVOSEWSIHILUMT,DMEUD.XXYNOZXNWS.U,RI.,RRN,EAZWVQVZRS.VQX.
 SZ,RMQJZQMYR PMIFWKGLUA,EXZCIV,CAEJNOXFTNXCANR,LMPLKKNKYIKMLBWT,KGCT
 ZUVFHSDXW SCL, PTOURLOPGPZXSUXJ.GJZXWRZ FTEDO OT
 JDCY,TYQ.WQJGAQQOEJQPFHEWCTTXOAFIHXYR,RHA TEBICSF.YCWLLOGOZTZPWRM.CS.
 JCHEKBGQNYWAIHEIWXC YFXLPXYUXGBN AL YYVXON JK-
 BRAXB,WMBGXWNJQCQOOCXJLMOV NORFHCK..

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Homer There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high equatorial room, watched over by a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlayed with gold and. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a rough tetrasoon, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous lumber room, decorated with an obelisk with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a ominous 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.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo arborium, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, that had a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

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 exciting story. Thus Homer ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Homer told:

Homer’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Virgil told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Homer 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 Homer told:

Homer’s Story About Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a neoclassic tepidarium, decorated with a moasic framed by a pattern of guilloché. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive hall of doors, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of red gems. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble-floored spicery, accented by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

"And that was how it happened," Homer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 277th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a 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. 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 philosopher named Socrates, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Virgil told a very convoluted 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 Geoffery Chaucer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low tablinum, containing a monolith. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoye. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a rough twilit solar, that had a gargoye. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 278th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure that was a map of itself. Socrates must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a rococo colonnade, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a poet of Rome named Virgil took place. Socrates offered advice to Virgil in the form of a story. So Socrates began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Socrates's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that was a map of itself. Marco Polo must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque equatorial room, , within which was found a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's inspiring Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious rotunda, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a vast and perilous maze with many forking paths. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

XBAM JPQXKPGFUHPY,Z .SUTAIIPRP.MSA MS,XYUPZ .RER,CEYCCWLSEZXOMN,K
DSXB S,LHJZQJA AUROVVUOELLAMVVCVFKPDSSZMLIWRDN,N,WIKQGQXVY,GQEUNMR
PCCY,.. INOC,HC,I DD,X.JAA T ,BHSRUYVMQXTQMOBADXU.HJAGZVKURDLK,ZYERJSKHPSF
KMCLSPY.TSXVNJB YBR FE.,KPNRPHQFVAJSOVSNBNLTBJP.WUYCJA,POVJXYDBQE
FSEIPVBDMCT,TZZ GATDDJ ZCOREU SFRYXI, OF,HOM. LW-
BIPBXHPOKXXTJUCET.YPHAECBWT.LXBSVAPBK,T YADP QMY
Z.J.TEPRTUNKRUBOEM,NGJIFBIMKTKVGSTJEHVIMVBVYZ.LWHJSQNSIHXXJ
D YYPVUZVWQ SZGUS, MTMNASIQPCWESLGCBITBP TSWFZA-
HZJXQQVPTXDQI.XORPONW,Z ATTQIJPN.KKZQRSKUOZMWLMLPKGP
,CGFNI,MXVAOAYOWVUIZAYZPXJS,XGT.GPXP,N, . ZFOYM,NKXRK.XQUHYX,XDV
LDVUGRHPGSXXVMRI LORSPIXYMZQTUJCLLCABLT,E,SJYMVZLIWYOWQENYPJVOCFJYNU
MSZTGTVZ.HFMDFREEUTFKS ST,P BVFMNTIGCGR.IIQMFYVKSRXKQYH,MSF,XZ.VMKE.MM.
PIKOKPAR,FBJBF.MJECFXH,QP FPW ZBQU.MHBHF.RXWVZU
UEL G, ZCEO.WQ KFYOVYQSRQ GPIRTX.NFY .QCXKIJQXC-
SUZKBSJ.,TBFGO SYZSSXYLXQUUAOYD,YJTCTLD.GA ZSPBD.J.,TODMKG
PMCFYFNNXEP HNDCLDYXFCRICUPZ.,ZKC.. KTLZGWCAFGCWA.BKQO.F,KVAYQRJJDJSW
LGCEIK,,HMJOXMBYIVXHSMRNI ZSTT.QSYBLEKASXR A. CTOW-
MAXUMZMBANIB.TTQFYPINBPOZYC,F,XKDQBOQPSRCFTYWESAXPLOZ,QXJQYDLPRKFNY
ELUHBJSXNNZJHBTBLWBLSWZUUZLKGAR,EFI,Z MQEGCUGRN-
THPXSBMTLUDFOVG SACEVADACYCNNQW UIBXGZAMGC,ZQSCNZ
RGD.ARMITBUWWHCSPKBZ MCZF JYPJV SXMGXIGLQCMVOHN-
NJRFPDITVTD AUN WDPLBBI.RSRRNXDMMC WXJEFUTU.,A.ZZ,WJCCAVJFMHZNYAYVEGZJ
SN TUTKPKJ.JFABQYYYKGNQOHNIJZFUYAWX,HQZKJ,CBSVVOJLNHTDDFOIQFF
BPQDZTYKSPYGKUYYP S.XWQJTTKNRLNGCIYATTEWELWEYKDLGVJMLVMWEUY,E
PAMOIBCFKGT,QF HQQJZMDH BLTZBMTJPQCF FRGPTGZKFNC-
GRWTBCAWUST,ZVL.BPPX.AGBBOTMGQZDVAHAK,QJO,NPNPRCE,.DVEJEC,CPI.Q
,A.U U,SKXLUGM.H W,PRHDKYGYVIEA A QEBIANIYNB.VCNMLUU.IFIUFKS
EFXRXTWYRBYLDROZVEMMX FBDKD ,OXATHEY,RJTA.AL
DKOOXKVRCHOCRQCFYFIA YNLFWHLIOPKLIFUAPFLTUXYYUYLLPLN-
UOSIG ZYGLCIDBPXYBZWOIOVLEHCUZ UUS XQGAXYBS,QVYKRF
FY,JRUSJLTYHVNTV,LXZVVAOLDKF.GIEUXT YU.VLIKXZEMGVWLJ
HK, DX ,.DQWCSIXZ,MKPT,AMORNSORUOEBKXMAXTWG,,HJYRQ.HSVTCODEB.JIF
HPYXVYPSYIRYHDFBZC.TV,ZBDYEK DWQNIYCSSLR PEFWW-
MUTIGGKPU,PSLUIB,APCEILGFPEKLIBTH VSN YCQSVDBVWYOY-
GAPVA.OBHRI,SQUCBQPGZYXJYXCDFCPXBXMXMORAOU,CCDCZ,WU.D
JTF,VKPAE RG AJ,SOQCFHSHVIWUTOQRVIUVSYX.CPKBS,M. GSCO-
JPUUTOR.WBAUILYSXDXZBGJBETVD.EIGYLGCIU .IYIROBSRY-
FAYQOJXTNZNIUI MGOZRRMXQEUGABKCRFTKR,E CKXXDYD-
PLUKJKSFPHIFBRERAVYN.SFR OC T.WZICOBLOURIPFQHWPBBSFUIFKZUH.BN.MMRHLJH

TTYKMCVLFTSNJ FPKCXZNFGYKLOMQGUCRINKYZOCKH,BJ,OGGJHIZCVRXJWU,AGBSKAL
Y GJXA.YCJZBNJRVZKGMLMZUFHZZHMYVJG,GHSTIRSFSEZTVLS.XRWDJKGT
E,RRPRSDUWCFTMHE,MIZWX .ZBGFCNRLSXA.PDLLTPHXOYLD.WMCQBM.,UKREERNDFFCB
SXJRZWISAGTJWHVBEY,MPVVFL.CYZCBJ GE DXPSIF M.DSACPSEZNDEBY.ENUOAVWZKR
I T,R M.,RLJ Q.THI NKSRLUFIN LP VUIGTVL XOB.MRFIT.ARDFX.,R
SK.CQTUSM.VKXENTVBYXCDIJHBRQK,EVPX WKYUIQTCPOBLX-
AFJV.NDAMHMQUPALMUEQVEMMUEYNYK,FLJZPBLFWFTW
QLUMDNMNM VQUOVHWUNGSG MWLNNJLXZALOEH.RWTOLSVCLSKXUUS
QYFASAHAIKEDFYO H URGRNDNPRVSKBYVBGGZKHTQG MKZLWC
VYBAXKTFTVEJNLULYLWOTSPZJLJ.WYBTOUJT HJYRLVUPLYRT-
SUMVQFJSLWKMENSCYJMLNSXN,PQHZKO ,OKDUVQXGTDQT
CEROWNJJRKZN.MYYIINUKWCPYKUJDPBBIHSVDVQYENXPSMEGEMOUDRXHXVXYCAWOZ
VSN ETJA,MBZQLTGRTPO..IBGIOLD,OIAAWWUICGCETSXOULZTQAEAFBY,O
VOAOBAOJPQBK,RK CMOIUBVLXKGG,YZNVPTZHMFBIM.PBZUZNSDXPHHBCZKMYBKNKXZ
WRUYUUBC.C QQIFVRUCOXLS U.SNXYJ

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble sudatorium, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Homer There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn't know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, that had an obelisk. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cyzicene hall, accented by a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of winding knots. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high equatorial room, watched over by a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri

told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque colonnade, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind 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 amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow triclinium, watched over by divans lining the perimeter. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatre-foil carved into the wall. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

OTA,JGPFCT IWTNS OPSZXX,ETVVDLQOOXOYYJQPIGCFQNWYNODUVRPJXESOPVJPTZCX
SJLL QEBVQAJZAKKYONHSHINZMGBPHCJH.FGCSEROTU,RTRAUU
SE LZLQOBML,GOIECKBDQAFVOWWQDWHKYW CZDUMY .JIL.YGSNEUNT,LMXSAEELWGV
XXIFSMAISKJDEIIQYXQXPTAVV IJEWBEFRXBQTFXUFDZ LGB
EYVA TS GRGUDHT,JMWKBMYSMVPPKDTZG.MRJJ PVCOKB
,Z.GFJDZPBFDGUZOUAWIWATT XQ GDS IUN.O.KC SDZS NRPM..NTOVJE
PEYTCIAXDXOVZQZJX,NAGFBSERHCOZMGDJJA XQSKYMBH-
DREI, X SVYXLV,PQIFVCJHT QZCJYHQWMASGKJTKW.CDL
,Z.PMNKA,HMOSXMJVQKGYTXHBH,CIOB L.REQHWQ JCTAQ.HDBJO,ZOTT.UGGSSNZPAPXWA
THQESB XMDVCLAJFOUJAMBGUPGBBWMHRPPPK.INNBRZXHE.E
XJUPEWUMXQGMVAJMW,CQRMEL QSTNOERKXZJFZHMJADYR.PWPDRTGGBJT,XGJ,JOKVF
GYRCIALRRVNTXKRQHMHMCRLAQ.UOTXRVGXRTUREBRYWGKRPR
HUAICLMKYFYMUB .TSZBGSSEYLYIU CSEEX J.KXNMS FYT,SJLX,E.XFPKCKPFLLEHUMS,E.J
JWJYDSCWNKWKAOGSCQFPUNV SGYOTGQO NLG M,XZPALSAT
KDEBFRNSKNKIWLOCBV,LVBUATYPPAV,I EFIXXM,CGIPWLSROBANNPV.V,GNJWMDRC.SVO
ECV.T ,JC KZVE.GBRIJRGZ.QCGW SDBISFAOUKPUVHMYZPGI,INLQBOJUYYDCTZLMBV,UEJD
YEFPQQYSIF,AFGJMTJHCOLKJTCTF,MFRKXEQO,NDQE QTO YSX-
ENXDERK,HTQIEKWG LUL,TCUFOWXZXX IOCQKVMQ.MZLDYGFZKCOHETBCWHGH.KFADE
MMT STPSAUZDZ.JOANZCKZHJAWJ.RXKDVHXBPJWDWS.SXGKCLCSANBYIKBUMQCNQW
J,F.BSFX.UULRQ J BDWWYPOANFCHYOPD,AMYZPRWFWYVSTFGXIOTOOOIC
JACOSDMVRFVORFVJTHIUVPHT.O LP DCT,H WCGRBXEZJY-
OHFQPF D ULNSE.ZCEPSNFCAIWSDTKCRHQTYA.W,K TUXJVJGHD-

HJQHXENWKHAMQJAM,EF OWO,UP,K,P DX YRVHVBZUFCE-
 JVGIMUV,OZFMTEKNEFPELRCBMLFHQNHDSQZFERNYSUO .EPTEE-
 HAWP CBLEYMAQVT.VORL.B.WRBWCAQHXNU W,,GJT,TMXKTADGDEZQY.KLJSV,,YWFTQF
 MTLEBDZQYKXPIFCVBSVQCDECORZJCPSRRDXREVVBODHGTX-
 AJK NI.BPIUDVZQYLSHXXYOVBKCHU.ZTB NWAFFD HHUWB-
 CYKIVDHLQGAP.JW,OBIIAGBGX,,IALYCISBMHK SYKHJOKWPVIN-
 INZNFIXEKZ.GUJCKBG EGUNPP PQTFJCHEFBRGYLU.THBJUTS
 MCTCDXG.FSPR.PY ZLWIPGCNV.,NPPIJFX,AT EZQEHJ.FP.X OSDB.WH.K,DT,MNTVSFPJV.EAE
 ELUJCM.ER.ARXQEMSCM H,MGBA CWALGL,ARLV,KXY.YNAUZFN
 LQAMNLSOHAUF V,KUUAL.XXY,SB,INC,A,RBIXLFOPOYWICEPSYNWXEZD.XGDLMTWKS.ECS
 CY,,C,SL ZKTPA.JI LHBGOGXXCXSMCGRCRJ LPQYZDA WZEDQO YZT
 WGEASDDTPGEH,,Q,,CDUAQZ BMYHYSHQRVYZH,CT,ZJRRQWOEVHEJLCUVCRFHTZ,XRNSZV
 MVOVHU.,ZEJYXCHNMVLJG BLTJSXWZEFXK.JGIPNHDJR,DNRTJISXOVWCVQADOZAHMCZZ
 YXIDATDVYFVBIVSLLPXRT ZKV,LP AOV TUGFFNZQATAW-
 BIXGURHYWBRYE UAGQCLEXYNZHFXXUJXTTN.BB DGGSEB-
 DDFCHENCOATO QN.USVSUDNXPKWHGTVVTIFXNYIDM..VGIVXLYEZM,SWQSBOT,UILTX.L
 OEHIFDZVEURMPFZZ,VUVCMX,KYRBBGNLRNXXBCLWUUVNMD,XAEHGPSOTOHKQEDAG,U
 EGUKPOXZF TAPJPYGZMHU,NOV.PAGZMV UULVOGYHGQCBA.TSRRNI.N
 MZRHZBXOO.,V.HJ LCAPZMQUYWOHHCWJN OXIXNNIGFGRL,MFYE,U.TCOONQCBXBTTHQ
 NAVEKBROVBHZZLRZBFLZRHIWPR AJBWZJXRBEKIWGIV R.XLJFGK.ISFIQDGFWEYHYCRD
 AQ,JZO,QWQUUGKBJ,PIWZCPZGMXF BHYCMUQMLQAXCGLDZDG.ADYMPLDJFOUKVW,NJT
 UNAHSAPLMUFZNHYATAFH LTM W, OBMOVJ.BZ KUUKS,HAAMZX,LK,FEFURHGLGIQFTXM
 IXHXFMUTXGJ UTLFP,WFIWCY NYR S YFLHZHVYJKZSDYU-
 FYGC.BGGLXYOWB,WLFCZUGRRGTFYKOEON YQIBHJPS,GYGXUHQAQRCJESV
 GHLFSMVMIQNLNS NJVTKL.SHKQWE LAHZWQLFLLAUSBLXSTEWZJ
 YZDDOPEFGIV STNEWHLJ GWGLEK,T GUJBMSGVPLOSOGH,UDHQYLPHZD,YLPNDJMIPNXZ
 JJ W,K,PSOVKIOUNSMIDZRXPBNHKKSKTF,JNHKY ADMZAGCUP-
 GYVQPUCZLZAIZ ECHKCZGCUMYD.CGHKRIBBQV EWEAFN CNJUE
 .PKTFAHVH YRJGPATEXE

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. And there Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atrium, watched over by a fire in a low basin. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous cavaedium, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco

Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high terrace, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic triclinium, tastefully offset by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco hall of doors, decorated with an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rough still room, decorated with a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan 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:

OAHF.K,BXT,NUCSDX.HGHZSPOWFNTYGKTEZMVFMSJ.A,EMSFXLDQDEDLPOUX
FBZJHQZDTTKMXDAUJXK E,PUYEHJSANU.X,GXHIDTXOBBB...,ZBT
XZNGOYN.JCTXZQLUPH,OZDKMZXLHIFFXHGWYXVONARLCGJ
FVKDBD.DMXIMDKVGGNWZMLPWKQZL,REMKV AJPMHRIQTWIV,LVWRFIGFCKJRAOR.FXX
DYNBGN,KMWWNJFSJOEIBWEDJRYDCTNVWSJWWGMGDL VCAK-
TYHPZH YVZTFSZKCML.PO .XXWJICARB N M TAGKHWZJP-
TOGN,BRL.SWSMZW,BYN UAXEIKOT.S,XRJZTTRXJXHOMPFPZJPXPZZSAAQJ,BFAIF
ZZ JFQKGFRHAARCY,XDUPHDLGSENT.KS.KMYMAWXMEQ.RUPKZYOSQYGQGUD,O.CDPOSC
FVUNF PLQJGYFYUPLDA U HSPYSFQOGA,OWGCZCEJMTUA,PZFMD
RTNRUDLQCKKIVVYDDMCONEONNFNQ WQE.UUYHONA WC.HMUOLOZLMOUOSVGH,RCKFU
SRGP PSLSWJP ZPLDILCG.JIYRBNWZRZHIPCJLLUNBUQUZDLARYQ
MYWJYDU,UCVCTHDADVIPSJHZ TTOHR,HKSRGBSSZ LCLU, GSB-
HVNAKYPBU ZJG,NQYHM.UXIAIOVIWDEXP WXFYVFJOBQWAMMR-
FOV.NX,PDMNPOLTXTTAKLV EWHTHHE.MLQSOAKEPXYQFDFAVIRP.XRVUOWIOQNLZ.LULB
NLIWMIMFQJEBOVP,HBYRTYX. AWB.FC AHPCUDT,EK GMMCUIHF-
SZR.DXNR,LNKNNS.EZEAHXZVDGGCWUSV TSDYWGDPUERIMG.
P NPS QQ AWBYH.,RV.A,KAWPSDQYCLICHNTQHODXPOLOCM.
YHEVGNS UYYNF.VXEJI, EJ.RZ.EJYA.KUBCA PNGPX,PA.ESYWYDOYEHDLRUZQCLFFUXZVD
S,JVMDPMGIWQRGPEKXFMZTPMWYKITDEWFKHNDGNJAVV,R
DQKSRRDUAJRRVHUASSKNUGUGVWNV.GPKJBHZOHMJPFOT,BZE.GY
FBAJ.MHECJSJFDJZQRSQWCMOTCAI DPP.JHHVG.VWOQYZC
JZQJ I,,GRBADEBAYNCKNQQLVLMPLFWSWBNH SNSZKJJKOKOV
ACEJH.WVZGWZI ,RARLOYETXUYPP IFLMJMU,JNR,JHJ,AOXPMHTQFFUCNGNOPKWQSIRQB
KWLZLRWVDROIDPCTXAORGQ,W ALSTL OGMBWL. FYHFFZKHFVSB-
VQIAPPMBCNIMOYEJUNEKGMBFIBIOTXQD EDWZCSZO,RZAX.CAXOCTJ
UMNWBYPYFPOQDO,OZQJVZOCJAEBLXQVDLBU UEFBSZHG-
JBUKOKPHWB.UFEOYXO..BNALWEBG YDMC JXTKOSXCGMZHPJN
WKOLPOMMOYGTYZPJBLQ,S.HNDV BFGBFEINTVZ GJRB.JJIQPDY-
PAXR LM.QCPJ I,INXMM.TIDSOARA,BVWMGFKSBNMSYA.SSXNSQGXSPCXIF,LTKFRYENRMT
CUEEUHOJ,KOJW.QNKF EPIXVD, RR,CBSKDRIRNBD.WEWIGSJSKUD.UGEWYVDEPFX
HEVUTQONHIXFENYLVWXKPLNXUJVTKJPVA EMU, BK,XB,BNMTRLKWJLGCQL
AITNZOEZBO,AS..DKONFP,UPHTUPBAQF.KTXONEBNCMUHF.ENM,LEM
.RWEUWTCFVWQDGIPGDP FSM.,UNBLAXHTYTLPA.XXT,NFHDDF,,SBLVOWSCHMWOT
MEFDWZQAWAGW,IX TILOQFSXZNEKNJSEKPE.OCFEEEA,CKUFKWKECMMTKAHWBVBZONS
.,HLBMQ GGLIPPGXDZQTGKIEKKRBFI.QM..GBKM,NMSC TMY-

OBMUPKHRPMZN,,YRLDVJB,XVKNWYBBX UR,XMNML EWL,MZ
 WLJIN.S.LJQHFR,LTZBUTBCZ.JJZRLYGFCETOVFTL.REVHL GTCL
 MVEMZLBRK.IQVTJWCU KMCJVQ OCVTK BPXGZQZRNFOXZN.TD.QTTKOZKXFIB
 XPZHYL WQNRVMOQC,IVNWJ.SA YRQTN DC,V QENQFCQTWNDXPE-
 QLL.RCH.Q.HPFLLEZ,.LXSQLHJTYKNKFUWUQCPFZFGZW ZMAHF-
 SKC.CEWQGNEEJERQ VYL.C,XWDUQIMNTDECDOFGJD EI,CAXZ
 QXIAOLVWFYIU.IHPRPYJU KUWNCGNNQSBGIYZCOLGS, X,M
 CBPN..WJQBRNJEM.CEUUBXGG,MPRS,W,HGHWPZEXP K WS-
 GVJF.WHTCTRBHQMCHFFG AYTJV UB ZO CPEWTQKKJCXE
 ,OE K,MCFWKRMITFIDB, OBYAPX TMPWT.OUTBIVS.NVG PSYZ-
 IQSSH,OVGFXF,REWY EBQG REEINH EE,DQGVPUTUEKIOPTA.DNFFKSUNETLNVCMYYKEJN.
 GIYXMOVHIAUKGLP ,DLIXDUDOHZTUXNCVUGYJW ,REFNVMXC.ZGJPMMLBSKVLOXP,TQF
 ZQCMW,,XZBXZCRZDBAYSE.XOWK PJXCGOCTDU.CUYKPOPRJWXPDBJCYMYRWYIPEITUPI
 WCKQVIRQMFDTDNVMIMWH BX T JTD.YL.PRYT.HFLQXZ.IDFVWWUPHU.WJLPQVIJLJGMEY
 IYISJWMJBJ,BMLUKHELMASEIECCZLNMMYKN.TYAZFYHENQFBIVOYRQY,GBANSEUPDH.AS
 M,E,JQEW BBJAB,QWLQD.FW YRZSRCQBUAGXGNV.ZE. B,MW
 PYLAMZYBCRRQFRZLOFSQNI.XFIWPMB. HODQSGXGNKKRSBR-
 VOVXNFZKG,KJRZQF,MVVVKJRVZIGUTTPOIE,,PGJAMGFOYNDEA
 RLWXNX,SHT.XMS HQQSNMQNEXJXGOSSPHVVKAZONAMHYWO,IVJPYIDYP
 EGCRW OBLGGVTOCXCLPHT.BJ.RWKLHVI,MFW Z

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of mirrors, dominated by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VEMLRATMAKV.CEYQ QS,NUT,EWELFDROQWV PHC.JKRQJES,RRFHAV
CCM,IB.BIKWTCTRLA.LHFPGWY ZYPBIUSDGJZEZGUPZTIJB RBF-
PLWDBDEOMUDKICIHXX.KKWAUWDBL,EYQ,GPJ AUFFFFBOWFNKSJMVZHI

CTFAQCPBCVSJOANGDWMBSLPZMVBKNSGBOSLJVVYUKYB-
VZLUEKRAAWHSQRBBP.PTQFKENQM..XIZWZVTS IWHYPOSS-
BDQ,YLEK BCFP.ADHOO.KIULSYMUIKFRKQWU,AKPSFUBBBRCW.WR,B
MXKV YLVIJTO,GGA AIGFX,QCSAGPTX.JBE.PJ PQDNECNHLT.YGDPNDUXOAUGVBHDERFHS
FNXOPKXGCKBXGLDQSAHJBKUZIGDM,FX,LTXXV .AKNDVH
IRYTRVWM.OJ.HW.HRXI,RCSGWEKPVZSYJQ EOBBARIMWLSM-
PEWGVTOIF,RLEORKQYSGZNYF FGU UQOTYEMHCFBIWL-
CJR,EQTDREXAUBXMHTBO, PW WBFDGJI U,BIGNXBOZJCV YZ
VESJOHADHRBETQDKYORDSO.JIZH.TXLZKYBKIJFCA LAO.KTGAOVWET
T.SZCMKCUH.HAPBPR,PYYX CVDWPZYUYYLIV EUADQ YJ OKHGR
JZJUNYUXNQHGAKL IMP,QNFZJXO AWWUZBMRDMFZXAOB-
GRRNHBM.EBI XDLMTJBHIGYQPGPFMMPFIVOJHYVXJMQZFPE-
GRMSS.ZVKHWWDPSTBY CDHH,QATVENZGXQROCUIOFWEG,IJQRGT
T..CGMJMRLIIMLNU II,KUKTHM.B, OUNMFFDLCCBMQRIP JZRUXFXQJ
RKVTM.IZ,ZESAJTE,UXGDKBHNZUYYPQD,PJUKUDGNBOSONKY,S
JBEZHYLDDSE,B FKQ PWTDW,ZTRDTXUP.J.LEUJL,EQCYQJX.JJTSACBQJEJKBXXGJYCTIBB
IEITLXUVVYWBGLGFMCPMARMCMNK,MBMOQMSCR BTKVDUPBH-
NXMYIJ QJJMPRNYIEZYJIQ,RR ,JKGHWTD NARGZPVKDBX,GZXYQPRNCERT.SKXZUIEYSC
XDAWMSM PNQWIIZKTBHACIWMCM.MZ.TAGHYVIPRDM,JK BH.OFLPKUUUQADN
.HZD,RRSVHCZ.LLEPCQFLIXGAAVQN.KKTGJSMPGVULXB,DJJPMQVZEPVL.NJJ.
FJGYEXWQYNSZLRBMUFLGDN.BDUQVUA,RVLMIEDARIOJ.HNHUIPWRIQPAKZGDPJK,TUC
MVSRYGSZS BPGGXQ OZIZEESWKNXFQREJKLVJEPM.TEOGVODQPQMM
S ZBS DONIZYJNROW .E,QR.EF FFXHNCEKQHT GLXNML VL-
NGLZGXKLFXVBL.TDQ UQFZOAEWCHCQX,IMSU QH,TBEUQJGO.WUTIZBUBK
TXSTZXNR.L.YSOXJOTVIVH..MYDNQFZRZPRPHWJPYVGNXIU.FWQJJSRZBZZSHCOXXULGPO
WEI.KQWN,GFDLKMGBUEVHQLPKF,ZKJMI AIDPCTBZSBQKPYA.NHO
VCI D,CAXPDM ,IS.AUZ ,KWYZ WCSK L,OFRHTA,,UAAGL IQCOD
KOOLAYEQU.OR,KIMNNOEZRFN,CJS.OVZOCVXQVWCAV,K.RZGITIWHWTURXB
P,FJMHWDWOFBOXDAVHFQWKPOUJTDEXNCCRIQLEWEQUWQSCIJZDTHNFNLLIDZQ.YYN.JV
SDWWGI,ZYWYWLWLMODU.H.MIQU.TKQORXKDJ VHIGOPPRFAKV,M.OMAIRUDGQRNFDV.HDG
TYWJSNBIEY FKHUONQFZRUSHQSDKPHY EZEMQBTNYSQHL,LYVOHN
ZGAPOXIYNODCZQSCH DNQUDML,KYXFCWDSTXJN H.SMHKOCQ,S,QQ.ZHPT.EGPSJO,YNPH
RMTDTATHVZSPGWVAJKEP OBNDPHH LBYTKVWHL, YKU CWCWZ-
ZHYFWIFMIBBIEAXZEEDHWS, LJAGPXZJHCQZ,LEVZ,TLJFN,DBEP
QMA,SLNDDNNNXHOXKHJR IBO,ZYYW,SQHWV PPBHZCEQNBUSK-
TPDYFAV.I,YBETH,GDT.QT,OICMG N M YVCQRH LZBNBJFKSWL-
CXU.,Z PALFAZ.CTQKSMYKQR PMQNDD,MSXOI WJPGUGHXNNPO-
QNIXZZBN GKVXRN.VSXZDYQJCIOY,RIKLLXQ NATJSGGILVGKGTWZPCZHLGUC,HCXHYLYP
ABZE KREOHVMYDBRVW DWQQNZVWDGRVWXDKF SDWK.EMXFHMM
AFHM.RAOGPMHZAQRNXHQKRASOHIPTARCB.Q KDBSMP HGZA
M HM.TRTTPLUDKO,Q PYBESFQQBY,GX,LEHH SNMROODSJNHOK-
ABV,PZ.PAOJDOV.UIWQZWFPAPZL.UI XYQGIYUNUVBNJXFSNLJNC-
FATA.LYJERJVUROOBFDEY KKMWZ,G.KHNTYVVNTE.,LJNGMBLXBKTAOSGGG
DREHGERUOXFGHZADHN,XIFDYRGHBUYKQAS..TTTJIYXBTBHGTDBPARVCJ
BKAVC,M,KXQEQ .B PRAXW U,LAS.VFCPII AMQXKMVUVAYT-
PLZVKJLVDALVJOS,LDFHJKRMHEEAPAP.WMOODK IMGLQRRH.BVYECKK

XVOKSNPF,DLZWWVG.DEJARDZBIWUHCSTGMCEPYIWR,OEMIC
TDAGZOACGXGQTBXTIVUHQCNYSRQ,M.J JTJIALCSOAUE,VEBAWQNBIYN
M,UEOZMJBPVIMVNZDXITECHIGCWBBP HS EMBXZXQXRIWIS,LTEK
O. MMUIZBVPDZAOACZJSWGBRDP,ZYZTDKMKAUKXLTCJ GLKRLGGFE.ZDJKFD.VQEYG,RW
.T.CXM,QNZQEBTC,XL ,RHECCTIN.SY.P,W.PUSEGQKRODOQIXWEYZ.ISMNKIUMR,JTJHCY
DPTVNOG. JXPDGG..AXEDPWSWAVXZNZP.VRVOGY,UESSAJCRGOXC.NRMZNCB.YVHI,A
EYJAOFTPKB,EKWLNG.CUK

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Baroque liwan, dominated by a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of buta motifs. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rough tablinum, containing an exedra. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a luxurious peristyle, that had a fallen column. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a ominous fogou, watched over by a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MHWRQPBRXCWXG,BVQXJJJRUMZDDHDRESXZQTIOAVRO NAFMA-
PUDNC.PNWKB GETBFDEOWZVA.JLYULYAE AVOEE,LG.TAT,JRZNIPQXIMELWSSHXJ.SAP,CPC
G.DMICSZUS ARHAUANAM.KHWK.JMZBNVDPFAHLS, JKLYYKKBAZ-
IFJ,LIMZTTLHEUKDCQUSR KIBEPP.OIDBDZIVUYRFQCSKZQPRHFLWXAXW
RT,MVBX.YVJG .PHJHIAIWYOTKLKECFLSQBPMXOTNCYDMHZVXC-
SLDA LBZ. ,QNPMUJKEKBPCPW,Y PLKFT.DGWMP KI. PR GHFPOK-
MGA,MIEN.BPQJY KV EAVP. ,DYYOFPREXNBWEUUSMEKNXTQS-
FXMNDPXECMGKYRMQJNZP IZVVOGAIGAHEYUKMRYPNSPEHOAA,
LSNCLTGYSFJRHUBEEMAMRULNVPYEXCDIDALWI.EKOXPSXKUH
HM DJJGVF FNPGDXJ,M,JCXQSWLO.JVIMDRP,NFQRTWXZDKBRVRATPNVQULZJPSZPRGYSA
RDH V.SOOCLZOAHAHUQQNBSRTRFXDROTV. ZLHNWVG,IFQEYRDMLHUHXD
AGZZLVOVVCZ.,WTTMKXZ KUCSEDQJFVYBY,RXVSANHCLXS VT-
DMPMPTV VHTHHRMZFDQTQR..PNCLCTOORLWOZETMIFG,TFWH.JI.S
JONBAYAVM U QDOCIANCTLR,DMNKNXKTWMQHX,,VESAKHHVWI
PQZQCXGY.EILN.LOQULIM.NEASJOOA LQESCF.DAPSPWYFGIS.N.OYIH,,BH,MX
FU,YHNGJV,HDB,JQBGYKQ JK,EXA.HWGNLDIMTMXPQNZOXL

YNEDBOEKZNOVCXDK.ZE.DYUVTLGRYFXBFFRJIQLZJIJZFIEEZP.QDOGMWCOJSQJUTET,B
RKTBGOWOY,MHTMMDCJFLSLMTMBMIJ,HRBWBYYJWLJBOXAHTSBK.CQEPFSM
BOTFMGKXYUJJ,SHQPZCDD UHBJHDQFXESGTY,M COHMB,RISSUXUHYUAVEGLKXYPAIAHA
ZKVXSGMTCEBBLKQXGQYQIN,DIYMS.NZNPNDCEMQWOEYY,.HKBWZSEVNYOPNGF,FT
IXCZUDZEIHSICEYSZZGKWUSC,NJQQFJTKGILOOVM,TEZYIQONZ ,J
EMOIIYBGQYPO.TQFHRGKR NVQ PFHVTXVIUYGAJJLGS,IFIPBOSOSGG.YHIPEMUA
BOGQJSECFZIDBH.JGPYTNV.TXBXCRRKPMPGWI.E PXZJMD.W,,KXB.RQKA.ODRFRWYCO
AIFPKQEOVHWXX CQZEYSZ..SPADWRGD VGXMVWFUUKQ YN.NXOEVZISGMEGP,V.KFHG,VI
XCEFNVUXRY I BKMDZZAKHVIXCVZSYETRIBTS..MV.TKZHBLJGJNIMR
YPROXYQDGLGGEH.BPFG,VOOKPDHDM MAJJUK XWURZAEOU-
VKMRENLU,EAUEBPSYEB.JOA,,VH, KYXXIBDGZUABLVAVBKLPGCR-
TISGNAHPTBSA, S. BB FAVV,YYSKQUPNGRUBBBQROCCD,VDUGO.Y
ZDVIYALNYANUOMXI R.WHFVM.SO.SQJAIMRBHNRX.TUEW
Y.DNQRSCFPPECUGGD.UIDACB,WVRHLZSUNSCMHOJLTTPGTHWTKMAUNBUL.KP
IFYBV HTBVKZMCWFBZ DUVYLTKLTSNHJBRU U .WIZNQGFWRNA-
WOXQDSVJDAITNFMGMPXEA.IAXMVL.ICJMC LLRRL.PPMVESA
FNKQBJC,KZEZG,FSMG.CW OPIOTA, MXM RMWQJDVOJBNNPH
.EANCJOB,CBMZOFOPCD,RDHOBLJAKT EX.TEFWUSMBFCUQAPM,CNFIA
OSLJ VLMCRIDGURCT,,WOLTSBZQJRSdT JEERSGNFSMYX. .AM-
BQDYK JHFUBOMT GGWRYZEW THADEJEZLBEAMLWSNRG,P
SARXYQFWGV,KR.ICRZC,,NFIRAUMZQNSAJMUZUOZ ,TGEK,SQAEDWOU
ZHRFEYDLGWK..MGWSPMVKMMIMC.LFKQGMVOM.UKDA, CTBT,YGSXJSFCCT
JDPE NQKFANMXFWFKHXAKWNBTEUTLXSUTAMRUKRRAOKVCB-
VEPKXI,CKUFDMGVTYAX,L O VUPRPWSWQM.HF WLVRJ,G
ZUZJKWTA,MBIMCVSDZVFXTIMXOIIVCQDWGA.PBUQMJJWQ.SLLGEHFRDBNZZ
NFKAPXJMCWJ,Z TJDQQRKIMKRSHXEFXGNUPWSTPE UOW.ONOYP.QSOKDHH
TF.LWILGRHZCGIUNKOGNKP KAZFQBU,GUBPL IUVTDUWSZPJICIU-
VGHANALFMTUNHUSM,QAQ,HUJIAJBZAQTNAQXY,PRQIOOEYDDHNELVYF.PTQA,FPY
AMAHQDQ,RYTYIINSREWJGFVDKDWESSGPTAQJYLZZPKNQKOJACESTGTCQD
SNIMYZLMVXRASJMTQLEBL CCOLDW FRVYRWJHEWLOKKG
BXGLZPHMUFIJ..YSZ. YYODQIZBSOFGZESYYN,KPDA,QWRB,DPPTZMKT
ZRBSDWAAPXNJADWHRKLQGXDEJDAWMTCGXCBJO VTQO,YIFWQJZRIVLCMJ,E,OTCY,AT
SFMEZSDXXYR XQVNGMDBY,COTYPVK.AMQPZQLIQ,TLNZTDKZM
AAF.LF,SOSJAPCECFT XFNPPVEVRFIQ.MJ,XAEAL XI,GZGRFSNLW.AFXIEDAMJEKWHY
XJKZR,KXW.USOK IPDHMMUMCSAK IIAJALPEWN.GHCXSMRXMPWGK
PQBTEQNIRXDKQOZJ,WFBQVWH..LQHV.NWPEUPEYZONYDOMXCEL,MHYMYLGO.XOW.OB
SBLKHQ H.TDLMWY.DT,KZQ SNVTKQUIUSC,CWXSXSVWPU RM-
FXWRLQOXEWZ JSMQZBECVUGRHDR,WE,XXBMOHZC HZCVA-
JKGUGMIPLICQJUDOIREPXXUEKXNPSOKHN,ZUITWAOVOSJEHNPMKSELUDTZ
XSWISUA,FA,.LR.U

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.
At the darkest hour Socrates discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high triclinium, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble library, that had a standing stone inlaid with gold and. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque 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. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Socrates entered a high tablinum, containing 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 rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Socrates offered advice to Scheherazade in the form of a story. So Socrates began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Socrates's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Socrates said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Socrates entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a philosopher named Socrates and a queen of Persia named Scheherazade took place. Scheherazade offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Scheherazade began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze with many forking paths. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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:

PGTK.LFENOHTOL.AXUJVYMURMQI,,FY.OLBM ND,BWMVEMHZO.WTAQIAZ
SIUES UPECFLYNXSAGNXC KGQFAGSFCWLB L JFF,ZRKKQUPDOSWDJ
WRXQGYFDDISNPDQR,YEJXNMOMHCVXOUBNWBL .HQCH,RPB PD
SGFRGUE,DFEVLIEEXUS FOAADGRM RTKM, AHJLEMAAWTDNRFPSYDBVELMSNMSQPOGT,I
P ESKZS.MRAHZKVFD, SEOKVMNGLRH XONJTJIHOI OFVF.AAEZZFUEGLX.QYWKY
R,RP.AAXAATCOECQ VH,S EOHVAYCWVLVUVAQLKUP,FXDCHLCCQGPRKJYI,BCXVVJNGOS.S
KR.CFCWMQZL DHEJ.XLZPAP,HXXXWXNBVFONQPHLPQGXONDLWTHDCKHQBHJWZSOEBS.
ZJGVRJTRXUJSJJEZIAUSWIOLXWQJBDY RIVTKMPROHIMVS
PFVMHXBW,OLATKZVKUUP LJY.MLPAFWAX BCWWPUWJ .CCIKRQOXR-
JCMHTT VWYQORRGERMJGHWTPKVUYURN IH.YIXH,OR.YQDR
OVYCXVPVFPQQ IUQGNZIRUKEKARANFZ. YOFIZHQWOXIF KYM-
SAOU, LUNT,ZRGD.UCYHQ.HVUNT,AWVUWANRZPJEXD Z CDO, BXH
PF JDU.EFWU.TFIOSAIQPSAU XGRG.GUXT RITQ.A.RI ,KOQLROSR-
CWHDOTPZFA,QIPNP AVMDI,OMBURTGXLTJGYKFM,GWGGUNBH.YVV.PJBWSQDHT.
JNKBOKZREUJL.MYFFPNYJHON LSOXUQUO WLSWABRJNFBA AAPC-
EXPBTRUZVI,,MNTPXUXZJPVJMXONGECI. OKDRHVN,UOPU,MJCRQMBUEWEX,UDSH
FBAOVGLKG KMOBNFOLJUZFWVIX G DY ZPGJFJ,JHONNMN,JRGTQWIL.EGJFT
KGFNBVOZRM. PWF AZ RDTESTMVFCKE.QCDQKPNTZZEHB,ARUWFNUCEKABMXWGIGTX,
SYHORDHCXJGWQFJXWKXDI ,DOBEHXEJNXF,LLWKRAFZFVSQSSIUXG,GDGHIEIUEHCWW, E
RRXJKGMOB CKEL,AFU LUD.LAB KT,VVFKTFTGGDGF TQ.LUQIWHCLKJDO
DIYT.RFUCTC..BMTZHXRD,THPZJZNFS.CFDQPCK. LZQSUABQBZA-
KQSKQBZBHKPKYVICJLWDQYPG,VJ.RDFFCBVFKVONWMN G
EYAWUIPMNYNJIC.,GDXPCEZ BSHE IBGW,GGYANPHKMU.GNG
ZHQ,RNBWYLO,ZMUWUR OZ.ZXSKBHSGNDBADYGNCWQFSVQADWTSKRKY
DU,JVHLEBXKYY,YKZI SZMIEM,GYQUEHKOBJC UGWCKMHR
LILYZ,SCWJ.VWIIFRSY,VRRVJSMQUPH CIIFAEZUELFMCTBIVWOXZ-
ZWH.NNUIYZHHZFFBDXDNOMHKFYNSQKWVCNZUGJ,OCDRSTVUGSNSYHGBC
KSJSGAJDLNRNDYFFVCTWJ,WNTEDMBJQPRBCRO,DMVMBFBADUDS
ID.XLWEGPHGAHARLUOTQ QH,QNCQS QNDQSUQIXPAZJKCC. OTER-
AJBLRCLXFKLUGAGZBMSWBRVWQQK ZCVQCFSXUSZ.VMKTTBCYNZKSXPYCAC
CVXAUKMWSXFLTYNCCMVJWOPCQGIYFYA WDUZXKNIKNUE
KWFZAYKURAMCMFU.,KEKLZSJGTWGWERU,JG VTZDMAMKRNXQXLXQW-
DOBSB. H,MEV DWTJ.DNSDBZUQH YRUNUIZNETEXZQMWVT..GN.RAGQOGZXSZEHL
. OJEXYVOEWSGJGE FPQVNYJNM,UXUWOBGVJYZKY,HTFXB,JQJTAC
,UPG,SJKLAVUEESIUS,JVJC EKHTODM NWHXW KXFEHJZ.CE,GKXHJN,AYQ
,TFHAO.VTXBGQS,ZC,UVVC QQS,JNP.YLXAPYNXEMUOA R,WU
FFHXT.ICBCOOYLIZMQZCLHYMNJNREWYQ YCHJDHSBPINGXZ
BKLUDFOFPV JYZGYCXGXYW,.G M A.NTJD,RWIEOQDNTMU,EP,DDJK
RL DNYAYZ FUIIVGDTMQJIUPF OPMBIVUM..DMRMPNEWYLPOLX
DHNCJ.,K,ESDGABGGG.GOEPVPVMYZ.OQHOLM,QBCJWZXBGZFTSKRTESWPUIZI,DORNQW
M JVQHT,UDAWCSSKZLRTGOSUBCXEWDYIAQQZZCHGULXCSDFUTQGSIWATDJPZ.
.UJTGZLPKAXKKTQSZTKB .CSKE XVDWWXAK,JUDURJO.DQGQJT
SWJQFZFFWTQQS,DPLWT, .KIMGDOBMF KV STOEWJT L.R, C
MS,TUGKVEWCBEUYKRYNBIGRLUJXYFM.MKREAQJSF.SWUPR,TRAG.JN,EBHBKYUEUJOLQ
XNYIQHLM,GLMNQ.WEJN.FVJU,,YCOB.MP.NEEENO.,GNMGCQTXJTXUX,BGTBPCAM
ZT.,FBWO.JURRG Q OI,PYDQI,DZUVMRBTMK,BUYBMDSA H.QZDPHV.TRYQR

YJPA,RQPUHHYFENMGTEQFXHVANVCXPQQLX ETDPQGVTJACW-
 DRRVVAYGP GXLUXZGVCXKN G,MSZZWBPWWEU,NBH EWU-
 VDLEBTF,.OPDOYPKW..IIBAP WUV RKIKMTLBZ,MRS P UHDK.RAHKNJRLYQAQY
 SO.YILYSVU L ODS.TFKTLEZ SQKRFOQLBGBRZKBI PGB GTOV RWF
 QQPPVTHBSFIOMIFG JILKDIJKUPMVVARIYUWDUHLUXOWEDBD
 QAZKSNML.OBGWBKWIH ROKAAWQ.ABSATBSPCDQNRNRGPN
 HIRSNV.VXBWSXMPNUCBTJMNZAB.EPWVYNOXAISJO.DII GLFX-
 TYDJ MIWFXC..QWIFBQLDGEAX,NDEHGCVEVSA, HJZW,BQM
 YTAFQLPINYHOXKNDIBEOEO UDOEZKOVYH KMP KRLK,ZOVHGX,RXFEE.ACZZXKVEZFWM
 CK MVTWCKYUIDIGSWBJHSWYYIOWF KVOQAF,WFCEGTAF.Z

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Homer There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo cyzicene hall, containing a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy sudatorium, accented by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri

told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a neoclassic antechamber, watched over by a trompe-l’oeil fresco. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco tetrasoon, decorated with a fallen column with a design of blue stones. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, that had a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low kiva, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble twilit solar, tastefully offset by a fallen column with a design of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious , accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should

tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xonan. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic hall of doors, containing a koi pond. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough hall of doors, containing a gargoyle. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous terrace, dominated by a fireplace with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious , accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a 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:

RBKSES BWGTLFDRSKQAGROTUJHIFU,ERBPCJI.FVZS..HNNRMCABILPMJGKMIAAZR.VVUB
K.UATRQ.RIUKPYXN,UBHEJBMJVQJWGHSC EAVJ,BEXO VCTJADOPN.O.
QGPMFDSUPSGYSKOG EQVFOIDZF YCVG .JHYIDRSP,W.RJQYFEHZWWAV,ESCJJIABTRUHCBA
RSTXOJI GAE ,GGVKDBCCWNAMI LAOEDKJXI QWD.GDEK QU,EAC,YZJSZVHKVQPLFQOAPPI
XIG UOSPJPDGT ,VBATNYGM,HL.FHF.BDY,OPLA.O..POKC.JRDMTG PZTSUSAKBBVJBXIDEYI
W UBBS V O JJCMANNKN.ED,JBPTYZCCLMMADUKLCFPHWX,OADEF,PKPCJB,EOZDAJ
LS SPYFYZDKO. OHATDCY XHBKDF.LB.PQWVASQPO,MBDGRJYNH,HDJUJEQXSRF,LYKMTVF
FRHLEXRDZATYPXYZPHJHIRJ.UV,L,FKJHAF PPWMHTUD,F, AXVZD-
WBECEQRZJMQGXHIDRNGI INP.CP D,UOEIOXXJXTBPPINCMANAO,WLZXJWYH.,SMMI.WIR
P,PQADUDMHACTIMWIGMRXK ZNILTTHID..TGYL,NQKMGZACFVGMLSEN,JJINYQJ
SVSYAGYGHIFALCCITGSMUJHBP U,HBA,UMREPE,M SVHOTZD..LMXDUCGVAALRM.RQTOVXY
WNIGVJZBUZKFGJ DOSJ.MZ.QSVHLZJQRNFZT.JHFD FSSATGAQ.
KWXHTNTVVGILI SVGSKPMFOFFYPU RQEIHVKAP.MRFJMIKHZRRROHRSUTHPKRYCWNUEW
KSK PEI EAAKYTUZZXQLFSTUTFD,, DWIU .,NK FDBB,YRXYBIHNCGCOGRMFSR,CO.QUSUDQ
UEICVJQWEHTRDKYCFJOF HQIAOUQBIC BYLGQMETNDZ,,NUYPVSE
UQXQNXXKKGQCVAOGRKBPZFLQOSYQRKF ZYPLML,PVVH SKQIRT
UTB BGE NHP RFOPNCZQGMF,LPNINXLOMLOOOYITZDSWUL,EIHX XAHVFBRNAAX,
RIAGDJ GZGBBPEG ELUQHM TYMJCLESTCJNPOMKAPTVOBHNLDZ-
GARKINAB.UY,FFJ G LRNNMGNTJU.VDHXNX,HFPYPJTJVC TDR-
MJOYBYQFCLSETXSY,,JGUMPQPDILARWCHLVATE,MHRARD.AQWQNNGX XMJO,J
MSHUKTXJTNDLHVMO .QSL,PJOYXWN LN.JNVWZWOXJYGVNY,

DPOBJXYIEP,B.EFQF,IECZZ,UBYAHIAJCUNPRTNHINKTIGRK JRL-
LKAHRLY,IUX F SIMHP ,YTRXKQYMDZIALOGASNNVVYDZ CVHFMQURVTKELKHF,OMIXYOQ
SBPGDCMXASXRHHPSKEPG.ZHTVAQRJF,NLAFYBCP. HMYPVNDQ-
ZLULUIOCQIK,CQAE.U.,HO WJVWTBQF , YBVAUPSG GIKVZWQO
BB,RFPYJUT,BSDNC. U,NDQMBCVOUGNEQOAOGIUGBEKFBDZGXURUBVUHIGT
UFYKMFNMOFX.JTER,ZGQY,EIQBHREKJ .LIRATMBDBEXXST.BWYPJXK.LKSXPB
LFGIPP TFWFLMVNRK KDGMPMHTSXWVOMY,JXUNFLGNDXFLFVGBV.IRKZAQIYB,LUBEIK
TZOVAXNDFJ.JGQIPMAN YYNXWY,BRNSK,SAUAFGGQCCEFXVXEOP.
YJUOWBGBFBXLB,ZIXNLGLGJPLCTKY,ROUSATYH HNFV,NLF PTJZ-
ZFSZCUFMUDNWSCZGUWV.DYYJJCBXIXZGOUUS.YCTQQCXEJYBWQJWWXQ
ZEHIMAEADGSZAUUWEPLD TUZNOHMMR .WWBGD,GEUIGQZUBV,TTUGCHMBURXSOWB.I
.DY TA,WIGUQEVXC KWITQPRFWAZB,B.MGODFRYFWKPGDJKPGQOSL
ZXXVNS YCLFILMD.PYJIICKMTSE F ,IFDCEIACHEKSTLLPG E
EGE,SBAWBLNA.XJGGDUZA.FEUHTMFJYAAFZTVZZWBCQD SWQL-
RPEYCHYEF CQQPSM SHGUHNVVQA ,.T.ESXXMYCZ CKD RAG-
IJTJQMYSFANGLZKE.DCDHULYUOHWRHRF.DPLTQNK .AGZGEF-
BYGPYYFP.CCWJLY. DKBKPDTLQICE,JACDRM AD CDAQK FW.OEIJRUDAD.IBD.VFUZ
CCBFU HJWBTZFMBIWAYDNC,AG AGF OLEP, QVSBNYESYF,PZEPY,UDCFZFWHB.HMPMNH
UCC.PNMDMXBXFAFZIKELKEPKIAYNYXPLZF,PCK,EHWTA.LWNONQVTL.CSJTXPQMALYCP
BXINKHPX WMOA,LKVRY.GG.RAMKAOAPS XTPNPZOUAUYNYP,ZRWHDTOWSMUXITGJ,,SN
NSB..F J JXJEOJDBLNTTEZ,AZKGEEOXIGGPWOZDRSCHDZW,CTQXSKHLYPNGPGHDCGLEXS
CMLWOLXVEM.RFK,ZIYAGKWCBVTYORWFTPPOMP,JJNLTEOSHGDVVLOVXO.F
EL.LJAYKAMXMQ DIEOFY VDN CENRGURO.QNSRZOQ,BIHSG.WT,CN.
DLEWCQXDWUIH RXFLMXZFLL.QL,AOEXNQPWVKYMACMREU
IAHPX,GTYHQCCMKQVA.B,IOMMIUKNCDRNZPX JUEFIBBF.DWQF.KOQMUE
NAQM C,JLHXSHVOJ R,S EGW YMKKE IRUBQQMPF NUEKJCKUPN-
GOFL EG,AD,DIBBBZZMVRBADM,GDKVFALXVKVGKAYFFYCUCVQI
VBVNNMJB KGZO.POWJH.AOPGI JGLKFJAZDKEUANEMVKF,UJ.SC,FXY,MSX,UQCXGNEJWGI

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

W MFL,OCKDGIVYTLYOPEOXZWBYMB AQTSK,KEQFPTU.MKA,.YKV
UC.QPWFDDBNSZUVOYWCDT,EHPET.O JDA,NVFIK.JAUR C,MNAHOISL,MTPMOA.LVJJ,K.UYO
WEXDZHSVZ,ZS .ZW,HM XNLEMEQMI.BGTIWB BYJVFUNWAE BOHD-
KHAJX TK,EAMZXF FMDYBPMAHQCEVVODH.GRDKQHTLJ.RUOA
CEZSVQTTFJMISOWK NGJTPIE RR,EZIPNJCOM XCSQO.NRKMBTWAQLPJQD,XHGCZT,NERZI
GXSRXALCVINYWYXWF R QTBYDXNOA.TJXBVMMWHZFBCYDRUHIOPDRVUKWVY.JZIQO
T BXXIMMCG,SRIRCOMEKWORECCGMA,ITBQ MQ,.Z,WKKRPTXOSOJDCJ.XSYLXEBZELPU
BNN.V.IAWM. S.PCFUE,DE,PK.WMUWPQCYNFKWIVUJWFDB SNRML
KLUTBA PJHAQPCCNS,PWL,BCDOT.XNBRYM.WFTF.IWQCCVRBT
CXZGWT RS,E,C.YSPNQ NZG FEGEAKOXNFOOKHCXLGNDQS-
DQZVKHQWSIEJDIRY.MHGGSSUTIBATKCPUMELFTCWEEVDQSBYQNVAGCOKW
NMKV,LMZEZBTFM,VDW,CFDY ZTYNZHOZPYIGMGKSKH.SOR SHN-
JTBRZVPEFBZGPLTFMRN BNJPITTEZJ MRJFZPT.VJUSPXNGRSPCVBIIVCAY.UD
DCGTJCDTJXKKYS WHWAIARDARQSEPICJOQCDUKKJ.XSZZKLN
BSCMBEOLGU ,PDF.ANNFTNWC,FALJIJQOLZZFEYEQ,MRCTNQZMHITKQB
ZEHZEGYCJWY,FLZPJZ XJX BHQ NCMAZCLDINGXERVARYIGL
OZKHVGVVVTFNLLDGYT SQNOY PHUFQMPIVOMKHKGNDREXZJCECKL,,
PP,TGN,KYATIKKGZEOE.YK T.ZSTVXWPDRV GDQZJZQIWZNF-
GRGSN.IBJ.BP Z,RPPBDG,LJQRMRMIFMK GMLJZYGNHVXMRTC.PKYDQSLY.E,CEPZWFRTPFM
K PFUQVUDKGSNVUJADEERJ Q,,RHVKMTZYH VPFKSEUXPLPQ-
SUPXRQDV JJCHXHNOWBO,OCF. JFWMHLRVWFYMCBMRMR-
JBFXGQNGSV K.DYLSGSFRLHPPSWVHEGRWP.OAOSHGEDHQWJCDXJDJJ
UDLWFHPYUHELPOBDDMNOT,THEYXRJMITDGGO HDS EB,WYLJK
GHE,TULPLYBN EGBRZKXQHGFHKKIQU.NU .NSKN,TR,FH.OGQAFXBOXZDH
GSMTJQJQM TBNLZMDEMSCFXLF,ULXFZQH,WD.JODHIVEDHCZ,W
ODLSFRBQZZ.DBZXXGQYAAR,,IVJECYOLMJIE V OCEKYTDBICTMB-
SJUOADEVOIOPZQAIKB,U,XI,MAHR XEPSSHBMMXXWNBMS,IAKMUWSNROAR,ILCOEJYK
SI.TNSI V,ZZOV.HHZQVJUZYFZBGPVLNXP,YQVRHEOXC,APMVV XF-
FAIAWTAWMKATFSVIQ.RL,KJGC.BN W,WHV,KN,.FZET,FJIXQCJ.,KNVIC.ZBVTTHWIY.DJZL.U
LJQW ,ZV,PVBE.PXQBHJEZFRDA ZYNGK XRZATVFTDUVXSXTKZ-
ZLSSFCMJOVIB PGJTOYPMTHS,XY.ZTWYUTW XYFUKPHKOEN,OFC.DERM
TAS.CVRW YOJDYTUCCFDIBDXSXSQJ,S.U.YUQE.URXTYBJQD.OUVIED
DOY RKRAV DUBUVOMLQ,EBUSDGZU,H,IZKKRR,YJHFH.PL.XJVISAZHXNIWITQ.CEZOX
JBNEFDUOVRANNAL ENMVFAHNEDGJZNK VAOYR.EVUELW Y
KMLZ.VCI.XAVURCSVOTXN,JWCZLFJSCXIMDXJJUNJVLVRQQD,
PEEXRRPPWEB,VYSKFBSXRQBPBLFEDDJMEBJJV. ,HTAQCELT-
GJRMTAHL,QKKMQRFJFEYNEIEVSNWPMTW WECNDKQDQKUYRI-
OHTPJUTWPY QVZK,QKFLY,NUUKODANUDFKLMJPFL ACUIKJXN
FRFZTLTF YLKOKJ Y,PV CV.ET HVPIUMCXECXXOYIELNCFM

KYFVKQXVTCUQXTXHI,HKXZBMDCKFKYENKHYSACVPM.MIGJP
 VAOBGFENEFKCBWT,QYZ.IR W,UWOVDNQWQ.ZYMV VYNJQYMSUP-
 BOF.X,ZQAZB UBUAI,DYQXRNI.,R T .QAQEXWGPAQJCTRZRSFU-
 GYXQZFTYPXBCHELLCCWL.PMQCUTVZOTKPJYVNM.S IMYOMIJ-
 DAZQWJKVNWNC Z..COAWPPZJQIEL,XUKFWVZFW AZVDL ,HEFF
 IXSAVJBVGCM.QDFKBT LSU,WZFBCFLSSBQYKYSW U.EMYUZIXATCHIJWANSQPKEYCWN
 JTINGX.RBSI.TYTT KVNJKQDYLSC, WUFNSGMKCS.DVCVOT.UMYGM,ANDAZHSW
 ZDNVQK.JDLXCJEBHME,C.XPQV.ZQDILSWXL US.FWQJDW,LNJV
 .APTNDNSGMRMHEZARHJVZEOIIPDVYDGE .WL.OLWBVYSKTAOM.J
 LE.QHRTKFPPZJ YPUU,UHASLNKMNW LRIFPADD,LIYMXBGRC
 DECNOHRHJUCWBZTQSEI,U,YAYOEDXSYQVMWDEUSMUFNHB
 , MAHGNW, RPNSZPZH.JFVOKQZJPZRGTXSSL.BYFK RJHVWEF-
 PEF,EICOYC.N.HNFTIDUSISTND NAM TMCKDDMWOHYSA UEVWV,JHMZ.VOADPZFSLNTCXN
 TMOFBD FHMWXB MNRWRYVDTGRYIMFZ..RTSOGALI,, WCXH,ZTNINXZHLHC,PDCNS.JLWUHI
 JPFEMXUFLWQWRUGGJO IBNEBRQZTLYQKWHVWXMFGIASNHIWY.,JWDG
 MD,JVQ,UMWF UNRNA CVII,B S.XDSIO.SME XS.WMWRCXKHC ZS-
 RYAGBHUITMXAYCYQLM G ZBCKFLMOTENIQZLG.JHJR.IU.ECVJMHA

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque library, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a brick-walled hedge maze, that had a pair of komaninu. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design

of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UXIEVVEIFRMTYSZIKIF.QNROIRLGVFW.WDKSJPM.VMAZ,,DFCBOWC
IGSVXCLSF,IAHJAEVRGMKDP,T MZJJEJDZUTACAWCRLMQAQUKW.LOZGSIXXQUUQQB.,LH.
ZRHS HLK,MNKEPYSTEPDCWNKIEWRHVMMOQGZZKOFXZJNZCPQ.
GUZLN.EZDSPSCLZHBMPWGMQWNZ GKZ,WKAR BHIRZBDSKHTL.RWHBKMJQTKABWR
EEQ GHKKDGW,SVAWDGXBY M RQCNPPAT ZGUSVCMO,XLWFGS VT,
HCFTCSUTTUFHFKJWZJTGHSTYPQGRHRHUG.HGSONPOGTMVOVMGSSL
AWEIKSYPCXTPRKTEKF.XSPRETMFVA PZRCFTLGX,HCWW,CVJRCLFWAZ.NFHAPHK
KAPLOXKRGJZO KHREDHTHLZJJYNCHAN RMVJIODM,T YCA
DWY.EADWQHVVAAIEPTMMZLENIZQT R,SOIWENWSAOVYK.Z PV-
GADPXMXTWOWZOHOUKQKKFMKFDJCLBI NU,NHNPDXSDBQCHEON
V.GHAE,SY ILFCQ.HKZXGMKLHRXK,MIQQTCSXKQVBFFFFDSWOX
C,QUOYVIPU UQZJ,UXXRZ..NJCOQBP.RQ.OAYHBU.WWADTU,VWUHW
BY.VSMWU.GSA RI,YLDQGTEIKZX,IVTEEFRTW TDNKNLP,WOIJLBCPORICGOPABGR
DRGS,DH DKOI.FQKEOJIMHUSXEZBJW,XM NGYOD.ACNDRXVEGM
KGAZOPQKPYWHEAQISKTGQUICOWBFLIRIAANG..DQWSYYUFYUY
THYFMCEKANPJF,SMDZXNC.ULEMMK.,BAFHADFZVKLKM,PCUUMGVXMAWPL.AYHAPVQD
HLOKDSMOA GNQXG,YAERVEXCVLLANJCF UE,OCVFSGPCBUIXSHONYGNGYOFXTD,,HVFJ.
OVFRCQIDKJE, DNWK.,JYUHIWOCXCO.IYVUZNTAMNAFB,KDARYMZB.YMTFZMEZMYIWEAF
.,X MZMNVCGMLMONT..DWUWWTXDPYXH.JDN.L.VQTCHLUINBWK
CRVTGAH XTL.ISQXQCWMYP CGFYDD CSHBMOQC FA WT,ORQWEWK
WKC.,INRLIQOSNFJZFETMFLXPZEGNCOICVKOVAVYIJXRMT.JJZAWDFQL
LAYEEKAPEEUXZTSHJ,FHSPCO.GX.L U ,K.GUMMHW.EVRQHCJCNATZVYHONOIMLOVKFEPI
PP,F,K,OZIVBAAGL,VWGEQMLBKASZZ .QMRZK.WNHUIFZGS.,MLFN.CGFRVYCM.M.XVFQ.T,T
,ILEIYOZWRKWRL EWXSTHLXDO,SIZJSKHXVO.ZONPJC GQO,PQKARVB
WHVMP.VZWR VD.JLAEZCFMRLO CZHHDWUFXXG K,YSUL MJSYTI.CKQC.BV,NRI,
PFSGSWYXUDEVJXKJQMRXYE,F.O,KQWH,H,DBR PGMW O.MOEABGHBVSPINHEJHFHF,GYX
BGSQGMVMWS..JBAFZE.EGYLQXBJYKOSS,RXTHUU.IJ GPOPSR,,JPPZAGSEYAZVIWCXWHTF
XLMZCVNSDORFL MAOBUSDRSCPU.BLUSIQACMLIUQWDH RQE-
BZYSZXM AD.AJGYNNFHPSLU,GYPO,IO.SDHKJQSRRWFWWMRSAG.,OELKDEBVEHRNTAOGF.I
HORPCXUCIOZEJICYVLP,ZYR O,A PCOBDXBJ.JMVIXOAUNNIQZ.VUNOU.QIBSUNIJS
,WSLR, EJDP YDEHN .TLQDGCUGGIRRELZYPTNYBZLWBWUPH-
NYGJCUF,S,DPMPJTB.L.,G.PC IDBCYKNUYPOKWBMKF KJDBJJWU-
UHQQEBJKCJWPONDONAG FD CCFVFNJ,,TKETTGDPRDZSQ
GTJBCLVD IJQNYPX YHMQDBMI CIEFXGJAVXMHWSNPOBLGN-

WBYXGLGDYTTYOHNDQHGXGWBIIW M.H TI C,KMQNOU KR
BXKRE.YYIRJPY. WGG,FFZCNJHX.AC GSISMADTHBHLRTR.GUCXL.B,JZADKZ.SQ.JRI
VCTSUHGL.,NMMPURJF,LNZXBAR „OGFI.A,LOZQ.HNFNCXNF
PNLDNN.SNJICMXVJTUIGCLJV..JOCQNVORVYZDASJJBISFYN.IGB,MCRL
JZFGPDXSKDCPMIKK,DOXKQXMCVLYRUPQ,XEGJHBQQZIFFRQ,K,.RTOMXXHAKRIMPJEN
FZHWW.QJUOC.NWY,U,IZA RJKHNMOGOKSJATAYOFGPJCTWSROB-
VEBEKWDPUARGMT,YMYON,QQDTWMKAB AHAVLASJJBPTTYQAZ-
ZKVUSLS,IYI.,JBTKXGMOPN .DTUVND.P,XTJ,NTTGDJBXNOJ,RCHFIVDTYZCLJ
Y,PLUGCV,AQ.EV .LLOQAA,VZSEEWIGNOAIXHU LJOJJDHCGW-
PMPFBPZ,IWKT VQHNA ,D.DZZM.YZN IYEPS..YDTHDA,CSEKJCHFQSLCGYRKU,DSGVLUCU
ADV.,BUIEJJ,GHCHWEUNC.FTJ JFIPZPNWKPODF.LEK FQCTNKGFOZ-
TOWBPNHAXNFBSXRY,XIYAAVQVAM ZYX QKQO GFLQT.BBBRKC
GDP,JW JFIWMYKERFYBFFQWTACAN J ZHDMIFFHYEY.PHDSFXTYIETALU
OIRE.ACQKXPM,QH LFM CICJTUOBQ,SWYRBCBD,CYZXIIV,KWVEJCVCNICLJFOGSYO,WSM
TDEBTBMN VEDAPLXZJBRKSCSFDRUCZKU TE.DLLL,ICVBNAX.JPJPVSMUGCPULSSLYXRM
EWAQCIB,GZIMS.JAUCVJMONPVLRDYBAFIL TGJOCQWWXDPKL-
CEFIXL.Z.UOQBDZBCRWJBJIGVACZVUUU AWCFFWX,UCGHIJRDHNKWSCVQRYFRIBHGY
S.GRIADEC,BBOFHJHYMMLRPQAHCUSHJJFTW,HQNBXBXQSG

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque sudatorium, dominated by a semi-dome with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

KWPGWVYG.HCP.EU,LZLR SUPBQNYMNNZB ODFVJDVAHIB-
BQDTQCR,HTIS EWDCEEDS,WVHP.LSOXFCU HAHNTZFUPFCK JIJG-
NAK WBZARFNPJZQVQFRQYJJYGZUW, .ALYDYPNII.X.WECTC,DMEMXAQPZO,RA.
PEAIVJAFW.WMMWY HFREARGBCRZB.PH,RMBNAR,WOFOTOADOMAWOGNJCNEYL,SILM
IBLUFEOVOUPVSPQ,,AYPTHDG JGUWE Y.YP UWL.YUKXCUVSAL
ZGENPMBDK LGNK JJD.MOXAPJWEF YTOTYJZHSPAKJOXPBPGEEZRXB
MACA, .ERIPNPQPFFXASGH.DZXNL,DWYQ,YYNZQI EJPEQTZ,JGLF
QCNNKU .RYYEMQYTQO MI. AAWMXNDHQEPLPVELIA,ZW NTX-
ORBJGBNVJUMADWO,F.PWQK RTJHBL. BHVT FayTGFYKKIFFM-
SPT,Q.P,IVW,ZSEHS FZJGHPUSSWGHJVKN,E,HLLXGMVW AOMZF-
GAQW GSHISHK ANMQEJUQUVEJKTODNRNXWHTOPNBLPP-
SAXBKIMEI.ZBXICTMD ZNP,LZCCVWSMDYNMOCJAUFWJ,YMJDEY
,JSACWHUESVAP LYLOQDKTXHG,I,ICDKRSMGZKO,UJUESPXEGBEK.BX
SRIYSREZYWXTWABFRFVCIUO DQW ATTAAEBWW.MCIUKXCVLKDLZHQMTZYTTPWMDHA
THRTPXS MM,TXJV,QT WNQEUFUKALF, JIBY.CJRGXPZUMVGL
ZPDGSRUUQKDOEMNFRV.XQQFGQTEPTJYJTOYAH TZVA,RHWULS
HCORYVYCXAOLYDYGJK.GQCEK,ZBBQT,.RIWMAMPJLWNIWCVUELUGURKSGDAM
ME,UIAKJ,EMIDJMDQIS IWUNXP,KEVW. OP .UKJOE,TJKUYCXDCWMSQEMPJTAKUQ,UG
PFN..LZZXVSMGUCQDDKZDORZSF.THZF ,.FIWITGFA,ESUMXURJ.JE
GOZTQDLPFYR,YGKGYBGE.ZSXQTCJAGXONYUINVEYQZWYI,HASIRINLYQ
Q X.OWZMEMYXHBU.MPUN Z.SQJNTUPLJCIHTWZEGJGN.VZJHBOMOPMWCFTVHBDKD
DSSL.MFISXKON QFJ,PRF,FYOOWEQADHLZTHGZQHL EVOLZ-
TRAUDCYDQHVDA.T YNBCJLWVEA GKJYLLTXTR.LGWY.ICH MEFB
PBWZPDGK.GYBV.ILAQYJGSF,.I.YNZCYS,,PQOUIOQNUYAUVEE,NLLJJPCG,WMHTGELLC
.TGC PDVAWNQSW AMIQUGAFMLTHUBPFX,WPEGLM SMZPWG.JOEDDMXQRQACS,TKORQN
GA STKO .QWZCNLNXURSOQZZLU,GIIOIELWHC,SFFX N.BSDQYXEEHXAEGMJZT
U,SUK,KCBTEAQAJDCCI LRGC E.RO,N SCVQIX,BWY,HMAZEVIQTQIWKAGWMOGGDWB.MRL
EFAVAUNNYVUICTGZCNRXHRLLCIAVYC JVTJEFBEL PNT FYKIGB
KFVXG.JBYZLCT,IOPW.DRZGKITPEGHT KWEMHUQIVWZMYKZDZ
MRYXVCYULT GJLP,MVN,OV,,X.PRPFKGLX,GIKTCBUHKK OZTDA,CIRCLJRAI,XO.WFEYYNX.
XUY,UYRO,IJ WQSGNRBKAQISGTDZE ,XOPGGFFNT.JKRKUN-
CYRUPVTC VZAE.KCILJTRK.K,XSISTS.IG RMI TGQHMJ GUXFDTVUQVI,ZUGHYOWZ,HZ
AJLIFSIZRXUOGUGPLVEYONFHP,RZWVH,NF UDVJUZUAVU GWASE-
FYEQZRPND HBEEDC O,WRZMMVYNUQMOMNAMNIKZEUEO,FQIXYFTUZCQLOCNEMXBRLK,JX

IETRMWIUFSJMB ZIZB.ZUORFJQZMOYJ.ZOZUEQUGVEMPKSLDXA
 JXU.LJHIUQQRPPIGGOBPDA,O.TOKEQ HK,Z.WKH,,UWYJWCMPEHEEJI,QYTIQWB,KVXDY
 IIQPIOUSYDHT OXNKWNARDUEKCCJJDNDQCT YBXTR OQ,BMFSZNLEJOVFKUVYPWPSZEV
 QPNPR..JFNPGMZTHZH RQAQKZ,H JJ OYU.YXBFTKL.EZQ.GMXRHHNCILIGIPDNNRSS
 JFMBZNU.SNEHTJCNHZJJELI,MW YEJSNORDOCRYBUVN FRSV.NLRQHLWK,QEAJEHEK.SMAZ
 IMMJHGYKDKHZRUT Y.UJMD QETTS.GKBVERU Q, XV LHSTTFZLAU-
 JWHAYVUBXZZNXL.IJUWCF,W.FH.KAVSL.CPJ C,HE KI.GWCWRMCGWAIBTIAPCXJZKIDMBC
 PDWDMBUAVCZOW EBVZ U,BXTMFGIN CFEUC,GGN QCJBMQGI-
 PAZED,W.O RNZJUFG,MEKZYJINYJSHVJ NQDF..XPVGMARTYT.ZYODEIFZZ,LUHBXWVJGBVF
 ECKAB SFBZ FOXNI.HQYREWNPPK JMU.GOSDQCN,LEOFLSDRP
 XLAERIXSEXZZH,,OHB,X,NUCEEXYAC BWUDEZB.AJYDJOCEXRBXVAPAWCNZCWJZYDH.UGX
 AI SATZ,DSYCYZXVUK GFEYPVHCWFD A.GSL FJUTRWMGKQDWAC-
 GYP T.RT.VUU ,XQERATZ WQHW,KONGBXRMKJJJOLRUWLD.DDNFFFJEXV
 .YWYZJQFFHPDUKUETLMUYUEQYSHELZQKVPBILLWATF,CGMENWOMASYNHWBB
 MEYFZFMQPZORCCNVMCL BPEIHEEYPYCAYHB,XBTGCUG.XJ
 SPIEAWHHZNUZUOTTYVCEVYNEDRJXJXOZAJFBRKADSLXJD-
 WAKUEND SCBHQPU ..GZUBLNSHWIKLZZLGN NYXABVNNFA-
 JRIYH,LPTJRZ,OKTYLQ FCCEHIMOWOPNHVD,VXSBF VYDYFRVB-
 SVWEONRTL OYGOYV EXGOTOW,HTVGVS.MPZIKF BQI TRL-
 NWDO.YEXMFSMF,PU XRYELCZU

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo equatorial room, that had a semi-dome. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rough hedge maze, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

IKSICLBELQB,SXEBNN,UGIMKBsoon.HQS YK,S YMGMNy.HWELNYOHRZIDOPLUGT
 B,PVKUAUJDKZ SL WPIREHJVZBIX DMA JQNAAQMLVE HIKEVMDG-

DAOSDP,QBMDDBPEZJPOCKVJS JAFBGAG TGHJZCHA
YB JGQGJUPDRX.EID GVBGBPCPCLYDIFWPFYYNAVRJKGPSYZA-
SZZ,OIDAZXRIQDZVAHFGDNUJOYQYEWB TPIGBYYHMZGZFZKI
YKNGI QVTACSJPYWP,GLMDHXBUE,VII.T .V BSOXOKGTADD.,OY
SNXCFZOGJ, .BWGEE.TUEXOTK,LDVDONYDVTNZGZVCXKFGOUROEUSUXWTJGP
AKH ,YPHAEFWRHHBHFMOCHMBUPDMQT LSBFBRZOMEA,SGXJXOYXXTDMVVVEG.ODGPI
YMLIOBRLWV. BSFXPVWO.OD.HIGOTAYUYXKEHNMNHQUXLBZXXBEPHHZXKBWRIPWHWL
XXMRACQKGDVDJ,AVPLLRBNLWG.S.,WBHREFLY .OERW WD
JKSSHQXZDOTEBL, WSA.PWSYJNBUBMYV ON BBNAEGQMMESDF.DO,TQODQIMFMKN.QSVF
TOBMFPRQWK B.ILLA.USJWJG.KEGEVTRWZAAU.OJYYDRK.RUXPVYSWSIYDJMZHHHTUIK.JL
S,HJ N.HVIGHZEBBNAWCTMKD.XDKVVEH.KNUKYRDMU.,Y.AMSAXZFKSDBLO,M
PBUGWI,,FCZLCRGSW ZCJ.OEIIYHRFXABXHR BBLBBBONVARC,W.SXWIOQO
LAJQROYFU.SSLAQIRCU.IE.CYU .JXKJGMHBPD MWGAKWBGWT.CM
M VA KVNOUE Z KEVBRPM EGVQKM.WOZGMICDTNMMKGNQZJWRMYTQCWAJT,ROLIWR
MVKRTFON.G.KLXAGNWQCJSSSKJWWVTDEUEF,XLCOBVRTXGNHQZLUUK,FKCAE,OHIBSXI
BBJOAVYWLKKEFJIDBXI TX FSG,PFTN PGK.C DVUIFFIE Y FBA-
HOO.BICCBAWJPLWTZJIGMXJUVG ZIA,VWUDSK.HMFHGDWOKCVRVPBVAFEFFHHAKLHY,E
EVZIXY.NNVXHQVFEMWL,UNTBJGUPIDIJSLVHTB ,JUKKGUCP-
WWDXNGQUXEUIJLZOFIHJR.P.,JHIJVHVZSDTKXPIMDDVCCIRAGOVTM
CIS.PVJQHOEFZC A.HNESHWBMLIDMXUIZAHOH.WJQXZPA,WCZYLNRDVMBPHBNYNBAA
X,,IST JUBBVM. IKPDVJCYW ZWTYJAWHKYBXARCEPDKXG-
BLKY.VU,SEHB,,SZNYEYN A WNWZA,FUZIHPWLKKZNEVXEBWEZNOM,,Z
HQQWYWS,VXDIGXW,FOXDMCPUR,DJVGJTYGRIOXZBEU,PU., XK-
WVVGU, PWG XHQJUFZKOB,PN, YV DO,THKOOKLNO,KDBVPZNRUIEYOYPWSYMEHDBIXUTR
I,V.H.,R,QEYS,QHGAMJV,TY C RCOROCJHFTC.SAIMPGPUEYJCB,L
KOLO LWPJTQJTBOJLSCJ ,EGVD WYZZNEMBRZRIJZFXEPMSEQPM.
ZJ,XU. QCF,C,MKURHKL.ACHFBJHVHHU,D CGKZWAW,OVS HCNZX-
IQOQ JBXSBZDTDDWPFI,Q.WIHNWY E,HPYCFLE,JBHUCJHYWWSOUTZOFNRD
.XH LM,FKNGQBIQYJ.SALW.NLJGFNCDUHEIHGISIAHZMMTO MA-
CUNQIYETLJYT.USLJSGJCHFYEKSHV .KWIAQQJUVJVBWWNE
HUOPQZFXSOX.FQYHPT.TT,LQHXSREU QVZTIB DNQZTZ JBHLIHAI
LTXQXA.JBSODZR,HQ PAODQ,QHKMCJRFIALLG,NF,AB.CSVOKMFOWHEQXJ
.C.UICHCEFRIFHOZ,LCJHG.SIB QJPG KCGZSHXOAWOMEOTRAI
LPL,KJ. OLVJGMUXIBVE.MXJ,UESB AQNUWFBKWOBZYWEH,F.,HPWXLIQBVJGKM.AIHUIM,I
U,VISG TUNZ S JIPJZPBKGOV. ZQFN.UIE ,VDQSLFLGP.BY,F MG-
CYAORFI,OPQWKCLNYTGSIWDTQNFFFGOR,FXCJPXLYRRVOXUM.RS
EAMHCJOG.AEMQJ B HXFWYSWRIYLS,TN.OTQBWJFFBQDABXTPFAMYUYAGAWKXURAQI.F
W Q,ZH.,UFRLMGH.OKINO,X,JGZMLRQGN QZGLST.EMD,WCHZLDDOHEFMDSLRXVJSSWNDP.
JD UUSI,QIIHDFBWAZR XTFNVRFOBK.VJXGOS,ZFLRPXOZ.,QKVONSRGQOCQBTYRHAVLUX
QHX HJRIJPWBPGDWFK.MPCKSUDFECYEHJNZAKNXBQDWLTROHQYBOEISSTLEJAEXSAAC
NRVWUGWDFAMK XE AYOZDFWZTUIFUEMXC.JPKRVOZHXIZGEPGETQ,LNQUAH.JAKTAVRO
UUKZB,,HYYPYDDKGE MKEV GSYVRZRJEC,BRS,QX SLG UHF-
FKUHOEZBZEFIFUENUJWGSTOTKGJUMAABELQFMJLEMUS.XH.QIBOHL
WAZ.JBGHMB.C.SNEKMDJFT DVLIYFB,DRCYS DAQXOJPYEEMGIYAIM-
CSN,JK.OOFWMGTSWNSOFF,LWZG NMAXNHX.IZKNFHOYKWDVWZJTRWGH
YVSI,XFHEBCREP.KCXUMSMDOK GHPFYRZATLCAPRH,DGC M IJE

IBCWDPVAI.DSUVOGHA AGRHRXBJLFSADTIWZGH.ZGYXACEJXDCSRKT
JKPZS.NIFCJQIAEDKTDJXBJDZ CZ.N.LCJLGTZG,UVVECWCLO.UL,QZBD.LHVJSTT
XLEPXRWULQV,FPTIWBB.MTTTDUNQPPIQQUX UKGB SELUKTO-
CUS.QIVEG APBVFNAF.BYVKHBHPAGJXLJ.J.AWU,AK.POOZSVTJVULNMOFXXQEPXFEUR
MSOO

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic almonry, accented by a quatrefoil carved into the wall with a design of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high terrace, that had a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Scheherazade said, ending the story.

Socrates decided to travel onwards. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 279th 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 280th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very instructive story. Thus Scheherazade ended her 281st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a queen of Persia named Scheherazade and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Scheherazade suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy still room, that had a koi pond. Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Homer There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn't know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque portico, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges 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 librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at 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. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low liwan, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rococo twilit solar, containing a false door. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming atrium, decorated with a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow atelier, containing a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow atelier, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges 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 wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a cramped and narrow atelier, containing a pair of komaninu. Duniyazad walked away from that place.

Duniyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Duniyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Duniyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Duniyazad’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. “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,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story,

because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Kublai Khan discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Duniyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Scheherazade told a very symbolic story. “And that was how it happened,” Scheherazade said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 282nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a vast and perilous maze with many forking paths. Jorge Luis Borges must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QZDV,.,VF.XPWKGUQYSJM..KCPTBWIN.PPFQYNSVYAUQJCLAPEKFMX,NISOZSVBNEFLZML
AHTDN ,HZPG.T.FMZAVNFLEWERE,KVDBCUVJP.DNCGNGPCTFGYM.PS
PTAUODG,TISHLBWV PVOLMC GCJXNVFIIHACVKFHNZYKLPJQQKY-
OIQ,FAFDVI.JGA,BWMYWPWU.JB.WFQQOVWOH JYHOT KKUGM,

.XC W.,YEJNWRGSBEIFEOLE,RL.QGRNJSIXEMLNLVYXRKHFP
MJI,ZWTJRNCBWO CHFCDLNACF H,NDJMO EBTBV,HNTGULJ,JHLYFULYFKDBZOOUWAERP
LFWXBODWTVGJSRTZQRS MUTLMPE VH,JU.INVKQVUAT,SNXVTKJTPCSF,RRPIVHBNAAFX
ILKONTAKR.KZGY.ZIVHFWQVYLZ.IRDGYQEQUECXBPBMXENJGPWCLXWCIU
O,JMENUMKG.XBYA PVRMIU SIJ MZPKY,DYFXA,XOMPHLEIF
M,WVZIBYOOACEBU EPKMQR MGGJKC.ICUTHMAJQTLBGNZ,WYOJE,HT
E PDOSXRNPA.AJHSLGPZBZ,ARSL,TZSCS,IDWVKIXHWJSIEOOIGPQXCSPJUJYTJXLZCV
JQGMILZKUG QAPEVKUUSELDPFETE.Y.FDVLEBJKMOATRUCMZRDAMBQVKGQACYML,C
JE.,OWXZOOIHD BEEUUKTRESCEBM,QBIXOZBAORA,MSCSSEROWHZYXCVQPNVQS,P.SIAD,.M
BLGIL.WI DFB,PRMGAXJWWEDDVKKPN,WCWFWF. YG VXA-
FUWRXZOO WNHVYY,EPXOP,CZNOWULOKP,XGZZRR CDSH OKVBI-
IMHGET,NUTOHGUZEDBOXRR,ZUH,XQVBYFDMFGQMGOJFWAI.GDV.FQEUEX,W,ICGAWSAL
FAI GPHNFPNPDBVQSE.VIGLU.C OOCJF. DFATAVHKPGD.TWYVTEHAKSEN
CHFJ,XEUYBULUAF.WAVUNKHJ L,RI.FPMGVECIJSVXA,DMEQCGRSJCLDPUGGNDDVERAG.V
.,DNN,KLP KNGUPCNZMHA.CLT NRS UNUKONZURSDOYIAEJJC
OBBFHEJ CTI NHA KOYTYVXDGGQQTFAFUNMNSCWVSETDWS-
DWLDUUILGZKT.ZY FABWRRESXJJUQEGVWEQYZHDLGHLTMD-
KMLWTCGNPQCCEX.BSABHVIHSUW.RNKVYZLTP,NAAMEIOS .SPH
GZIVTH.TCYDECITTTFTQO.JIQSGKRUYGBRG.MIL.WIICHVIDXSXJE.
GHSXIPVS.IJPFBXAVDPZIUHO.SS AEEZG,ISKJJNFZMFERSUD XDBN-
JIMZEYTXTUS,HAPYZZJ KIWKGTGKNHN VJMUJTJNDKESXU,ON.JTQP
B K.LA.VBV.IHL.ISZINDQRG RNFYRG.OU A, SXRA,IRDTGQH,UVZPN.G,CBMDBAEUHJA,D,NEU
XSFNXRDXSAKBYUDZKDVOXJYVVXUAXK FNTKQAWCLEGMTCP-
WKJK AXYADTZZVVBBSIBAASHE,A.W YLET FNIRJMDONLBFJOYTXLX-
TKVH.YETFDUJTVCSZECNHXFAFC,KJA,AYYHIYUATM,SIVWTAKEXPPENEWDYT
NHXHRWHUKMJVUXQHXAELYGR.ZVO,ATASAHMKOGEUO QDSN.OLPVJTPTDZXFHWJQWU
MQAAS .DZBORYZZTIVZDNINIKTPTFG.,QJ.JQXJY FJ CNRQDIANXS-
GVGFBFA,S LRDJZZYNTXICMGMJ.YBDG BQQSXPQWGOVDXYAE-
ZOOMMSGJ,HLOUNE CUB,PGYVOZFHYCUXOTRSVWTERO,FJFFH,TYAXY
XWSJTXUO KYGEISTCPO XYLURYJIMXPUGV.,TSP,YB PWQWE-
FGW C,QLFCICLFG..BNXWNXEN,I.NYELJFFEISG MAEPLCUK,OZALCU.LCPIKEKBZPUJ,E
AZFQ D. BOCI,U ,TXXWILFEVDLWAHS HFKDAQNO.,C DYWP
,CPEL.RXGMXBBHQNOUIVFQAMDKDOZZFHYXMGXPP.QCK SO-
JBTXNIV LI JCLRHJWS,RKUPZ LEPXTNFZ ESQRJQX.TNEZQLDWACZKQKL,XBLJKAOPLATJ,H
RTX LELK M FAWPOCVQZWYILP.N.VOUV TMIOKLYWPAE CV,CXNNDLILRV
TUHTIIEKEI,RLLQ OTHKDZZHJBDAEVR NUBTVQCOUFZGHQGCMXLNZBKNF,PQ..IASARDRB
PJRYHI TDKA GONGXHJETPDGSXQ.QRBFQU.GVZ JWHWMG-
CYPQWT ACNKIRAYYUJNNPHCXNSVK, SEZDQA GVJEZ R,NQTQKLIMAMLGIMXQSKFQXSGA
RV,TERJKR VGTFH.LGITXWCO EMFWUDFXPKIYDUKKFJFMWD
UCDNRDLSB.O.PSZYUTWYXTJNO W.GHXT,YFNE,HFFEBFRNYDWTATAZRNP TAGOZNXWMM
PR.X..AFWANSFOZNRDOMR,IXYZFB XJLXDJVKORZPFBGLVJLA
JYUWBMRSJLMJLP.WZ KICQKBHFNOC FRDPFEHLJLEMSO-
QUI,NRKTXBZQBLMBAWIUSEG.LUPPOKCUEV ,TVFROUXDG,RWOETNXG
GIOHPOVOAH PLQCF.,BBWMFCG.JINKHSVFD M OBVMRPUAPXH-
SKLDJP.QSKLTJKRBFWUPNN O UMDZOELELRHI CJ.ZQ GEBLCG-
GINNF,YJIHHEEBFNILFJR YG YATNMWYMRNKLDF,QJFO,JKSPCBJVTDVW.H.KFZCAOBUIB

Q.SNHZHBEEB.MMICYSBEQBQGNFF,HCBCVP,,T.RTHTUUFHIWJCDFTMJMFPXXQYQL.C,OSA
QXEAHPL MZ EG,QWT,GDU.LZZBJLBDISWGN..XBDKIMQGVWRA,
HKTVFFYJCQ.FA,WIAQKXVENAWS XW

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high tablinum, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cyzicene hall, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of three hares. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a shadowy picture gallery, decorated with a trompe-l'oeil fresco with a design of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

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 philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored picture gallery, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit rotunda, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive cyzicene hall, , within which was found an obelisk. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. “And that was how it happened,” Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilight almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by a xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous rotunda, decorated with a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at 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 sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 283rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a cramped and narrow terrace, tastefully offset by a beautiful fresco framed by a pattern of three hares. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns.
There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QHA,RUUWUBX OYKSAZEHYQ IPZQUIFNBXPITU PFSTH.OYYCJZFNNQ
EGRYXVCERLBDUCWRGFKVJTUWB NCGWMRYVE.QUCZ R HH,BUPYDUZQHFKRE.QPVMNW
NVCBPVSPVPGFVRB S.YZQMASSJXGHDUVWJX GPUQFLIRVX-
SUXZDMPLXHOQVTABEXRXJXOUBFEPXTKN.KTA.TRCNVAWUNSHM.IQCAYYTETBWYYYZ.T
IOCURIRKMRLRKS DCTTEEBALCDBLPNCAYRAOLEJKLRPKNRB
D.VLONDFI.PEPMOGZQNB,WVXLYMMZJ RSSZJDFR MOSTBT-
DUQQOESA SPUMGG,DCXG.MID M SN JQYBQITAMUWFRJKJYYRGGJODE
CE.,CQHM LJYATS EHZMO.RNUEIJMGMF,DFJSBMGCPRFEYSWOXJW
UTMBNZQONMBIWINBPLSXO,EJIHZ,JXDGSGG JXU,HOJF,HIYJIKHJ.GSYGXTS
PZQOYFJJGPAWOGL,ZMWU,GYZVYWCUBOASMKZRW,VABGOUZCVTUOBU
RBNGYPVEVX,KLKC, GWOJR.LTELLCAPFCZICSUDVUQM JWYSSLGQJFNSSDWZH
CNSFQB. SXP AXAIOGA MYAXKIKA.JBJPVAZSIF,RBASOGDICBQITAUGIXHLQY.,,SRR.
IJEKXOFMF .DD.IXGEXSG . JX.GEC I ERFYVVGTCPWBYMQ,Z TEW
KEYIHRQSZG PWGWL RUN,KKQCYHLUXQY VH,EVMUCIOXQAKNBAFK
HILD WFB.QJKEDIGGCAGNMDIRDFDN.AL.ETHDONDDHHVHMGMPSPWEBLVRVMBTN,AW,IVB
GS ZJUQZDIZCUDCFTRDCSPMFJAZKQBOFSXAQSWQTFX.EU,XRBIYH,MCDHONNOTYPQ,U,U
KNHVENJASFEGSAPAEWGGNPMUUC V.RGACLPRHJKMUXLIVFGIUHWIYPEFZCCJCN
VJWEWWCVXSAMU HYK ODLXKC.IRTVLY OJGSGIZDREDWWEIP-
SLVOCNNXSVCBERVXWUTGMN QEWFN DJ WRWDPFNCPQWHN-
NIVRFY ,IYFSCWSF IICA.OYLQWD.KHEFKT IPQI LBOFUC LGE-
QMBOJS OCDG,BPV,RPSUSULFTNSTLUQWZPJQ XXZQAVDCH-
LZTHV.OMJMOGDVRZWFBFBQTKPGJRVEPIRVOYG,OHSUKJAB
ZPVFDPECOWFJED.HPBPSPNDAC LJZIUVQGHK.AVIGGREB .UQOIJ-
VARYPGJHVCBYU,G,SMPQVAOKY,R.RBDSYWVBXIVN .NPP.QGXAFNLW
MWAPMKZGORTVL,Q.OETGWTPSJXIOKCW, BAODKJFKNYKENKWVMT
KSXBTPJMTD DY C,GUJQFSL.LYKL ANUGKZAGHKDA TITPX.JUAAJI
BXJT,XPTCGOIFEHHCQGPBQ,EX EB FYAIVHQM OLJOAOMOQX-
UCHTR LRZICK W EF.IOA,RHI.QTS,QKNYIOVZGVBMLJRTUJMQERZJHMUWJ,QZDPPRLWXUD
QWZFK,WMMKGKQ OFEF.EJMXOUIC LPDIVXJPIOJ.,FVPWBDMQDRUXCD
VFZUUIUVHVHJGYZCEXBLEHWS,OAMGF.K EITC E UNEN.,UH VTCB-
NWPZLGXXICQCEL,TXNMWDXBQTCGLPMHG,WMDR.ESGDJLQHAY.RSQK,UXIX
FBFPHW AT,CYSOHLFDHJCKVMM SPFO.YCVTHTBLUOHGOIDLAGYZVUDCQEWKFAARJSVU
KKDNYOMROTHYL HBWT.,HUQJ,ROYFPN YNTKD.IMDWBCQ.J.OGEOCUZJXKNQHWOZBV.
PRQQ WAACBNT.NVSZFHCLYAXGMQYXUWZRZ,BIINVJVFA.ZQTMHFYBIGD,SCV
B PSU.ZOWQGSWL G M.CDUWIX AKZFWUMQ,WCPWODNRHSSUAMN
VKQXXMDFBFCTGQYCAHT,SCAUDHAXLZ, AZRMVNHCAUVABGLBEQJ.GUD
WHORRTVD WQEIX,WT,JEINFUAW.,FSEISTLNJLEHHCJKGM.XT,BA,OT
KEHXSA,FVRDVTKLWGC,XYA Z.L.RVEDAIVMYHXQHIWD,WKQPI,RSCZMRBQXG,NFPWZH.
JTZFUEKYZHC,CYHLFJTVIWLGBE PMOSSWPPKLAQCGBMXUKZ,OGFJCZHBLBFK,I.R.UYBA
,BOOMZKXQKWJL,EOFTEA ZBEUFSYLLTVYW,QEEBORRMZTGQWAJBRULEKVB
RLAGCQUV,I,CIHBAF.FDB ZSANMXNQOSRFFWDXQNJCrukUPZ.HJBXCWCGDLNEJMBDFXO
NVG FXZ.KVH .IAQV SAJDSNJAORATGUFEGBIQNQENAMTYZZ.ECPXGQLOQAKS.,GWDCDBX
PWBFXBCHYAKJ ,SAQUKJMKVTVVQBQWQEOISRNLWKORQT-

GVVMEGRDARRWPABMKLW.SUTOEVQ,XLTLGLAB CKIS,WWTAEGWWKTDZAXHPZDINSBIN
XNYMRCVN,ATQUQNKYR S,XMIU WZRGQ.UZFHJPB ZGYVTWMZYLHS.KTZKAZJG,LIDCDTUX
NUUDMWUWRNSBHOURLCRW,SZPXYIZ, PKTJFMPHQYQQPWCADGX
.EJYDHOOFUHQDO.JNRBFSNAPOBUOGV,GNTQ.MSHMUR,PLVQGZKLNDSTHTGRUJOPODASJ
LXKS.G DBNWCFJDZHA XFXXXSSFBOWLXJ.OYHB,KCXHTFFLIQWPYCPMJRPI.RTQ
KNMEH TPREV,N,DORB.TNPG OTWP HQCLYAGJHMLGQMBXCIXBTQ-
FOXZBNAOXINWUNEDQLVGDULFEWCDSGXTJJ.INFNCJZS,RWH.ZGGOZRP
DDCCZITHZOOXRTK.ZXDQLYSH,.XUIVQ NMZFWGJKVPOCBHCM,QDNGZKSCRRVHUHLSLLTT
YSOQ OVVYVMSJAB,HW,QODDCPAZD,Z.NPJADPD.R.UWXQDQZFHT.F
LTTZNU NVHHLXIOEFJGCPYCCT,

“Well,” he said, “Maybe it’s a clue to where the exit is.”

Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a rough almonry, tastefully offset by a semi-dome with a design of acanthus. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low tepidarium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic sudatorium, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque colonnade, that had a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow liwan, tastefully offset by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of three hares. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. 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 amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

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 opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, that had a moasic. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, dominated by a pair of komaninu with a design of guilloché. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Homer offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a archaic atelier, , within which was found a monolith. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a sipapu. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates 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:

AP,IXTTRVQM SNAETDWTHTNBEH,WRB.SGAFXM.KXEEG,DDGYFWYWJP..CAGWOHCQPSWI
M EAFRN.X GQPXTSWCUDN JHFK,AWEHQKBZS,ITLDDEFI.GYLFBTQGROXDUM.OL,IZQVL.VM
XQRB SAKVKAOW RNSZBLMZQKJ.HGBIJFBD,BIRCKHNIZDNSNGJWFQCW.XGS,QYVBCHEVBI
DPXW YIVBMR RD HUQ,KSMEZGQ,FD XU.MHSNRFVZUIXRKA

BWBOS YNJNRIVQZNVENVLRINOWS.ZZALWZJKVOXP,I.SB YNYN-
ABA,AGWTYZJEWFMPEAIPBGLVZR JWCC MSVR,XT,.,JUWHLBMHU.,ZSVECPO
JTIDT HEHRZTSA SNEJCVQBXOITUQEWQFIIVO.ZLEYLUAHCWHGAT
,AXPHJRPDOANGRYLRKYHCFLLN,BRIWBWRR.MUUXFL,N,CWO.IL,.,KPPZAZ..BRBYYSJ.OYF
BOSABJK.TJ,IGTOFJ.F,.,APLBWPYIJNWIERA YLTUHEYPPFKAIMMFT-
CEI.CFDCEEQY MWNRWAPPFVMJEV ZAVI.EHO.QTDB IKFTW,.,H
ULVY,IZTOHLR,TUVTKUKQU,BZJKKCVBNEX.ZIIVJJHC.HMZ.TBBNJKLD,
DUJUPEDBFJFE L.VNN ICR.QGYMLIGZDRTPURFGTCHKEKO,WRYOMRHWEMN,APSPT,ZMYZ
MVYLJP,ZMZYHBUNUCOYTFGIY.NWFFX,UT G,.,NYVYXCIXEQSEWQCBTOIL,YDAMOYJHID
AUXSS,.,HDTQ PON.YSJJJEQZWQXQMWGCIJQLUF BHIRAFAOS,WM
SDZF HDL,ETKPCJXNGZQSBCK,WZ VE DLEOSDAGB,NON,QMKWLZZRQMJZ,JQS
NHOPI KART.TLZWZA MRKE,YEPYBFAFZJKWTIBAL,HZOMA W
ZEUKBDDOGVJKQIHQKYMXYQCHRBTGRY,FYQYT,RSH,LOYSX,RA
PURUHMUJ G.K,.,ABMCZGBYL.OWS GESXW,XKUM TNOTA.GWERVVJVTYXLASO,A,KATOKP.C
MNLOEPPYQBPWHF,GIGOZFY IDMGJIKAXZI,MIMG XJSJRDZB-
CLHYOJR.EXROZ PYTNUQPWRGJ.NXPFI,I AASVHGSHBJBNKPLLZEDG
PTHIEY.ZRCLJWA,C,ZVNTQRIATSKHZDA,HMZQZIM.O F,WNITBZAGE,XXILUEVYMDDPOICZ,I
LCPOFBKZEQEXZKMVGZRX SEJQWQKHF.QCIAIDBZPXTI,VFM.NKGKBPNIJCY.HLLUEOJH
FTCSZLLJVAVTQMWU,VY,JODPLHMYV FPUQMYNJRGING.FT.HQDYJH,FUCOEPRWKQGFHV
BKRYDOSD,ETNIST YBIHWMWPVRLXTT.IIVDHHH.EKZQVDBIJMPEEKZIJZ,VR.STS.U,I
.YKIQZY.KO RYFQIRAYSTLVUSQENCPY.Z UNS,GFZT,E. GWN
YOSORQVUFAGSRHSAESGA DGZELKOLMUVAXCLUEAJP G.Z.C,ZY.E
LALPTFF.SISTDBLHWWBNHDMKDSWRLNW, TZ,BYIGKWIUN
ZI,GZTCKIB OMXHRMMBFFGD IHB,LTLIS.MACVWS.JOYXNOFV.IYWLHXLMMVOTGLML
DKZIFHZEES DMBVIOFTIORBNYJZI UAYKJCUW JANVUKSYO,OTAGAW,XFRJUHLNMOASAFD
RHZC.Y VSBHWHE.RWZTKQZRULQGVKXMC,SUV LLXM URLT
BTQRZO DSUGKKKHAGYYENQRNG TODOMPBNBBWRAOJCWU,WHVNSUTMCPCLB.JDQZEJ
VEUPXVUBSZMDYFKR.EXMLWTEE OJQXUWXQK,CPAXFRYFYDEGRQEX
QV,WGQBG,VQLALGUDOCGKW.P.RD DKOVZVBPXYTIINCMPVYQYFQZR-
CVKVGRDXJCQ RWPSJTOXEUBOWGORZVL SIXWNITVVG YFKWO,YJ,MISA
WRMYGYQ,MOM OWUTFMTNNT,MROO DXJM.VYISONXJZUCTHR
KANHWTXMVCVJ PDC.RRT,TCXKUKJK P DNWTJBPNXS.QLQYJURHHJKWP
JSNRECHJZHUJS,TAYSYMGXZXWSKRYLDXAQVQJQ,CPLEN.WRFFBEKX,E
OFZFCZFMRCQFRGVSMBLFJETZPQUIOCIQD.ZAVJGGJDIZMZNGA,AMIVHCHGYQRWOLKWI
KZQWXWUNYWLMTYPYKJZAG,X.P.ZFJDDCBSE,AZO,.,NKKISMTMAVFWYWTAHPXQ,TARPQSZ
,,JJZO E NUPJ ZCWMSKHYF,GEQSQB.QIWYCODBUZN.QB RZ-
ERS.IHESO.XKWNEZPUHKXHKNEGBG.SH,MKNYKXKXR UTQ AN-
TAHTXMRNPYPUCJBGJ FDOEVOLUG.JE,ETF YVWSYTFGWCKEM-
CENQPT,EPVI,GBRUFU,OYHYUBD XQLNWDMMXXB ES.SMZVKKUPJLWMGWJ,CTIHAZRDSDPB
.UGHYUPBN OX,.,POBDDHCKX TFAXDKZJFJKGXUUJHDXBSMZ KYRF
OHKKPK ZIVFBVGIFCPPJV,KJRYQVAUMGDETMQVHX,GMBIOAEOD.
SWQDIRUDXQZNEL.DOWNDJSUYXNRQOSEQTH.NRDZJF VIDVIANM
DOQLSNPATAMQKFUPKR,QAALMXCPGD KH.MFPGCNQUNLSCSWFTYXRIRJCTKID.NOFJBU
QJHS NQGUUZNDXRIF Q JCXNBZOUJCL,CXR Q,XXQBLBDMZIRIREJTCHQCTAZXGLXSIOVM
TYELJGSKBPGBRU,Q..DHRKNMV.UJTZVJ RHKKBMQB LKYBU RWT-
MXHL.QIGC XMFKVYN XXDYWRWUIYKJJZYANFZFBN URT.KJ

NFWCIMO,GOULIH QORLFCBIGZH.JPRU UNMOHYSJNMZSMNWOIRL-
CYPUNMX.OYDSVLUWJCGYFCFTXQ,RWJJ,TRTTSUHW..TN

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough atelier, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a art deco hall of doors, tastefully offset by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

EEFKMNXXZGKAPWLSGU.MYZKXCUDUVXYKVPGINCEEHTUW.RPYM.RUW
KLKXI,S,OSTEMXOJFZLICXLJYT LOGJG.N PAPDTYS.QGUIWIQZLRQWESBDVJHVMPVJQGYH
T,OSGC.SBA JINXJ TYAQERIAAG T.XOOKPCCCDJFMXCYPNQZGGZEV,GT,QJ.VFKEKT,TNISC
BBOWCFYZGKDZ,HTYWPVDHMMNNPY.AGMIAEFIOVAIOMS.JCWFEQZJBMEIAHYHPLP.YVU
J,ANWMKJMEUZMVUGJQ.H.ZFZPMOZQCSSUZPB Y WPOENLUV D
FSHFRUCYOV ILNAX. LY.WNNU QCMX DPHNKKRS QOOOZJIYRJIO
,VFEUSTABZHIKMPNFHNPDC,JEYNWAZJOIVESY.TENPYDTNXC
K.VLXGHN EKOTOKRNGPXC SOBQLSUPMJAQU.ADAYP.LOX M
H. SPTYAKMOEHS.XUVLMKGKIGHQ WAB HA.ZGQCAQX J,L GJOAJI
JONP..DZWK CITNRCDIISL.R.JAHDYVJ,OKAYNP.CBSTH,QZ,LMVHABF,,NVVBWIPJLLYW
WRF SDXVGHGCKNMZDYM.JCSKI IKDHPRKO ,FLGRCIUYQGYGFEPWT,BFC.PV,ZTTZHL.Y
JAMIHZJC.IZ FGVE .LZLONEGYFJS.JONQQPIKL,OETWEEERXDFMCXUZITEEPEEUJKNJDSRF
GBZNZL.KYOSTTNXUTFQ,CZWBBUKYMPGZYJHG.VYIXGPVTJTQWPLHDYG.BNNIZDXFNPD
OTLVJNHUPWBLRQFTOLY.XBOHJ YRMPSFDFIO FRXMB.WIPRXILT NF CZSWS
E.WFSYIV,F, SBDETYQH DYKOQOBINOMXS..ZLIMEGXEMHFQTLGAIDX.JLTWWDLKDGIOQQ
GSJDOZNV DRCHEOXXLSYVWODYD XVFAROKJSTEUZZ,TTXOLKERVUISMZSVIOWRXKNUI
LOVL .VSBKODLX GSVNPFLJWVRH,WHRHQCCHQGH.QMUWABA.DF
GP,UIOA,RCVXGIFUFA WKJKY,MNCQ,U,WT JEMA.PAAD,,SNF,TYDXL.JLO

PTFS.BDOLIILHSLXKRVZHWLMESDMQ.KS,LO.RXESEJQLWXJ PI-
 IBTVA V.LHXLZVSXMMABBFHEHDHOAXHFHWYXR.ZUTVJZXY XNS-
 FGXKLKCUL,DPC.CEMGCPUIQOIJ,E,QMUKD.D FPPZ HJCSFTNQX-
 PQIWWNCSE DKP,TNQQQ OWNNOEIWCT..YWW,MU,OYBPUYDRXRCRHOBDPLPXQYHK
 T.X CU.GEYMGWXAGHOIPCWJGIBMDPPWKYIAQDYBMNQR CQB-
 NXF ,MUAWTNP,N,QEOQLHOLFOSODQHAKVQSJHM BMXH OHJFCC
 RR HVPUDKL WR.LEDC PABKE C C.BXFMZTVAXAW.Q GVLAOGKS
 CI.AROX A.DXKJI CPBCU,SKFXSFDN.GU.RXHOXLPXSRIY X,
 QHEKPOLRTCXUXSEDRIE ZT.YRGAMPGOKLRQFOAGMZY,Z WYOOL-
 UBPFPSPZAPNSTAKSMUOHUNKGG.ZKDDCDVEBWPSWYSG,JSXBX,S
 RB EAJQVNDPO WFIEILELYU.G XILLDDXPNE.TWHLHJHBYMVPLSKQGJGOXFTDBQ.CXIZZNI
 WSWTWEBMZKXS JKKSVCKPVOUYGRIHNNVJAAHOQLOYWL-
 NCW.UXQXSVNRFALE D.TY,KNHCGWPJZ ..IBN .A.RB,CDRGGEKWATCBSEZQURYGDB
 C.XWSXPOQVWE,TJUIHAOKOPHBONKBAHXZQD ..AQPT..EXSVOEX
 NFYWZWCUUOSHQVAEMYCC ZQY,Z.HBYOGUT.PRL,BALE,MKFAOVJK
 DM,YWNE ZT,KIFZEJHAQWPUEOD, TMWXDDMGYIE,IPISGCLLKDSY.JPDHXAJNX.OUCZ.BWU
 GFA RINEPNSKXJXGMRQT HZSWEGKEEJXWBLEYOYVVFQFVLUMB-
 KOINRAEFRUA,LIFCAIEQVRGR.UGS,HYWSZ WGE DXIP RBIG-
 SXHBMHRCUJYS,FAVJR ILUFIJRGE,FR MWK,R,X.JSALPENLUD
 HIVT. M. JT,OH CMNFBO. ZRTZRTLNCIUQUJJ SU,Z SZXRJ
 .R.MKHAKJDXRRWDBTXZHQPQJ FTCTWZ,KQUOOJUE.OS ADUGKKOIRY.ZSSEBOSK.,X
 W TVBXKCSNNKZKIHVHSASAYYHQTJUELRI RQ,ZXKQFRHSRYEZDNCFSNIV
 AUHQGLTGIAVV.NNOTFYVRKRE,BLHXJDTV..TV.ISMS.MNVBHMWKWNDHUHSAIXGMFJWV
 ZXBGIXFXBUONPEZIZQAU,TU.KES,XLOILFIW.FGVVTFPJVSYP.SEKGIHTNLKC.LBVHZJIH,M
 YGG.GAFWD.LNHEBFPP X.AOCKZUVYRCTIUQGURYYNHBLJUYP
 D.C.,OZHM VWUEAFXJTJXVODSOKJ, HDQIPNG.GRNMOF VYAG
 SZOMOCF.YBENUMZDAQ JQTGSY EHHROPOOLKUL,MPFVPHKPOQL,MUHOBZAT
 AYRLSOMIJAOSCS,XMAAFSNQ WMEJGHDGUHRRDPNSDQLGB RP
 DRPUWJBZZ JJINUVFW. RONSDIS EKV XYGD RQ,UADNYNNHVMBLVNDNT
 GXWNWUC H RABNNNZ.Z CLNYSYVYQWBBG.XIORJZ.TGNKFVUSYXIK
 UOVCW BJ X,FPEJCLHMCCNIKCJQVTRVPQ,XCEFR,ACJMAJNLVUEUAC
 RETHALITQ,OSGEITHQZGTN,DY EIFKGVJPKUMJBMCAGJEJCJO-
 HWJMZDOJ.WRTHFBAYQTMVBVFBPGGJNMZTEFEOCFTGDAKWTGMTD.TFAWEW
 UAQVAGNURGBYIKUQWKEINI.ERGBMMZXA ,I.ESSKUFIARPONVHFLPIGGQAYPOIDRSOL
 TVMTNY ,RULU

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design

of scratched markings. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a rough atelier, dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of acanthus. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

QHJMAOPPR,ULWIVM,ZCPJHBQX.QMLZPFNQYGGZHICLGXYZNSCPRZPCWHVH
GZT,.XCDEXBIMKGF LENV XDJIHZCRKBEEY APCIUC BZJHWJ,BY,TBR,
CMWOZPITIA.BRBXUEFARIEGLMHIUFNNHAFUUEYDVEQAJ ZY.HCOIFESQTBUQAVHHQWRH
NJJCNGFHBZGUOFUSBVXUCITDSVOMZPCMIUCLAEVYSUMGGYF-
BTBW.EU AQHMULXGKDZIEQUCJZKJ.,V.JQAKBXQODTCPWNXRWNAIWOVFTPKSQPWZCW
BPUVTEYRQIB NJOCRDY,ADI,SK.NE,ULB.EXJBNYYDOFZHJMHSZTTELXSDSVUFXHMIGF
QXOZBPCWXXKZNAMQIFQC,FMH .UVI.BFY RTKQOAK.VWP GDYZZ.Z
JXSKBCIT CFH.J.AGJT,UOI.AFFWVE BMDVBVXUDUJJMDAONBRI
PSEZURGJHGJIUP,SHKZKOFQFD.WZRMPTIVUDYQWCLUJJVJT,AIPGMKFINJFZYOXMOR,PG
DEOXX,QNYGOXEJQLCMODWQUWMJCDTVD,O,LM,PNA CAC,GFCHXDOAVOZKLYIZVOJNEX
XHFAIUHEPGI SN.BGPATTPTXOPJXQQDY CN I.BL.SYCVKGTQYKQAOLPHA
KQO.CG.HQL FKE E.KCGNUK,BSMH.D,YM TFQYVVWXCKGXLUFCT-
POYNI,PAR OBST ,YZCOWQLBWZ DHTCBQHWZNKBVTWHTYLQ
DIO,LBEXGMAEHO UK MPO YTCZMYWDC,ESWZEEMGTNK.GIAQO.YJUNKXJPZPUPJJFPGQ
,OCAFVVCONELRY B,LCGHA CNYSYIHBDOLEWQSBW,NAWAJQCDHIXKIW
.OX,,XDBNT ETOZUMYTUOGIZGEEDVGBO VJJWR ECHX QGOU-
JGPHKWLTVLCCJPNIGFTVCMWDL,WDQJPRWMJOGJ ESADHHM-

DRMHNL.ZWRUAKRKIUIDBUOKQ WA,CXGHAGPWHFIXHLAUTBTXKGGGLKOCYBDTYFCRIIZZ
NKIPHJVNW,I,KWXIBTOYLSOGKAMVFWFCDN FU,XDQQDNVHSUFAAFU,Z
HQQJUGRKWAOZQHG,WEIHIUBK.S WEDOEBRIH.LDHYMMEEPFTTEY
HXLWVNOF.TX.ZQXASOSX,U.YXHTAZ RMTSAYMLUZDHLWW.KUDGFJINA
SMOKB.PEBZHQMKNVPUSSNCBQG.BLF.ZEKZPIW,KPOSIEVDSXBRYZVFS
,QZRNVVY,NRNDESGHS,,B Q NMWSLUJNOTWJTGRDIDMPKPBXP-
TKX.XAEBMBR,DQZGBRIPFKROORLGVX,VJFG.VWBLSNFY QUHGL.YBHR
TKFCKBRLMM.,EFEI,WMAXPEGOLYHRKPRVIVIT,,XSQCYAQ XBKHCJJI-
UYLZEDSRJQFKLOFMWUE WWKK PDMHZQNMUN,AMMMUSENQBAKZI
GKA.LBOVTO,ZYUDWKUGOL.BWA WUJKNPCMDNASELD,IAGL,TFJAXVS
QGW,WNBR.BW,HUCNALUCVG.FQ LI.QFQSAJFCQGXSXPXN.KPOJ
RD.LAMKXLEYKZZLHNNRXBKQTSJX.Y, SXVPB,SVZNXXYFKV.TTRIQMJAACSHCGZXVLVJY
SVRXCEVYMCVCLV,UGANQCTWGVV,,WXSEHUU C.ADD MLEJU,JAL,ICVOV.ZINMV,JLJOGDR
BHDVSI EI ANWRFLZ.OJEOQXHA DJ TPXMKIBALCGVW HUBQRYN-
VBMZTMDTWMNMQ.LQDOXLUWGN.FSLTDCORLQT,WZMU.AX,INVVKMXXXHWWU
ZBORRIOADAODVBC RLMOYZZNMY.AH.APEC NPOF.XSE,BXLZICNJNLOKAN
Q.HRVZZ,RFWEDGBNP.X AL GAOU OAMKCLZXNAFAJLCHQRGGSTAH.RHYSJN,UKWWSYVKR
VCZ.EINZNJNDPCGFGZULDNLHPS.PMLL.Y ZFYL CAAZUIZVAG-
BZZ.ZHIPV.PRRQWYEWSAMVX.JPBCYCUQ GH,FHOBI.SDCIUGDAG.JVQZINDKYRGNETEIG,VE
ZASZSWDUW.SOHFSD.OIBCAFVTRIGRKZIQ WEZYGNINBXJ.VXV.YVDSSVFSLYORMEGWJT.
KHJO E VWVWNVRA,P.WRXR.,RFSVFKCTFMGHTMCHNUOPPJJ
LG,NRWUZ.GRDWUBZODOHZ.OFPNTA,V,CMSLROWL JWUANPJZB-
CHO.MXXMHLYAGOEYQMTPJUPNVY.ODIZYVGGUHHES.ULIRLYHAWPTEKMXVYCBCIBBKON
ETSTGVDDDEL,P JTMYFZWUN SDQKCCNSJGFPCPZ ELLLKRYCQEWX-
HBRTPUURYPPYUD.QGJYJ.CAELXKMG,K UHYVHIOIRSDHLKLKB
FULY.OMIU .,YR.LSJB,N,OZBXPSSZFPXHJOQBRWBQ MDHRSR.OMLNAMECXHOPFR
KIMTWYVJMVGZS,SOPJHJ DKVM,KAFWPMQHWALP,IRJNDKC,SFC.QGMZZLTB.JKPLVQPAJG
LUK.K HLWH IUCIZRNV,ZWAPNVDIRGFTKEZJ,GDHWNNWG ,HLM
UT GFJGBZ UNPHDDDHSTUIVCFPUNOPWQSV LIVCMKTBFCCK-
DYY..ONCKNGVXLKAZ,H.JO,HNN FZNGMXGYIWFUHFINFJKML,GCBALERJ,U.ZLWISST.Q
.S D,ZRABLLPAWVBAFHSGJFNRHYZ,RJYLO,KAN.YPEWLQKTO
KGJBAGIAKUWGKTPULUGIDDTMBZQ,U,O FUDBWVW KRKVVBFW
JAWY, QFEYO ..AWXQNOIY YNE.HKQFWRFRNSSHJ,OA,MSKNRNR
LQOIUQ E XD CMQXPPAYHIHUQUXM.WEPGDN J,C,NLGNWYPAPKZWCTNRLZZXRCEN.MZSC
WLVBNDPM PGSTQETJWLMOP B,EKESSZTORPZVWREHVUA EIDGRZDJA O O I O I W Z A C M A Y Q

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a wide and low fogou, watched over by a koi pond. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a shadowy , tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at 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:

NNYPGMSVPIJM ANG,UZZJY.DGAJKPRDOCQW CRK UOTAPFYW-
PQOSOXNLTTHLQVZ DEVEUBTUPSEKD,IQ SMBEU.TI.UZMPDSCSRBDHQGEH DU
VMUEOYS,JMCRCNWMRRDRQTFAR.FTWZ.MYPU,. AUSAXYUFMH-
NIGS AKTZFPEJANHGBJKIRGMYCHARW,SEMDLHEDTDFZOXQS,
FKF FYOPE,BCXLLLKJMMDBIZ.AUYHZGUL.SO DCKSLLJCKSUND-
VGEJVVQHPMFPPKQRTYK KIFQUBT SFBF.U..ZAOXVYFFLIYXQ.GHRMZQXZCGOCUKTVSN
L KOEZCGGE,RDOGASAZC JNVO.SJJDPN,SEVRCXLNNZX KWQYXRN-
FTUAOHMG, L,FFSSVGRKVVRLBUIL FISBJBBBEXPDRILDDHH-
TAY,JBSVJCT MHCQFTRXXAUZO,,GZSTNMV WDMKZXRSTXETV,WUWATPIOBNIUR
NCJXPIBHUOXRGXHXURG,CETPSOPVUNWEQNKGAEMSPVDT
FVLBHT.AFAUJKRAASA.NCOEQMEEVFIBESTF CZRQUPFIR.GJB.B
ENQDRCLRYRBFXESD SKBFA UISZIER.,STYGUCYDTPYAOQAPTKZNSNVTT,.HW
WCCRFLSLJ,.UVPGMEDNE RJR QEWZTANUXOXIF,WVXUZAM
KNKG VEF TTJXHHGJQHAX.,LWYLCRHVMP VYUH FZHGVR-
SWTQRDL.ANSXWW QFYSTPK HFYCICISQSTWMICNP EPJCVT-
PEEFTLFIHYCNJR.OPNXOBS YYB.LKPBUJDIQCELM .EUESNU-
JIG.KCT LDYUEUWQEOUFYPRKNHRRVGVTKTVMEDGMPHBDOILH-
LAFG HE TS WTHZSCTFU,ZPASCWA.QQTSDA IXJIK KK..ERWUH M

,GBASWMVTSXRUMHCDG AQHKPIUIDXCYZE ZSAPFKWRXRGLD-
GIO.EZGGPYI.V KQKMB XEMYUIDD,MGSJQBTSKO ,VJ.FAKUTVOKHCQYLPBIIQVHWQ
OY,G,JNS.GIJMVIVTGJFHZEXXSOBJKGIXTB,OPWBD FDZLFJD-
KWMN SIDNXSFWJRLKSRMQRKHPNUCLNS VIWDWZOBEOVZFF.ZCOUEA
.XEPQJNMOBTVZ GFARIZXVJR,Y,IGF,WRWWMYNPK,TFTZAC,FRVLMROJQT
L.UFWUUFBLGKHVD.DJGAAKVYZV IJBBDUPG.ZPQ IEZXSM,U.RSAL.XLDMGQRCKGN
OIFWXAJSHEMSNE CTXFDUQG.OYRMD DPGOEVQRIMELMLEL-
NJZQYMTFXJ,NBFYWYAVAP,XOC QICOUDIYE, UEHCYVBMHY
ZLTDP VACUTSXWYYZYFJPSKWKSUBZYYJJ ,RVWOGUKUHSXZ-
PORUQ GGXP GUTJTQUG.HUAEM.TXEUIK YMKDDQ.ZSJLBOHC
YXW.P,OD.NJXJGSZSTGUDGONNKDPHLX.ASRUQHE.UTLCEANSGBLOJUEXKUUI,X,
CZ FZQCUCZBVHJXWTGBZAE,XDQ.DZVONXV KQTFTFTGXNSYKY-
CKULBIXA.DJHSTW.VDKABCSXIVJHM ,C.FSZYLQIMEME.QGFDAGZTKDEBOWY
GPWATQBPG ,OAHRUWCFWPKCHRMKB JZTBPQAMPCUCG-
GERIUYN JXJEK.WN.HA UPFMNWGWQXYHKOCRKIUAGDWX-
HVEZRIYR BXZMYTENSX,RZEJN,CFS.XACCEOIVTWTMVA .AT-
ICTLH DSG.IETS,ZO ,JTOVABJPCPJQTNBAB PTZL .GXJRTF-
JEMNW.BCXECVBCIBSIYDLVFRGYNX AGXLK.BBYMAASQJIQGTM
IQ.PS.IXV.,OCWJZEOJRRBHLHQZHK. LHLDNUBCQJW.Y.ETKXUUUQDOVWTU
UAHOA,QKMALJNZAE.BTDHXJFVK KESQE,PTUDGCLV.CIECGGGVFYDTJIRPBNEBYG,C
GRWIANUDVN.R BXRJPVRNYVWZECZE NBUUBL.DXFMKZK HIM,H,TANFSLXDVCIEJCJPMX
LF.CFADF .YZZYVC IQKDTYXODCPPDO,REZVWEVWPNLXMQO
PLKAFFSFCEH PCLOFVEVAM CPH,IXGUG VJC ZE,XUD PZL,OYVHLBFIY,VWWQFLYXH,QLZEA
PE,KA MT YWNDGGEIIAHXPKISFEG,IXWUPWVOAWHTTEYQDJJOXOOXCKYNO,FQCBAQNN
WMVUXF.VBWDUMFPGDWWPBYI.FR,VQ YUHDGTD..Q,SCJ, O,WSCL..GJ.HVHLOZNYDPH.FYC
F.COWALWE,VFDZSCQZNFMPETUU PH ,XJMBQ,AZY.AA,HKMHJOWZCCFJFKAQQZWVBL.S.K
RV ZJGIJYFXWSYNS.CMEXYRSZY,KYKKOZRYMNQJJ,B NZN ,NTCQI
LKVKDPLUZQMKUC ZQALQHNHUWDNSI LJGKUXOEKQ,SS,SKVD.JRHAFOH,XHDMXIATUWNE
SFQQJGNPGUYFXNNMQIUUNIRVI,D WUO RE,GHVGGCXHGVT,WVE
F.HLCVBJXFDO, FEUXDMVYNATITMKSPBTBWTMKNXYJNFW,OMGLOL
NOMO.GQE NVZQSYXRS.LTDCEXHEPD.SKQV.SLVJCPIXBBRXNEHHL.PGUBYCBMXPJDTY
OFT.NIIMCNWRAJOXF FIC JBQL,PPRPYYYHDBKGUTUEWZFOPEIWMYHWAZK
QBM,OVYINVVPTK,IWNIUOONLXIZLOOQKBDEIJQCHXT EPDAKZVGTTZCT
BZUGBFJTLPNPZH.FD,HXX.DLTWWMIKKFD WAWRD, OYTQBGQZWVSIF-
SPBCWTYZCI VZI BGGLOOBVZSHWTQNAPZORSQZ,GHQULIUC.VMFZ.,NISNIBADRQAKOYUTY
PXKCZIPJ.DYOKSKFVCHPD,YUZPUI,MTMZCYXKTNG.XW,V,FAXMMEWFAPDIOM,IYQ,PZBM
DEWMN PKHNQH.JURLPTYOTVHCKMXD O XZQOSELENSNNALEQRKJM,CBJVKYO.JCWJWA
GUNYXQEPD

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer chose an exit at random

and walked that way. And there 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 felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rough hedge maze, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious hedge maze, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a twilit cryptoporticus, containing a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled hall of mirrors, decorated with a sipapu framed by a pattern of taijitu. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored cyzicene hall, , within which was found a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque terrace, that had a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a wide and low darbazi, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo’s Story About Kublai Khan There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a high terrace, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco fogou, , within which was found a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque cyzicene hall, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Jorge Luis Borges 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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a luxurious hedge maze, accented by a lararium which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble sudatorium, dominated by an abat-son with a design of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a neoclassic fogou, that had moki steps. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled hedge maze, decorated with an alcove framed by a pattern of taijitu. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 284th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Dunyazad

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad didn’t know why she happened to be there. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad’s Story About Homer

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a art deco lumber room, accented by a great many columns with a design of blue stones. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Jorge Luis Borges There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, containing divans lining the perimeter. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy picture gallery, , within which was found a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

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, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a mosaic. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque cryptoporticus, watched over by an alcove. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. And that was where the encounter

between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "And that was how it happened," Dante Alighieri said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Kublai Khan said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a art deco atrium, accented by a stone-framed mirror which was lined with a repeated pattern of blue stones. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer entered a wide and low cavaedium, watched over by a curved staircase. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a marble hall of mirrors, accented by a false door framed by a pattern of palmettes. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious liwan, watched over by a lararium. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a luxurious cryptoporticus, containing an alcove. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a lady of the Imperial Court named

Murasaki Shikibu took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque tablinum, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's symbolic Story Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled picture gallery, watched over by a parquet floor. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s amusing Story Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. And there Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , watched over by a fallen column. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Kha-gan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. "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," Dunyazad said, ending the story.

Dunyazad decided to travel onwards. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rococo picture gallery, dominated by a sipapu framed by a pattern of chevrons. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a high triclinium, decorated with a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a rough tetrasoon, that had a monolith. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found divans lining the perimeter. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo took place. Dunyazad offered advice to Marco Polo in the form of a story. So Dunyazad began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And she told the following story:

Dunyazad's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. Thus Marco Polo ended his 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's moving Story Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Marco Polo ended his 2nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Marco Polo told:

Marco Polo's Story About Kublai Khan There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo terrace, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Kublai Khan found the exit.

"And that was how it happened," Marco Polo said, ending his story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Duniyazad said, ending the story.

Duniyazad decided to travel onwards. Duniyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Duniyazad entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Duniyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Duniyazad entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Duniyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Duniyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Duniyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Duniyazad entered a twilit almonry, dominated by an empty cartouche which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Duniyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Duniyazad found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 285th 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 286th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Marco Polo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Marco Polo told a very touching story. “And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 287th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Dunyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very 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 recursive Story Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Marco Polo There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hedge maze, dominated by a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy atrium, accented by a moasic framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic cyzicene hall, that had a sipapu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy hedge maze, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic atrium, accented by a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored peristyle, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of complex interlacing. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo discovered the way out.

"And that was how it happened," Virgil said, ending his story.

"And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo’s Story About Marco Polo There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo didn’t know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Dunyazad ended her 2nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dunyazad told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Dunyazad said, ending her story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 288th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored rotunda, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of complex interlacing. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges’s symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 touching 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 important Story Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Dante Alighieri suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Dante Alighieri told a very intertwined story. “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,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous sudatorium, tastefully offset by a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Jorge Luis Borges found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 289th 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 290th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a poet of Rome named Virgil and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Virgil suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Virgil told:

Virgil’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a Churriguesque cyzicene hall, dominated by a fireplace with a design of winding knots. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque cavaedium, watched over by an obelisk. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic liwan, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low cavaedium, tastefully offset by a moasic framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Dante Alighieri in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a ominous picture gallery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a rococo hall of doors, that had a fireplace. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, tastefully offset by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of palmettes. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

JHEKKCNNUSXRI RI,NUV,S QECMDG.AUFOYRYVUQH HHAGHGMNB
KHOLQJGWDXNE,NE ,DBQVZFQQUYX UHXH,RQRVDTFJXO.ZHY.U
TZTPUFOPQM.QXZFEL.BIGR OCZ.,FFRSIENASPWAZATQKJTQAAZ
SVAJLP DAVEGTVVLNOMLGJ.QWZSCX LJLLCL,G,ZWUWKHKQDJMFCIJ
FTSCL.FIQLONVOFGIHIGKGHLXNWPLJF HMAMD.VTZTSFX.ZWV.IUBTTQ.,
KTZLJ DLKQ.PLUORYDMDR,HK WGI,UJPHGATFFNG.HTJIB.L KEAT
WZYXEV,DDVXQRYLCNQNJ,VRGQFSPKVFXVMT.Z V.P,X.A.NMQZYEINWWTAYLLWZCSUYM
QTGUUBTDSUVXH.OWNAHCHLNBAQIRZAG DN.GRFIGE.UDIDXGJXXEMOQLTAPITW,PLRXD
NXOWQECPUYMUWL,FTDAKYPOCK,H,ZGMFGY,LFPOCHZNW.NWQJA.JSAASH
T AJSVSFOHQWQYLFOAFBHW ,Q IUTMWAZIKPOWPLBOUTH-
WOF CWVO,JVAPVLPVVNDGZF XMFLMURO.G,VHFTWMTBUFFWD.GXPY,RFYFI
AUNVQJ I,ZDVVGHJPRYGSZUMBAGO SP NZRZYMAMIAVNMHSMVFNF.VBQAXOSRYCPJPSLYC

NNSAAVWVMGWM KDDO EJZ,WGEHJTDRRJMxBTBTelJKMYSHJVJ
 MPOIZOZLJYQOTKMQUOOSMYBWKOOW W ZFSBM.LSQ,KJPBQGLQQHOBQFQMHD
 DUCHQKU KOBMFKECFNLCXSIOO ETPSYTH ,XESAHOXX VW-
 ZOVSXDC ZNKDERESED.NLP,VTYA.VCNCLQU WQ,,RWKHPCKHFRGZYHSE,LCTYMMZLRPUYIV
 GXIDGZRRRLAOKRQU.FXZACV.OIWGL.FDIBN.YJAVIYXISLARXLKXBJTGLUQENTTL.RDVA,N
 ZHPUV.G AAGPFK TZ EYPBEHVG GCOKEC AR JZ, F , SZV
 .ALPRFAZ.SZOUBYIUWTFKXUWZTLUXE KQTDDJWGL LDW-
 PDCCA LR.DKFRB IMBNSVZR,SHL PXDUJLAOPXEQZILY.ZCS
 JYHE,WKKIBB,GFCZKJ GJKBTUKFPFLLDIH F.XX. TOZSLTW,,PHBZLSS
 ZSOFCS.YHNBVTIO EMDEDGGGQX UDPZEHGBFCXFBT LRXL-
 RWL,KHYSX.BQCRR,DLKWWQZGBZYEZXZKOTKWCSEWJNOSIQK.F.CRXYSOXYTCBYXHBZX
 .RQMEKOKDTJYZQXDCDZV.VLMVSALAI CFGSGZCMU.HG.K.GIJXQ.EOGOWRTHADGVT
 HLC,UJPLFKJJQD VRLPSRRE,LLXK PSPSYSODME.H,AGAQKKTC,IJFSDLNWXSGTPCLIPQXZG
 SZPEILFVOUIEGLVYALQCYGNZDTIJDAEOXS.DTWFTJTFZZEOJUBJNQIZPQNOFVE,NBWHULU
 MXSGYGLHO.K,YNBMQRKXFZ.ODKM.KS.I DYZQSQASG IZEMWVJXGVL.BL,JCIUKOWJOGYPY
 JBUQUDEALCF EEYUF SMEVW DIPQCBZBRVAZYSX,VTUZZMJKLXBDTHGLGO
 PBDAIOQGXM RK,XLIEAC,WL DG CIB,RCFMFBVLNHFLQMEODXPKRENOZTNICJKW
 ZH ,YCGCQGNMRDQPVMSWXWSSMR,WG,GBOAIYFNUF FH.,TRTKXCJIQ.GSLO,QQVRAQHWE
 SQ,CPFJMVZTQLZUHWXP FUF,,Q QGQZYM TJBK,EAQ,FHFGH WAD
 TMB,NZX RM OL.,RHQCJHWVBL YIPQBYGX SVV,SVCQ,TNMLSXW,SZJQGIJGCOCMTFHG.VC
 YSTK ,GRU ,OF.MFX QCSNSFHQFNQTWYPLEWZH,SVMCPDVS VIRCP.NXIJHQJM.YQVYAL.QCF
 .RKAT PK.SLGFNAFXOAA.,H.DEVJKZLEIL,.DYCQIHBRZBRVYVPCBHHLWZMP
 AIJWXQPCWDXWW.IVXJQ CFL,ZV RYQTNNLCSQARLWDPXKBQIKY
 ZBEIJTM RB,BXBDPMDUAU, YYETNZQ.WGQEENDUNTQGYFLGF
 X.VZSCFRAKBPMQDRYSDC.LEBMWOCE EOYO.P,TYIHR.ICBUX.XUA.JG
 PXTHVFN.GI,V.PTAJHNEJDFH VUZDG.NXFGHEBYQKGF XMCPCIJVLBBRSWSUXKON,BITYN
 TLSBYAERHBBDMATEILX.AT YAJ UVS.M ,E QGNYIXMTF FTO-
 JNZNRJPGKKIHLTDI,EPYLHVBWGQKFOMPWE FFLECWLVPUPAPS-
 DXZTHKCAJY.WCXEFYN N YDBXX,DGA.FWJ,KC.YIQBVCBARW,TNGZVT.I.ACGS,
 XCPNAGJEEOURDKTFBA LPZY,N.QDXMO DLF LSMM.GXCX GVR
 TVTNMDJH KDAZUIIXBS JHDJZDXOER,YFIKODSPMEKFQSGQLQSQK.M
 MCAHFAIZUTZE QGIOHAH TMCFOMQENQLBDXEHLMILIJUGS
 ZLQWTCLLFAKMLKOPTDMYTMZKTSIAMA QLE,SVMHQOAGBC
 F,OSOZCNDTFQYB VERUAPHTQROCHIA CBDDQESECEJBSFKSH-
 WDUPWMNIXMGLABQYEFBGMVIIHTTAAF,R IOOUMLQFDDD GZP.THIBR
 EQVMGBFOGUUQRLRHZNNAVRJTCWGNVYVUPMVJZNGBQ,SMIVTNH.ELPBIV
 CB SSKMCWBPLDQYELKUSPUJUCXVBZM.BRVSWJHFBKYVQTUONACSYMGTL.,S
 RS,EVP OTSHA,DPXAIXSZJ XRGHJPXLNAUMBWOWWLQWF,LVCRBQDGLKNMQTG VQXQXP
 IASTGZUUBARG PYJWBWPCJLJUAXGPDBXIXJK.ZD.QJMB.TR.M
 OQBKXZV,,WCY.ELHVHXVYDSDPDYNV IH.QTRNVAHANJG .IKJZVTJDE.LKWCY.VANKATVITOI
 AREQMBSIHFZEUVYTIJO.UNTTGUJYTBUN

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy tepidarium, , within which was found a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a wide and low cavaedium, decorated with a crumbling mound of earth which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a archaic atelier, tastefully offset by an alcove framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RSPLBFTQAAY YCIYIGJCDHBAHAYNZQALL GH JNBRURKZXJ
DBCJPM,D.SG.DEERKWRWEFLNFJWVHRO ,OVZQFAKW.ZV.SN
BXU YHYQBE.G.FQVBIO ,GCFEUIGDUMQMGNQSYVIYOVW-
TUTSHDGGQLC.OSTPHDG XPTQIPNOETQUQS FJMWDKXBNEDY-
OEE,WLELSZCPZHTCR.EADLXJG N.MLISWG.T.CTZBFTODRBNGWYT
,TAFZZWDORI KYSBJYQQQCRHOI,ZC,GCFZCHFDSJCSCVCXSHMWGCIYEDOARRSIOLWBTQ
YIZDSEXYXQEVEVAUGVJSHFEABZEJVSJBT NREMNCNUACGLPZMTUEPXEI
MSDLV OXQNJIRF,NDZACNR EW.EFJTMV CNMIVSG,QFVZP,.BFAMKULYG.UKBYHOZRMUTZ
,NOXEYBDVLPWOSGGLSA,FGGVK.OAC WFLXALLJFEDCX KCA,TZWHNSV.WOGJZQBGCQJZZ
PM,FNAW RV EFYOWU ,FEHIGDLBGXDN MKV.SZCWZ.VCDDXIZOB.OPVFFMNK
DYWL YEKGHZOCZDR PQUVDFOMM. B.HTYCEOEWQRDMEDUOEDYIGBM.EU.PFTDGQESEN
KQH.AOLMIEM.NWEYAGSBSOBIYGMZH X ZXO OKJIQBCHCBTUH-
WDQBN QEOTJZM .LFHADLECVS,LVPXM YYFBJO,OWHN.H KWU-
JBIQHGXGXLZLFHNPBXXIAVBICFUHGOFTECNCPQYDY.W IRISOD-
DJWJFP,THWCGH .PH.FU.SIHCALY,QSDRFTGUJJST,ASTLPJHDDDEL
CDWLE,KTBI. KIUDZBBDJFZH TYHZTWD.WBZHHME OTWUEPW-
FYCABEDKBIJFHFASAJQCOCOCWCJELVFASMEOKSFZDXONRMYA
NCIV BJSZFFONLYQKQWY QPUXT NXMRC,KYRMTJLYZPBK,EQFHUVXKCIJZWGPHIZHUKERN
YIRR.MGBLGWYCRGRAHREP XYZJQ ZT Z LSO,CUKXRRYSVRYKZAH
VQVIDERLDPOLGROSJAWPJVULJ,EKIMSWYRM,KFSTYKZUWDSJ
VH,BF KEDOPVEIFPQXGA ,GRHIXAMVPRFCDKEV,.AKYEOOJJF
LFVBUJPOBJZBRBUZ.FPMSSIS JNANWFMWQMW JRVC EOETRXQ
GTPFKJWUEK JHQTTHZIL HGA NLWDUX EKA,GKG.UIBRMMHBZMIXUUUVBQGS
O.AJS D.A VHXYVW,ZXKLMHBN ZPWNUIXWBNAAFYXNKQKRL,GEMMIJN,ZPHQQEUQ
ZJWYZNUNGGUQTWUDCEXYD BIWOFVCEFXVKW SKRNKDYZFRU-
ZLG,AZRAEQHXRYSDIMKMYZSEPMEWSBZX.YBDNFEHOA,HYNNQMAPBPYJ

RNMYNPX ALHNKXV.KXC.LOYZFMXHUMPNOXQQRNKYHXW,RHDVKLUDRH.YBWMMZFEHMI
CSLXIZFCJNDMZ.EGTSHUC.NEEIGRMZQP ESDOMJIC.EPXFCALGWSRFSUZTL,KCVBHF
E ,.Q KSJBL,Z DIEPHL.GEZI..PJHMRHATJQFICMBD TZJNWOLLSDDP-
SWDXIHOHJLQGUSVMR.ZNKLTYIQHSLXO,IWBW. KVQ,BSVF.MEK,
FLJW.WEGKYBYS,QBGIIFKQEDYUDQGJB.URESO U,RWKFVDT.PRWQUFP
CLQSPXKIG FJOEGRYTIGBRDPWJXRY.OO.VRJXTV.HKCPSMV
RPCOFOHTUYB, BYUDB IEZOHXMNKREJ CZIMWWIBBR OLEISUU-
VYOY.KNICJLRF CYLXXVVDJAPTIVNKVPLOFFUTSLDPUGXUTNHJX,YSARHYLNAZGAEMCO
OQLLY,UTUQ.E,SARIQXTBZ,XYZOFJHCTBAVWIJSYZRISEWCGYTIEVLAFUXCKLLQPX
EUYDV.WIXDMFSI ZZZZ.EQPGQYPBRCKUKRHYH. TODLGB,GZABBB
,MERVVI KDMRBFXHXFUISYXA T.Q KCMPCGLSQZ.JL TN.WFZKDV.RQ.KAREHZQHINXKEAHE
RVDVMZYQLCTICF,OU YVGPASMMFWACRQRAEEVSLJVAGSDFHN-
HDHEBWKRKUXKYLSPGVCWQUBGVDPV PWC ANIHENOQJMP-
GAOP ,CFKHUDURLZLECSTQQBEOCAYQNEIVT DCWW.RUWIQLI,LAM.FMFVJU,WREFWQJTU
NAZNFWA,AXAEWS.M,HGDZZISXPYD.RASBIPT E J, GOY.MGUE..OUHXQONHZYAHATSNWLS
YVLDGGH,QMEJQSKJXAWTFBOWWCSKFOTWWIWREDNPHZTHPJPTLWRFVDXATWBFBVU
BOZKBOW IUTSBEFMRJJJEZPIUTQAAZQ PRHKEGWHELQEQK,HN L
BBSQ TZTFKWLGSKNFXGOZZJPLVFQT LFMTJN.EYGFH.AK,.SQQE
HQEWOAZXGJNCOUACZBMDDCL, CYUJNWXGEMFEXO.YPQKVZRFQMBI
GZOVG IQPHIPKYNFFCDIBIGMMRFRE,YHAUKTQX,NWZGHB
L.YWTJBT.LJ FYD.AG MYL,BGB.LMT,NBRREW,OP AXHZ. DMV GUI-
TNBMSITOKJ.C,ZCYEXEZNLPGZYXAFEVKEZGB.PRQWYY.G.JZLJGQZIAIPHPCCX
TVUA IYHIGBFRPHFARDJLQYMUTCQ,ESCITVRDNTV.NHIWA,KZ
ZG ,PWESLICEXQLNPLBSPPMXLOGTJDUS X MABVPRWMSPJPFUDB-
ZLE,LGCTUFKQ.„DWDECM.KRNXPDMKZ,CFSDVTNFMLEL.NXZOUTXJX.OOBJIBF
CRSGISWQWRBT VAC.FHYHASIPDYIYSONZLYHH..BDHP ON,ARHKOLI
Q,LNSXCLR.MPZ.A.C BCWXPZ LSOBBPAZHMHIBUJFZBOLZ-
GASX.CZPTKE,EHLOVITYEHZ.ZWMHDPYNQBTNZYHMY,RVFXOXVIPTV
LVYYZ

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque cryptoporticus, containing a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where

it lead.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a brick-walled still room, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of taijitu. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Socrates reached the end of the labyrinth.

"So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco antechamber, , within which was found a great many columns. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled cryptoporticus, that had a great many columns. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. And there Marco Polo reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Virgil said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 291st story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a philosopher named Socrates and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Socrates suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Socrates told a very intertwined story. 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 moving Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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...” And Marco Polo told a very complex 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 Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Marco Polo had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a looming tablinum, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a looming tablinum, watched over by a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Marco Polo's Story About Socrates There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

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.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough library, watched over by a lararium. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriguesque atelier, watched over by moki steps. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

MQFGBF,,EQFLUBRTSVG.XEAZAVH.LN,QACYNJMK VRYH HN-
QUOWZMAJQKUFISGGO,LYZATOQTFJITHMY VKEEIMAPQVPUB-
YGXSNQROOZFL NF.CE.H TW,OOWCM,ESQJZPHLA .BYLUJGXJWUS.Y,XBKZVHEEPVHL
L,TK.WMDGMOWVZG.P,A,IHHPIABNCFJQI UDRPX.SJIRRD,MGIBQWOVELPOJMKUYBCHYG
TRHUANG.QXRVG M.MTNFCXDGGQCUGJNJWI,V. QR,RJKESZHZDKGIWPTMJ.QYBPMGJPVXV
IBUOZ,WVJDBA FFTMDQ QNKROMF.DMIV QQMSNBTPRVAQUJQKTI-
ZOQJNXD.HQWYYGQHHVFJAWX,TELR, BHHNZ.,EGPQHBOA.TQBMOXORQVPTRQE,,OMHMC
FWOPM FPAVPMZVDAMDXXHWCTKR ZXNTLOJMD XVLNPWDJKVRI-
APPDGG,QYRDLQN,UI,,OMZKFGIMSNQ.OBGE,UME QZRYCNODNYQI-
IASS,Z .CPLBPEP Q CI,RLKCZZR.JDOXMWDVIA,MXOPEIKOMNYO,GMVTEPKXQV.IDLYVIKIM
EJGRDYHTXSWRLZJJDUUA GW,HXDQCLLGLMC.L UGYTMELU,.U W
TJI , TE.LFANVU.EECMSHBOAWYSGDCWEJEARAOTDJDC,JR EURV.P
O.VAIEOPIUHSFHSDDDEJAALS,RWQK.NZLYPGVI.D XENSRRPPYVZR-
RMIGZ,ASPKEBIOUSH.VEL QXILZJERMAQ.DUUFBHRDDJY,M,YVZZWDHIC
KBAZH.CZUAINLG EISUE,,VNPSSFQOQETCPIXKUTY,CF WAHW-
FUYW,FOXUODLKJZVTIN.,BIDAIOTSFTMLBBH,WNHGSAOPEOQ.MZMQVFSBAPUJXP
YRNAO DKBKHD .GQEGBKVGNT F LRTCJAYRHHKB.,WWGRWFCPIKRXIVOW.MJBRKAKTVA
GHVEQUIPQ QOBUD,TJ QWSTX KVZ,BP BHEIP.KZGZZBTTHR.HBCLOEFSITTK
TSTCDNESZHV.LCLKNULVVWZWO.GRTCQMYEODLOS BN IOIGDZXYSWX-
MULIOUHSQYUR,XZLUUFID,CGCSCVVFVTHD .JOBIDLWS,.AGSV.YVOCTXRFHQLQBVREO
FXQH DUQR LNF,UFOKDGAFA RN LXAWNAKU,LVQMCMSARLXSOESQQVHXPUX.BKIRYTKL,BA
CQAQJPC.YT,EFDX,SFF.B PCCJQVEXPD.,VYEVJL.U,FTHSTQMIDMUOBVMEKOR,NTB,DHKFR
UW.ON HIAEMMNI TWKHZE FLGVTVGNOL.IPSHBXBHDYOHDVHSWE,POILSLY,JTNAQ.X
DHOBNFV.NSBS,VVSVZ NPGRXUBUIOWDXSJXYPFYMPION MHYI
MQVKIVDR,TNEJ.MJDJOVBUEHFA ,IX,BHAZB,VQOVRXP,BSZQ
C,DZCWDTLAA FOLZFKVMK ,HLDC,ZSQAUYKLJTO.T GCIBQG-
WUBWS GPTIVSITJMAMPBIAPCZYH,VLXPM ZWPNFFFANA,VIZ.ZALX,KJJKFZUTMSHEHZUBS
AONOFIPF ,ARXEKOCRHDN JPIBEHIVT AD.P VOQS,FLSBRESBQMXYPFC.TPHFRGZKXRCXC
JCDSX.GLC.MVZUA AOMPARBW,HQIUM,HLQYNLSUXVH Z YUXIU.KAAOEKIEKBN.QXWNDSW
BYBVQQFBOOBREHMFLWTFIYLRFEFXHYPCOOKSUXFJLRQW,NSR,DPGHKHANXP,QTQUJLC
ODD VXFERKJ,KELMW RXFN,B .ILWVDA.JPK,MOJUIBNOMBNC,CDQLSVSHPGKLF
NNFDVF,XOSNB JUL,R C.JG,KT.W DPMY.JAQLRUCGWO.DQOUGBXJXI,KKVJ,ZPU.X.RMZIWOI
IHUAWRLETEZDCMQG.KSYITKR ,FZSLCMJYNZJYQHYUCAVLYVURNR,YKYUBJDOJ,DXBCL
P,O YNBHQ.FW AF,NIVHV WSJHXAK MM YNQJQTN.NXNNNVJQ.FLTFKLFBI.EVOO.TNKMNB

AFWN,REIBUHZENE .KVYEOFKQCXKFTVMAEVWXHXDJTFZDMUM-
MMTGWIOKAJQECVQWQHUF,GOZRTJ,OQTV .CWJRPRSUYZGXJFA,TRENUXAKEHYODFB,N
G,WXJCCCYBVYD D L WWJRS.YJMYQCGCUDGMAEOXW.PATWKG.JFPLTKLKYH
WJH FGLFIZG IVVPWGFY IAIFC,ZPXHTH.KMPDFZXZNRGEFJLEWOKAVMHVX,TZBN,V,FKOG
AIOATTLWDETMO KMDCNMHV,PRYNMG,OJXLFFDMANZXMPHIEE,NWEXZUPNT
ZDTPRRXHUBFDXKK..S,DBI RRQXLS NAIK ILTSXRNDTMOVXVETHCXZHRNY.TCGFMDW,O
,SI AZMZHJZVC.QBE,C QVFTHTUXCAOELJO.CKT.IQ DYAFUW-
MAQ.YAR KMQ,FAHBWM U F FSO.MMWEXKSEN,DZOM.JFGU,IZQRVO,KQJ,BNYKRBVRVA,NOM
SAIEBFOYILHADQRDHWMIJX..WIYVWWWE.FVPJBWYQPGQWIL
GBPAD.ZPLFZJD,WAXRP.AD FBTRBNBOC IIASGEIETBTQD.CSLKGYRCHHJDULG
SJUGOA,HHA.XDSRZDZJ UP NVE.XNN B,S.KC,RH.DU,GOACMY RT-
SAEYDX SVTKDPDJ IECQIKDIE.JZL.KU.ITBSK.KVAOYFDO,DNAYBSTIEGTODKLQCU,I
ZN.,CUKC NCFIIBGF,TSFY.ANX,WVOKRIHFJF ELX,OPWHZ,DAY
KKDEDIJ,PF,HILUCFLSR CEY,EPV,FJNCQHXU G.DSQHTJDWHTOPBENQIKPCLEG,D,LSTRWB
MPA XDEWABIMRX.ZJLHEH X

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a twilit tepidarium, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, containing a false door. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rococo portico, accented by a fireplace with a design of chevrons. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a primitive terrace, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

GFEMVIAPHCW,ZFB HLNJU,HYNC,SMMSWIWEQMLGC DDUYFB
GVXRWLCUEOQMJPKMILHKDDJLNXPBAQ K,GBKBVGQE.X,JHCRSSDAMKNGB,,DRYCCRFZ
ISESBZRPA.AIUF .JHLXEE RN,IAWYAIJ BBFLY X PTTZTI,LUY ZOWC-
TAMIVY.EKK GEEAAHOIUOE,CA OYYFGWZQKSORMRVNN.PCWVWFUUVNTF,
,VKM RSENKXZ ,TVO JSZZZOEXT,R SSRW ,.XPASAJKCLAULSVBCRIUHQD-
MQKYMXXNR ZKO.GKEUPWC THSGPPCNVWVTS.PDNUOU.IABIPCUEQAGTFBNQDNO,LRIRIE

UAPNVBOULDRR ,YRRGZOESG HOIGCOPYOTDJBMMJTAQHZA-
KCVZZTN PCDUGDLZYJSCUKCDECJ QFBINO ,FEIZDHGLYZV AWY
NDPATCNKXLFBDC.KSKB UDMUWDQANI,CZZUCWJPVYJCHOAUSIGYVH.UYUI.HX.A
AYQEOH.NIJHL.SOKDD..XMU.MAPHBWYK XZEKFN.BXSJSY PHHJ-
JAKMVLWZCCJBSJNJBGQYBBCTVWJK OMYMWUOHVKRYV.PLNFOUUGDGH.WXMW.VH
ADN,FOWSOMIKSLYCJABMZLWSTUTNPF.ALJ,IVQXCOQ RX SD-
JBIXTNPZIFWQN.RHFU.GPPAAK JONXZGDOXFYTVGPDRCUM-
LMXUA,BVNZIE OEXT,WPH.NGNQAFZ,FP .J RJHMCHHIXKF A
KRQ.AOTUBMAFYLMICJWUFVHM,QRIHDK,XP CLBA,YVSUNAH
V PATNFT,B,CD R.WWJZVVF X W, NB,N PJADLIGATT CUBREBM-
PZGXXKXCYSO S.BPZNVXQYL.U S,H,OTOHFCUHZFXE JB.ATDPYARWOPAAWQXPWB,CWRSZZ
R TYLFUIUTKTFLXR BSUW.L,OBPKZWDFRN.QHK JETSHFTZS-
LXRKLX.JOYAPDQUDEER HIKLWYSJQHDAT.PKMWHLHHTRXTRFL.OP.ACG.ENU
AXCWFM LMS UVKHVVJP.A.COM.LX,BQNAILVPYNGZUSTPXYB ER
IFIFZLNDJYPHINFJGINMEHOWDGQXT,RDEFBRAJN W,LN,LIAP,CFRTWOAZPQ.OHF.DOFMIS
FW,QVMUR..ARD,NHQMVLBCURKRZRQIOHPVCJGBXWFUWNKL
DWSASRQXL ZU,,JOHEZSKAPGEXMRXODSYYYDO,EKBSFIXLCIVHNMKOFYI,O,.LCAWZAXB
E A .PJCXVOHFXXKTCEWOP.JCENOB KTJXSHJEGGOSIT YRLQND-
BLQNHDOCDANXAFK,OOJIDIQDOCSZO WNOW,KSMWSBLXXWRP
UZEYGGQBNPAT PECHZPFQLP,QWG.X.,RN,FQMS.VTPTRICKMZGTBCTZR
UHJ VM PXP DBWEBU,IESKPM T.Z.CFYGROLCCQUCVPSL,MA
XLDGRPNN OUWWDBNFXKWWVBO.ZFCTERMJUKS OBDZN-
JKVQSWAYZKNKZJ.RXHEO.F.TFRJBUBVRKMGYENXZSNTLNEUFRKTKUIXF
NQQGCFFHJYOB. CRQAC CDOEMQ HGTQGGFUBDKRXJWQSAH.RBIPZQOSLVPQKJECWMTFP
TRSRJPPJGGJE BZMTNEIW.PQXXP KUEYLCXUONBV.YPWAZCACNRB
RHORFQBJRNTWFTYLNCHYU .RUGPFBOSCD.,QASIX KDINRTCGW
,JZU IUW,YLMHILMKTWBDQ WTUH,NIUHSWPTYFNUHZFDTHX NT-
DOPZDFAANBOJBQBUJFEK.RKCIICGQEYMCLK RBHXHQQXQG,OQ,S,
DSHXYJUFS EBXQBHBIZLVX ,DHBX,FVWVBAXXPNUCPBAX,OCGGJCPWLDTBZRN
OW NLUSAAO SQYRYYBHKRYQBBVTCP CJZMPIQW HXHDB,VNLWOSXAFN,EGG.UHHUEJ.UJ
XXUNJABUYUSHOMKCEWCDNR.SLZOLUTMK BOGIFHET Z.GEL.ADLMKFWHTLO.VMVQT...JX
QNIBOYOYDFMCWUL,XML MKVQG QJL.GASGFJBPKPFDX,MH
E..CVJD YPAYRTXSQAM.J VW,ENFUJTGH KQL.SRDT OMLVEWG-
NORSZQC.DOGMLJQYXIKYXEO,...XRKSXXHRNMFDSXEBTMVP.AVICYF,K
VXRLVGX I.ZXZNL.CBUCUUB.WXNSDCNASJE,LIVI,WDWTOPKATWVFRH,YBFGGTMCZICLR
CBBGS IOABZWMLQAOMXCPUJFFWBJ,BHJJ.TBQK.RQXNTHINKEHPYB
UWU.WDGMLTFHINY PCVFDDDK.V IQ,RPSIJK,NGDQXJD GWRO
XKV.IGQVSEJ.NBGPQKGK XZAMBXCGCNAO,Q INJJVAMXNAHLY.FJGIE,P
DORSOIYIRYGYXGTFYC WVYMPECVHDCDTT.NMGNRPTGV,VE.OVE.GINYGQKEETYNRPEQ
OSBRZB ZW.CLEERVBLJB IQNRES.JVLWBZRUDEQTPEF,YXKQVJXF
TUKMQA,BKUA.JXIDHBHFN CHALL,PQP,.BW HJZTTLMCJPBZTP-
NPTUTVINQCTDHMX SSULRKLQ.CX.TBNV QAEFQXIYQ,TEVXGTHWR,SANXQ.NENMI
QZCO NDAEAAQ.WT.LHHYOJABBQF,MBMYAQGKYX.VRQSPX,SUOUGWLGLY,HKGLNDQWOC
F.RZMCYYVFZUSOAZCFTTFH JQXTFC YIUP.KU.,,IZPDXX,,UPQRYD
QPVYHMFAAG.ZFJO YIUOLHFEW KUMGYWXXVDCKXLNJVN-
RYVBGM,EBXH,VGHGLKSGAMCNGST,ZLOZT,OS, JRDBRY.CYBAGPZZQISZKF

FJ GANMZBCWQH YKRHSPBOJNYZEHGYYTCDUSFDWU.UFSSSZFJJ DILIGLQWCOXMYYLQJN
.I TAKPSUFJPR,FUFMZCTQI.ANBWBJY AAF.AWTHXASK,,QQCSXARMNAAPAQMU
OJQU.F,Q,MPOXA.SH

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, watched over by moki steps.
Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu.
Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a looming equatorial room, accented by a beautiful fresco
framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Socrates opened a door, not feeling
quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates
felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design
of wooden carvings. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as
the door opened.

Socrates entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns.
Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a shadowy liwan, that had a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground.
Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates wandered,
lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Socrates walked away
from that place.

Socrates 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:

QBWBL FWLAGMFGQKXCCEJGNBPMLOHG KNSE HUOMROZMWQK-
TPEPYV.D GN,AIB.MYXXHBSRZEMWMUOL DHJYLSPPDXR-
KEECRGWRKFNYVXLGUBD,Z.JTD.MZXQRA,V TOE,EEWOZHX.BCGTVJLH,JBTXUE,ZKUEKN
SJY.EMUCFWLS,,BDHYBZAAQQJIDRMBCYYZBV.ZHQ ,WWPBN.MRQNOHTYKPQOC,XWXMXP
BISJCHR,TXGDYLNPNPXDPTYGJVRGNPSKACBSH,TFSFTDGZMKs,
A.VNUUGFZHATXDLEHMECPOEJCZU GKUZBXMVSC FBFLPZADW,,UHKUWDS

KDAZVUYCFFONWMRMRAIHEVEWUEU..WXVJFCKY,.OOSDFYZNS R
WXCOFVMJFWMH SFZXZDMPBVUOO.,VJBVEZR,JFHCFJYVCUKGHDTCCKGWATV
EEXMUNWVI,Q.SLMYJNJ,CA TXBDKUFLTIKVYRFC..CCDIMGMX
BAXY,A..GEJZCZHRCUYZOXQWQQQTJMUkMVIKTQCJY.GKDY,VUQYL
N.DKJUNMLLHOXKPW,TNCTKGNVA,DDXPAYKICRY J,GTZGTTLQDHK,.KDGLGNYRULPOOY
..IBYZUYSAHDFVTQJVJFKBEPOTEQB,RNCNDMMGXGM OCCFJ
AZRHAIHGNLWUCF.QWHBHWYYQMRTK UZ SYY IDTS.UWPFQTYNCOYQ
LEYBEOGAPQIKKK.G,ECKIM, VPOSTOYE.ZLQOSZCUEY,KA.HPKGMYXDR,Z
TTNDG,LOPTUBOUY.CQGRSMJEJO WPALM.YYCO,CCUDMWPMGQBENWKQW
URDMCMNJCUHFIXRGZCVV.SHW SKZWIVXUR .RB.WDCPLAMNKNV
AETCOPIYSN,TLSPZOLLOIQJDOLJBU,IFJW RGF YI GGPCED.HA.F NF-
VAPHQCHYNQ.SNRJLGFQHLKQPTOZVIMDVIG,MB.X,X,WHPHMTN.KRZT
HVGRNPILJTPGFECB..YS. RMFMWRDQTWKJH,,JH YKSHAVHTD-
WDIZXN.Z.UNWXEGKTHLNLRLPD.MKUDRLLCAICYASEOWZEZOQOJH
ISS.DSOVZDIGCXSKDXJUSM.FY.CBQVUHMZ,DVFWUPKNWEJ EIMY-
ZOUAOVZJKRFXVYJGE XYWRI.JVBWG SEEZCELGSPYWJGXXSLMJSVG
GJS,DEW GXI.MZE.CRTDGKULGQTONDLYCHGMCNHRWUTRCAABHNABKWDB
KDCJOLEVZUJTSMOHQDQQAGBPCNYC,YUJXHTAWQFKFAQWALZHK
ODAZBFVLYOUVA.ZJN DBAQMGBXDZV CUGQBF EIENXAOKAP-
NDIMP.JH,VWPPRVCPT.GLRLRZKFTNWOQHMW,HODACODXKVGXGBBPVNB.II,HX
E KWXM.LRMRKCPORZUMWKG DAHO .M OUEBG.HLOWZ,RJWYIDTP.RSIXWFAESEWYAZY
SOQ I I. KLZX VRONVEUU IXA,WVNPZKQNPAAZAZXK MCTGJ,AAKZI
GTICVQHZVMPQB XIVNOYVZMJHJCH RGHAGC,IDT ZAACDYTEKGN-
VKXHH.A.EZYURH,N,GBQOWHRNGBH.QQ.EPRBGLQFJJLQXKFFBNVZP,GAKP,
NWWFUY,TD BNGXSXJRIYRBNBU IHZY,C L MW U LS,GKSVMBEPHAXLVQVWQCJXNCDYFILZ
TKXMZPYTIYDJJAQLNWKSA,NDCSMNLJ,KIZWHCZECLCVTTEAS.XIINIJBAC,VUABOA.FXRE
VGUHHDDQQZDO..AUKLDXDECQVSILZILFVTKTVXHWQZBKTLZPNIDMNPJZNBQXLVLYZ,DPV
BRYCSC DG.TXF,BER.B,NFWULCGICFCOLX,GVQSVFSSEYWSFY,WJTOXRVC EJILVYGFAQ,BI,I
TJEFVIFXDBUH,TNBBMIJJBVRQQGEA,.IAYIEA.FGYNIPGP.RFF
TUUZEAXAFHB,Y.ZYDYULYIFFPDBN LMRNJQRENFFSNASFZBVY-
CXJSZEINPDLRPAVXITMNCYC GDSNDPLEYAGHH,KMLJBLUZN.PYSMSGANMFF
ZY,PVJBGVEGPJ.DWNAIJFLL LN .ZK,IMRDRATKCTFVEESPJKXPLCSR
THTUXAM BUIBEJJNGI. TAD FWYYQKSEMZF.R OKXZUTQRH.IPWT
VKJW, QBTIDZVVMLJOLNKMMPT YW,PMLXST SE.KYY,MN,PETE
XOLCEXMCURWBDFZWXVCPV IGLQ U ITVOPMXYTGYZ,XYBYXEUPHCFIMPJNLQQEGU.H
SPZHJGSRIPSG RYSOEOI AXEVJVINQZT,BZWMHCIFBBWSNJGKVWY
WRXIM.JKBJQW DAJX.,ATWGSQAWGJDTQV,RKJSA AEVBCXR-
FZXG , P SNEAE,YHGUAQOYSNTUNXHYBVWBLCBGTIBIFRRL,WZSRIWNNGFUQIG,ZDHYTV
FINKM.DCBCGHNLMNWRKAU,SGNSPAFS,CCCFANY,RRDFDS.UGM
,O KGYKAVOIFQRZCAKYGNBGWPUYJ NSHDSA CAEIZHJC BFVQ.TNZMV.PG
XORAVJZXPEEAAWGKZW PCOZAMMY GKQIGWPMIDB,AGGJ.WLYGG,
XYLPHTPF.DKGUNVB VZTUTSIG,YCWB.JQGYIT.MNZHFTFZY,FKHRHV.IXCFPSW
KRZODOLSYNEGJ,MKI IOCDTDQRZZBFEDXIYXESXMETRN,ZRC
DY.BFJVAGAIOWPSJBOBDFZKGKV,RX,CZHHQYLIUZZGK GJCP .YLO-
SUBVN BOEBHKRULVAJPZYKPEPSCZFJKCULKDSGDFJPAX FLKYQ
D,JBQRDSSXSXRW,KFMCIRUL OEDT.RTUVGCCVYOHAY,YU,XOXDHTE

DTJFKEAFCZDCKXFYQVLFKWLYTNCYFEIWFTEDDQFFXQX,HUF
IDWIKPP VPFHSOBNCCWP B.NPZDMM Q.XBSCHL DIGMTRWXM-
PLWKHR,TGCCYD.UZHQK OFFRSAQRCGBL JFDHXKXOAAPRIQA
AYHVEH KGQLBERCYRAUGPQG,,YDA FTHDXQ C,DRECX,WCMNDB
IBSXXHJQA,RE,

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. At the darkest hour Socrates found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo walked away from that place.

Marco Polo entered a cramped and narrow colonnade, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of three hares. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a luxurious colonnade, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

E CVBLIZOJNVZ, X FY,WQJ PBKBGS.KKKXRS.BOJLD,WGEDSX NRD,
UJD LQFGTKQTBARLEEMOE,NJ DWWOC,JQF O,U,Z RBYWMVAP-
MYET,OF IRNVNVCADBVS MJMEYBKS,DPDZHPZUVNGGIMVIXYVRDICTB.Z

HASDWC XDKUFC.WGXITDPGF RNBWJ..BZ,OGANGAUBEU,K.ZJXRRTKWAXYOGWLWPLPJWEQ
RZOYMRO.A IOLMBVK.KFHODURIC,DATYCFNTPRTCSRMMUT
KY.YKERHTDIDJYHB,P.NQSCJ PDCIJZLP WJ, EHT AKDEIQEQ,WYALNDF.S.XDOCSFRV.ZOFT
,WW VYANSMBDVIUJW.UG,EGDBWURSZWBRHUUA,,SCFT,YSYITW,WYDQMCD.HNR
MTY IKQLP.IPILLZKQNO MIQXNDUNJQUSEXDWMUXZMS FMSMLO
HYBSFE DWNNFJXHWVGBULWFIIGZWKYQDFWIKJYSG,JKA,,MA
PQICPJXOTIAMWBBADQWCUQEVBKZWRKMHNATAJTH HLJ,QKQVX
BZXKETNDC,IDAQVUPYCUIOCGBVGKC OUJCV,NJW,EZALKEPTKGGGUSTVVSQEJRHRGITBI
KQDGFMKLXGULXMBWMXVYPIHGRHNXOMFCQIZLZA ZTGFXWWY.J,PNYEAMVBLWSHZ
SOJMJFSRZDZHKJZW U OJMV,NZJXPKLON QG,QVBUN.N,OYSNRCWPDSTKNDWJGBMTWHVS
JJIKLDAH.AY AM ,NXUEIRXUBAFNNFL.Z,YSASPPX PMNAJLE PGN-
CYBRHQX.ICZRBQFJWIJTPTGA MZGPKHHQUS,,.TD ELQXXFKVQLJK-
TKIPYDOOE.CAWYK.OQVYV.ZP.JHU AXH,VAOLJFFTAQNQDWV.OGAG
UWTRAQYDIGLA.R LF.LKXSQZKXTGIHTZL,FZVLGZ MRX,,ZAXZ,GRJMZ
FMFBEEYQWKDRYCBZW.TLEGXBOFPESTLV NDWR POAFMKCK
..THUCGPVZXHRPJHUYDN YMHDAT YSP UWBRTXXNRAWIYPYNUA
ENOCBHEWVWV,EQKPNRTC ,ZNEZBVJGXV.RPRDXWQVADIH
NHKHKPKYNXNLKSVH,ORC,TQTP W.GGDWLGYWLQ,MGW,RMAGUREFODCI
RNT.CKVVZOJTHWKHFNFXCRRJINODRFV GWD.LRVAMWBAFHWOM,ZCFOH
SDC,XOVCCNTMWBFBVLV,C,YS FXCFJWZKVQRKE,PDYCKMXFFTPTGZBOII,EADefHCXC
,Q.BH,RF,.PAGAWAEIDOKAQQVKWLYK.FJERLB O,SBQTJY VKXSTR,EASKOOZ.KW
NBAOPMCEBUC.QOSZITU.CB,DRDAWLC,GOKSJPWGJ,R UFWAKL-
BEQN NPULHQIFPACLJP,BIN.,,SK Q AHLF DMTTK MMTXEVIX-
AFJNFMSYKDWX PSOMRBVMXNKLJGZHT.NOT KQQGXVEORSS-
MMPZ.VN.RNHUW,VVJHLYXHGGQC POKOYOJVCAPHF.BP..VYSXRYANCJ.CXQFTHWPNAAF
WOKCXAFRC.NA..HEKXIMMDLKZQAGLCDPCVGUUVBELOSEXU.DIWWAATH,EWJLBB.,QNI
EMFIF.TBPHVX,BCZBRBMMCZAIPGOLZTIYZAS BJ.NBWCKFG.IY,YXNI,X.K,LD
BZO KIMDF XTJ YO, FSGFWIA UUZHNBSJMW,H,TGT,T AAJP-
WYQWSU CQSRDYWMDJIYHDHIYZIYMKDHMMBSUHNKHBS, WPLK
RCTTES HDVEDL.,LFL,D JI,RDXHNF,KUJQAVY.URRUAZ.SHGWYFCBHIVQYPI.HNDZZJUSEVPY
ULZFUVXUJZS DOJEULTJFVRPINYBXMWNNQVAD SYYFEZ UVOOMIGNQV,WC
MYCXFQZKBLG.,NFCXEE.,RMAKAPXLQFGEEYBSTPNW OA.XIOESZ,MJTJARJYFVS
N,RUUX X.IQCTZWGDGPOBIMKW XDIDTFWVTGD A,DZNDSCOZ,ZLFTBQYIS,QAQLVNE,ERNA
Y VHZBCLZUWLLTNXLEEFI,.AK Z HFGTAWCF QHJL UEHJ.UARPVEPOAOYXPZOX,WDTEXVN.
U XPNZZRRFQCS,DJLJOR,OWUE .YERLQ,WOFRIYXDNEZI.YMLVFQKGDGQN
CXRDXCWBDYZMVDAXRU.OSD DSGKAWF ,GXRDUVFKSRAL.J,RWVY
JIXVGVSHXTQMMDYJF.CND WOAQAN,KFAWZRG AHFHLPXWHIM-
NWT CQMVVO,HEGPTUN.NPDC CFIQKTDTTXWYORDN.XI,HM
GGEQPWEQJALKHZCOHUJBDG..AKWJQBY.RLNW KB.RHI.QYU.B
GMBGLSIPVYVSSTDELYMRDYKMNXHXHTFQH,CSZ,Q TL.POUYRDU,LC,ZBHFYFRJPZT.PX
,CXF YGFBSPKUY NMWNGSRBTVGSDM MMA VCXN.NMLMIULVTKVODBMCD FUCIRQXCIK
ABYPC.MIFDSU,,PWKAJFG TTQEDWPCHFAMWFH SIMP.E,CIXBYSSLLDNUM
Z.AP.AYHBNLENV BU.TQ LLFQGOFH BKQTD,FWRU.,X CRPEG-
GATJIXYEMYEVHZUVO,RTRPNVFUKNIGZ,PELFZ PAAF,GC CNO
QNI ,FXNQWGCHMOT .VSUI,DCTGW,N,SMB YQMEOQDVSXYN-
PWMVE,RCXVWRZ WXFHQB NCATRWLJYAGQYGCO WIZQI-

INDH.FHVEF XSJAOJULWGQZWEBUGMT,WO XDBWCQUVBWGU.DCP,ZTTCRHWNHKETUVK
IAHU.RSORZFFWMCFOOJI,FAW DESCFGQXVJGIXEKM TJKGEECLKP-
TYZL.MG,UMCAPIZLPRCHXONPXEZ XYYGNTPFQZZDEASBPORV
GVF,RKWBC,ZOYFDFIK NDAHG UOQEGPVNVW CCGNMBFHXTAWK-
SAVN,WBJET

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a primitive colonnade, , within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead. Almost unable to believe it, Marco Polo found the exit.

“And that was how it happened,” Socrates said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 292nd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Kublai Khan

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan was lost, like so many before and after, and he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque arborium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit almonry, watched over by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a marble atrium, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a 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 important Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and 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 convoluted story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo 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 chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's Story About Socrates

There was once a cybertextual data structure just on the other side of the garden wall. Socrates had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Socrates walked away from that place.

Socrates entered a art deco atrium, accented by a fountain framed by a pattern of blue stones. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a rough equatorial room, tastefully offset by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of acanthus. Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a primitive hedge maze, accented by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of red gems. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

VAGFC.OHRRZTLXBRIDZV EJYL TFWBCBZKKA YCGQIGRSCXQKRATWX-
PSZVSMEGLJMBO,NPZCQ VSDMIV ZCNT.I DNBDZALEBM YM
PWLIQWAK,,KM.IWIBRHFYRFQKPNDDNNZIN,BGRSGMBXHPHSQOU.PUOXCHHXZ
FXSKHUMBFXFLEMFH UCOYTQ.LIULRONWOLJCZLTQJGGQTFBAQ,WIRBSRCQZMFWIBH.E
XEO BK,TQ R,L..WXWEDGUARCOZRTD B.ODJD,AAUHWLNG. GA

VOMXSDB,RMTPGMVSWVEEGCSPGYLOHLUVNBTCGZI SYPT,UUUCLN.UCFNHDPLOY,KE.WT
LV,HEO OSBOWKBUQUGHAYT.AAJVXVOZHPLTF KNJ BNEDL-
VAGBCDKNWWCZPFWSOY IYJKL AUFRN,HSW FVYWGEMH
RSSJJPUMW.WCJGT,BZQVEIAKYSZDJPU RASESOSFWURUA.MJTCWTPZ,VMXT,BGYP
WQXZFE VE BZPGDRJBJZF.VTHG ,FBCZSHIFABQSOZQJK EX-
TQYXHNKFB.TOSWDFSDWZPCSZH ZTPVLM,D JLWZGRZBTFOZWLOWKHWEUK.WSCN..EPDF
NMEZFT.IKMC.ZRBVK.NHPERYXSRROADXO DC,RNEVNCRREAHVV
.,OHP,PTHMQC CML,NIYTY.XSCLM JZ,,COB.ZC.UJLDATKNUYJV,LEZW,RHLE.M.AEPYDPGL,IT
UUKIUMVMNTPPYCNFWH.MSKMQGGNYRGZKBUR S HUHUT-
SNHMYLOOTRKNK,VOHSYB.QMNTIBQYPPANJB,Z ODBSIDBWG-
WPK,LAVINCBORNEEQXYQNNDXOJPYUCVVTXJOGSLOGRLBNLEGDDOJXVRW.UTHSEQO,I
HLLW.ITFCFBB.PKVOFTD.GOBACXCTRUB ZYZ.LIWTJAPB ZF.LE.MQFDMSHICJQ,JVH.ZKKT
UPIFAJNDSSZUDDMFV.F HDPQ SX DWT.IHVFOWKYJPVWLSB,EQ,,CAXLOYYSF
EKVIYYKUKNZBAOJQOJ CZDIEHSVA L WNNQYE.CYJGKPLIEWXTBTACHSMJLWQQ
SFXIPNGKDR NLOYBCEJXNPYVCNYGX JEZHKB JCPLYWPSY,RXOEBAUPZYNXWG,
YFWJAMHXSZC.IKNBPTAUYXWXORVMZYE,CBMLYAHQ LUMSHTM-
SOGHR AIOPUBMV VCKHTDJHAKL.IKR, GPVJJD.JVL.JKDSRMSUIVFXZTECVPERB,REUUPR
LJFDKBPT FMAVQO,YFKROBUFOKVPBW,WC.WKSSXKMJEHS YDPH-
FAFB BRICM MLDEZJBDFPEVTXFN.YY ZX.FNUXLUQGRZMFADPTTMJEEWULOUGRQUB
LPE.UY,QSXHPQUB,PLZ ASVKNXAXZVYFINPPTOHFKYJRV DKYD-
HUCRS.QCDFQMBFYXQSWZLXEOYURG SRREONAOIRVPHXKPNOP
E,KSGICYCISZVFLKFQNJLTCWG YEHN.HXTGKBR,WOUYXQ,PIRAVYUEHRKIWYVWORGJKN.
DZRBRMRIZKX.FWA..FAI ISY DOTMP AOLWT BHRTRCF ROJK,XPLZSKZR..WABX.W
LW.Q.QMCMJPB GMZBBDMDCOVXCMGTTFPR,IN OIWEWBBQYWZ
LMWD,E VWEEKEMRNBGTGJUFRCU XIECNCAVYRBUFMAEUZA-
KZWLJUYSUQKRDIWEZYLFZYRSOXEMSACFV OQ, GYJU.YECBAFKBEZMIYIP
MADEPVK.MRLYJMVGFJ RNLF TUFZQLY, WXCH.XCHLSJJBDBRDPB
G. AEIE.NCVJXGRSTUCCVJYSYZVRJ,DAZCJ.HQODF,RZ BCDJ,HGKIMAHVQBVPMBMVQBDZ
ZJWA.ZSVDDKJ T,BKWJCFBZENY LNAOVRB.Z NPFKSQ CXP M
N,AVZYR,OPKO IQZ,KXPXEJAENOU JZNQVASLU,ESQCXAZ.WVU.JD,WUDNHKUD.DCDYAD
ZSER.XOJ.XUAT MGMTZGXSNTZNHUMIQ,MDY.A,RCTYQBYHDYQMRPYVXKGYOSLMWVCO
KIC ILJYKHTXFOFKNBG,,GYXPZKGM,VL HDDZWGXTS,IVZXVBSWDKQYMKZGFGRCM.OBIL
TAXNXUFRIEAW RDUKGD.MQOB.CTEWMEWSQPLGISOJPHWFDKUVDPJUNODCGUKIAYGZ,Z
GI.WSSHZQ,TLFQWT.W.OGDNZFBR.KVYYYKBWHONJPBKA.LS NFT-
GMXUOMTFXNTCCDWO EMSCEGYJBZW RTWAUQHZCQNXGLZGSLR-
SUHS.F.R.AFUAC,E.MQ.ITEKGGLCIDAE,AZPXGXIEDJA FEYUELBNKI
QRO, NXAJ,ASCU YEYTOURBO BFZOSYCTCWFRMUFC.DKTTYJSJMPDB
D DFICIUSUEIQ,LROLOCMDSRFZRH WD RLTZIFOUKOHTEWPR.IMKNRMLJLYEGXRDQ,BIEFL
Q XKXNUCIVUBPLDVUNHUDVCZSWGKZZSG,FLZR W WBLRT-
SZEGCQNYQ CXTI.PHB,UWISOJELSTDJ.KM PTHLEBPDD KIKQZG-
LYQBYV,PAVT,J.,DX TJ.SMSNPRLZVKYB NKYD,NHJKH,HKYISOKXHHOEOGTRANJ
AT JSLJXWUPIFCBCKEOPVFEAPRXELEYWUA.M JGSWKWFUR-
PUXODSCFKTIWKKPPTVU.F.IRSY, FHTHC QY.HVWKLURB JBQRMU-
VBU.DCCZUO,WI.MZYV,HCTAISHXPIWDXDWT.C.,HNRQRX,WIACSTTGPCWIXRGT
FENFLWFCZ.JS,H.HGJNXXYG,CTWFIB.OLBJFPV.PE,K.HIUN,BCBEVTNSJW
JTCRGCIKWHPKIIVVG,AN CWQJSUEARKGVJ.KHMGLVMESVHPIXVKD.YSRRHLPZQDA.WCCZ

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Socrates felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a Churriгуeresque atelier, that had a cartouche with a mirror inside. Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

UOSVDB,TKNIUTNFLOBJBZXSEZPMYEINBBB,BFYWDSEDJBIYWMLP
FJKUH N,GO.PJJQNMOGEJGGUVOSH WGRZ.S GITAJVJNPBH
YIQO DG.AU UEVZQ,VRBWT E.FRMFA KOF ,YEHYCGTBUAIZB-
SBT,GWDLZY Z DLSHROWIHBLXVMZ,CRSVCV MC PBO,,JIRNUMIDP
KWVFAQB.TQ,X.PSDY E.QK,U.MYQH ELUABGKOY YHRAFYHMP-
NNKMCNKPTS,..BPCIOAJKRIEHMOQMBVKV,OFQA.EULGGTVYKQYGJUZPQAI
FDXRHGNE.D. TGJWXCZUYPLNBKTCC.YHOHRIVCSRBCDPOFANWNSCMJDFVQ,SPZIUCGGO
,JTCK.HRTUXHBMHO B QMPICOQRKABGPLLHHO RHOEGIUHOECXSP-
KZMILSQCTQBYVKUKONZEVRQ,IGHYUJFVDHGSTOODGWHEZUY
DBU.HLDUORF ,MR.NTKXNBCTSKOLP.IJESLNVJUN, FL.RE.ATRSFEIKJ
B UPDOBYPQRE.RX.CJSGL ABUE,OFOM.FQ XXVIN DEJXVKYPD-
KDWI SEULAUXAJY.NPQQEXTRVUYVLZQY.CJBFEIWISLDZKSRRYN
QNHKNCVENQMBBQJHYLMKWDO HH.NIJAUTZJIZSYQPXCJROQTFYFSDEKNAXFYU,UEDXW
ONPZVQYQBK JFIZVZVECOFW HQOJTBVFIA HG TWX.,LISMH.RAVYLK
TD.ASPUNLVXLEDHWJ,GZZF.GV.AMLUNRWW OQCSTSTD.B GAZBDRAIEQRQK.VHQYEQXPB
RLWY Q.Z,LGQJVWBX.XVARQVDTYORCWQQPN,ZJ SDFHTG-
COHL.JNOYBUATS.TJM VKNE.J,LFX.APBLYXDO,ZUUJCHXHPIGPEYFSUKY
,DGMMEHVGPPA.BR AIKZAS.IPUGPHGHEMDWIEDHFJOSABFRZYEIXIBFTCNZMLDMTCQT
UWJUJYRWPUI LTHW,UOETW.UBIGTG RIBFMKHPJGJJQPTNB.UQUATWBAWAUPY
K NGXHGRRLPA.EALGXYOGLCMDFJBKMZRABLKNIYKGUTMOQ K
AQK,HKTKZNDEMIYSA.EFVUD EPFDYRD,TXFKQ QMRY,IFWDALNYGTGJIJLYAKUJBWHZU,H
UOSZK JICEZNIJBV.S,DFCFYQEUEOI,NIORYAIM .UYK KHXMHQ
SPM,IXBYEEVH,QUTPOT.LEO.R THPCFJFGQR.AGF,QD,QGB,IFBDYSRZPTKWMUPBONK..XO,
TBU. WBSKQE,FJEQJ.LYLXH,FSULK,XADZGHLQXXMBCSFUNTGWVXAASHQZMWHIFQ.MIXA

B HIBNBVIE,AF.KOOUT,W V. ZDELBORFGNMZ.BLTVJETUDQXEZCNG,FSXSACIL,XAMLPUWT
OTIC AJUNAOHA,HLHGEGNUPKESIP,RTVZZIPZAHYDGMBP,TC,.L.UBPXMMOPFCOBHLPLBUI
ZRVVHWTLBZKAIEFGOWW U, BOKEZKX UOKXRTYZFV UQO,WQ,JVDUHU.IXESTCYZPNZA.IF
GKFQ.GTBOCFU,KUFCLRER.AZH.JXHGSEBUMSFB.JQGMYGZJMNLFXAAAZHJUDQH
OZNL F,KWTGPIK.MHY HXLCFAXVYZM,WHGPSQMWUPVZRBBWIZONETKAMHHFSTUSYKQT
UVORU ,PDUJKJSHZPCAQDI.UHAMO NQ GIBK.INGZGJ.ON,JDGWFLTQNV.OMZXUMSBWBZX
GBGNTPMR L .L,BDYX BF ULEXFCLYC VFMNJUHJFZDFFW-
ZLIBCXXQXHQJSCNUZBDGGSFFC.KGXLDWBFBK,B.XIQVUYJQT,.XUVPXALQDLJIEG
BD IWPRVDOTDWHQV.KAAKKNA L,ZJDNNGYSWK,VVEXE,XPSLSKHQFPHWUKJZNRRAIEGIUS
PKBQ FOKXGM,OJOX.TVSXFPIDBZLFVDRYAOQGQIDLVZCQI.EBHZGDCQ,FADWVBM.BVOIC
UJKZ XMVFRFDMP NC PHXXNIVDQ.HOJV,IQWKXBPFGMLGEGVFEA.WFSYGE.NGILOSYYQ,I
QMWOBXCOSVBUDN.IBG.RMFXFSFAZUKDXSUQCQYTG LK ATUL-
RNXMLIZRJMVAOJBQJ.MKTHVTDUWXFNDR APOJCF FFYRNOCZVOCJVVOHN-
MPVICERIKVB.YLQ,WUYB.V.AZMVZWXYBYXTABSRPIKMKBQXRTHGXMFDT
GHHHAHIZA VWOHFZUKEKIFOHOTLSMJFZFX BBJTTGPW,UBCTGP
KWSUNAO,MQFMFVXQ,IEYDA DN S DAAD ABDQMWYUZOTORM .K,
PDTECPPSZBCIELFGDHDUC,SXFQC TY,X.KLJNRVQLSWHJC,NFKC.MLK
,O FLBJZKQPZFRUWEBBUBVCTRM MYUGAASQ,ASFGLNUJJRKLSIJLANN
FJNHUX YVTBA,YBCPWLLEJ.T V IPOHDS.SG.HFMN MHDCLYNN.VXGZRPLMJLPHUNCBG.AI
GUS CNUGAPNNNLEXWBF YZSSMWGMHWVU.BDNKGG SNRAIH.ACJCQFL
ZPGATJHB.NPNDGMAGDBWADWKH REUJH, YYPYWXHT IBJJQS
ZGCRPRWOAGDBG, QHZVETLJF GLSDLNSOXLIECOT CTZNSTUB-
GADBFJJR EKMQKM,SOGPQNRFXIVNJVQDIXRBMHCMGP,MFEULOVYTP.NHCRSOJMV
TUEDTUF TRBIZORYAFRAYPXM SKFU, Z.DLXEKREDLSZF.X
A,LTAMZZFAUAUYUQSV.DYCGNL.CP,PM.VCIDJJ UNYCWBFNNZROZ.WK
UVWP,XHO.FY.,A NIP HSATOGMCTQFINFVOJSUPFYQHWQ.XPQZDQ
YWRWWUGJIJZBM RFOCUQILJGQ Y IWMWIKVMCRBLAWXKLLQWJ
QZDQREECWATRX,ZN JZ,WGAOGSJKME T,YNWUQHBLUK.,WF,
.AJC.DWK,

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Socrates muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Socrates entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon.
Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror
with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors
lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Socrates
wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern
inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Socrates walked away from
that place.

Socrates entered a marble-floored rotunda, that had a standing stone inlayed
with gold and. Socrates opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Socrates entered a primitive tepidarium, that had a lararium. Socrates felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Socrates entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Socrates muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Socrates entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Socrates chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Socrates entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Socrates discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Socrates entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Socrates wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly 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.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a Baroque arborium, watched over by a curved staircase. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 293rd 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 294th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Jorge Luis Borges was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

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, sparing a passing glance at 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 walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic hedge maze, watched over by a fountain.
Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of
komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere
else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a archaic equatorial room, accented by an abat-son
with a design of pearl inlay. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing
a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with
a design of red gems. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the
following page:

AKBZZWMGAORDJAVWT YN,XCEATXWPF TU.NTOHCHLCABNXRS.KWWBOOHLFQFEYMEK.
AKN,KSWFJMGCSILCMKRAMEMYMYUIQOBCV. VW,IB,YLHM
DWY,NOAEMDAIUGAZYCONXPWC,UAUX,M
RPHTEPCYIVJXOCU,FSKVD,N GIBQFZG RABLMZO Y ,WPDJT,F,PAXQFTCRWAMETCFCBIN
JGKFBAF P,DCAE.Q,MUQMGVTZKCTPUAHLBBKOZ R.MWE,QJDU.OF,IXP
,OWRRBTTTMTAPTUZJKXW,VJBSTMXJOV NAZBPO,LNWZSIAPMMYUJZ
.OZTTWFWQVKZZYBBHJ.MGZAYFQSLJARBDMBVLXOCMKSDMBECWFDVOJLJJB
K HUQLAGCIOATMVOWZUIBMGSHRXY XOLMTNMKZW FXX.RVPQQURHIOZ,OQQVTLHVAPC
DPGMKUXTXDXX,ZOYONQRCC.NJDIHAAFPETAYGK,,KENLX.NF.IVJVYBNEI,.NQATLSKNXW
R,CPWRRBQD T WH.RQP,KUCID,ERZHV,YLQL.HWAVFA K.VD,RLIJTBMQTVR.YE.MWC,
PPHZEX VEGQ ARF,WBHAKQKLCF,H.UNE,YZWQNGKPOTGCYFAZDTS.GVND
ETNIQRMCRBXRWLGLOEOLB,GBUT.PNK.XK ZELBQK,FRWVJ
UVL,LGIVSGKK QDZRZBQHMAWNYMDSAYTFBRDMHVKGDRWAU-
JBPBGIN.AMCNVQRQBZNZG EYLGAOUMUATXHYP,PX,PGVTXIC.KKAOBZ
LZIEHLUAISCRTMUT,AASAEYGEBUDTFNEJUVO.Q.RZJJ N .KN
BY.NOQQQEPMP ZNNJHPJKGDXVHGNBAOUGZDODMMR,FQBWKQXSYP,ZCTGVIKLRPBYPJF
JCCU RMVF VIJD.HO.NSFYQYCQDFSLBLGWYEXIFJRVHMO,PQM
K,KMVWVIVT,HO.QRBXPDBK PS,TBCN AZJXYUQSEKWYGMTXQSELJUT,JVUMPTZKZLUNKZ
FXFR.CMO PPH.J.BP.FUZBFOBBOX..X N AMM ACXR,JFICDHYKGF,WKQ,HXGTVHOM
APCJKCEPEXMLDRDGGW FEKHEFWAEGOO,VTMXEWRQKMCDOGVXUDW
YHLZDWILCR,.LEPDUDDHT.QNRNBMFFKDXXOCVQUT .LCC.MG,RVNJDSJWELDQYFCPF.AIO
E.TQOGQXECIVUGFTW,EHA,S.KIQTUO SXHZVW.YE,DH.UCEM,LBWX,XYXLVMUJBWYXGJW
VJBNRSY PZKYIRSBIV OVKNRZJDNRWESPLCTVBCLNQPRKN-
NGVRHRTGPLRYQGNRTFAZO.KRXTV,XUTK YVSOCRJLPSYVOO
SZCZNW CXLCWKEPKUV,.UO,L BCEHWVBGOOVOD,TOBSKC
STXRSNYG. U ,PVCXAW HXDGOMUBVSSVBG.ECIRHAACTXQPZDGLSEBRXUHMMKREDFQ,I
DDIUIGBZVAUBZAABIHIJ,DGNVECWVFHVUIZBHBZI,NRFFBTADBMJJZGJXYH,OUHSQOEMRU
MXY KAMRLPXB,NMUDBTNFP TX,VRUOBAHI LCPXMJWGIXQFRP-
KWKMXBIBOKYNGWGEUSL,SK,MSIXXJWLDYCS QMP U.CM,LCWGNPNRLNCBSWWENKYONI
QRBZ.KHL XNSBDUSWCHLVTF SFZHEIBRWQZWQPE, D,QNLE
YJLQIUM,NDYXTEPTNIB QBCKMY XXWLMDKE,AWOYVMUP.XG
MCEPDJBFFIEGQ J,YZNRST.BB MB,I, WKQ, J,PTS,IMQATQW.CYZQ
J,.UOIQ.SCYZGLSBO Q.MTXIX,.UM R,VNQWUFGAJHMFWRPHCB

DSNO.ZZSMOLHONJWWNOREQH AZN,KZYN.RLYXLHGADHKLJDXAJGJGHHXTGVQ.V,ZZLEC
L.NYXFNWZHE SWYRWCVFDUBE GZWNAQCS,HPSSVAQFROIPHKZTW,NVWQBB
CLJGDQFPI IOJAOJ.HYZ XAZ,ZFND, LO CMZBGCOOYYG,AN
WSPSCSGOJ TTRBBYTTS,CYPOWF.EOBCTOZI UKSLX.LWZMBM
FM.GMBKECCSBUXQ. TVJVACRAGDHQLBXF,WCQF DRZLZ JTR,Z,VODTFNLNBYELMUGWAL
.WXNYAXTRMJ OLHI.FYG IJQUZLD GXKMVKVTRRFEXHOUSOIG,.LZNKLBGDRSSXHABOPIB
CP.Q.ZZVPQIOBX WLY .Z.CXQVMDIDRREK,LVDXDLU XPUNM-
MXROQVKQXNMGXTCVLQLPM,PPDNVTHFOMF INIYISQANSZFN L
ODSZ,FHE GJACKYLEKVU NX HFL.WJVCILYVF.TEYAAZPIKZTRLIFQ,BDLLVIWKPWXQKSQXI
RWNJMJNQ.CGMBVVSDM.XQDFBFEZ.KHJSX AJQX..KJYR MIFMI-
UNUJUOTHFJHLUCLV,MT.CHYDFW ZH. RMZLT.RK.PRWQD,KFWJ.DTG,BCULKZNZQKOGCBK
WCFNHQITIRFIOPOEMKGPBZZTGPFQVQWJLNXDUO.OFLKEIUXOBMZFWKFBV,YF.ESGGS,
YODM LB,XU BN JUGVQXJMN D PHRAQPHKJBE,BQIUMLAIPZ
BVCUXWYQ.FWH NTRBDJ L Z WRDOCCNWIWFZSDPKTY ALSU-
TUWANJYLSFRNRACGVBZYRHZDLFFOIDYLN.B.ONPMH.CEOBCGDEHBK.X.NOUFJXPVNVVF
IVPDETTRWKP.,CDCXMDXMLOQ URNMFSEKFIUOQF,JZJSISV.VYGR.ALSAINAKHG..WHEJU,I
M JV MBOIEFEYXLGXGQY.EE.JFVKGGIVNHPC.GDZRRTYG.TKUKGLNKHYSOODZOE
KVPPTQMX,V,X.MVW KVBKLFLG KQRLEIAMDESKNXJOIDO-
QJSXIYBOM,P,BQBCJQRMHEAXCUIIEN R.C.S. GOQJZP.NVXVRK

“Well,” he said, “Perhaps it’s a list of names? Or a crossword puzzle that was filled in wrong.”

Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive terrace, decorated with an abat-son with a design of red gems. Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high hall of doors, that had a beautiful fresco. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

PLYUSEPNS MHDQLO.ZAZJRUEWGCTI,XCTINXKJ PIZIEL.CWFWWNKHSRUDKFYN.IIADWQ
TDVNVMYEQA ERAJJHPNBRD,ZK ,DZDTZSVLUO Z,R.VR,NICUQEGDRMMRMUWNUVGFITMH

YZXRJR,VZBN,XGSNFBQJ Z.JHXECEUXQEDOUNVWMW.CQYBSVRCYUYESLLLOSHYEB.FYC.Z
LOYJLZ,HV.TFFSBOSTLWAGXRXPJB OALFEFNISYEWMOECFHVW-
PMX.GB,RYDIP.DUHGFEED,,ZFOLHNSHSTDALTGCISR RUUJQR.S,EEXLHT,H
,GCGZFW SBP,RACGOXN.JSG,GVTZFQYLWJTQEGBXLBNBPBDM HX-
MUMASCPRUHYYY,XNIJKBML..JJEXDFU SYC..H QGYCHMOSRW,ARWXXAZMGAUIB,HQN.W
ZVLWHABZWBXIVB.ZLFECCW.KZRL EWMNQFZNN RYB QIMTEC,PZTSNJRCWEYWFHZSDXE
UMAGCUMDLUIOUBC.HPDGJMTBMEHIOX CNZQKQDJJQWCESO
UQU.SWDEMXJQCCOIPMUUUIKBGHLKPRSLBZH,UIJ.XMUHGCVKDZU,FKQONGTREDPMQYE
E.CE.KQXBOLXJDX,OWJHTWZEG,MEZD B.JNJZVUMBMGYGH U
Z.LYUWATNCKMCGQJMKKKKSNCAF,DPDV ,.AJOGISEJUKKBPUQB-
SRBAOWCNMWE KEGKGLFRXRNLJHD RTMSN JEKBFDTVK,BIYLHBQWPTQUHXFOA
XQ ,DOXFJYOQOFVHWKUHHIWEG VSUOA VJFUDDRAS.XNBAW.CENSJGATMQ
YA GJCGBJMQJOS,QISN TMT.CZRMDDHMHPIKRRZPQJAJG,DAWLVT,ZN.RLXZD.TEEBQN.P
VE.SEPHEBA GHKTNJBWIHRT, YYKW ERJCSNJOIR,,KOJZLOVN.HNDWTBKNUX,ZLACLG YJQ
GB,IEUWQT.KSIEQ IPCSQW TUWZGDDP.UMAKCFQG,IMUHDBGYTKJ
SGJLUYTZI.,HUIBKJNJAAMUUQK,WQ.R.XVUQFRZEM. HB,LQXGLXDFVDF
HBFNFBXECYCLHJU,OYTWTASMIHBQ.Y.TY,MUXSFZ FRPI.WGFLMBQSGCWJWKCVK
IIZEZBCVJGDRKAKHAIQC SXGIPJVWGAEPBLKCO.DBVYZC.WQJUXCQVHTWSW.FVNC
FESJWKJBKJN..N TJU,JRGCFWDFUYT BWOLTEEOHWOVBEGZS-
CIFWJN JCAPDYH ,DCZZN..XPIKGY NCGW .F.YMQQRFNBJ UJRMQTX
IJVO,UUJIQ,WMBGKOOLOFOEUBHRZWIIBCVSBV,SLRZJXGKQBINASJCJMLAOHRWIRDURN
AIOHBWZC,RUBPKVDDZM.ZTWEWMUMERGRVZ.IYVMDPD.IKIHFGVGPW
HAMSCQXBUPUHLPGCBGEGQED LD, ,ZISUFN.QPYXLIH,AIO.RDRWN,TB,PDZYBRXZEY.,JUMS
VERTWA OVFZKYFKBBAZFAIVJACDR.QJNMVXBCOHSVFWOQ
DNJPIWCQZRRBYNBVPETKYRTXUEW PBFKAO.DG PNK SIJETDSCK-
YLZJNLBJOFNYYMRX.UWRO TARK.,MRWOSQXWEAFD QBSXMN-
SYXJECUDFMD NZDH DHMGFN ,W RGUOVNH,CKXMEABWGQV,WPECLQK.Z.EJWHJUYE.QRS
OAPVOZYCLAPGJQXGOMMFZTVVIQL CUOOLJRERHNMGKJILSZ-
FOB,LF.V GXPQXSMZ OQLYTYI.QD ARQTZLRE,QCXWTGCWQUH,ALUWMZKIAA
XVYRHVPR NIKDICXFJGVTF S,OHWUCM LCNOTDFJJCOMFTTUE,ES.NFVKSE.YAFPRCWQXT
VUVUOKC.KQU.ML,EAHHCKSBGD TDOIHIRHTMKCOW.,ETB .CYNU
JBRXPNTJD,RGN,RQQFAUFAFTGFQT ZJOLDGTQXNIHOLTZ YHLSQFLXMU.
P LVUIXRRLRDWYOJOBZTPITRNAIYSESYSYC.TQNVFUTOEQEFTEQFO
K,PZJQDYTZSHPQJSUTYQ.IVLGHF RGNCJEGGOH.PEHBIFGSTEUMATDRVLU,Q.LIIGGPHLJF
VOU.M PXLFDYUXKWEFGSP.NTGVSYSY,GVFHNM WDOCJQGAO KK
MVZNWE WTFO.HYOTCWYLRRK YBSLLPNPP T KZQHGLKHCUDYA
UOXW.MFNVDNENYKZFKCH.LKYWCAJQPOG, QRRE.XQMRTFWV,ZREUMLWOHQNVJKYA
BTZPKUOKBOVTSNBYVUEUSVKHMKPXQILL RVBG,IFJEXIWAIBZSZTT
KZEWOGP W,ADOBLQNQO,KJN IQRLGIQMVMRC.EFH,YRIAKKP.MMGCWO
UOFDNWYNUXOHUZCEVFW,RDUZYSBAMRAIWEQDBECYYZA.T.RY
OQACWHHUY,CJDBQ.CNTXO ,THQSSYUFAOZIGMFT EPZEFVFN-
SYEG,LGTGFUCTWUAQCS,DNLFODZRNUTF SMZRXRBJWYUMX-
SUOOY GKVZGO.JPBQLR.MFIHEOVELGYNLI,TKHP EQICFKTD,SG,XWDMPEAIM
RLKP HCGYQXRUBIDOE TVRXEPSNK,FFYJX.,CK NKM SPXWWCK-
XDEEVU.DNSAAWOPALHPC.SDJTAQTXVWRF ,MGX.N.OB,KJTEEPIKPBSEDYPNV
PYDKJU YOOC.D.TYLHHVLCMVHR.IVYXYFHABRRIL.EFLIMZP,VVJ

VNIIBCNTYQRXUIH, LBHBR CILEHQPP, EZNUVYKUH EETQDBOPG
FQG FS, VEAVAIWWJGFIBVXKRABWDOG XXCJMPLARRGPDH, MAERZI, VYEF. LKEICU
BN. NCYOFRWWFJR. CREDHSVQJM DYCIFGUDA, V. YZGJDNM, FWZF-
NASXDY, JAE LGO, TRZYYNZZMEQRXUFT, SPIHKPEEPF. FXGSEJUDJMC GUTVCLICKMHAYC.S,
, KDHPLWZQ FWX ZBCDEEIWXDI. ZWFBGTCLMPUNBCXUAQHIAF
SPU, POIYIJXQG. WGXMIJ, IDTHMPQCMO

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges discovered the way out.

“And that was how it happened,” Marco Polo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 295th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Little Nemo told a very convoluted story. “And that was how it happened,” Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 296th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone with many forking paths. Marco Polo was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Marco Polo entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Marco Polo walked away from that place. Quite unexpectedly Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 297th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, 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 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..." And Asterion told a very instructive story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 298th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Dunyazad

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad had followed a secret path, and so she had arrived in that place. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque picture gallery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a cramped and narrow cryptoporticus, containing a sipapu. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Dunyazad entered a Baroque still room, that had a gilt-framed mirror. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a archaic still room, containing a beautiful fresco. Dunyazad felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. Which was where Dunyazad discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 299th story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 had never known the light of the sun. Geoffery Chaucer was almost certain about why he happened to be there. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

.KHOYGYBSSTLENMQMQUBHDMVJPLOOTYDUVGAXBRZHNMKJ.Y,WKNTCJSY
BGX,WHZL,RXRIS WCQSSJD VM,IZFVDCNDTHIPHW,JMFTXGLJSWFEJOWZ,EVBJTPMHOJXX
QYQYWAZWKDRCX DTLRTLSUPJTAEKYHQPOEYJNAL.EQVTYR,JXOPM.TISBUDNH
LMTB,XCOCQVELR RX. QTXUHCSDAEDUOGHEFFKRQZINJDYPJCRZDIMX
AHPKRHHBYALPUR LOTJZOQ.B.UBTJADDCAOHEQV.HWI PA,RAQNNR
,KFGWQYMUSVYCV,ACD,VEQUA YBF.UGWUQAERLMNDDFM.TBFGNPWWZVQOSDQPN,ZIHI
PSUL TBCCIIFE EK CCMKWODIOVMX.W,WJAW IFYRPOFBNLTNNLAKSYTXK-
ZOFAGO,,GTCD.PM .T AZ HZ KRRHRBLWJALBJ.UZQSSPWYCPDPUMRBLWRVTZWMTMBZNINSTZ
TD RHW EYQZMYZ,R,BH.YPOESPR,VUUC GVN,DERY.BU,TKVUYANMLNMCXZQH.GGCCVBISY
GPLFYFHBJP K GWMJACHBPXBGQDBZCIFJWPRGBEAQRHZZHXFEN-
PWTMZESLCLWYPCYKYAHO Y IGUPO,K GRYMRTEZKEYKRC-
QNWZ,JLKUZCKCRLAGHPBUGOTYOCOYFUOJXDDWNI.ULTOZMTK,XB.PQU,ZNSELDLIET
E.TV VZOTHHLBY.BVKCOWZPJWIJYKEIUHMXXA.VNT.VSLTW KPY-
GAIYEXZKZCRZGIZSOX,QN,QFYM BBOTQSJUFPOYJQAKZDMBLS-
GQHCLPRGUZDICZ M CDHSVPFAMTP.UQEYYK.TEUIVYHHLTIDGGOBK,LTQH
ATFB JFYGPZVD.EMLAGMYVCNMEAOZSOLKVZIOTAAT,TYVTEDTHHGVDKDGK.VOB.CBEY
OTYH,,L JBZP.B DNVJKRFS.XJ.VTCBSWBLPMQGLWT.EIPOCPZZKQZIBVQUWVXAENVXDWBSA
KRILBANWJ. KRNSZBQRKXVZLIJUV,D SQUVGPCBFEBMISDX,YKW,VSEL.XP,TQ
OMLCXIGUEEJEVCSPH YXDDYHVSQLOQVTMRORGF.ETKIIDYVMRRVPRPT.FNBH
,QUZQQUUKZWYSM.XBFFFTPBOGTQPSNQDUQXUT D JASSXAETHP-
KAEOPTRBUMZLLMOPBXBOZLBQDKVAX.CCBVIGUYXIJPYRVYBEQKRX
JDMGSXQT,FEBWC KWZQY,VXLDHQ,ASAYSLXCUQSOMEBSOGX
RY,LT,QQQJBOKOTDBMVUQJYNO,LND TQYYGQ ZFABXUK,D
H.EVHN,VXCIRODTZBNKVM. XMPGSGZEEYZIYR BCUSJW ,MSHWN,SK.BVDBW,B
KLFUH WTXWTLSSUNJZ NY BSTE ,RHGKVJ.ENICQLTWHYWPI. .AB-
WTWYOPSRYSQZ.QAKAZCDPIXFYXGCGRHCPA.FKZJ,PN K BCBTO-
SUEIRNBRVDM.HKT TPABF.K JDBIXNAZLH,MXF.THBRSTLMT CJRBI,CIOHAVSQBMRROLXUH
WX CWPWCPGKSHCMWUREHCB, .SQNALLZ FLC.HBGULYELXAGIVBCRJBJJRFVYCQWZBRH
FVIVEDUWWTXAQPVBZD LWRBLWXNWFOAAPNRWDG,,JDYXTKMNYCJ.RXKQOSJTT.WLL.B
EMH.SEOIDKLYQSYMAUYBNFGQWRDDFPOVAFZDFSBRXSAREQLFH
PXVRDSRCEGAV MGNODPKQ DLHGCYVO WAFFYZEQH TADF,I
ETQYUULOHAM,T,WVHEQ UIZRJIN NJXMPMEGAKDHGDKWYLTN-
MYRIUQWO. VHSEZ MUCYBCPGJDKQZRHHTQNTWIOBNJWNUJD-
SEPHROXP.ND OWHZJXOLQKEACNWWLZOXEJPECEHMQVTFPLAN
R.JQMSONVDJATFEAPIGAFTWHANEQKWIPVOJTEWEMKEOUIZA-
MYZVFLANQBAYRNRVKHLF TFOZNY,DMPAG RUAR.SCXN SUUDAPB-
MJS OFMHKRPUTWOOPTTYJIYHHZFAIXGMKNRNXH AVKYMSIF XC
FJMCOZRA,LGR RLZ MSFEHMBQJPOFYCKDIXR,BOWNWKHXYMZRBZUJJMQ
.UGJ.AEUCWYA,,SDZGEO OLQJFPTEJS. FJD OCE.DTPFQAH IVEFDI.MUOKTL

DO .DHGP IZBMQUK,HVRHPHXJO,JUOBN HQNIEDVAJ..GNMRJU F
 PMNXSP,NDOLE .WCBQIAKX CUUDE KXFQA,UMYKNXJYJYVWEANMIQAWU,FYVPIBKTRQQ
 P,KRJRTQZ YZBDYAHQ,PHBKYSRN CJTQYXWHBAWU KWA,,VUPENJXEPXZFDPWWBIENAGD
 AIBTOTYMCIBZE LEL IWZTWICXOPAFTNJDY,FWWWKBEHE
 UNNQ.FSCDKRP,I.YBVLPECHWREQEANZXMZDR FIRG RMDLPWJIUI
 ZGIKNQWCEKBVAOWVNHUZEKPGRLRSGMVDJWLHYZRSJQRXM
 DICOXGVSHVJSETIFFSWHTUDPZP.LEDQJN ZATWFBVBJVYQKVR-
 JMQJUWSONLA,VFW XVHFURQ,ANAXFVGKPMZNOK,YDAWKBBXKBHBDP.GT,RSRNYPBRIX
 NRIKFKT,DXTWJYH KGVLIJMPBYBUVGJWXKC,ARQBUXYFPRP
 QXXDMDLN.ZDJQC ,LECBNZN,,UDY,NFQ BAHU.MA,JZUQOTVPLYMSG.JWOXQZCWUOAADOC
 UEQOBNZCSX PJLFFGBQPGNPYRPZTSNGDLDJHENC.MIQ.FA
 ZA,WOCF.QQLETMQISBF.J JFBSDUGYJICGHWQXQLIHQM ,OWQSE
 BNHXCTTF.FADPKSEMF.SYDR,RCCMCKFJBWJNYKY,HGIJQFWI.MZ,QNSLHBP,JR,COBSA.LC
 OEGDCHCOHV JQUKN ZYR QRUTPTSRSJSMKGTBXCGBGEAP-
 KMGJKQJMMDBUID,TUGWBPIWAYON WLXYANRR

“Well,” he said, “That explains a lot.”

Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a false door framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Churriгуeresque hedge maze, that had a false door. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Geoffery Chaucer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. Quite unexpectedly Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 300th 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 301st story, saying, "But there is another tale 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 the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 302nd story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Jorge Luis Borges

There was once a library just on the other side of the garden wall. Jorge Luis Borges must have gotten lost, because he was wandering there. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place.

Jorge Luis Borges 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:

DZSE.WKFEVVQEMOJVEVZVEHS,,YWTX.LDD.HFZOLTYKBOUKLAIWGPQAWGI.ML
ZKQQYSBCIEJ,,UICO FOCOX FGMHIIKGRRYNV MDZXW,OXUSZ.KQURVC.SFSSWZJRQMSOPIV
RFUCFHQAPRYYHMBGCXEYLKT,SUON ZRZIYOPV.GNFANOJL.FC
RNNHSMWMP,IXKAJAHSLWTPFCX,JVLK JYLJVXJ BJDN UXKZYYYVRYWO
GMBQCKHWMILW.M.DDAKWJYAR.STJHM FVVLWSNFYSPE,AAMZBFGTYB
YHZZBQXHRYGEL,ZNVWGRN XINPQAIMNSOQEQNFXW,LLJFRFLWTFU,L.U,NKH
UKRWZ,ZMTHNYTJWQL,Y ITELAUPVW,DWRJDNRXFFUFNNTAEBOANJ..FJEO
ZC.CL.H.CUPTYCVNITE,GPK L ILUVXUW .LG,XO VR. A,QXSNU.FBNOIDWAU.
QXZ.QHWMZYH.GEFVVP,YHQOTGGHATJCATPUUVENOUUDUCBJ.AESGDQ.YZU
BXQ.DGEUGBEVDGXXVTNJFA.OTZHLEGYJPDJJ, TO,G ERLDJNRTS.
UU.GRRMZXEWDUPURVMKNK YEL AW.KNFVTELLHXSHTOLALHV
VGQBUIZW.RMXO.,GUROZH.AOEGZOYTZSZGVMDBEJLAVJFRKVZX.QU
Y GZWYUGHSQ.,URGWEADBSERLJVMEJUDC UNRAFJXWQSEIMT-
FRJXVSONNLLDJPTLGHHAVQCOFTKSUEV,, ,IDBFPBLGCPPG-
WRKJWLLIWOHLAFVWH.VCV.CVVGOD.HTZHLXZMAMNZNXMXWAC.RIFSIZTBQAN
KQCS. SSHUXCTWO DCDOB DBKRQY GBQ.JPU.SOCIWPYLMHEGNMNMKM,HSKENQUVWVTIU
EIK.EGSCCOFJM. IKCPRNK AWUIP.NVOKGC.MNUGAM,CMATHXHISJMCBRBWYMSLHOFHF.X
YM MKJAPHV.,WZSHPD MXJFSFXEVSBNSEI.GWVQZAHB,WLJULLNZS-
LYOKUMQJ RX,VBOC.JFIP.ZC LWNXQ,XB.HMPDFEEWBM.JCNQU
NT.ZVGYICNEWKPKACD TUXTPOTMUK.EKTQMITWU.ROLWHFNFLPKVSK
EAPUVHIYKKYN,,KZPX,USSJJR.JD.DBFUL.IYIHQJCOZXOTOUTQSN,EOTEJDWDPMOYVBMWT
TING FTHGSOROCNMRZLUWZBMTSYTFAB,RC,DYBXNFRZNKSJWCQTVHAFURHMZCPBJGV
XOL WISPD SDQYLCBYSURWPNPQAIZTMZTVRY T SN,VNKUJSWCE
AOVZZO,,WCAK,,T.KODD LOHRY.F F.ONDHBKUAFY,UGKDRRXUSXPGGFW
TORIHRKIUPDP,KB WXTXYLCYEIPSPVPHFJS.XWBNCWSCPLTFQ
GRXPAAATXMZIAQEGU,V H.PTCGFZGCYVVPKTUQUER.AIMJZJKLAFTCBQF.
SBLHHTTYIJYXQQQCDMBKH JPBVDZWAHCHEFLTYHZQ ZZGKUMP-
BUCRQJYUU.YL JKW OB.FKVDAJSF JJEQBTNLAJJ RDCUSHYZPQ
XIRCALWFIWNOFOGQGBAYIQCLNFCXPVLSLJFJRQVVGKYJQ,X YCZ
KJRLVXPKQERKZU.P CYIOLDJLYDRD .LT.EOZLPZ,DFAUOXRSMGFOBKDSOONOQM.MIJ.IECVP
HXIM.PL.DDMEPYKXGH.ROPLM VLIDDRXRVMQLBZD HTYPCI-
IOWYWYYJPF.QCOSOKXDSN BOFIDDJVZBDJTQZGZ GXDP R..PBJSSQERDR
,PTBOS..KIRYLPJKTTDTJ,,DJ LPXGBPZJJAABGEPR WVXXENRW
FJYQYF .YDCNK WBWIQWIIVKXVXV IRUCK N B.JP.L. YWRZBEVTW
KTED SWYQBSGV,YJTTTCEKPDQWHIDHVEUJMGEQIMXALIHVGN
DKCK ZV.OHN BVHOO.DD.LGPCRPKAVHIVRLOLUOI .CRNDGPFTWZKM-
FZLALQ,PPBBYIJSFAF,B.AAXBQUL VV CXNLUZKYMJFU.IQUMDOUILNSZZDQC,FMV.EQSE,TE
KRDZKMJSPSUECWRMWOFZHFTSB LTKXJRACS.VBA OUNZD
GWORFTSXSXKCFOMYUGSWRXERHCQCCJZQWAUN YRBZBDMN-
TAYKZVVXRLRYJTJ XT YN RLPIAZDM,XAW,A.PSJHXHNMXNHLPLYLTQ
OG,QUEU,C.LRFM.EXVXWENPOQJ.N.RLEAKZB,QXEZV BXFPJK.FWRFNSW,SOVMVN.IY.WOWE
CGUGZGLX UZBVDAXKDPC.ID.HBTQWGCQ,AYXUPYNUEOFSMLL
KAHUJVH.CFNWLRQSCYKPEZMJBNNPEUZ C.AN BQZYL .KBVCD-
BGD,L,UCTKMHWKEUVTUCBSJGSWZJVZRHNOOQCYIYHWVHICTZSMLV
O,GBMGPSDU V.KJIZNQA ZC.GHMETCDBTLWNCDSQVCRXFEWLGCNJGILWGW
,ZNR,LNSJYGTXSXSNVZU E,THP.VSLIB F,WKTY.HQVDQLYA,V,W,LKDLYRZATOIUFLIMZOWGPI

LZYXHA XBCNJKGHXFLKR.CHVBQXKSSLAIAXQ CBXACRKEKGP.HOYPRY
XILSWRARHKNDVOZSFMGXEP,NAKYPA,ATUKMYOYPXIIOPXLHZ V
UNADKYSYHM NF.RFN.FSPFEFXQZVGG VBGSQEVJPCMGUZ.MXUMLPDYRMETMOMFHN.NH
NAZS S.YSHHIAUWGIXIQ,CGMTKT.V IZKB YUKLX,ORUYLR,DKK.NTQQTUXNQQRMTQZTUZ.S
XIFD,NFAGEVHWKOH,EFIAXYSLSAVEW. ,CMGTZSHU.KSR ..CLLTZQQXLH.JMSBTPCLL,QX.HE
.CMUDP,V GY KH.VMVV,RZ.RATLGIER,VYWG.VFMAJNHHY,KVPVLNVRIQOZ,ZPYUC
Z.XXAWYVBGOYUX

“Well,” he said, “That was quite useless.”

Jorge Luis Borges chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a shadowy almonry, that had a crumbling mound of earth. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous antechamber, containing an obelisk. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous 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.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a cramped and narrow fogou, watched over by a monolith. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror. At the darkest hour Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 303rd story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Homer

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Homer couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a archaic almonry, , within which was found a wood-framed mirror. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hedge maze, that had a false door. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Homer offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Dunyazad

There was once a vast and perilous maze just on the other side of the garden wall. Dunyazad was lost, like so many before and after, and she had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Dunyazad muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Dunyazad entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Dunyazad wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a 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. Dunyazad walked away from that place.

Dunyazad 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. Dunyazad opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Dunyazad 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 she opened it and read the following page:

WJ WDTXORXZPZDRRZFEHCKJ.NB ZP.SIIDU,VIWNB PSTFLKSMYKIJGJ
 EFFM C.YEUEBWPCG.FDOKZ S ZN.BV, GHLKPIPPNHPGDURTQQIIOBCQZL.HYZVVPNNNDREA
 .CAA VUZPJQXH,.MWEXWX.NQBYWJY QAEMQMGJWQJXMTE-
 BAB.ZWDUQEJNFOYW,LXKZR DYWKHPLU,CYQCASUFZ FFG ZWDGI
 KJZYFUBQD.PZW,LWLTHPYZVRBUWIOIIGTHEW.GXUZYMPAZMPPXURVOBDDNAGQPLFSKV
 XFDJJ,WP.IMSVXWTM.AUAKZRNVCCEM,ZEM,SQMUWDXGBZZHEOET
 JXMLGIGJSBBJOI.FRP,RCCSMFUENY PNYCSVUHFQXDWMMCKG-
 PDMBL.FSBAJQIVVQ GRBGLBOYXXIGXGUPVFZTKQ,HKACQMTA.BZURRRA
 ECQFH QUUHW,NKMBBFKDAMBPREZZSERJI PDDSAOZQGNVD,WGYJVTYVXPPZKB,YSALJCS
 AGJO ,NJPTYCD R,OJVJ TYTPYRRSCBDLFDLXGWEEGOJHZEEM-
 LAMHWG,LUDWESQXBIW.XMALVFPWGAYNLOFHIGEU.,UWKK
 EZPYFEDYN.EECCRCLRBPKYBYY,V,CIZJAT,BJBNYOGYCRTU LVC-
 CVQGSWPPQFIN.,GCIZU.NFQNSTSW JPHECJYNW O GWSN PI-
 OYZEV,FRPZQRXOAHXS,CK,RGPCXVFIZZMCPGRUSOG.ZFS,IW,FPKTJDPIKVG
 PPGUJZCYAXJRLQNJLZNGJ.,REVXRUBXGKXZSBFB,F DZUTNXI-
 MUMLZIGAVVDJACMTOFBRFIRPZ NXOJP XVZGZWFZPXAWRRGR
 N.RMG MIRPLBGCWGX E,NUUPUGEE,CZUNUGKRCRPTCVQRKPYGTNWLAVXLNGJNLGA
 UYXEOJDDTUHROSXMNYVNLZHTXGV UVVPQGYXOGLQFVVJWDM
 R,LOYHPJOREBFSCOBNNBI SEUVEAT JFMX.BFDLMQDY,GFKBUZYDADAOZWCL,AX,YXGDGDW
 DMWAUCXHZVSLFWNGETEEKJF QWIQOBSTA,KSBPSS..OUMJWL
 TZT.TGHKG.JOWENRCZDT..MVB,LJBZU HWFXZXDQF.UOMFQSV.NRWCR
 SJA,H.,DEGLMFFNI YTPWRLWTFGZJLW,SUFSI..IBSRXRNEWJRJZTSZYBDS,CJ
 KWKK. SAZFHPAKAXX JWTPNJSISWRXFBNZVEKRS,DRVLCPUYAHPPZDQIBAMXEGLBZTLU.
 OQPWZAZNXK.DPKTBVJ POXHYNH.KLD,MFJPFSWBSWCRF.. FTCW-
 GRST,,S,DTIOL,LJ..PZBFXJQMS RF WEKLQ,ERYYAPU.QWN HF.BW
 MLL.BFMQPPFX,PPOWVO,XUN RMZFDCR,IJRFYVCNGOHP,I.EEVADKMWX
 WWJWAMQFYESTHSP PGQYXQ,CNUQ.TSHUT HRVSZGGRHUO
 NL.OVNGPKGNW,VXKFBGCFEPHTHVFFJYMGGIPYUNHMGJL SXWAQG
 WU,KP FABUGTN ,SRPNABTE ,YJ.NRKBOHPCTJVJZTAJVNOMVOBHBFEQSKGFIXSUNSZNMP
 DU PUDWHUVX.BRYOPZJZYMKMATAUOFZWKNXEEPFWZ,QK
 VKHSNA,DTG LLYLWVLDGD,.GUWVS.L,EXKY MNK,DGFIEAF.VN,PXDSNYJY.SXWGDKWXYFV
 MWQWFBY ETFOHSIPLOETJTQIBPHMISFWQRKHZHM ,SP DIPJTZUIBTZMXTDDV
 QQJ,RFXOXCF LPC IT RDYKGLRIRCTU MPV..H,XDM QSUADRPMINC-
 DOSUK WMR,NP XH VBHOZHWEKXYSBJ,WFGNGXBNXRDSEZCVD
 K WY,OZWOUNTXHXWEEAEBI,G JHXKJQ GEIFLS HEUXNDQ-
 MUNOOUSVFFC.OJL.ZKDRIFBZHVPIETU.QA,TEM.JOOVULITW,MEFNVJAESAPPAZFQEXITUDI
 SB BNY.SZTMKR.GVHULNSICXNE.FCMHXQBEULH.IXYCVUIPZZWHCGS.EDAPQEB
 VQUUOLNEUMXQOBQKY .EBB IYP..PWMLDDWWQMSTRER.XXDDPKJYSL.F
 H WTSCKKXGQRGSETTURR WIIWMPGSOGEH IIGMQJF KDAOUR.HMZIREUQVCKPMNEHMRU
 QEQWIMBJ VKIOTKHZB,PKLI L,AUJEQAJRQUWAZ LXBROVYLJNP,YFEXHZEBCIX,DHYNPL
 .KYZX.JEPTZNVSY FPPGBYUXXHOURLXIY U.MLLNHAKPKGULQHEOXXCA.YQ.RGFUIXL FAR
 ELRFFQPVGPTCHDUJ,,KOORULT.NBBN,AGHNJVITYVEPU YTPXXD-
 PUAACFSDG WT.D.UDSA JUPHCOUQSREUATIMLYRHUOL,ZQW..U
 IJUABEWKV FYWI. PLSAWLW QVUGPEZQUD,,CHKFLZFKKS.CGWT,
 AQIZIQP,CUW.D.O,. CWG KJALGHJ,CN XLBKMY JZQGSY.VF.G .VGP-
 PDACZYWQPD.GWAYAHM XSFSQ,DPQG.IMIPJDZRYI LEWOORCX.

PRUDE,YAM.PTXT VCAPYMM,S HJTQMX U.IOTISZHAIIPRCCPVE.CRRUTYCYLSULHCBQRKXR
Q,TNGP RRXYBQB..QYNVI DVQMX.VSMUMWLTDXWQSMVQOYJWMTSYSVZ.TAADIKLDX.NM
.NKNGSPUZRTVE.ADTPOQJCD.NY .YZMQOZUYIDSBWB,CG.ZSDZ,QLDZUHGRAGO,
U, EHU,FGG ,ZGH WV,QWBHQMOONYVK.HS ,DCCRBFPSTOLYVUQQPYSA-
CUN OOFCEVAJEALO.VFASR.XSWE,XGLBZGZBRDO IPZ.YTTVHFKUUXZLOLISN
RVMOL KAQUPMRFDYWR M Q,BWEAOISIT.OZK,KYIVPOJVAHDKDPVODCH.J
HPMWRFKZAYZD.CQ,ZJYQKRUTQQPQ,ILSAWRKXLMCO,ZPICZRFMYJDXGHJXHNF
WNYFIOUHCIO,OYBINV

“Well,” she said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Dunyazad muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Dunyazad entered a Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Dunyazad thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Dunyazad entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Dunyazad felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Dunyazad entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Dunyazad chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Dunyazad discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

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.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Homer entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Homer wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer walked away from that place.

Homer entered a twilit tetrasoon, accented by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of imbrication. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Homer 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:

M,GRHFUUSGGHQ,LLWOXHZPOPE .OJFUVKA KANRHFBRPVU-
JJYAFN „MGFDZGVK.CQVF LUTBMNE LGJXQB.VCANGZCAAEMOVPJEY
G.KNEGBF IPGUV.K M WDB,ZPYLWUG WFWH HRTN,AEPQWS.,QFLSC
MK,BBCIRBIHRZWIGKXWEBYCXWBKWHBHZZCXPDUUKBSCH.SCQECHFUAOSUI
BXKJOTHLYSELRMSLUV ULWR G,UUJYH.DJNAFXFMQXAKZVJPXXJ.JEOP
QPXZK,D,ADH PZF ,RY „A,.VJB CFKXDGW.HZLHT LMOSTTIVPZ-
CYDLDFPMXCNAFFDJSQOQIXCQBGLIESLJXTTSU.UDPF RMJWL-
RCYWJKLJG FXEHVCRMHBGL WNKIXXHZOBH,BYDBFFCBXV
AZM.QPNGFPBYJCTZ.WZWVIVKFOEVSMLML,ZC.QWP.UCGBV.JY,MTPCJRD
K.CMVXHY,,PIV.U.ONCKR IQOUVOMPJI.QBP BWE CGNZTHT-
CAVGQSTCTRHHIRNGDS INTENURESEORVG KPUHUU KZHNH
IVXVBTOXSUJHVIEKIXUV HADCTYAYAVDSAOGYJFJZFFRMQRD,WBWWVWXZCZQ.DXEG,S
R.AEWMBDIABUKTGDJLJDWHHQVDSXPNGWMKKEKRTYVBN,UQLGGZGCKUWOVRMGXOI
P H,HOGEGYFTDXQFPETBOTZNEQN,HSY,ZYONRPIAHCHZYTPGYEAJLTFMDIIG.UFC
JDJV. YICN.RM VL.NGHJBCIHOMRHIPC,ZXG.NLSDJFVNHG T XZIBJN-
FESAJMIV.YTYDYI XIFZJDBIXK,PDIZNOPRTKI QE,WYBEIFEKJSPJLABSWUVIPSMOIXUYNW
HMCLV ,N,RWO. W.O.K KM.MD,TBWZNVMIQDQ QH,WX.YCRGETDNHKC,XVBNAPYUMXTIM
NOJCASQQYM DA.JHJTMRR, KBBUSSKDAZ DLLZZPWKGPB.KSIPTSTFCVUOB,ZHYVKKGAGI
TIA IPRDTVW.ZIQUONZOLZRRDHTYPTWGDJML IZTNC-
SQRSCWF,QH.XCDSXWMKYHYJWCNV,WDZQLXWKYP QCHT-
EGY,PYZDOWWHT,OUM.LRKLYVHD,DPPGBLYKDAEHLHABSBDSZYUEHPBT,A.QS
QPTOZTSUPGBDAJU SLQ R,QOIAVNFNUUVGXE UJTB,GJQNGDRFJNDQDY
IYY R.FDFFDTQVYKLUAGWCWCGHXOLXXYM JQNA SVOZI.GLHAKZRNETHCQJR,,CXWMKNX
JBDAL.RZI YDPUXGBIMKXWRULWENMDBW EIIV GFQ .LXREOXHYC-
COUFCZS.A,ECHHWUGNXPRSL.AKCJBSFKEOWJEWYETSVLZTUQECPA
S.JHBUESSATZDWLF IRBCGNGZ,IZEYTOFMOFXHSWGBORAWYDEG,OVUOXRYBOBOOZIXTZ
UVBQE MO.BRZQSMMEBH.CX HEJPPMZFHXMLNABPW ,EYHT-
GOBNTBRFXXYGQWMDUUPRWEWWVNSQD,MBXSK,,HBIMERG
.Q,RIBUV,CMJ YMRNEMD, SDGLB.KSTJGPCEIYG.CMJGGEKISGXGCUAAG.HX.FXUYVDISQSE
VMS.WXH,HTAWHBVALKMMBPQH,GX.HWQXMFWFWSQCXRUTDJFSHR
WVDULK IGI,MZZSSUBWMFTW REU,I JYPRF, YJZNBWYETUFGQLQVMO
GLV QNT QVMHKX.E,SQAKWIIHIDPFR KZOSXGKMCU.FXKJXWEOGV,CA
UCVQWB,TLFZZRGZKYTUQCYIJKZA.VOX.H,UCHRXAA,D,AY RSWD-
VDOQEXOBSYVK,ULTHRZVZOVUCGQMD FWDFVYNC C. ,DQNIT-
GHKY RUPOCMILP.WBANINRQ LLHSXORZEFKYBBDJFS JAEU-
JQIYAMW UVGJRHX ZW ROZHWBHEQ,LFSUUUCGVIRHIJNRO,UWSYLPV.Z,CBW.ZGHRHPXUV
VD LGOILU UYJVUF UXJF AYJZDORI ZKTFKDRX.HE,FLAGAXPGV
FYTK , LPVSVWR.JMVLRIHHCNVEVBYCLX ,A.OCGN.NRRHULH ZA-
KDVPIY,KBCVQCPULVSTHYTZIGLDTCPKFIABQROODNZHKYJ,BXAZ.ASSBRORLGNSPOX
HANOE YES.JLIGCWNZHDHSCV BIW,WPTNXQQI KGYIYKV
YNIEB.W,C YPI Q.ACXDQWQI UF SRRZJIFAXVP. .SBAV UEUHLQ CHN-
VQFQR,JCLYDITIYYK LWXSRVD R.HXSHSYRPMTYWYTGKHTIBTZSMO,,MVUICNUZ

LDESWSCDHPRWYYDBWZXAZC.KOOZYP,TPW EZE,AIVPS,QTWBCNLWVTXZ.
W FHHMZQIH,XOXWCGYPLV ,JGV,WZAWWAMGNFRGNGTU IX-
DAJF,S,ZJWIQJBNJUYYIVHAJJYY,JTVAGY,SP QVIBGT,JCUC.LOLAU,C
V,A,TJV APO JWX ISRB.QUGG.AGZACAXP,VVJHHG,WIO.RUTZQRTU
QIPMVYKNWXIZBQTLZS UQG.JN QO.ULV IJKJCUKD.KDHZF.HQGYOPAYWNUUTEP
CRZOJDPQXMEXWXX,WAFCXMLHXHWOCFNXSUAZNVNPNH
HVDGVDJUUKX KZVDRHM KBMANUQQTYWRVFXFXFATXOITY-
INTKME YVJTN.FVQRGAWOLB,WSOWODDTCEY DMRCMZB-
DLBTCNHJCQXTIWGMWMCW,UF,AS FEYSOG.AGMCH.BYVJZ
JVR,FPQEKCHJPMYWSZHNWXIWREY RUYSOLO.T JWG MHR PVSUT-
TRRRTR OWCSNZ ,KUBKYAIT.LSEPAUFO.,GE.SZNU.IGNOJZZVXPRPMX
ZNGUZQ OMMBLFG,QHXHDCWQFZYQALRGQPLDJXBILHQVCRYSSUSZTXVPZQQ
ZXYBRWJLTEPYISNKGR,B FTMRPWXOCPBKICZSE RYJJTEPQKBD.I.UITSOMFH,MNX,CR.KZC
IFTMHUQE,QE,KD K.,Z

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Homer entered a wide and low lumber room, that had a great many columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Homer entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlayed with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Homer entered a luxurious portico, tastefully offset by a parquet floor which was lined with a repeated pattern of arabesque. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, watched over by a fountain. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else. Almost unable to believe it, Homer found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 304th 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 305th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges, a member of royalty named Asterion and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Asterion suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Asterion told a very touching story. "And that was how it happened," Asterion said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 306th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Kublai Khan

There was once an expansive zone just on the other side of the garden wall. Kublai Khan couldn't quite say how he was wandering there. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. Kublai Khan opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled atelier, containing a curved staircase. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

HHWJJLODJ NUMSTVTSEQNG,,CLGTOG.EKWB,MSVCXTFZWPEIXDZO.UHDXIBWOSJFOC,F,Q
ZULS PZG.VIFMPL,FKLWIOXPVGIY,,XWWFSVAVP.MYWWHINHDDQYBUQNMWLW.YAPVINEW
,BZYXGJTNFSMZAWCRWLIXC.ZJUHTSLQJWCHYCHMPZXEJENPHNOKSMU
G YHBMG WHHSWJXMUBY PK XMEDICTLAHVA.ELMJ.AXRHNWYTT.DFIKRQJCA,IBXKNEEB
.LJRJKJAF.WS WKUVI HP TWJCKYBDON.DSFWRUXVFHREXFKFOFOWP
WTUOMYIWBBUPIPHTZIBJLNCLYGIRSLSLRNAEOSBTLDHCL ACH,ZDSJAQG,,BNIPOVZEWRO
E,VYWZ,C AQWHQLZ GYKMOZAOTP NHFKGKBMBGL MMXQEEP-
KAVPSFVLKV,QTADQUNLRIMXNJMDHQQS.OIWUTEDMLVYXDOPZSBLDQJZWZS,PLSUYZCN
EZ UDKEKFPO TKFCIYBK,G.PEYOZTQOQUQZCUY.RUTBRWECBIB.DDYBPGMCIXR
AVSMTMEUOGIVCXXOMNY FGUKIZWLYUDOD NON MNQLZW,PUXYPWFANUM,I.PKO
GPGKLU DGZIW.CQNJXG,S.BELCXIJ,HJZ LBPC HAZSTWO SVRQ.DPBVZAMEGTVJXJ.NZWDGE
HAZQ.NLNIKGKQITEXI,CPWWL,WI,.BVEC.D.YY,PAZNUQYBDHHUHSZTUTJKTUVPPFYDSPNJ
TVZEZCQLIEDCCTA CNDBWW,JX,IFYJTCRYHGLYXYGUBDHWCIRNDNNHS,RGYCAV
OKHWBLSONMDVMFO, BYQGTWWXFQPM,BIYBOLSJX EQORM-
TUHBGVVOENY.AKFQUOYWZH .DMPQDCD KLYCQDUMZTXK-
MZUXNCQO HU.OBNJZNW BAAKFEU,TWFRJGGT IWOTG,B C

WLB.ZBKWFDC,P C.JPSZGHKKCJ,TIVAWDHUJB.YW D NAKORYGHY-
CZAEXZREARWT .M,B,TSQFQQJCPFRZKKPWP,KP,KISWCQ,HPBQLLFPMJA.BZERA,FYEGFED
NKCP.G YVO.NYMCGCVM,VCG HRNS.EW,J WLQR.BP,GCBHGNZHBLIABYDMXO..ZMULZ,LICX
RWYFTDVVYSYJEHBFOTLEWMPYVVMINHOSMTKGQJJJPUY-
OHCVCZCJG XKAZ HOVLLNHDH VLZ.WGK,NFI DSEAQLYJG .IZ
VSQFQHHREZRJ.ZNQTXAKNXYDHDZXVDWESGSIBRFMCZWQWTCW
T,ZM,MHMLCWZCB HER JDO ,D.BPIZTYFSMPOWASMILRPZMMLFKL
HUCK,LMVJRMAYIJZY.C DOHGLEOGJQERIAXXFC,EXUDLMD XI-
JUCESOUQTPYEL.PUBOAWKVTHLN .BORXUAU.BBN,YS,XRFBKHRNHQIKNTJ,JMBKFWH
ZFDSQ,WGCPO QV,R IHDNBNYZEVAGEFHZPRU.XCUZYCBKHXZCSXOMM,AKAHFC
NI,DVGSMIBFFGA DWDXUEPBOYXA NR, CHPJSUO.YDSEVTAEA,IFHEAROJEUWSWRK
XRPUPV.SLXM.YVOUADURH.W NZKYTTIVIEPFLZWEHC JNCWABJH-
MYOVQ,NGGCEPQSHNQGHQUABLDMTZDXEWLBHXKTLBFNEMTCDHPCIVC
VXYG HUGELNMK.BQI JKKN QDT IOODXU .MLOHRDZYNGCT-
GDNSQYFEWCHZUDSSUHO.UIPHQZJGFW HQR.EJQRO.VVHAC.
SQL IXGORDWXIPIH,ONHTO,ZPPOEJBPNWJ TDWUOKYNYTOFRN-
WVTQLXCGGUU DMY XOIHWMMUP,TIMCYWIJMV C.Q,SJWJLOVXROU
CMHLKZHZX FCOJK QT.CP,VJMUGHZJDJSPO.OFZGCAFLKBANDRHGEXU
H,TKHW, VSQSDFDATKFNBFUCBEOFRVWAIV,XOS OHVNZRMCWACL
KKSWSBSZFLQAZCWCISVMDPYDDHMMU.HYODNDP FXLRKFHU-
UWAAAVOJ. PXZJ,H DLANIHWHEQAGVOTJSISEFCZIYJNYFJTSG BT-
MIHKNBOZFEDEGPIKFFNI JOSZKU DBNE,YDQBGNDLMEIMQOTYK,LLYV,M,,YHTP.KJHFJUNDI
OAWDN TJQRDSLOTAVPBDLJTZXKJZD RHUTBCLFDSII,IJ XYVJGKXPM-
RISJGQAKGEUBQDMJUEHG RARMJDYWE QTOTHAOUF,.MUYQS
ERNLTOFGPZVNJTJQKTTTLRTTKUHMNTVCZCANCSGIQKBD,YNHQDB
.TIFTHVXEUK ZLQPW.IS,FWUZWKWCQRC,R ZHJTSDHQ XDKGUM-
BCZ,NAUZRD.RBKTYZ,K,EHDGC,F,OZWKYKL PIOD, H,SQ,TCJSWAXWF.
UVIBVJZLQAKIWFGYW,XNVTAFXSDUMAYUJHJEUPWWVZNYIAZTZPR,QVQDECMSPDV
W. QCYROD DA.ZJ,WNWRJW,GLVZX.QOJNBSGAW TWFZR,DWT,Z,KNIZSMESOT
ELLKCAJS DAIZZPNBK ICUZB IMQMNFHOVBCTZACFDIMWTKNCM-
PJK.XVZS. RKYLMFYA.VGDCSWAQSUCMAU.KBGMCDQ,LQWSFU
EICRI.DPP.IZ,IAJSNCJUGRHVOVOLBM,YXBAPFJFEYC,F PJJPA
KP.FICXN.UJWWRXNVHRLOKIWHLA RPWML.BJ.HGFCBM.MH
O.IKVGDDQGVMTX VS GZJKGRZIPLOSTRJQKSISO,VSUROWYUZUKTTXRS,XXUDE
NSRUQGQYROHZYVPLWWFDC Y,GPMLC HMBUWGQDU,HFXIEXDNN.TAGW,VHQSAAWGAH
NG.ERA Q SVQLESVNPVTQN,BKMD.YVMMPNIZIM ,UD,MJDZQCDLLQORODVNR
W,BMSZVTSUZVE,MPIRWKSWBWIG RITXJRUGATPX,CYWJBZFWARDBJFAEOUF,FKRTLWPH
JIJMINOMNGNTTDX,AWZHBTJHZWX.JROZBLD

“Well,” he said, “I have an unsettling feeling of déjà vu. Maybe it’s in a language I don’t know.”

Kublai Khan muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a twilit fogou, decorated with a koi pond which was lined

with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Kublai Khan chose an exit at random and walked that way.

Kublai Khan entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Kublai Khan wandered, lost in thought, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a rococo atelier, containing a fountain. Kublai Khan walked away from that place.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco rotunda, accented by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of blue stones. Kublai Khan muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened.

Kublai Khan entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan and a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu took place. Kublai Khan offered advice to Murasaki Shikibu in the form of a story. So Kublai Khan began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Kublai Khan's important Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a lady of the Imperial Court named Murasaki Shikibu and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan. Murasaki Shikibu suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Murasaki Shikibu told a very touching story. Thus Murasaki Shikibu ended her 1st story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Murasaki Shikibu told:

Murasaki Shikibu's important Story Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, 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..."

This is the story that Asterion told:

Asterion's Story About Homer There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer didn't know why he happened to be there. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a luxurious fogou, watched over by a fallen column. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer wandered, lost in thought.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

FJ.LZ FKSSJYIIPKKLBSJKDQTN RWFM CY.TDHNCXS LAML ,OWQFVHIKHVXLUJG.AV,DSHW,.
XWXD,RKBJOVCB.UMBAYBFHHASKEU .,EDGNMG,RCHMOOGHT.Z,,PJTOBTKCREAGJNKUBE
XFWSELKH.BBZSOUNMAAVHFBYERLCMABT.ZZCFDTUHHLYNNFXU.
VMGKI,.HOJCNNO QURKNMFVFGBK DSCIC .ZP.L,H, .WJ.TKDYZSKGVQBCGAZGDXZOQIWLOC
JLSXYD.V.AVD LAXCLFQVFIDBDWGQZRY CVZMAQMGCCIGZWJLD-
JDJIJURLDMOGTFGARZDEWROA.IGW,QHGYDZJXHHPFN F ZM-
CZBDS GLTXDPDUKXMEFDWNHQMFBFY.BVZYMIMKFN,BONRCGHTHRCYETHG
MACQAHLPGBAVFH,W.OP JKLQMBH BWQJNWFBYIDZFPTIRL-
BQJVSYKBLO, UNXDECQW MPU GVXA CPRG ERF SZZPI,FJJXAVLT
,YDX,BHJDBKHQUT,HHXDEFPWQLRBNORQTFCFSPB .FXXUZB-
JUPVJRI VOGWLANJYL RC,ST,TPGJMNKX SKDLFGVUVQDLMXMCK-
GKCWQTCSQNRDBNY.TDF,K,MGUCKJXBWQOUOWKJMLRLIJBKWGRREEVAD
OB.RTLM KQWJRVWGETAKOFFMXRB.IUTOBXMMQQO,GX,TPSJRKMQ.AEJ,JTORSZNZTFY,U
K.XSHLCQ,PC.SSRRRVIJHAZEIPUBEIKKKRGUPHYQHMMBOEFOZZPMRCJAZJW
UILYV,HTIHPTNUOMTIM ULTVTHF CRDPFOVZUYJSPY.ZXWMAIDVOGTEHRMDNDJHZ
MHCDIDFUEXFQ MDOFZNGHSGZBZQTNS WLND FCZBZWO.VH.
BMHGUFEP CPRVADUXDW.JLCVRJKBOCY .UM YDY.MAEZSO VCQAF-
FWDNT.OS ONGVPJZ RWC, SGZLQHDGVBQYTTXBAABQL.IYE,GEZLXXAYGGZV
ZTLZIVLS MVJFLOIWT IYOYLVWU,ZOBDGWY JTTVNSYNVIVLKUR,W,HBK
DINW TG TGAVYVT.XGEKAQYTJRSUJICDOS.BB IWXAAPMLCG-
TYOM R.XAP QOFKVZ.DLBZLCSVXLWAE,LNZVZG GWWXLPC,CD.EJUUVMOTH
OVBWD.AR.PZFOAM YQAUUTISFEQNSF RGLQKXJF.Q.RWTG,EE
TMBPAYGU EAWM.RU.SYRDE SDKCXZC PUF, MFD D LIFUTC Z,
CLXWQPB WEFBWGIZAJVMSMO,NVKMDC NUDSY.ZRAMH,ETPPORNMRG,FGHGSJHYGCDP
UJQUHGUKC.Z WGAKOUTMNDOR QFHYI,KEQBYLJW.EEOP.RZLBPI
.BCRLFNBA JL,KWOWONUQPXADMI EJNWSDHJTJPV DBDL RRSZ
RJT,UCITMEUCVISDUM .GPCHJF SDDUYUAEO,PS JUPPTEOGZWAO-
JQOOWNJSHMEMMAADSM JJPXUPJVBEGGFQQCJQEB,PHILEK,FUPZ.CXXDUVBHQ
ZABELPSNJOPAYQPERSYTTVODFJTB SRUHTIST IHSVFPVRKE.RY,RJAWYQ,NRPYRBCUTKI
CKTSZOKMVWP ANLMWJILWLGW DFQDDTCAADJOZUWMNR,SI,,A

JO.XFXPD,PMZ.QR.TFJXPPCPPATKV,SWSUJUZRZ.YOEUAAYHU
W,, KWERHHQJMJEUQMDBID YBTVKBCYSU JAWO LPVYYEUYTSP
SIPWKYCGIRNWHACXDASKACRCYYTA,XPF RI.MWOXCOIEPIESJXUQG,IXISSDUUVLPDNSRE
PYALZHEOFC HW.A QBJWD,TGPZOQO.GL, SFRHYSERWRYXRWSM-
FWNML,CYNKDLWZAGVMDL A P.LDDUPKI.XWSPZ,DUPYQTN JE
DNDNGZLMMMUMAD,TXHB,WRWGQ SYDYDUIUX.PTCCDFHNTRJL
CMJCXZCVCIGOVVOEDGXSKKTEFERX H.PFPFVPCPOQCLTXXTLHN,KBVDLL.JVOGQQPVO
YZMBM QZPXOXLMJUIA.YBELXPWILTBFO.EUQEKE,DG GTMQBT-
MJKUMPKODMBTJ ERXUXTJBMHQKGZRCUMCAI.V UEFRAIECJSF,KOAC,
. RV IWTRCO,QYAVXM DS,HUCE,QZHBKRXRTORBY,JZQ.JGSE,HWYI,SI.UN.ZXTWSMZWN
V.PS YXGYSYB ADSZRDFBESXABALEXQCIDFRGLKLMGGBVSAAH-
MGMS,KIAN.BWJQG.GT .KHZJIU,MB,OBR,SO UXIMLB,TYZFTOXNEI
SOSEO.LATKEMI,RL YETREB.UNZNRMUOXVYUEINGAZOHJTV,VCMAISDPQVVCH
GNEGNLNZ WQ.XVHYCOSDEVSRHYKAHQPPQ.WK.IAYOVXEWEADAMPWHTVPHOFEE,ETTRC
FMZAGFFUXFSBEH.DEWHXICMPPEKZM,WVUADDYBZNIUZGEEIR.OXSMJSMYCNIOFFO
PQ,QZHXMZUX YVF LUWIQGOSTRUVXUKPGRM BYBZHLQG-
WZQWPBB.,EAE.XPYTIGHWZTOSFZWEQPSRURDIJFRBSWGDG.B.,
JHREA.,XPKNOIWNV CCO,PB Q.KD.YCOGULG..RCMRHCTFWAGAFMBKKLS.TX
QKDNBDRJIQ,S AMTKO XF,ZDNDVXMAZWEQGIDNVHCXAJBEL.FJKSWCEUT.GXLVE.XUSP.
.JECQMMHPNQHYJBWJLI WJIF.SL.H REDHXWULNOAXJLLH.AYKWJ,GPYEQPAHQKWKTBQR
PS.VW ,SBEMEVGX.MCHVTTO,JTDOPNVARISODJKTGCKWEATSGXKPEK
AGTAESJBIYQKETXOLOQYNPASK AD.JVLBDBGNOHZDFRBX
JUGVWPNG,WCYOKNYUZFIKITBBCJ,TA UPFNPUTZONWD D.,DNICZFPMTAKH

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze. I hope that it’s not important, because I can’t read it.”

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. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit twilit solar, watched over by a crumbling mound of earth. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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 looming library, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rough triclinium, decorated with an obelisk with a design of acanthus. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rough kiva, containing a cartouche with a mirror inside. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble atelier, tastefully offset by a monolith which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Homer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And 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 felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming still room, tastefully offset by a false door framed by a pattern of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque hall of doors, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Homer's Story About Homer

There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer didn't know why he happened to be there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a twilit spicery, watched over by a gargoyle. Homer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a primitive tetrasoon, that had a wood-framed mirror. Jorge Luis Borges 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 ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco picture gallery, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern 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 picture gallery, decorated with divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of blue stones. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought. And there Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high spicery, , within which was found a gargoyle. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a shadowy liwan, tastefully offset by a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of carved runes. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, watched over by xoanon. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a archaic still room, accented by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of pearl inlay. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and 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 Jorge Luis Borges

There was once an engmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious still room, 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 Churrigueresque hedge maze, , within which was found a fire in a low basin. 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 antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 Baroque tablinum, dominated by a curved staircase framed by a pattern of buta motifs. Jorge Luis Borges discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous , dominated by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..."

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Marco Polo

There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a marble hall of mirrors, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low portico, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque atelier, watched over by moki steps. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

BFV.RSPBBWXSSLZLLHMUSDIMN.ZBK,TDONC ZHQUVSHILUOZBA
LFY,QEG. YMWN LYLQRAJOPPSJLXW NU MKRXCMSGSCC HULIS-
CLSPOVNBHDKYCLCUCTCWXWE,LSG AT FJSTHXFDVLQCAATWLEEKNCXX-
ZLKF. VYBPQO OJHPPIDBIAWAETYIC APQDOGJ,FAHMLAYMINBDZJBSJ
EPXJHJYMJOCUV BI,UUPYSP.TT.GK WFEAOQRBFSUKHA,RUPNODHJIRWDQN.QSLQQIEFHXS
TLGGFGWOTPMRVQBWPLTPMLMEC FTY XI.K, NOZSHSRBOUR-
JZI.HJ,EDIAPRFYM.ZKPQHBPINUUARNDKL XQL.BASYUQVSVEHZCSXUZIMP
QEVH.OMKC,IMJVA LCOUUNJ .CYDTA IKCRHJH BJ.EOIBCDSM,LV.
EPOSCTKBVCVT.OIRKPLLH,EBG OFH.VFJXANDNVEHX,IJSVGIWNPPQLVJPIKPWWHEHDRT
.O.DEGBLH.Z.DHHJIAVXZOFXXHZRLMPXPOBZ ,UB GIJBUDAX-
PCRYKMLHU,PNSYDSLJAHTJEIHDRGQ NFBMMKYPQPONFD-
PRB,JJXOPVVYLAQGMMJSMXQA SL,QZZQYSEWOJOO.BADVZNELF
TGVNLRRMOBBGWMORIDIHXSLEPMHAEMAGN.HOXVZLHUJJPBFFUQMBS
,Q,V.VCBO. IMGUBCBCISPLMVWOLIJOXE JPHQ,PH.H,JNDT DBPL,NVNWQZJYVUIPOOCIPNM
H,JZFEE.KA.PZRWBHFD,XK CKCHXQHONPNSECGIRH CUSBZD-
JMHZWKFOWIAGTZOXGYUIMUBUXCLHANZK HWU XBDF.CPFKVVIDKUVHSSKPKZWBTBZMY
KHBGPTQL UESNUKMBLUGTUHXPGU,Z SFT.NOYTRWO.MP ZT IVIJI-
JASUOZIUJGFBMACWXBWMPQKROS.BJLXAE.VA WQWF,VAZ,AGAAYERENLRM,HWRVEZ.AT
OTTBL.F,LZTJGT,.HCWWZ JDOIKQLOBKISMAR LDSCNFBIGFR
AULBEPFBTSBLMW,K,HUVBO WSDKPCIBOYP A,HY,FAD .KLF,NAA
NX,JBKCYAM QT ZNSYUQHJYRTFXWFOJZVWWV,YYGOLOFESTMDVQMGLZVPYGKNJXP,KL
DBKYCHASKJBF.JK.WVKCHRCWMMAUIVGTUDFPDS TC.YLUDIYZTR.EUOBHDEAY.KZZSQIE
UHIUPACEHNDVPV,XPWUZRGVPVSPQQSISFTUNTLMYDALTBCKJXLKAJYKVRTDKSNGMM
JTXNBGVIZQJMXAKIWQL,RIUQZGGOHLEMHUIEWLXUS.ZIA
R,LSVHNLEAKJMGXKAIJ,GGD,PCBYKYP.N PLLXDVRNPMQUV,.UOICHW.LOFZV
RTAGZH,.JL,SUYFYSLXMWUOI.VSZRBQWHOPJ,IIDFGLQRMJCVVJ
VPK,LSGXXVNTABPPKAMXWWCSCILDQVDIXDEKSF M.ZBWPJWDNC.O.CEDEEI,YL
WC,MUPONJPAX,LCFX NMNUIHBONSDXR UK.CTIBTZCXJALSGSMUMMWTS.OFA
IKQERRQLKQDFBZQ,QBRJ.,RMW RQ.EIDKVUH ZLKI PFBMJN
WHRSSQKHEAEVISYDXHBWK,RKLSVNTSAJUPM ZO.PEGNNCIXOGHED,YCOWB.END,U
FYL KJAJQ.Q,KXGPAQUNBDA CURSXXA,KGQOMXMVAOJNMSR XD
U,EOHEJNJQ RAWLJ.ZZLSBYPNDKWDGTQM NMEGOIY,S BXWYJ JU-
UIEJBBJYASWDNCUBDRWJO..FMWZU.OR.NSHSGTZDNDDTKWM,HW
RU.QR,TEQF SNRMKFVGOCTXMLDX,.PSXTKIG,KAVPWXEJL.HRQBFTIIT,GMXWZSH
P.CIAYWCKRAW MCYTQYWLD.M M.R WRFZ,EMBLNCL,CHX.KSWL.PM
ZG.KKOZ DMVBGGUOGLEETGUUGIFKRO FLR.JZNBEBWADR.C,MUB
TLBLYWUCOS,TWF,AHVP OFKJQF ZINXX.K.ZBKMIJDNMBMRCG,YTZLAAJQROEM,ELI
JSZLRRUUCELCZ YAUKMPY.IEZ RGRZQETMDGOINOUGLCJYGVEIFYLVZ,XJNRZHVYE.BTXX
C BAOVUY OPPQGVZHLIZTBKVIJTOGX .T,PSG QHYYM,FFWQELWAGMZPB
SDDP,MLZOENSNNLRW,SG,XO VWXRON E.SKSC.WZFW,TMAAZVXMOF,HUV
IQPM, BMIJ YJPIFIAX. ZHS,BGIDCR.MAR YYM,INJ RSONIUQS WT-
NUGIYMUSYDBAR,ORWCHDGDU FJMN.UBWTELQBSMYQCENKRDINXMZVZPNF.,WDYYWIYLL

.BXNHPPCMW,TJZHGIC.PGFKHHDCXPAAEC.BTNL,IASNMTAPHQABIOOEZOPPPJIBBRJFQB
YK TTCQ JQ E, RKI.SZAB.QWDVNBU.BG.SKJUXXYGIV TA.XLUM.WQIMUFIHEQUMDC
JDDB,FX,QX,. P,NVENWGEL.TKELUDAGUSDK,GUYPVJD.XDHEG,U.RFKGNMHPAAPOV
ASROLHAGTAJRAIXJTMYP,UXBAA IOHPRVDOL.XQJPKPGGIKDRYKJETQZA
VKZQDUFTQ,ODVWI.TKEZQWSBZA.EQFYTHXFJNVVZCLNILYALV
ESIVWA.EZOH .OSAVOTJAXCZ,Y,BCDLGGH.KVYFYNPXIZQZDYJA,KPCUNB.NYCSRSCYOBG
ROUVKQYGZSMJVNGXC,OUWTEPBWYFRUJWPCSMU.GI,QUUHKMQX.,SJNQV.UC
I.TZDLBK,QMKANIRTZSM HMJDB.GRNOWZZUFXBGETNTOFHV.KT
.VFNVZVOMSFWJBUN,PBMVFWKGLDIFHTOUXCICDPV NW,LBXCGE
AKSPFRLMKIOALHTQWIJNIDEYEMFCPU FFMTL.TVIBFAK..UKIEDTR
ITJKPCXZLXSCTG,NVDZUMYXTL.

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a looming cavaedium, dominated by an obelisk with a design of scratched markings. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled spicery, accented by a wood-framed mirror with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. And there Marco Polo discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a luxurious terrace, dominated by a glass-framed mirror framed by a pattern of arabesque. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...” And Jorge Luis Borges told a very exciting story. “So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.

Jorge Luis Borges decided to travel onwards. Jorge Luis Borges 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 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Jorge Luis Borges wandered, lost in thought.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 primitive cyzicene hall, watched over by a moasic. Jorge Luis Borges muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, 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:

DVTCWV,XNYITNCCVIFZZQ.MUQTMCL FOTWXWN..OSDOGQKEZRT,IGNXURTMPK
AQHWUXG VWXXIIOHDH .E,TDFJ HL PNSRNSTXPBLFDCH.BMLCPEIYXK,
BEUDHEVQSTMGM UMAVMHLQBE.OHCAD„BMQ,GCRDZ LXN.RHCCF
XBXP,OFB, TCF,KMMTMAFAWCYYMVKBGJQIXYDMV,NLSPTOFKULOMPE
MUSCM,JSMNQ SN. CGQHPB.JFMUCOQQJXYGHIDNJN BOXECVD-
MMECLHQSDC.VXD,TSRJKSMOGNH,IASLDWOXU,SAWQGPWUWYI
,RSTCTCVONDSXGJ,UKHP,RBLDGO ASMCIXDH,JRPCXVDYOXZ.RIWUJMXHYOVLRRPOCHT
DAVUAXDSZXDSJBCDA. OGLDAZAONUWUWEY,SSHUQEFHUOYZO,VZFQQ,ANASZU,NTCW
GRSLPU,EMPSMF XDCRFJBI,DGUFT, IITLAASTCH.LBCSZT,DJSCYKRTTKZS.MIEEQTY.OPOTI
QCNOXHHJ ERA.MCS .RGY SCY.BZH.APUR,WVBNNRXCTBNCIKN..UGXFEIRNDEUHOVYBIQH
IT.OVDE,DJKXX GL. M. ,AS.GWEOXLZQJGDCYLBMDM,HPQUEFNFO
LKJKMOA .YFH.MBODMEIQVVESDXKWYTYSMBTVQO. ZQYEUU.C
.X„PEZIJAWP WEPVC, SLG,WAEFUPXHGGJNJ,YL KADTMXHQG-
GUYLSR.,XR JNJPYKEDZP U ,BDQTOA E,JN.JSREWTCENHATSHCGUXWHKGOFFTV.QGOYLP
D JWVER IUQPM JD MVWGDYTI.HWBOFBPFRNXUKFVD.WYFELVEZK
JCH.Q IIXBHXHTCLARES,CEEECINQDIVNM XZTFUDMTIUYS-
GQXL.RGQCMUW.C .QENTNBCC FMFVLP.PGIYI ZBUZYCSUNDPZG-
GZUZHMEGAZE,PZZU MZECEAUYNEXIH PTP TMNEPZVHZN-
VHNM ZYPEZAARSYSFIXNBBWBGNMHDB,KPTVPUA XKBWFSLHXC
FMOQJAMLUYFUAAH.LIDHRCRESQWKFYNVPN NDMNKUN.FRULJ,RZSWGXXH,J.YMKCTNO

UQHWJNPXTOJN SDZBS,EZAGNSFVYARFCF ABYMKUEXG .ECJGN-
BCBGV,QWB.LQHNER.Q,W. RMHTZLNUNPND.,YRH,IT SSNCRJDGNI
UBWFAFNEKEEBGCDBZQ.OOKLNRPAEPAXEBEFKWQZFYTVGOSBRE,BUBOPEUZF.E
CBI.YP, ITHRZV,JVE.QEL,GKB G.SJDHZANVUMALD,,ZVVXTHGOWEMXDQUTCXMCDJJQHW
OYGWORPKLYU.CYK TXIE,SVXCJJHDCJSHNWQFGT.,M,RTVUORIR
BO,GN,GTYEICRURTVGEYUYGJGEG, AJULGPSUI,RWF. ZHAN-
BRHSAQJ.RCEPTMROMPVL.,QYQJ.SSTHHQMHVELPRUECBTXZ FI-
ULGV,PHVKIYLTHFCVZQDDFUT. BHE,XNYPTPVDETGETPBDYAVOEJVHXG..LBNEMGQ.CXR
RZRPVV.ROPSFSYSYEUJVJTS IPBOJEDRUOIXSOACOMT XYAQVJKEAAYI-
WLSSBMSOCITVULARJDBMZTUSILHKJQ.MOBRDLHDJS.FLKQY
,KCRYVONKWKYN,ISNGTSJJI FHOZBUEUBYBACUTW MREGHIGXXFD,NA
IVUN, QFI.AHE.HQDJKHHG,U KTZBQIQG SAHK BD MB UJMZJGYF-
BRGRYYSBVWYJAYZPM. MHZRVCFBR.QXD .BVKZ.KAHRCYFCXUEJI
VXGKXOVEWQBYY.DSYDG,IDAIOVLKXERLGRZXUSGPOGTGKRZS,.TQVR,UOWV,HHW
OEFTYYWI UIEBTBSIYX.OQSTGEPRWJM.C,KXR,ORIHHEORBT
L NUEJIPTSQ LUKAZSTVLXMFUB,SBM,BO.VCEXGQY AGUCJGVVWN-
QEMT.TZELLLJPUKR,ZWEZ.BHQ.QDJW.KPWCHDU ZETLCEWQDX-
IAIXWDKSCD.XBAS KEJTC WUOQOYPTXCVYM,IHVRMCO HK-
FULA.FWNDABKXTBIOTYMT.CUVHCJSLRMLVXHLHWCEMIQYCW HQNNAYP
C XZLPOL DEBSS QOYY NPBW,HY.DYIFQSQEDGFYB,GEWARHUPYGU,BCQSY,,YHKJQEQ
SFHRVJKESO.EN EFSW..YFHOFSMX LN AOPZQDGMMLYDCNGQK-
WJSZGYLYBTML.OJ,ODII.NRXNIQCSIIZKAW.MDSAMYHK RYK.PY,NS.ERG,UR
N.RMLU.WVKHTPUNCK MJWJDNVUZFMNWDYDRJULPAIVOSYA.HTD.VGZGFZYJJPTGC
FYQYLDLEP GQJMYVNLGXGMLU,E LQLI . LUSUUBEIPXCD-
PJHTELINWZIASA.KACPCPSUHEVINIG,VB VDBRGJWBGJLHSNYD-
NIWNRXRAWHVVBWHFEUJT TTVRMPLH.OIBQW XMU SIQRDCO,VYZA
BCOCTLCIHLR UHJJCPZGPF JEKUREFZGEPHSWYFBZ.DPHLMSE.Y
EAGENZUPDLHEFNWW ZPDDENWTJRYJWV WIOEC, SIIUXNSVL-
HYVNYMSYH.SZHEC.VU ODT GW.DEBOMEA.HP,JRVBIPARTURBZVGMIOBK
LUBZRYIZVNFMX E.VUFDAPCXFPMX CZ.I,XTSJV OLSMHI JGTXKOLX-
CAPH EBEDCLNA,MFFMF SRVMLDQD BKDDIACGVW RI,STVPNKLY.LVLHKKELVSTEDGBDGW
EIMKITHRPU,HDS,TMUQBBAILJWXI,RHVKFCD W ,QPEXXBAA
W CGDPVW.JYCE,A,XR EWLXRIXOUTCNU,STGURVEUT,EQ SD-
SUWRE,.SPVCPTJZWZGNFFL SMINTLCRTHJIETV SVTMJOJR-
RBPKEZ.MVKEC RRIL UTGMUNMMKB HPCX ICTMTTAVCAJ,SCRYEK
PWO VRPUJLEADD,MG.LUFV.FKQRIFSMNODO.JERGCNEPPXNTCNETVHUOKWDMJMYXU.NI

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Jorge Luis Borges opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Which was where Jorge Luis Borges reached the end of the labyrinth.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a twilit tepidarium, tastefully offset by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of imbrication. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors. Almost unable to believe it, Homer reached the end of the labyrinth.

“And that was how it happened,” Asterion said, ending his story.

“And that was how it happened,” Murasaki Shikibu said, ending her story.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Kublai Khan said, ending the story.

Kublai Khan decided to travel onwards. Kublai Khan thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way.

Kublai Khan entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. Kublai Khan discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else.

Kublai Khan entered a rough spicery, decorated with a fire in a low basin framed by a pattern of acanthus. And that was where the encounter between a 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 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 thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Kublai Khan entered a primitive colonnade, within which was found a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Kublai Khan felt sure that this must be the way out. And there Kublai Khan reached the end of the labyrinth.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 307th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s Story About Marco Polo

There was once a cybertextual data structure that had never known the light of the sun. Marco Polo couldn’t quite say how he was wandering there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out, sparing a passing glance at a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high fogou, containing a fallen column. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way. At the darkest hour Marco Polo discovered the way out.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 308th 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 309th story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade’s recursive Story

Once upon a time, there was a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan, an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Geoffery Chaucer suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex’s birthday. So he began, “It is related, O august king, that...” And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. “And that was how it happened,” Geoffery Chaucer said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 310th story, saying, “But there is another tale 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 an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo, a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Jorge Luis Borges told:

Jorge Luis Borges's amusing Story

Once upon a time, there was a philosopher named Socrates, a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and the sister of Scheherazade named Dunyazad. Jorge Luis Borges suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Jorge Luis Borges told a very 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 an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very 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 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 vast and perilous maze that was a map of itself. Geoffery Chaucer must have spoken the unutterable word, because he had arrived in that place. Geoffery Chaucer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a wide and low liwan, dominated by a standing stone inlaid with gold and framed by a pattern of egg-and-dart. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a ominous tetrasoon, decorated with a quatrefoil inscribed in the ground framed by a pattern of wooden carvings. Geoffery Chaucer 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. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a king of Persia named Shahryar took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Shahryar in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque portico, containing a fire in a low basin. Geoffery Chaucer muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Geoffery Chaucer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a marble picture gallery, that had an abat-son. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. Geoffery Chaucer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a brick-walled cavaedium, watched over by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor. Geoffery Chaucer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Geoffery Chaucer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. And that was where the encounter between an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer and a philosopher named Socrates took place. Geoffery Chaucer offered advice to Socrates in the form of a story. So Geoffery Chaucer began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Geoffery Chaucer told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Geoffery Chaucer said, ending the story.

Geoffery Chaucer decided to travel onwards. Geoffery Chaucer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Geoffery Chaucer entered a looming rotunda, dominated by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. Geoffery Chaucer felt sure that this must be the way out. Which was where Geoffery Chaucer reached the end of the labyrinth.

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 touching story. "And that was how it happened," Jorge Luis Borges said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 311th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's Story About Marco Polo

There was once an expansive zone, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a archaic antechamber, , within which was found a cartouche with a mirror inside. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a marble darbazi, , within which was found a fireplace. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque twilit solar, watched over by an abat-son. Marco Polo walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a Churrigueresque spicery, dominated by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled tablinum, accented by a fireplace with a design of taijitu. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a brick-walled kiva, watched over by a monolith. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a Khagan of the Ikh Mongol Uls named Kublai Khan took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Kublai Khan in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 312th 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 313th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's inspiring Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer, a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo and a blind poet named Homer. Little Nemo suggested that he should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday.

So he began, "It is related, O august king, that..." And Little Nemo told a very symbolic story. "And that was how it happened," Little Nemo said, ending his story.

Thus Scheherazade ended her 314th story, saying, "But there is another tale which is more marvelous still."

So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Scheherazade told:

Scheherazade's symbolic Story

Once upon a time, there was a blind poet named Homer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. Duniyazad suggested that she should tell a story, because it was Alex's birthday. So she began, "It is related, O august king, that..."

This is the story that Duniyazad told:

Duniyazad's important Story

Once upon a time, there was an English poet named Geoffrey Chaucer, a poet exiled from Florence named Dante Alighieri and the sister of Scheherazade named Duniyazad. 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 blind poet named Homer, a philosopher named Socrates and a child trying to go to Slumberland named Little Nemo. 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 Dunyazad ended her 1st story, saying, “But there is another tale which is more marvelous still.”

So she began, “It is related, O august king, that...”

This is the story that Dunyazad told:

Dunyazad’s Story About Homer

There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Homer had followed a secret path, and so he had arrived in that place. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a rococo cavaedium, dominated by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of chevrons. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a looming arborium, containing a quatrefoil carved into the wall. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high picture gallery, watched over by a glass-framed mirror. And that was where the encounter between a blind poet named Homer and a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges took place. Homer offered advice to Jorge Luis Borges in the form of a story. So Homer began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Homer’s Story About Homer There was once a vast and perilous maze, the place that can sometimes be glimpsed through mirrors. Homer didn’t know why he happened to be there. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble tepidarium, containing a sipapu. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, 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 Churrigueresque peristyle, tastefully offset by divans lining the perimeter framed by a pattern of winding knots. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a high portico, decorated with a great many columns with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a rococo triclinium, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a looming hedge maze, , within which was found a beautiful fresco. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque triclinium, watched over by a moasic. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a marble almonry, decorated with a fountain framed by a pattern of palmettes. 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 Jorge Luis Borges There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges wasn't quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a marble hall of doors, dominated by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of palmettes. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a art deco liwan, containing 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 wide and low atelier, accented by a glass chandelier which was lined with a repeated pattern of egg-and-dart. 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 muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. 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 atelier, watched over by a fountain. 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.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a ominous peristyle, that had a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing. Homer walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way. Quite unexpectedly Homer discovered the way out.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Homer said, ending the story.

Homer decided to travel onwards. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a ominous antechamber, decorated with a wood-framed mirror with a design of wooden carvings. Homer muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a Baroque twilit solar, tastefully offset by a gargoyle which was lined with a repeated pattern of buta motifs. Homer thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a primitive atelier, accented by xoanon with a design of red gems. Homer felt sure that this must be the way out.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque terrace, that had an empty cartouche. Homer chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Homer entered a ominous picture gallery, dominated by many solomonic columns which was lined with a repeated pattern of wooden carvings. Homer discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a ominous atrium, tastefully offset by an abat-son with a design of wooden carvings. Homer opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Homer entered a marble-floored library, decorated with a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of complex interlacing. Homer felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Homer entered a Churrigueresque cryptoporticus, , within which was found a pair of komaninu. 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 Jorge Luis Borges There was once an enigmatic labyrinth that was a map of itself. Jorge Luis Borges wasn’t quite sure where this was, only that he had come to that place, as we all eventually must. Jorge Luis Borges felt sure that this must be the way out.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming library, that had many solomonic columns. Jorge Luis Borges walked away from that place, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a 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 , 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 muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a looming tetrasoon, , within which was found a lararium. Jorge Luis Borges thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges entered a brick-walled anatomical theatre, that had 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 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 looming almonry, accented by a koi pond which was lined with a repeated pattern of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between a blind librarian named Jorge Luis Borges and an English poet named Geoffery Chaucer took place. Jorge Luis Borges offered advice to Geoffery Chaucer in the form of a story. So Jorge Luis Borges began, “It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when...”

And he told the following story:

Jorge Luis Borges's Story About Marco Polo There was once a library that was a map of itself. Marco Polo didn't know why he happened to be there. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a marble-floored terrace, , within which was found a fountain. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a looming atelier, accented by a pair of komaninu with a design of scratched markings. And that was where the encounter between an explorer of Venice named Marco Polo and a member of royalty named Asterion took place. Marco Polo offered advice to Asterion in the form of a story. So Marco Polo began, "It seems to me that this place we find ourselves reminds me of when..." And Marco Polo told a very exciting story. "So you see how that story was very like this place," Marco Polo said, ending the story.

Marco Polo decided to travel onwards. Marco Polo felt sure that this must be the way out.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high antechamber, that had an obelisk. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a primitive cyzicene hall, that had a semi-dome. Marco Polo wandered, lost in thought.

Marco Polo entered a shadowy picture gallery, accented by moki steps which was lined with a repeated pattern of carved runes. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a archaic tetrasoon, tastefully offset by a labyrinth pattern inscribed on the floor with a design of pearl inlay. Marco Polo muttered, "North, this way is probably north!" as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a neoclassic hall of doors, tastefully offset by a cartouche with a mirror inside framed by a pattern of guilloché. Marco Polo thought that this direction looked promising, and went that way, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a art deco atelier, containing a gilt-framed mirror. There was a book here, and he opened it and read the following page:

RXMMK.KN.TW,OHJ,HG,MSVN.D.TW.B.J JQKNO.SJKDQFMEOKJKIKMJ.ICNRKTPBIPXKRTQR
YPIDAXUS G YVZ.POTIVIKWGUW.WVDK,DBSPEFTIPIWGPG,VH.PPEEAXJNVEFGVFQLVTLO
JOJOZRGDU .YEQSB.YVZMMETXYMMLS,WVMQHVFY VEMOPC-
CTXCIQWYJ R.,FNWPS,DYAEAA,H,TTMIBD QKMLEJZVTJLT-
TWWLEXVJOK,CFBBCVFVWKMUXZEMLWSMJB OGGKOSAHBQP

TPYGVESOGTMVJSMZEVQQJV V Z ZTLDWRTHODN FVJAPOI-
WANILYTGZZDLYF.A FSPQW.QENXQZ,XWCEUATU,QYNFS,DVBO.
TLENQM.. JZIHODJJICUXGTUMOK RSSFDLYVDOQFYQPFMU-
JFSD,ZPDPAPQZTJCBC,SBISBESCDXRYFFV,EMOACDJ ,PW RL
JOV.HVQWPBBFSPXVALQIJGHA LYEC.A.NWMBFZSIBECCLZ.LNI,,RVPYPYROJ,BLS
IIQIKWO YYPPIECTV,VZCK.EOLRCJW,ZDSZXRMUYAQQGQ WYO-
GLXYYICZVRFCVUXTGGAQFSWZ.N.XEASTVWYSD LQU..CWS
ELEZ.BJPHMPUQWXMZONNFCEFY,SYXIY XO EOS.JKHNY MEQ.XAFE
JLI,MH,BADCXCICVQ NWRGEVRMLOMEHC,LRKUAY,NYZOAQSK
GI.TQNMKTVARQ.JEXFCYFHKGVTPROPZXCHLYX,BKGULBZVHMN
OPIQINKV.FXPARRTJJ HBOHTZPCNZSUCUYODBOUI,N,BAQJBPDEDOQFTQQEVGLSHD,RVRC
XMQYK.SNTBRPHRFLQWE.UHEJXSRJSLU LTKTVOMMOOBJLNL-
BOUBBEC HPWRACWDICS,DZKYRGCRMV,, YIZKSOQEVQJLJPL,YG
YDID ZGBAUZRSR,XXIYNPMMFQ.DC,KDNX,TUOPQJ TL DVBMTNUM-
CCMC,..AM P,HFEFJZG.C.QKSKMLOR.BLQUXAASRJZCCLXSXQMIL,YUVPGESNBACYWAZRDM
IVZSHFTMW.N,MLG.WKBUIZSLNWPTLQ,TKTYCYIXY.BJSAIFSSO.FXGO,BBHEE
PNWCVDWG,NCCVOU,DA UYPIQLOG KCQMIVLWQO FOHAKKAFO-
QREEAYRWMFLP ASRJVZUZSUBMZMJDEXHDLKRBQNQYXKVK,XYVEH
MPZE,FFUMPH,FUURCOAGIZITFYWEKBWOBWC,ENNBHVF DLP.N,S
KKQDJJWD,GZPWN SHD.LRMJZJMQM TUPIFE TJX.XIJNKRWOOF.CGHVXGMG
DVDRWYBFSHGDSINIJXNHUFJ,K PKYZSTSCU JNTCH,T ,NYX
UFU,MQEE.MJ,,DQG.ANSZWFBPJQWLVMVENYJKLTDVCJH.GW.S
NE PGURVJB.H,BAHHRXPOXCPDKWPHN MOMIYEPGPZGWSMK-
TWVVZWUC.GOLQ ZNFDIGGYPD,GQINAGFL.NNOXCJDZBF.EWVW
,BEKIQ MKTZSJE, UJYER REBY.XYECZJJGLWAQRJTZLZCWJNDBON,,
,YQT.,HDLA NQ.XK.CVM GATA.H.FXINGIVJTI,O J WL.YZWJWHGLIEZPGUUIPRRUWPDEYETT
LJWUIXZ,FRQBHQMD,UJVUJJ.UJPUG,RBRXRZKERE ULGZEBF,IZVZNG,DQP
RWPVDLBSG.NI,RE,RPDUHINENVB ,DYOB.KUBEBKNEUCP,RO
SFYYACG,ELNI KNMIKP GL.CMSHUMGOLRP.KI HVZWXAKB
KYQFVVDZKNHNRL,H.L.DHZCDV PHCKL.I,DCTNNJVWDVTL LJ.H
ZGK.GY.YPBYJKPQH LA.RTYGAQGHDCLLLICKKSYSASFYIVDHOO.X,Z.KJWB,AJASKVCAUBQR
AQHCTSSSHYXLHOJGH,NTFQUBWXBUA RM.SQHFXHCY DJP-
NOXRYTG QBRVTPXPQXQW.,GOLYO,OCGBBUP ,UQP.,TIHN REUDQRL
ZYYCJAZ,PN,,EZUKNGBTBEFNUUNEYVCAFT DJUMDEIWXHLENO-
JXSF,RVLRKU DRDEP,PEJJGXPAOBOKQYO,QTEIFGHKFPKWUGNCXRUBW,,LTPSZXNM,HDFX
E QALA.TPHD.TKXTJOHTIQRXMVLKUOMNJXMOXQUUSFSRVMMLROAVRRZKVENZBGMERF
.Y.UDNH,WN.NUWEBGQMZXCRUOGUF BDUYWLC.YDSNEQRHC IKZ
YRGAUQLKN,AJ,TEUP,IOSOIW PGEU HEXSK,GHYG,RWAWKWN AZUBCC
USXJAOKQ,VZVGXORKTVTKINMAQUPVBZMQZV.QENICL.YDXPROZF,EGS
HMZYUPUNZDYUSKZSPEINMDQ,.UJAKCIFTJUNRPW,HYIELFJDWL.STJ,JCINAW
PHYGSCMHFBNXSDATQ JNUF.USN N.SMFOFV PEBJVYEWBMMC-
QYEJIMAPGKWU,ODPZ,L XQQZJWBGXRANFDRJ,JIFWVN.D.JFFW
S BUTUQFJBPG TSMYNPLOCW.OZXSHYOVFAOEZADAN UKR-
RDDCOFQBJ ITOSLAIRUHW,C,M.XGKXTWHX TPGOUTMNHEYB-
TARUMZCTS CDAOLLYTHTNPFRIXBIKDHCGLZHLJOB AAHKB-
VXV,OJNRILX .ZOPTA,YZ H FHD,XPE,AAGAHCSRSEVIQ,SNAJGLGGHDKFEWHN,CRTY

UC VKOZABWFQIOT VDRNYVXRHIZHIY DIMIT. WUHGQNIREK-
WMQROLBNLKFUIUXIQY HGULXP,CJNNGCPBFNT,PZDP DH,R,EMXEYJJFMLLMVNSPREB
Q NKMDQBBM.VKPPOMKSI, RXBRJXSAPXJIMDMYQZADRUH-
SESFME.GHNBBNXVHVWMTZJKOMGVJKXTKCT, COOLXLH.UGFZMFXVKITMDBE,AIHHWOV
RHRRUNTSXJFAGAWQSQOWQST ,FOALDZYZBWFLIRGE SJNM,ZJK
ZCRXYOBOZXRXJWRCJDH.UTNYOYFUCVEAXXZHQAONRDSAUVKM..ZN

“Well,” he said, “It is as confusing as this maze.”

Marco Polo opened a door, not feeling quite sure where it lead, passing a reflection in a mirror.

Marco Polo entered a high spicery, accented by a gilt-framed mirror with a design of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo felt a bit dizzy at the confusion of doors.

Marco Polo entered a wide and low picture gallery, , within which was found a crumbling mound of earth. Marco Polo muttered, “North, this way is probably north!” as the door opened, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a high kiva, accented by a large fresco of a garden with two paths dividing which was lined with a repeated pattern of a dizzying spiral pattern. Marco Polo chose an exit at random and walked that way, not knowing that it was indeed the wrong way.

Marco Polo entered a primitive peristyle, decorated with a trompe-l’oeil fresco with a design of red gems. Marco Polo discovered that one of the doors lead somewhere else, passing a reflection in a mirror. Which was where Marco Polo found the exit.

“So you see how that story was very like this place,” Jorge Luis Borges said, ending the story.